The University of Louisville

David Mark Griffith

# The University of Louisville

To all whom these letters shall come, Greeting:

The Trustees of the University on the recommendation of the Graduate Faculty and by virtue of the Authority in them Vested have conferred on

## David Wark Griffith

in recognition of his Significant Contribution to Modern Culture the Degree of

## Doctor of Literature

Honoris Causa

With all the Rights Privileges and Honors pertaining thereto

Given at the University of Louisville in the State of Kentucky on the twenty-second day of June in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Forty-five.

L. A. Jouett
Chairman of the Board of Trustees

Raymond Kobbe
Registrar of the University

Enos W. Dawson
President of the University

Guy Stevenson
Director of the Graduate School

J. C. Ryan
Sweet's Hotel
Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Mrs. W. P. Clyde

Dear Mother

Then I left Louisville and came into eastern Ind the road following along the river for miles before we reached Cin on both sides was water and nothing but water and here and there the roof of some shed or barn was barely able to lift itself above the muddy flood of course the railroad was on the 2nd side of the river but as the road bed is elevated the water from the river has spread to the other side of the elevation into the lowlands and you cant tell which side is the river; the mist is heavy and dark, and it is raining softly

but should still a stranger dear
like a small bird on the window
I love some time in Pain, but I
rise in sylvia to see on real
sad on between the great birds
of the air on of them for a while till
the glow of other dead on the wind
again the soft through the mist,
and singing with her more hopes
and all that belongs, in and
few stars like
leaves in the trees.
then, then to rise again, and once again
along through the dusky night,
arive to at Columbus at about one o'clock
I am directed to where I get a room
at a cheap rate for the night, and go to
sleep wondering what the morrow will
bring forth, and impressing upon the
clerk the importance of not forgetting to
call me promptly at 4.30 and then go
to sleep, but the morning was needless
for long before that time I am awake

and lawyer for the state, I ~~am at~~ shall set into the city and I have a couple of hours before I meet Mr Fortune. Columbus is a beautiful city of 125,000 though much smaller than our city, she has buildings 10 & 12 stories high also the Capitol building which is imposing, or I think the roman style, with immence pillars and long flights of stone steps from each side it is surrounded by statues of Ohios famous men, over the wonderful space of ground round the building. So it is clear and pleasant this morning and a small army of squirrels are scampering over the State house grounds seemingly as happy as though in

and I think a I guess awards to it
was I noticed about town a few days
ago are about twice as long as formerly
and like regular coats of Harrisburg
which does away with the swinging
and dangling of the short ones, of
course they have pendulous also brittle
for both but a Waterman, I go to find
me an yard in the dry goods store
for St John, I have found that we not
in the list and are not expected, having
played this town some months
before, so I am a little anxious,
I am also afraid I might not know
him when he comes, but when I saw
him he wore a long dark coat of a peculiar
cut so every man with a long dark
coats gets my ernest attention, & o'clock
comes but no St John 8.15
8.30, 8.45 I ask the clerk if a
telegram has come for me, he
knew who I was waiting for.

J. G. R. [illegible]
SWEET'S HOTEL
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

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and
Ed Lord took over much of
his time, or partners sister, to the
one (220), I stroll into to my
position first opening myself on
the account of the shop no, in the
mirror, I dont blame him much
I dont look much like a leading man
or much like a man of any kind, I was a
I begin to wish I was in on
625 - First off; when I notice a
plane a long black overcoat floating
down the isle, I my heart gives a
throb, and my feet chase the
coats, it holds Ed John and I
am sorry, they were only passing
through the city so we have only
a few minutes to get to Irene.

Our next town in Alberta about
12 or 15 miles [illegible] and found
at the [illegible] that night [illegible]
an elderly woman with red rosy
brown eyes, reddish hair, grey natural
bright, and pleasing manner; who with
her side of a young girl about 20
years her dark eyes that are as wide
as deep as a ocean about to be overcome
the ripple of laughter, the sparkle a mischievous
merriment, with her slight but
plump figure soft brown eyes pretty
but firm mouth, with regular white
teeth red lips, but above all a quaint
a quaint innocent sweet way about her,
that would lead one to believe she
had just come from some convent
school, so I was somewhat surprised
when St John came down and began
talking to her, and the older woman,
I would never have thought her an
actress

Though I wondered at her beautiful voice. I do not meet her until later in the day I am very much surprised to see not a muscle moving in the Company as much as lifting a finger or her at rehearsal something wonderful to me, ~~that to night~~ her name is Flora Fairchild I like the name of mine, to night I sit in the audience and see the play from the front, as when she comes on she certainly looks the part of a pure innocent beautiful girl, when and when her clear low voice come floating, pulsating, out over the audiance, I know she does more than look it, I find myself watching the as the play goes on the leading

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
degree of success, Margarete

But after words he loves me, he loves, me not he does Lives me (for) the
[illegible] years) I begin to wonder
what kind of a piece Faust should
make, & the time I found there [illegible]
of all this wood, for an article
with the impression I was born and
made for no other purpose than
nightly reading the tender lines of
Faust, providing of course
I could have proper support with
a good Mephisto, and rather, not to
mention Margarete.

The next day at rehearsal
I find Gus. to be a rough but
good nature sort of an mean
a hard stage manager in the last
part of Margatat he told her she acted

that I ordered looking like a frightful
old crone was funny, it dated up to the
end of the first order she took out notes
only, and Mrs Morton the name of the
old elderly lady. I spoke of Hope to her
to her room, she was all the rest of
the day so I learned from Mrs Morton
she did not want anyone to know.

The girl is the best in the company
outside of Liz, and is so green and
innocent, I wonder how she learned what
she knows, before Liz called her down
he tried to pet her a little but she
would have it, and so, and I wonder more
than ever, the other girls in company
are common and bad so of course they
dont like a good girl so much as

[illegible] to help [illegible] story the Fourth wife had played the last [illegible] and he thought his wife was the only one, and [illegible] [illegible] to one of the boys because he spoke [illegible] another because he came at the stage hands, and some to the [illegible] who is the only one of her kind on the stage.

Was talking to Miss Fairchild the day when she spoke of her sister Julia I inquired, Julia? when she told me she was a sister of Julia Arthur, the Irvings leading woman, and then I found that her experience had been with her sister who had taken such good care of her she was like a school girl

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we made up our visit at the
week play Thursday of which I
have heard so often also Battle Creek
a beautiful town and which and
though last of the town Battle Creek
flows I stood on the bridge a sunset
it and saw the gold from the grass
float softly down until it fell a
glowing light on the clear water
and sang and murmured at ~~an~~
below me. My thoughts went back
to old fann mes I had so often
watched the water in the selfsame
way when I should have been doing
something else, we travel next a half
day on the Great Michigan central
~~Railway~~ for the scenery

You will follow the Huron river the prettiest stream of water I ever saw, also was that the Kalamazoo a shallow and fast flowing river with the ground & the pictures sometimes are and so different from those in our state but Michigan is a cross between the two one like the Huron winds round the foot of the hill flowing swift and at several places waterfalls and rapids again she it flows gently along they the last places so smooth and peaceful it suggests rest and peace one also always is impressed with the rocks that are wonderful varied and beautiful colors are seen on every hand

At Kalamazoo I go on as a lady I am scared but get through very well. I have told you in the letter about this. in the journey on the trains Miss Morton sit on behind the other with

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Their grip beside them I took it to be a reminder to the ladies in general not to intrude, so I did not but read & sit and watch a certain brown headed wistfully but did not know if it were man Davidds grip or not though I often did & missed Mrs Morton. I had told Miss Dorrinton I did not like to see her on the stage ~~so yesterday when I was~~ I also was afraid to be too friendly with her for the ~~entire~~ manager and Gif and leading man and other women plague her constantly anyhow

So yesterday as I was sitting in the front part of the coach with my overcoat covering the seat was a old women and young girls

and a number of the assistants of other kinds, to all which duties I was in the best humor and more than I heard the words of which and my wife told me more and how as far as I was concerned the front part of the board was as good as the rear she said she wanted to ask me some questions as of course I moved my seat and was all attention she told me her troubles, and as now we are good friends and at I don't think the company will use as many chairs in cars as of yore. I find myself comparing her to B. She is older more sustained more talented and I think just a good and I know just a sweet tempered and the most unselfish trick I ever saw she is a great blessing to the kids on the train for she too is a good customer to the candy boy

J. G. Ryan Mgr.
SWEET'S HOTEL
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

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And my stars bodies Coughing around
yet more than she does, and it
takes more than kisses for us soon
as she starts towards a boy She will
say O Miss I who dont you get
some of your own then some one
else will butt in and Miss I will
have to change her seat to get peace,

But it dont stop her from
stealing the next ugly little scamp
she finds, and feeding it until it
is hoppy, and still should I ever
be fool enough to marry I would
never marry an actress even if I got
the chance

Played Lansing yesterday
a pretty town

[illegible] me as Lawrence [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
a modern building [illegible] [illegible]

Grand Pacific and right much
a building [illegible], now [illegible] with
two or [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and
windy, I have a beautiful [illegible]
about the same [illegible] as [illegible] Louisville
rate $2.50 per day I my [illegible] John
want us to go to good hotels here,
of course as I have received no money
yet and he [illegible] the board I go where
they go [illegible] Brig. & Lt John and
who go to the finest everywhere but my
this is fine enough only [illegible] and
two rates a [illegible] have a bentiful sun
room steam heat and all $1.25 per
day which is about what I might told
me would cost me. I ask Albert
how is his Margy give kisses to
babys, tell Ruth I want to know to
why she let me work her to. By I see
E. A. R. and every bodies

Frankfort Ky

Miss Hallie S Bruffett

Near Bayou this
Comes to the desk of my Kentucky Ladies
so far as you may, I have sent a host
of my old friends, who seem to have been
more than glad to see me, as evinces that
I look as neat and young as when I first flashed
my sword in the great last cause
I am boarding with Mr Duncan my old
Soldier friend, his family is small but genial
a wife and Children both small & young
She is quite domestick but of good sense
& of a good family, I have a good room
and well furnished, every thing was ordered
and addressed to Comfort, they both seem to
studdy to please, and so far quite successful,
I have contrary to my wishes been compelled
to speak twice once in the Legislature and
Once in Convention, I was fully complimented
in both instances, I attended a meeting in
which many of the first men of the State were
present, and many of the best orators spoke

after which there was a benediction for a few moments when the house was suddenly broken by a cane from the Representative for Mr Griffith, the cane fell upon me like a staff of thunder I was however prepared to parry to the thrust I arose straight the Chairman by stating, that if they could have seen me at home 10 days ago on my cane, my old book, my Barbour Engineer by oath that I had been using for the last 2 years, for the double purpose of hat and linen rack, that man certainly would have taken orgie who made that assertion me to adopt this august body, which cause of course much mirth (at my expense) but it gave me time to recover from the shock and of course I gave them, "the best I had in my shop" I was congratulated by all, and I am certain I pleased them all I received a note from Miss Emma M Connell inviting me to call upon her at the first opportunity which favor I will take pleasure in bestowing I think I will be at home next Saturday if not providentially hindered,

[illegible] to all, with [illegible] and very dear
of the Country, by last notice for the Club
I was thinking of the Club which it was voted
upon by the Chairman to Serve South,
I could but Ponder think how far they are
devoid of intellectual power were removed from
our little known fair side Club. Yet I
was consoled by the fact that from the
little acorn the large Oak grows and what
they are now so you may be
Just as I was about to close my letter I received
yours which gave me much pleasure to learn
~~to learn that my little little family are well~~ may
may the great God of heaven continue his blessings
and protect you from all harm, I to was
much surprised to learn of Mr M Crane Spirit
to say the least it was untimely. If he could
but see what I witness my day, he would use
my exertion within him, to advance its interest
and perpetuate its existance. Here truly the
line is drawn so plain that no one can mistake
Speaking in language that all may know, that
man is measured by the Standard of his mind
though I boast of but little, yet I would not
I remain here one day, if was ordered as

[illegible] if the [illegible] any [illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] hope [illegible] of [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
that it seems to be the duty of any [illegible]
to pray, but there is, notwithstanding, to be recorded
a difference made with them of accomplishment
that any one should not only see but feel and
that deeply. The question then is not what
is to be done, but how is a man of [illegible]. Then I
would give you in part to prepare you for life,
to be able to meet and act with life, to be
able to hold the [illegible] up to nature.
Impress upon your brothers & sisters the dire
necessity of cultivating their minds. I have
made myself acquainted with Goodnight & Simpson
but he does not seem to know any thing pertaining
to those of whom you spoke, he is a young man
of some sense & [illegible], but not [illegible]
as the Editor of the Glasco [illegible] paper would have it, think
he has a small & I think bad Eye. It is
now one Oclock, more anon My love to
all your loving Pa

O. O. Griffith

Do you want
D. W. Fills?
he address to D. W.
me wonder what
like that boy ago
The D. W note
To "write Ruth"
To be funny
is I. A. in 1918.

W. H. KENDRICK & SONS.

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS.

436 FOURTH AVENUE

W. H. KENDRICK
E. P. KENDRICK

Louisville, Ky. Nov. 7, 1911.

Mrs. Mary Griffin,
#141 W. Jacob St., City.

Dear Madam,

We have announced a chrysanthemum service for next Sunday at our church and we are going to make arrangements to have as many of the older members of the church as possible present and sit together in front.

Will you please make an effort to be there at eleven o'clock, as the services will begin at that hour. The services will be appropriate for the occasion and we are sure you will enjoy it.

Can you state on the enclosed card whether or not you will be able to be present? We are particularly anxious for you to come

Yours very truly,

W. C. Kendrick

D. W. Griffith

Los Angeles, California,
July 5, 1918

Dear Ruth:

Mr. Bidwell says I am supposed to give you these stamps. Such generosity pains me deeply but life is full of pain -- we must bear our burden. I would suggest that you buy a quarter interest in the Standard Oil Company when this comes due.

Sincerely,

D. W. Griffith

Miss Ruth Griffith
La Grange,
Oldham County, Ky.

6°B

I started to draw the
away — but it is a
cold — 1#3 — that
maybe it should go
with the Baroyme —
Better that you must
draw.

9/9

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, Inc.
Pacific Network
Columbia Square, Los Angeles, California

November 6, 1945

Mr. D. W. Griffith
Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Griffith

You may remember that when you visited Mr. Barrymore's radio show recently, I naively asked you if you wished to be introduced to him. A clumsy gesture for which I am still shamefaced....

But the pictures we took of you both were excellent, and Associated Press ran this one on their wires to the nation's newspapers.

I thought perhaps you'd like one, too.

Thank you again for your courtesy that evening.

Sincerely

Joyce Moss

Joyce Moss
Press Information

eyes (that have had [illegible] eight hours sleep the night before!) and good teeth and [illegible] voice, these things, of course, are desirable, even essential. Because we use panchromatic film, which registers its photographs softly, stars don't use much make-up any more and so Hollywood realises fine skins are highly important. Actually, I'm sure, most of the great stars have lovely complexions. I don't pretend to be an expert on this skin-you-love-to-touch business, but I do know that a talking picture closeup is just about the most exacting demand that can be made on any woman's beauty.

Beauty, as far as the talking pictures are concerned, is not merely skin deep. The voice reveals the inner personality of an artist more than any facial contortion or eye-wiggling that passes as silent emotional acting. The great hope that all directors of talking pictures hug closely is that beautiful women with intelligence and personality will be able to speak up in this modern age of a dawn that comes up like thunder.

Thank you.

6"B

Martha, "about 3 hours
or more." 97 might
help her the story of
the three boarders —
have copies of letters from
Autumn. Don't know
when the page was
before I found it in
with some of the photographs.

1970

D. W. GRIFFITH, President
A. L. GREY, Vice-President
A. H. F. SANDHAM, Secretary
J. S. EFFINS, Treasurer

# D. W. GRIFFITH INCORPORATED

GENERAL OFFICES
303 LONGACRE BUILDING
45th STREET AND BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

TELEPHONES [illegible]

A. L. GREY, General Manager

July 6th, 1923.

Miss Ruth Griffith,
310½ E. Walnut
Santa Anna, California.

My dear Miss Griffith,

Enclosed herewith are copies of letters received by Mr. Griffith after he gave a little talk over the radio. He felt you would enjoy reading what the people who "listened in" had to say.

Very truly yours,

Frances Marion

Copy.

Dear Mr. Griffith,

Just a few moments ago I listened to your ten minute talk and wouldn't have missed it for worlds. You sounded so foolish at the start but came up beautifully at the finish. I'm sure you could not realize when you spoke into that "darn black thing full of funny little holes" just how much real pleasure you were giving.

I liked your topic. Having had such a generous "slice of the very sweetest finest kind and years of the kind of happiness and contentment you speak of. I took my share of your "God bless you" and I thank you.

I should like to know you. I think you'd make a splendid next-door-neighbor. Last summer while visiting a friend in Sound Beach a guest of hers who knew you well spoke so beautifully of you, the kind of things we like to have said of one.

Please speak again soon, and let it be known beforehand as I seldom listen in and if you think of it, say good evening to me and to little David of mine.

(Signed) Lindsay

July 9 1923.

From Vincent D. Tois, 894 Vermont St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. D W Griffith - Dear Sir:-

Yes I listened to you Mr. Griffith and my congratulations are humble but will you accept them? I admired your little talk, not upon the eloquence of it, for that was secondary but upon the sweet sentiment you dealt to me thru that little medium of mine, just a little radio set that carried your words to me.

The "little holes" that stared you in the face carried a beautiful message to your listeners in re to the White Rose, I have not seen it but I shall.

Your business might not be talking, but Ah, I could listen to your care-free way of delivering your emotional sentiment as long as you could stand the ordeal of talking to a lot of "little holes" that carry the vibrations of your voice to Metropolis like a great tragedienne, unseen but h ard like a ghost, we are afraid yet it thrills us that slow, big voice of yours.

Won't you let us hear from you again sometime in the near future? I am sure the radio fans enjoyed you.

And I feel proud in agreeing with you that "we dirty men abuse the greatest thing that is offered us, a woman's love." but the spere without evil and sorrow is not this little earth we dwell in but I am sure that in the morrow of life we will revel in the devine love and joy that God will bestow upon us, for there evil cannot exist.

Remember "Hearts of the World?" There is a picture you produced that will live with me for a long time. It was beautiful.

From Harry J. Huhn - 8921 - 89th St. woodhaven N Y

My dear Sir,

I am one of the unfortunates that failed to hear your wonderful talk on "Love" broadcasted through W E A F last Monday evening.

My good wife told me about it, and I would like to ask you if there is any way possible whereby I could secure a copy on your wonderful subject as given by you.

From what she has told me I am indeed very sorry to have missed it and I want to have it before me, for I know it will help me I have a wonderful Girl but at times I fail to appreciate her. I love her with all my body and soul, and I want to hold that great love she has for me.

From Harry J. Huhn, cont.

I want to thank you my dear frtend for what ever you can do for me in this respect, thank you from the bottom of my heart, and I hope it will be possible for me to receive this copy on your wonderful talk, for I know from what I have heard, it is going to be of great benefit to me.

Wishing you the greatest success in health, wealth and happiness, I remain

Very truly yours,

(Signed) Harry J Huhn

May 28 1933

From Mamie Mitzel - Jersey City.

I'm so awfully glad I had the opportunity to hear your voice in the air, and I just at that very moment finished reading your wonderful play, "The White Rose," and to prove it to you, I send to you this slipping I read and reread it, I read and reread it. I looked deep into its depths. It's so very natural. I don't visit the movies. But like all the ladies we must know what's playing.

But listen, what did you say your age was? Well I'll be hanged if your voice sounds like one in the seventies. And the life in that talk. Oh, boy, please don't tell that to anyone, they wouldn't believe you anyway. There was enough life in that talk about love, as a young lover of twenty-five years. I'm not going to say anymore tonight. But Mr. Griffith do me a favor and please don't be long and tell us a wee bit more about love. It was just getting interesting when - oh when you stopped. Now, please come soon, won't you.

Thank you for that blessing with everlasting good wishes, to you from one who is radio wild, good night.

From Elizabth H. Mervill, 378 William St. East Orange N J.
My dear Mr. Griffith,
Of course we will have to take your word for it that you haven't much hair or brown eyes but we do know you have a fine speaking voice and that we enjoyed every word you uttered in to that "funny thing with holes all over it." You made laugh! and almost upset my earphones.
When we see "The White Rose" we shall think of you and your talk will enhance our pleasure.

Very sincerely

2A

C. L. Bryant
615 Madison Ave.,
New York.

Dear Mr. Griffith -

I have listened to thousands over the radio and you are the first person I have written on the subject. Your talk was a gem, one of the finest things I have ever heard. A wonderful subject and you handled it beautifully. We should all be better after hearing it. Hope to hear you again.

Very truly,

(Signed) C L Bryant.

P. S. My wife says "ditto"

From Mrs E. Marlor & Family
411 Ridgewood Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sta. W. E. A. F.

I wish to say how we enjoyed the talk by Mr. Griffith, the motion picture promoter a few nights ago. He must have a wonderful personality. If I can judge him by his talk over the radio and the clean pictures we see, it may seem foolish talking to that little broadcasting phone, but he has a very large audience, and we hope to hear him again in the near future.

Yours cordially.

From Miss EE Miller, R. N. 225 West 113th St, New York.

My dear Mr. Griffith,

God bless you for the wonderful inspiring talk you gave over the radio last evening and I hope I may have the pleasure of hearing you again. Your talk was just what the folks on this old world need and I think they would learn after a while and after hearing such fine talks to treat others as they should, and as they would like to have others treat them.

Love is the deathless principle in man, the naturely divine ruler of all human life, it is the innermost secret of all our charms and powers, and by its proper awakening in our souls it helps us to correct our faults thus pushing us on to almost unlimited possibilities.

"Oh Woman you are life's ruler of Love's Paradise, you are given the power to perform this trust with grace, tenderness, fidelity, wisdom.

From W. Hens haw, Murry Hill, N. J. To Station W E A F
Amer. Tel. and Tel. Co.,
195 Broadway.

I have read of Mr. Griffith's work in the American Magazine, seen his photoplays - but as a voice on the radio he is "par excellance." captivating and all to the good. Thank you.

From Miss Peggy Monberg M. G. Yonkers N Y

Your speech over the radio tonight just make me want to say "God bless you, and keep you." Were there but more men in this world as you.

Sincerely,

COPY

Mr. D W Griffith
c/o Amer. Tel. and Tel. Co.,
195 Broadway,
New York.

My dear Mr. Griffith,

Last night at the home of a friend I had the pleasure of" listening in" on the radio, and learned (but not for the first time) what the charm of a magnetic voice could do with the emotions when you, Mr. Griffith let the ripples of your voice percolate through the little "box with holes" out broadcast upon the ears of the listening thousands - your audience Radio, the wonder of the Age, almost as wonderful as Love, your theme.

Sitting there in the noon day of life, in my friend's charming apartment comfortably at ease and listening, listening, your very human theme brought my mind back to the halcyon days of my youth, and my first love-dream. I saw again the old homestead, I saw myself just budding into womanhood, arising one morning in June, the sun also arising in all its golden glory, the hurried dressing, heart aflutter, silently creeping out, while the little household still slept, to join the waiting sweetheart for a ride, the dawn of the day, the dawn of Love.

Some years since then, but the thrill of the memory remains, symbolical of Love past present and to come through all the ages.

I thank you very much for the pleasure afforded me, of listening in on your short address, which was called into being by your new photoplay "The White Rose." It will not be many days before I will enjoy seeing it.

(Signed) Stella F. Dame,
20 Irving Pl. Brooklyn.

June 11 1923.

Dear Mr. Griffith -

I want to congratulate you on the interesting talk you gave last evening over the radio From you description of "The White Rose" I am sure it must be most wonderful and we are starting a theater party at once to see it.

Altho you spoke of being old I am sure the silent listners to your interesting talk did not realize or even believe it, it was so full of "pep" and "Vim."

Here's hoping the White Rose" will prove a real success and also that we may have the pleasure of hearing you again soon,

Respectfully

(Signed) Adelaide M. Fee.

From Roy Badgley, 335 Madison St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Griffith,

I'll wager your talk over the radio tonight welded more hearts together than any sermon ever did. You must be a wonderful man and if we had more like you this cold world would turn into a Heaven.

May God also bless you and your wonderful work and please talk to us often.

A sincere admirer

From H. Hilke, 7607 Emery St. Brooklyn N Y

My dear Mr. Griffith,

Heard your talk about love and oh, what a relief to know that there is someone who believes in love, real honest to goodness love.

I believe I ve found a friend in you. I feel I can confide in you, even though we haven't met. it makes not the slightest difference, only one thing I truthfully know, that you meant what you said.

Just how I came in the "nick of time" and why. Feeling rather blue, nobody to talk to, at home, the family had gone to the theatre, and I stayed at home/ I tried to "throw off" this feeling but seemed im possible. Tried to get interested in reading, but of no avail, in sewing, but no, everything seemed to be laughing at me, and oh, what a feeling I had. But it wasn't long before I felt like doing a million and one things all at the same time, that was after I heard your talk about love. Yes, Mr. Griffith its a wonderful thing. I wish to thank you a million times and your understanding, a thousand and one thanks to you. I appreciate it and not only poor me but thousands attentive listeners. I am justnlike a child very much pleased. I am going to listen in very often and hope to have the pleasure of hearing you, my dear Mr. Griffith and I hope that it won't be long before I do.

The following pictures represent a sampling of those listed in Family Memorabilia, Series IV. The remainder can be found in the Still Archives, Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.

Jacob Wark Griffith, father of DW.

Griffith home, Oldham County, Kentucky.

Griffith family portrait, ca. 1899.

DWG on stage as an actor in "Miss Petticoats."

Evelyn Baldwin Griffith, DW, and Gerri Griffith, 1943.

Hall NY
Miss Petticoats

You are cordially invited to attend a Surprise Party

given

**Mr. J. W. Griffith**

in honor of his birthday, Monday evening,

February 22, 1904.

at his home, 2016 Portland Avenue.

M. S. Emmert.

# SERIES FIVE

## KILLIAM-STERLING COLLECTION,
## 1918-1947.

THE ABSENT MINDED SQUIRREL.

by

D. W. Griffith

D. W. Griffith
Roosevelt Hotel
Hollywood, 28, Calif.

approximately
5800 words.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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# THE ABSENT MINDED SQUIRREL

by

B. W. Griffith

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there was a lovely old forest near the outskirts of a city. Here there were many silver barked beeches, oaks, and elms, and even a group of magnificent tulip poplars.

Now, in this wood there lived an absent minded squirrel. We must confess she wasn't very pretty, for her coat had a rusty, motheaten look about it, and perhaps this was why her companions had dubbed her Mothy. Alas, poor Mothy was growing old and her eyesight wasn't what it used to be.

For some unaccountable reason there had just occurred a general migration of squirrels from the wood. Mothy had tried her best to go along with the other squirrels. But she just hadn't been able to keep up with them, and so Mothy came back to the old beech tree where she had her nest in an upper hollow. It was here that Yearny was born - Yearny, her last baby.

Mothy, as we have said was absent minded. In fact she had a very bad memory indeed, as the best of mamma's sometimes do. Having finished the store of nuts she had in the nest, she began thinking about the wealth of nuts she had hidden all over the woods during the summer months.

There wasn't a squirrel anywhere who worked harder than she. From early morning to late at night she gathered all kinds of nuts and hid them with great care. From the time when she was just a mite she had always meant to do the grandest things, but as her sister was forever telling her, "Mothy, you work hard enough and your intentions are good I'm sure, but my dear, your memory - it's dreadful! You run yourself ragged hiding all these nuts and half the time you don't remember where you put them."

Mothy realised how true her sister's criticism had been. Now she found herself in a most serious predicament, for Yearny, like most babies, seemed to be always hungry. For that matter, Mothy was hungry too and if she didn't get food soon there would be no milk for Yearny.

It was growing very cold and the wind was rising. "Where, oh where had she put those nuts?" she repeatedly asked herself.

As though to aid her thoughts, she placed one little paw on the side of her head and so made a distressing discovery - she was getting bald. "My goodness me," she thought, "if John should see me now! I'm almost glad he migrated with the rest of the squirrels. There is no mistake about it, I am loosing my hair! I must be getting very old."

At this point Yearny cried out in a most pitiful voice, "Mamma, Mamma, I'm hungry - my tummy - it hurts!" Mothy in a comforting motherly tone said, "Now Yearny baby, you just wait right here and I'll be back in the flick of a tail."

Mothy ventured cautiously out of the hollow of the old tree and then run down the trunk, pausing for a second at the bottom. Then she flitted off with an anxious air to the foot of an old elm tree. Busily Mothy attacked a little mound at the foot of the tree as though to say, "Ah, this is it," but after she had dug a bit, she realized she was mistaken; this was not it! Off she scampered to another likely looking spot and worked frantically with her little paws. But alas, this too was the wrong place. Shaking her head, and worrying, she tried a spot some distance from her home.

The wind had been blowing fiercely and now rose to almost cyclonic power, nearly blowing Mothy off her feet. Quite bewildered now, she started toward the trunk of still another tree. The wind was blowing so hard she could scarcely see and she realized she would have to give up the search, so she started back toward her home and Yearny.

By this time Mothy was so confused with trying to remember and had been so tossed about by the wind that she grew more absent-minded than ever. She saw before her six trees and to Mothy they all looked

alike. Fighting against the wind, she ran as fast as possible up the tree that looked like home, but - oh dear, it wasn't.

Desperately, she ran down the tree, paused at the foot, looking about in dire distress. As she started toward another tree, a small branch, blown by the wind struck her and tumbled her over and over. Although she was quite stunned she got bravely to her feet, murmuring "Yearny - Yearny -", then another larger branch struck her and she completely lost consciousness.

Now Yearny, in the little nest in the top of the beech-tree was turning round and round trying to find Mamma. He called into the wind - "Mamma, Mamma!" He was not only hungry but, also, so very cold. He did so want to cuddle up against Mamma's warm breast, and hide away from the terrible cold.

Pitifully, little Yearny kept calling. He put his little pointed nose over the edge of the nest and wiggled partway out. Just then a terrific blast of wind tore away part of the tree and sent Yearny falling. He went down - down - down, inside the narrow hollow of the tree-trunk. Halfway to the ground he struck a knothole and broke loose a large cache of all kinds of nuts which his absent-minded mother had hidden there.

Now, at the very bottom of the hollow lay Mrs. Albert Gently Rabbit with her brand new babies. Her little house inside the tree was warm and cozy. It was also safe from meandering dogs, as the entrance to it was so narrow she herself could just barely squeeze through it.

It is possible that you who know that the stork brings human babies may not be aware that the baby storks learn their trade by delivering baby rabbits and other small creatures. In fact, it took two baby storks to carry Mother Rabbit's precious gifts, for there were nine of them. Mrs. Rabbit was quite surprised, for she had expected only eight, but with nine babies in the family you may well imagine how busy she was trying to feed them all. Really, it left her all tired out. In fact, she was so exhausted when Yearny fell against her she didn't feel him next to her. Yearny was confused by the fall, and all he knew was that he was very cold and very hungry.

So Yearny just snuggled up against Mamma Rabbit and found her nice and warm and so comforting. He had a warm little rabbit coat on each side of him too. You ca n't imagine how pleasant it is to get good and warm when you have been so very cold. Then Mamma Rabbit fed Yearny, and he grew warm and finally fell asleep.

The next morning when Mamma Rabbit woke up she was very much upset. She sat up and stared. She put a paw first over one eye, and then over the other. "When I went to sleep there were only nine - and now - there are ten!"

She counted her babies over and over. "Yes, I am sure there are ten." She remembered her mother had often said, "Baby bunting, you are a sweet one and all that, but you are very bad at arithmetic."

Maybe that was it - maybe she just didn't count right. But here was another thing that was very surprising! There were nine of her children without tails, - at least none to speak of. Yet one certainly had a tail, a long one. And what's more, it curved way up over his back. This puzzled Mrs. Rabbit very much indeed - but there it was, right before her eyes! This one baby certainly didn't look like her. And surely didn't look like Albert, her husband, either.

Albert, had been taken away from the hatchery just before a careless attendant one day left the door of her cage open and so Mrs. Rabbit escaped into the great world. Finding her way to the Green Woods, made her home there. She had lived all her life in the hatchery, having no knowledge of the world outside and she had never seen a squirrel.

Now, I suppose you are wondering about what happened to poor Mothy. After a long time she recovered and struggled weakly to her feet. Wandering disconsolately about, she came to the tree she was

sure must have been her home. The storm had done great damage. Branches of many trees had been torn off entirely and the big beech tree had been blown to the ground. Fearfully she went to it and found that the upper part had been crushed into the earth - and she was sure that that was the one where she had left Yearny. As she looked at it two tears started down her little furry nose, and she sobbed "My baby - my baby."

Now in Mrs. Albert Bently Rabbit's home things had been happening. Her little family had been growing, and it wasn't long before her children began to notice things. One day Bobby Rabbit, the largest one of the family, sat up on his haunches. His glance was directed toward Yearny's tail, and on his face was a look of wonder, as he squeaked, "Marma, Marma - "

"What is it Bobby?"

"Marma, he's got a long tail!"

"Yes, Bobby," said Mamma, "he certainly has. It is surely very strange."

"But Mamma, how in the world did it happen?" said Bobby.

"Bobby, the only way I can explain it is that it just must be a miracle!"

"What's a miracle, Mamma?"

At this the bewildered mother wrinkled her nose and sat deep in thought for quite a time before she answered, "A miracle, my child, is something that can't happen - but does."

During this conversation, Yearny sat in the corner of the little home, as far away as he could get. He was greatly distressed, for he too had become aware that there was something wrong about his tail. He realized he was the only one in the family with such a blemish. So now as he sat with his tail pushed behind him in an attempt to hide it, his small paws folded against his body in a sad attitude, his little shiny eyes seemed to beg them to forget his tail and see inside him, for he was sure he had a loving and tender heart. He did so wish they could realize that his outward appearance was not important - it's what's within that really counts.

Hearing Bobby and Mamma talking about Yearny's tail, all the other little rabbits stopped their hopping about and gathered in a circle about Yearny, wrinkling their noses in a solemn attitude while Yearny earnestly wished he could become invisible.

Little Bessy mildly inquired, "Don't you think you could do something about it? Why doesn't the rest of you grow more and your tail grow less? After all, we are the Albert Bently Bunnies. For many generations we have all been short tailed - very short tailed, in fact. Soon we shall have to go out into society. Whatever shall we say about your tail?"

Yearny grieved bitterly over the matter. Once in desperation he even tried to bite it off, but

it was too tough and it hurt, so he had to give it up. If you only knew how sick he made himself trying to eat the grass Mamma would save up for her children. It gave him a stomachache, but he tried to eat it for Mamma's sake. Then, one night Yearny became desperate with hunger and fell upon the nuts that had fallen in the hollow of the tree. The sound of his teeth crashing the nuts was worse than thunder to the little rabbits. They stood about astonished while brother's teeth crashed through the shells. They put their paws over their ears to shut out the awful noise.

Bobby cried out, "Mamma, Mamma, look what he's doing!"

Yearny felt he was wrong but he was so hungry and he just didn't like grass, but these nuts, they were so good!

The scorn of the other children made Yearny so miserable that at night, he curled himself up in his lonely little corner and wept his eyes out. He was so unhappy he just wanted to die. Old Mother Rabbit did feel sorry for Yearny and she waited until she was sure the other babies were asleep. Then went hoppity-hop over to him, every little hair in her mustache aquiver with sympathy and love. She nuzzled her mouth against Yearny and he cuddled up against her breast and cried his heart out until they both fell asleep.

That night Yearny had a most wonderful dream. He dreamt that he was looking up through the branches of the tree and saw a beautiful white star - away up in the sky, and the star hoppity-hopped like little Flossie down into the woods, the star turned out to be a princess of the stars and she took him in her arms and said "Go to sleep, Yearny." And he went to sleep. When he woke up he had a tail just like Bobby's and all the children said, "Oh, now you look perfectly beautiful!" and they took him with them everywhere they went, and they played such games together. He was so happy and he was always considerate, letting Bobby do all the beosing. They played leap-frog, jumping over each other - chased each other around - hopping, leaping, oh so merrily. Sometimes they would snuggle up together and tell each other secrets and gossip about what was in the outside world - in the woods - and outside in the pastures - why the violets smelled so sweet - why the wind had so many voices - oh, about most everything in the world of the Green Woods.

But when Yearny awakened in the cold grey down, things were just the same as they had always been, and Yearny felt he must be about the lonliest child in the whole big world. Many times when the others were asleep he would steal away from his corner and peek through the little hole that leads to the

outside world. Sometimes, when the moon was out he would tiptoe through the entrance and then close to the trunk of the tree try to make real the games he had played in his dreams. He would play little scenes with Bobby, whom he admired very much and with Benny. These imaginary games gave him some pleasure but of course it was not like really playing with them, which he wanted so to do.

At other times, when it was raining, he would go very quietly to the entrance and peer out into the woods and the sad music of the softly falling rain was like the sorrow in his heart. He would listen to the rain murmuring so softly through the branches of the trees. The little drops of rain running down the trunk of the tree were like his tears. Don't you think it was kind of the rain-drops to weep for him in the lonely woods?

Now in most stories there is a villain, and our villain is a large yellow hound by the name of Jumbo. Jumbo was not a high-class dog, but this didn't bother him at all for he thought very well of himself indeed. At the moment we first meet him, Jumbo is encountering the very distinguished Mr. William Worthington Wilder for the first time. It was a case of love at first sight between Mr. Wilder and Jumbo. He began bounding and cavorting around Mr. Wilder with little yelps of good spirits and comradship. He

had been pretty much on the jump - trying to avoid the dog-catcher, and the eating had been very scarce, so he was quite set on making a good impression on Mr. Wilder. He ran around in small circles cleaning in such a way he made quite a hit with this gentleman.

One might say that Jumbo was an aristocrat - why not? Some dogs could boast of being descended from one distinguished line, but Jumbo was descended from all sorts of lines. In his veins, though slightly removed, flowed the blood of magnificent St. Bernards, powerful bull, aristocratic collies, and say this softly - just plain-curl Of course Jumbo hadn't the faintest idea of what an ugly dog he really was. His coat was a dingy yellow and he had a short wobbly bob-tail, large joints and wide splay feet. His ears were all wrong - one hung down over one eye in a discouraged manner, while the other stood defiantly upright.

Jumbo amused the whimsicle Mr. Wilder very much indeed, for in his cavortings a suggestion of all the many different breeds of his ancestors came out. Now a hint of a menacing bulldog, again an awkward imitation of a St. Bernard. At times his voice broke to a diminutive bark that sounded very much like the yip-yipping of a pekinese. Yes, Mr. Wilder was very much impressed. He laughed as hard as a member of the most exclusive club in town in supposed to laugh. It

all ended by Mr. Wilder escorting Jumbo into his own backyard where he had a small kennel of aristocratic canines. He fed him such a goodly supply of provender as to put Jumbo in the ninth dogs' heaven.

After Jumbo's hunger had been satisfied, he capered about looking for a companion to share his rapture. He discovered in the very next kennel, a beautiful collie sitting on his thin haunches and looking disdainfully at Jumbo's high-doings as he bounded happily over to the edge of the fence by the collie and promptly started conversation.

"Hello, Bingo, how's tricks?"

The collie lifted his ears scornfully at this too familiar salutation.

"Pardon me old chap, but you are quite mistaken in the nomenclature. I happen to be the Earl of Earlington, son of the Earl of Earlington, son of Princess Flossy, of a long line of bluebloods."

Jumbo came right back at him. "Oh that's oke with me. I'm not uppity. You're good enough for me to talk to. Swell weather for rabbit hunting, ain't it?"

The only reply to this was a rather bored yawn, but Jumbo was so busy with a couple of fleas that had just started an attack on the drooping ear, that he didn't notice the lack of interest on the part of the collie. "There just ain't nothin' better than

a good juicy young rabbit."

"I am not at all interested in rabbits," responded his Lordship.

"You ain't? Ikw eeaw?"

Jumbo shook himself with great vigor, scattering fleas in all directions, still quite unabashed by the collie's icy manner.

The collie lifted his beautiful body, stretched luxuriously, and as he moved gracefully away, said, "Pardon me, old chap, but your conversation is really quite dull."

Jumbo was just thinking up a wise-crack to toss after him, when the busy fleas renewed their efforts, giving him more important things to do.

We return now to the Bently Rabbits. It was a lovely early summer day and a gentle breeze was bending down the green grass and singing softly in the rustling leaves of the trees. The little rabbits were hopping happily about around the trunk of the tree, playing all sorts of joyous young rabbit games. In fact they seemed to be fairly hopping with rapture - all save Yearny, who was apart from the others near the entrance to their home. He was sitting, his head on one side, looking yearningly at the games going on. He did so want companionship, somebody to play with. It was terrible to be always alone - always shunned by others. Finally Bessie and Bobby, who were great

shoes, hopped close beside Yearny, in a little circle they were making. Yearny took heart and tagged along behind them. He followed along for quite a little time, in fact came very near the two, for he admired them very much indeed.

Bessy and Bobby stopped for a minute, and looking back saw Yearny. Both rabbits looked him over quizzically for a time, while Yearny looked at them with an attitude of "please can't I go along with you - I wont be in the way?"

Bobby spoke harshly. "For goodness sake, you are always trying to tag along. We have secrets to talk about - and things to do. I should think by this time you would have sense enough to know we don't want you hanging around! Now scamper off and let us alone, you silly looking thing."

Hanging his head in shame, Yearny dutifully went back to his little niche in the tree. Tears were in his eyes, as he saw his offending tail floating along behind him. "I wish I had been born different. Why couldn't I have a pretty short tail like Bobbies' ?"

He had no more than gotten back to the tree when from the other side came a very large and fierce looking buck rabbit. He had a very distinguished and haughty air about him. With affable condecension he spoke to the little rabbits. "Well, children, how are the young the young ones this morning?"

You should have seen how very polite the little rabbits were to this distinguished personage - for he was none other than L.J. Howard-Huntington himself, and mother had instructed them as to the importance of this gentleman - the most important rabbit of rabbits. All the little bunnies twitched their whiskers and sat up politely, and one or two of them did a special little hop and jump before him. Mr. Howard-Huntington continued, "Indeed, Mrs. Albert Bently Rabbit has a family to be proud of." At that a little sob came from Yearny, and the great rabbit turned to see who made this sound - and caught sight of Yearny.

"How, by a head of lettuce, what is this?"

He looked with stern inquiry at the little group. Bobby and Bessy had just rejoined them and Bessy, quelled by the stern eye of the inquirer, blushed confusedly and in her bewilderment, stammered - "Its - its - one of us."

Mr. Howard-Huntinton swelled even larger with indignation, "You mean this creature with the tail is one of the Bently Family?"

Bessie answered weakly, "Mother says so."

Mr. Howard-Huntington blustered, "Why, its a disgrace to the family - its a disgrace to our class. We can't have it! We can't have it at all!" His tone was so fiercely indignant, it made all the little rabbits tremble in their skins, and you can well imagine

what target it struck to the heart of Yearny.

"Come here!" called the fierce one.

Yearny tremblingly obeyed.

"Let me see that tail - turn around."

As Mr. Howard-Huntington surveyed Yearny's waving plume, his indignation grew apace, then a light dawned upon him as he ferociously declared, "I know how to wipe out this disgrace. I will bite it off!"

Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Howard-Huntington swiftly seized the offending tail between his teeth. Yearny let out a most pitiful squeal, and struggled desperately, but the big rabbit held on. Yearny dug his claws into the ground trying to pull away - oh, it was a dreadful struggle. "Ouch! Ouch, sir, you are hurting me - don't, oh let me go - let me go!" Finally with a swift sidewise movement, Yearny managed to disengage his tail.

During all this the other little rabbits had been applauding the great rabbit's endeavours to wipe out the family disgrace. Now, as Yearny ran desperately around in circles with the big rabbit in pursuit, all the little rabbits joined in. In trying to avoid the big rabbit he zigzagged from side to side and was tumbled over by a half-dozen pursuing bunnies, while he squealed in terror. Yearny managed to get himself out of this mass of bodies only to be run into by another group.

Finally they all piled onto him at once. He felt he was lost forever, when suddenly Mama Rabbit, who had been furtively shopping in a neighbor's lettuce patch and had heard the clamour from a distance, came swiftly upon the scene. "What is all this about? What are you doing to my baby?" she called excitedly.

Quickly she nosed the little rabbits off the prostrate Yearny and demanded an explanation. The reforming Mr. Howard-Huntington spoke up, "Madam, I was merely trying to be of help, by getting rid of that unsightly tail. A thing like that is a disgrace to the family and to our class."

At this Mother Rabbit fixed such a scornful eye on the fierce rabbit as no one in the world would have thought her capable of. "Mr. Howard-Huntington, you should learn to mind your own business. Don't you poke your nose into my affairs! You think you are so perfect, you want everybody to be just like you. This is my child, and its my child's tail. He may look funny but he has a heart of gold. Now you get back to your club for Improved Methods of Burrowing Into Carrot Patches."

Mr. Howard-Huntington was so cowed by Mrs. Rabbit's blazing anger, that had he had Yearny's tail, he would have put it between his legs and sneaked off. Not having such an appendage, he sneaked off anyway.

One day in Mr. Wilder's garden, when Jumbo was obsessed with boredom, the grocery boy in delivering his wares, forgot to close the door in the garden wall. Jumbo saw through the open door the green branches of trees waving in the summer breeze. He smelled the odors of the woods nearby. Adventure called to him and out the door he went to answer the call. He went right across the green into the woods. At the edge of the woods, he stopped for a minute and took it all in. "Jumping Jehosaphats! If only there were a few rabbits around, everything would be just perfect!"

It was at this very time that Mrs. Albert Bently Rabbit and her brood of young off-springs sought to wander away from the home nest and were having a grand time nibbling the fresh green grass. At a short distance from the others was Yearny trying his best to pretend he liked the grass too, for every time he nibbled at a piece he got an approving little wiggle of the nose from Mamma Rabbit. The young rabbits were trying to look as though they weren't with Yearny, for fear they would meet some of their swell society friends.

Jumbo looked - Jumbo saw. Life was complete at last. Here was his prey right before him. He could hardly believe his eyes. No, it wasn't a dream - for there practically under his nose were the young, juicy,

rabbits. He let out a menacing howl and bounded after them.

The old mother cried out a warning and her children all started helter skelter for home, their little white behinds bobbing along as they went, running, running desperately for safety. But they had small chance against Jumbo's long legs. He was rapidly overtaking them. There was no cavorting about him now. He was in deadly earnest. A most unpleasant snarl bared his teeth. The hackles at the back of his neck raised in fearful determination.

The little rabbits were all humped up in a small group, using every ounce of power they had. Their ears lay back against their heads, their eyes popping with terror. Patter, patter, patter, went their little feet. Plomp, plomp, plomp went Jumbo's big ones. With infantile voices the rabbits cried out. Had any human been near, his startled ears would not have known if their cried were those of animals or of some tortured human child.

Mamma Rabbit looking back saw doom was upon them, Jumbo was right on their tails practically and figuratively speaking. She knew about hounds. This big brute would snap all their necks just like that! She emitted another terrified squeak. She could see it was all over now. Flossy would be first - but just then, Yearny, who had been running with them, a

little to one side, got a brilliant idea. Heroism mounted in his soul, and quick as a flash he shot tantalizingly right before Jumbo's very nose. Jumbo immediately took after him. It so happened in the neighborhood where Jumbo had been raised there were no squirrels, so this was the first he had ever seen.

Jumbo was right on his victim. In fact Yearny could actually feel his breath on his tail, when a convenient tree appeared before him and he went up that tree faster than thought. He scuttled up to about fifteen feet from the ground and then paused on a limb, breathing in little gasps, his tail waving triumphantly, bright little eyes looking down upon Jumbo as though to say, "Now what do you think?"

Jumbo madly attempted to go up the tree after him, but after two or three such attempts, he stopped and looked up at Yearny. "What in the name of beef bones kind of a rabbit was this anyway? Why the darned thing had a tail - and could climb a tree!" He sat on his haunches, with his tongue lolling out, deep in amazement.

Yearny, for his part, saw the little rabbits running to safety and we regret to state that for the first time in his life, a teasing spirit developed in him. He scuttled down the tree, his little round eyes shining, his tail a furry plume waving, his

whole body aquiver. Jumbo made a leap for him. Yearny scampered back again. Then, Jumbo fell back. After repeating these little manouvers several times, Jumbo, driven practically out of his head by such antics made a terrific leap up the tree, and fell back with a resounding "Kerplunk!" You could hear his very insides rattle.

Jumbo sat with his big feet spread out, pointing in all directions, wrapped in injured amusement. Yearny saw that the little rabbits, had all safely reached home, so he swooped up the tree again, dropped gracefully from its branches to those of the next tree, and continued so - from tree to tree, like a moving shadow, toward home. Jumbo made a half-hearted attempt to pursue, but soon gave up in disgust. He was no tree climber.

When Yearny was sure he was at a safe distance, he dropped gracefully to the ground and hot-footed it for home. He found Mother Rabbit and the little ones still shivering with fear, all huddled up in a corner. They had now and then peeped through the small opening, and so had witnessed the hounds defeat.

"Why his teeth were as long as anything!" the baby rabbits gasped.

What a joyful meeting when Yearny finally scampered in. We must hand it to Bobby, he was the

very first one to greet Yearny. He told him right to his face, "Yearny, I am certainly sorry I ever made fun of you about your tail. I don't suppose you can help the way you look, but we certainly owe our lives to you!"

Little Flossy, who had never been very harsh to Yearny, just wiggled her nose against his and said, "Isn't he wonderful? Yearny, you must teach us how to climb a tree like that!"

And Mother Rabbit - was she proud! Whether she was bad at arithmetic or not, she had produced a heroic child, who could even outwit that terrible dog. They all nozzled noses and giggled in rabbit fashion and were oh, so so happy! Bobby and Bessy scurried about and found him some nuts, and Bobby even tried to crack them for Yearny, but finding it quite impossible told Yearny to go to it, no matter how loud a noise he made. As for Yearny, his heart was just singing with happiness.

Jumbo had wobbled disconsolately back to his happy home and yowled outside the door until one of the servants reluctantly opened it and let him in. For the first time since Jumbo had lived with them, his tail was between his legs, and he wore the most worried expression. After a time, quite worn out by the events of the day Jumbo stretched himself on the

ground and soon fell asleep. The next day when he awoke, all that remained of his experience was a memory of bad dreams in which the background was inhabitated by a flock of rabbits with long tails, who climbed trees everytime he approached them.

At this very time it so happened that outside the little nest at the foot of the great tree a forlorn figure appeared, it was Mothy. She stopped in her tracks and looked up and down the tree and her tail took on life and fluttered up and down with excitement. "Why this certainly is the tree where I left Yearny - that limb - that crotched limb that comes out from the tree - ".

Just then came to her ears the chattering of the excited little family inside. Going to the side of the tree she peered through the knothole and there saw the little rabbits in all excitement around Yearny. Mothy's tail moved still more excitedly - for Yearny had a little star on his forhead - an unusual mark. Her husband had that star and that same streak down the back. This pretty little squirrel was the image of him. She knew immediately it was Yearny, her baby, who by some lucky chance had been preserved. Well, after all, what mother couldn't know her own child?

Mothy hastily bustled in and made herself known to the surprised little group. Well to make a

long story short, there were many explanations and the whole history came out.

On hearing of Yearny's heartbreak over his tail, Mothy exclaimed enthusiastically, "Why Yearny, its lovely, its beautiful! Its even more beautiful than your fathers' and his was always so admired!"

You can well imagine Yearny's surprise at this. His ears trembled with suspense and his much maligned tail quivered with attention.

Mothy continued, "You know the humans, those creatures that own the woods and know everything, often say of their little ones, 'why she is as pretty as a squirrel.'" Yearny's surprise turned to trembling rapture and he waved his tail back and forward ecstatically, his little eyes as they looked back at it just shining with happiness.

When the little rabbits learned that Yearny's wasn't a rabbit at all, but a squirrel - and that squirrels are very beautiful - and that their tails were the most beautiful part of them - they immediately changed their attitude entirely and came to admire his tail very very much. All this didn't make Yearny a bit conceited, and if his heart was singing before, it now reached a climax of such happiness as one could hardly believe. Mothy, too, was just bubbling with rapture, and strange to say, they all lived together as one happy family, for ever after.

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"ARDELIA IN ARCADY"

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"ARDELIA IN ARCADY"

# "ARDELIA IN ARCADY."

Ardelia was sixteen -- or perhaps fifteen - it was hard to tell under her rather nondescript idea of finery. She was one of those products of a great city that in London are called Cockney, and in New York, Kid. New York was her universe; 42nd Street was her North Pole, and the Battery the jumping-off-place into terra incognita. Avenue A. and the Bowery were her Strand and Rue de la Paix. Visitors from uptown, rare and inquisitive birds, seemed to her like beings of another race - and were regarded by her with a racial distrust. They sometimes could be grafted on, but more often they were trouble makers "pure and simpleton" as Joe Webber used to say.

She lived happily enough with the battling Moriartys, an affectionate couple, no relations of hers, who lived in a fervid state of what scientists call "antagonistic cooperation." Missus Mo Moriarty called Moriarty a "big drunken bum," and had knocked the several daylights out of a neighbor lady for mildly agreeing with her. Moriarty called the Missus a "wag-tongued avil-spakin' ould harridan," and was known to brag of the punch she packed and her unusual dexterity at scaling a plate or a frying pan -- a dexterity to which his scarred scalp bore eloquent witness. But Ardelia was used to their constant din-dinning, and although she sometimes felt slightly bored when a carelessly thrown plate missed her own nose by inches, deep in her heart she loved them as lively, warm hearted full-blooded folk who treated her with a sufficiently frequent kindness.

For the rest, she was a lonely child who felt a shrinking from the loud and rather loose-tongued older girls of the district.

Indeed, although Ardelia was known favorably in the neighborhood, and exchanged smiles and nods with hundreds of the seething thousands that lived in and about her ward, she had no close friend among them, except a boy a couple of years older than herself, Eddie Poole by name, who, like herself, had sold papers most of his life, and who was part and product of the district.

Both Ardelia and Eddie had graduated from the primary or itinerant stage of newspaper vending. Ardelia was the proud proprietor of a wedge shaped kiosk crowded under the steps of an elivated railroad station, and Eddie was the captain and defender of several small newsboys who worked under him. They had known each other for years; and woe betide the bum or rowdy who tried to rough-house Ardelia's paper stand, or the masher who got too gay. Ardelia never had to call for assistance. The news was wirelessed to him by that swiftest of old institutions - Rumor. There was always some rat-eyed urchin to see, and almost immediately another brat would be shrilling it in Eddie's ear - "Hey Eddie, some dude's gettin' gay wid yer skirt!" In a small fraction of time thereafter, the corner cop would thoughtfully turn his back while Eddie gave the neighborhood a wiping-up that it sadly needed with the whirling members of the unfortunate interloper.

Not that Ardelia needed any particular attention; she was, as a matter of fact, very well able to take care of herself. Any lady is pleased with a certain show of Knighthood; and Eddie liked the exercise. It was a friendship, and not a romance, There had never been any sentimental passage between them; Eddie had never even struck her.

This was how affairs stood when the O'Hara lawyers in Dublin cabled their New York correspondents to comb New York, and the insignificant strip of land lying behind it called the United

Status, for any heirs, or heir, there might be for the hundred pounds left by old Feidrick O'Hara, who was not only lately deceased, but presented a unique paradox -- an Irish miser.

The news of any considerable sum of money without definate claimant invariably means trouble for somebody, when it is spread broadcast in a big city. It always comes to the eager ears of those who are too intelligent to earn their living by toil - who feel that any money not too securely guarded is theirs by right, if cleverness, aided and abetted by the fine arts of forgery, or even murder, can bring it to their hands. Every crook and con man in New York longed for the O'Hara fortune, but Slick Levinsky counted it as already his. He knew of a bonâfide heir; as a matter of fact, his only embarrassment was that of richness, for he knew of two heirs, and unfortunately for him our friend Ardelia was the nearest of kin. The other unknown claimant was a girl known only as "May", who for the last three months had been Slick' own moll.

Slick's scheme was a simple one, although it involved the tir some ritual of matrimony. His idea was to marry the "heir" and th and not until then, present the proofs he had of the bona fides of the claimant.

For a time, he shook his May, and paid ardent court to Ardelia, but all it got him was a sadly discolored eye and the loss of a new and expensive front gold tooth; the eye being a gift from Ardelia, the loss a little reminder from Eddie Poole. As far as Slick was concerned, Ardelia was no longer the heir; and to May's stunned surprise he not only returned to her, but joined her to himself in the front office of Alderman Sweeney in the holy bonds of matrimony.

of matrimony.

His next move was more difficult and involved not only deep thought but somewhat precipitate action, as the correspondents of the Dublin farm were really making a wide and creditable search. The gentleman who wrote about "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" failed to contemplate the feelings of a crook who has not only been beaten up, and otherwise definately refused, but who needed the money. Slick determined that Ardelia must be removed decisevly and permanently from the scene of action. And the first workings of his versatile mind got little city-bred Ardelia into the most shocking experience of her life.

Which brings us to those earnest and estimable ladies, who, though they may sometimes fail in a thorough understanding of a difficult subject, nevertheless do admirable work in the crowded city slums, and who are known by those they struggle to uplift as the "Fresh Airs."

Of course, the simple thing would have been to ask Ardelia down on the dock and push her off. But Ardelia had been a wharf-rat in her day and could swim with the best of them; besides, there was Eddie to be reckoned with. "Crowning" her with a black-jack, or slipping a knife between her ribs some dark evening, were both somewhat messy and risky proceedings. Slick had the stomach for murder, but above all else he was cautious. And now that he was about to become wealthy he had no intention of having even a suggestion of horizontal stripes in his prospective wardrobe.

Therefore the "Fresh Airs", the season being summer, and the district being somewhat overrun with these convenient ladies. This scheme was quite a clever one, even for Slick Levinsky.

Ardelia was simply to be caught in the toils of the Uplift -- spirited away to the land of the running brook and the buttercup. And there, where Slick could hope for some measure of seclusion, she was to disappear forever, leaving the way clear for May Levinsky and motor cars, and all that sort of thing.

There was no denying that it was humid, not to say hot. The city of New York sweltered and sizzled under the summer sun, and at night gave forth its accumulated heat through its high walled canyons of brick and stone concrete. The city dwellers in Ardelia's less formal part of town burst forth into sudden blossoming on porch and roof and fire-escape. It was hot as hell. Ardelia admitted it. But in her soul there was no pining for the relief of the open country - largely because such a thing was entirely beyond her experience.

But all of a sudden Slick Levinsky seemed to take a new and benign interest in his neighbors. The ladies of the "Fresh Air" found him most kind, and availed themselves of his intimate knowledge of the slums and the people in them. He helped them make out their lists of those chosen to receive the benefit of two weeks in Arcady. Like Abou Ben Adam's, Ardelia's name led all the rest. She was chosen to receive all the rights and benefits of two long happy weeks in the glorious country.

It was a little difficult to make Ardelia understand just what had happened to her. Her casual guardians, the Moriartys, had some vague idea that it had something to do with a "summons"; and as both had had occasional encounters with the majesty of the law, they advised her strongly to accept.

"What's fourteen days" said Moriarty. "I did twenty-one the last time, my dear. And once before that they gave me a month

just for contempt for thrying an evasion. Better go and have it over with. "Twill do you no harm at all, at all, and the board's not bad."

"And 'tis well ye should know, ye scum, the experience ye have," Missus Moriarty interjected, addressing not Ardelia but her true love.

It was probably the appearance of the professional bearer of glad tidings that conveyed this impression to Ardelia's friends and well-wishers. She was a good lady, but above the heart of a St. Cecelia she unfortunately wore the face of a Probation Officer. Even Eddie Poole agreed that Ardelia had better accept what Fate had thrown in her way as the easiest method of escaping the further lightnings of Charity.

So an old woman, who Ardelia felt was most incompetent was left in charge of Ardelea's news-stand, and Ardelia with a score of others was marshalled in a hot little room chiefly adorned with libelous reflections on the character of John Barleycorn; and from there she was marched to a familiar trolley to descend a little later at the less familiar Grand Central station, there taking the main line to Stamford, and then a way train which dropped them at last at the rural village of Hester Corners. As a traveller, Ardelia was decidedly not a success. The tunnel terrified her, the rushing motion of the train made her hold on the familiar "lunch box" provided by this particular charity uncertain in the extreme. She had lived through some hot summers in New York, but she had never been so hot. Perspiration is too polite a word. Her face was damp with sweat, and coated with cinders and dust, streaked and channelled with the persistent heat, Her hair hung in straight and sodden wisps, and mental and digestive apprehensio had made her deathly pale in such spots as pallor had a chance to show itself.

show itself.

b The "Fresh Airs" new farm, to which thirty per cent of the public's donations had been applied, was not yet ready for guests. The various girls of the party were "farmed out" as paying boarders (with their board paid in advance) to different country families in the neighborhood. As a mark of especial favor, Ardelia was taken to the house which sheltered the professional chaperon. She was conveyed thither by a farmer who had archaic whiskers and a modern three-cylindered flivver, in which he took corners at a speed that made Ardelia forget her stomach and clutch at her heart. She went to bed that night totally exhausted.

Her bed had been a fine one fifty years ago, and if softness is any criterion it was a fine one still. It was a feather bed. At home, Ardelia had slept on a cot in the kitchen when Moriarty was sober, or unobtrusively under it if Moriarty happened to be drunk, and the air consequently full of household goods. But her cot was thin and hard, and this vast contraption was a perfect billow of softness. When Ardelia got in, she sank for what seemed to her an appreciable moment, and then to add to her already exquisite terror the thing seemed to close over her. Instinctively, she struck out as if she had been dropped into water. She was just tired and sleepy enough to have all the soul-gripping effect of a nightmare without actual sleep itself. Immediately she became tangled in the crazy-quilt; she did not know what it was called, but she would have endorsed the name had she heard it. With a shrill scream, she tore herself free, and somehow struggled to the floor. The chaperon rushed in, and as Ardelia was unable to give any coherent account of how it happened, she gently forced her back into the bed and blew out the lamp. As soon as the woman's back was turned Ardelia crept again from the treacherous depths.

She folded the crazy-quilt, crazy side in, and calling upon all the Saints made herself a pallet on the floor. Here she would presently have fallen asleep if something had not abruptly inquired"WHOOOT" from the gloomy branches of a tree outside her window. Ardelia, with her hands over her eyes replied timidly, "Just me, and I aint done nothin'". Her interlocutor seemed hard of hearing. He repeated "WHOT" in a blood-curdling tone. Ardelia was afraid to look and afraid not to. Finally, in desperation, she peeped through her laced fingers. Two fiery eyes as large as butter-plates unwinkingly regarded her with implacable fury. Ardelia drew a long shuddering sigh and passed away. From her swoon she drifted into an uneasy slumber from which she was presently awakened by the shrill assertion that "Katy-Did!"

"What's that to me?" murmured Ardelia drowsily, and then in gulping terror remembered her surroundings. Through the chirrup of the Katy-Did, she heard the hysterical whistle of piping frogs, punctuated over and anon by the guttural "kercunk!" of a bull-frog singing a basso serenade to his love. A June-bug blundered in at the open window and made a suicidal tour of the room, bumping his hard-shelled head against every article of furniture. He was evidently the intoxicated captain of a following band of mosquitoes, who knew their work thoroughly and advanced on Ardelia in mass formation. But through sheer exhaustion she at last fell asleep, until, at daylight, the cocks in the barnyard shouted a deafening challenge to the country-side, which was answered by a perfectly fearful sound emanating from a beast which later they tried to make Ardelia believe was a cow. Ardelia dressed in haste, and when they came to call her for breakfast they found her sleeping again with her head upon the windowsill.

Breakfast - that famous country institution - was far from

being a success. The "Fresh Air" lady urged glass after glass of a liquid she asserted was milk on the terrified Ardelia. Ardelia through instinct knew the stuff was unhealthy, but she was afraid to refuse. Commonsense told her that this opaque yellow substance was not milk, but some crude substitute. Milk, as she well knew, was bluish in color, and delicately translucent. In addition to the milk, they gave her sausages and pie, and then told her that she would not look so pale in two or three days when she became settled. Ardelia gripped the sides of her chair tight in the desperate knowledge that there was no chance of her waiting that length of time to settle. She felt as she had felt in the train, only much more immediate.

Towards noon, as she was getting about again, the insatiable "Fresh Air" lady thought that the time was come for Ardelia to begin to enjoy the delights ofnthe country. Ardelia, who had not been barefooted since she had come to the dignity of a news-stand of her own, was urged to take off shoes and stockings and walk in the beautiful grass. Sleeplessness and physical ill-being can cow temporarily the most valiant of spirits. In New York, Ardelia would have "give the lady a argument," but mow, in a trance-like way, she did as she was told. She took off her perfectly good shoes and stockings and stepped reluctantly from the road into the meadow. It looked very nice and green, as the hay had been recently cut, but was full of sharp and treacherous stubble. "Further in," shouted the lady, "further in. Pick all the daisies you like, and we'll make a chain." Heroically, Ardelia plunged forward. Uncertainly she neared a clump of daisies. She might immediately have achieved them it a stout toad had not barred the way. One of Ardelia's hesitating feet came down softly upon him.

Even to the accustomed there is something distinctly unpleasant in the unearthly squashy coldness of a toad. The toad was uninjured, but Ardelia's nerves were. She rent high heaven with her piercing screams and stood helplessly on one foot. Before they could run to her assistance, a wave of rage swept over her. With one desperate clutch, she pulled the whole clump of daisies, roots and all, and plunging from the green inferno of the meadow in a mad rush that only paused once to avoid encounter with the ferocious leap of a giant-winged grass-hopper, she reached the chaperon. Duty done, she picked up her shoes and stockings and fled incontinently to her bedroom. Instinctively, she would have flung herself on her bed, but she had her memory and she shied at it. Kneeling on the floor, she buried her face in her hands.

It must not be supposed that Spike Levinsky had remained idle. Once Ardelia had been triumphantly engineered into the country, Spike prepared to follow her, as cooly determined upon murder as another man would be on any legitimate conclusion of the day's work? From a burglar friend, he borrowed the tools of house-entry. From the trusty apothecary who supplied his daily needs in "snow," he purchased chloroform anxd a little atomizer, and for a good measure he packed in his bag a knife and revolver, although he hoped it could be disposed of without recourse to these violent and tell-tale weapons.

Ardelia had left the city at noon. Slick took the evening train out, and an hour later a friend of a friend of the burglar's had made some comment on the fact to his moll, who being garrulous with tenement moonshine, had imparted the rumor to a lady-friend within the hearing of one

friend within the hearing of one of the bright-eyed rough-haired night-prowling kids who sold papers under the feudal patronage of Eddie Poole. Eddie was tipped off to Slick Levinsky's departure in time to become vaguely alarmed. With sure instinct, he made a bee-line for the favorite haunt of May Levinsky.

May hated Ardelia, but she had always considered Eddie a "handsome feller," and she was not above whiling away her time with him during Levinsky's absense. Eddie found her advances embarrassing, and in his anxiety over Ardelia was unable to even feign the admiration expected of him. May trifled with him for a while, but he was so unresponsive that she lost her temper. He was "stuck up"; he thought a whole lot of that ugly Ardelia, wh was "stuck up" too. Well, something was coming to Ardelia, coming soon, sudden and good and plenty. Beyond this, she was discretion itself. Eddie had to depend upon his corps of newsboys to find in what direction Levinsky had gone. Through one or another, he rapidly traced him to the Grand Central Station. Which confirmed his awakened fears for Ardelia. He had no notion of what Levinsky intended for her, but he knew Slick well enough to know that there was no possibility of it's being anything good. Therefore, later that evening, a pleasant and orderly meeting of the "Fresh Air" Society was rudely interrupted by the abrupt entrance of a somewhat tousled young man with the light of battle in his eyes, and the collar of a protesting office boy in one hand. The ladies of the meeting were besought, nay even rudely commanded, totell instantly where'n hell they'd sent Ardelia. When Eddie was able to make his desire coherently known, he was atlast, much against the advice of the cooler heads, given the name of Hester Corners.

Back at the Grand Central Station, Eddie found that there was no more trains for Hester Corners that night, and at the wicket window where this news was given, he made another discovery. He was in love with Ardelia. She wasn't just his pal; she was his Girl, and it looked as if trouble were coming to her. If it were humanly possible, Eddie determined to be there before trouble came. He was in a fever of anxiety.

Outside the station, he discovered a night-hawk who was waiting in his decrepid cab for what he might devour. Eddie hailed him by name, yanked him out of his seat, shouted incoherent reassurances, and pointed the cab in the vague direction of Hester Corners. He turned the corner into Madison Avenue on two wheels, and stepped on the accelerator.

Levinsky, on his arrival at Hester Corners, kept discreetly to the by-ways. He had intelligence enough to know that clothes that attracted attention even in New York fairly shrieked aloud in the country. He was as conspicuous in bucolic Hester Corners as if he had been painted bright blue and polka-dotted in red. Sneaking came easy to him, and he sneaked. To be sure, when he concealed himself in some convenient bushes to let a farmer pass, he backed his 1920 sports model suit into a growth of last year's burrs, and when he once more took the road the dust which some poets have raved about settled disguisingly upon his colored-topped patent leathers. When he crawled through the wires of a fence, sharp barbs did him an indignity. The country did not change him, but it undoubtedly set an immediate seal upon him. He was white with seething fury, and more and more inclined

towards a mossy end for Ardelia by the time he came up to the farm where she boarded and caught sight of her in the midst of her memorable act of daisy-plucking. From the convenient corner of a tool-shed, he watched Ardelia's dramatic exit, and then jimmied open a convenient window, explored the shed's dark interior, climbed a ladder to a cob-webby loft, then settled down to wait until evening. For evening was the time when Slick Levinsky and his kind felt keenest with their work.

Eddie Poole, getting forty miles an hour out of a 1910 taxi-cab, blew a bearing just north of Stamford. He got a mechanic out of bed and between them they made repairs, but Slick Levinsky had been asleep in his loft for an hour when Eddie at last rolled up before the village store at Hester Corners.

After noon dinner, the chaperon felt it her duty to make a tour of inspection to see how the other girls brought out in the same party with Ardelia were getting along. Ardelia's awkwardness in availing herself of the delights of the country had shaken the chaperon's own belief. For an hour or so, therefore, it was necessary to leave Ardelia to her own devices.

When the woman had gone, Ardelia sat herself mournfully on the kitchen steps and tried to lose herself in a colorful dream of the elevated railway. This was a moment long awaited by young Joshua, the more or less hopeful son of the farmer. He was a big lout of seventeen, silent and abashed in the presence of his parents. To Ardelia, he was much like the rest of the animals. If she noticed him at all, it was only with a vague kind of terror. But he had noticed Ardelia; and as she sat there alone, his hoeing on the hill corn-field slackened, and presently he threw down

the hay, and assuring himself that his father was nowhere about, he left the field and slipping about the corner of the house sidled to a seat on the other end of the step. Even Arcady has its shaggy, blundering satires. To him Ardelia, being from the city, bore an aura of sophisticated iniquity. He remarked that it was a nice day, and mopped his brow. Ardelia ignored him. He opined that he supposed that this was not like New York, and burst into such a sudden and vacant laugh that Ardelia, whose nerve was completely gone, jumped to her feet and started into the house. He caught her by the dress and as she turned to look at him in terror, lowered his eyes and asked her if she would like to see the live stock. Ardelia, helpless and alone, consented. He took her to the chicken yard and showed her hens upon the nest. Ardelia supposed that they sat there from sheer laziness but he explained that they were laying and showed her an egg as proof. The country was a mystery to Ardelia, but she knew this was a lie. Eggs were a manufactured product and came in square cardboard cartons marked "Case". He showed her great rotund animals with cloths-horse hips and told her they were cows. They were wild-eyed beasts given to impulsive swallowings and sudden and terrifying expulsions of breath. The dangerous horns that grew upon their heads were armed with brass like the knuckles of a corner thug. He made a mock of Ardelia by telling her they were the sourse of milk. Ardelia herself had seen their portraits painted on dairies but then she had seen tigers on sauce-bottles, and she knew the analogy was no closer. In the cow-barn Joshua suddenly slipped an arm about her.

Consciously, Ardelia was in a subdued state; but her subconsciousness was still in good working order. She had learned to fight in the place where the word was invented, and where

fighting was necessary for surviving. The year before, Joshua had stuck a cruel cane into a hornets nest with much the same effect upon himself. Ardelia fairly swarmed over him, and discomfitted he presently took his scratched face back to his hoeing.

Ardelia felt better; she smoothed the disorder which battle had given her dress and removed herself from the dangerous vicinity of the live stock. It was very hot and she was thirsty. She went in search of water and finding a spot of dampness beside the well looked about for it's source. She peered in. A glimmer of water lay far below her, and in it lay the bucket at the end of a rope. The rope in turn connected with a pulley. With a sudden flash of intelligence, Ardelia solved the mechanism. She turned and turned the handle, and the dripping bucket rose. At last it was fairly in sight and hung two feet away, dripping, cool and tantalizing. Ardelia let go the handle and reached for it. With a farewell shriek of the pulley, it disappeared down the shaft, vainly did Ardelia grasp at the revolving handle. It went so fast that it was only a blur, and it rapped her inquiring hand cruelly upon the knuckles. There was a loud splash from below, the bucket had again found the depths. Ardelia's dander was up. She tried again. Again the bucket rose to the surface. She was very hot and, with the water in sight, frantic with thirst, she pushed her body against the handle, and reached for the bucket. But again it started it's obstinate ~~descent~~ decent. This time the handle caught in her skirts, and revolving with an indecent rapidity, tore the skirt that had cost $6.99 at Cohen's from Ardelia's abashed and protesting body. When the ravishing handle at last came to a standstill, Ardelia frantically retrieved her garment, unwinding it tediously.

In the cornfield, Joshua stopped hoeing.

Ardelia assumed her garment and glanced about her. Joshua in terror moved out of sight. But still the necessity for water remained. This was a difficult problem, and Ardelia set herself to study it out.

It was about at this time that Slick Levinsky arose from a cat nap and peeped through a crevice in his loft. In all the glaring world, Ardelia only was in sight. And Ardelia was perched upon the well-hoarding, leaning far over, studying the cool tantalizing depths below. Slick did not like daylight work but it was an opportunity to good to be missed. Here was a chance that all the world would set down as an accident. He came rapidly down the stairs slipped out of the window and taking cover from bush to bush, came up on Ardelia. At the same moment, Eddie Poole turned in at the farmhouse gate. Slick heard the noise of t the car although he could not see it. He gave Ardelia a great push and she disappeared into the well, which he got back into the tool-house.

As Ardelia disappeared, she screamed, and it was her scream that Eddie heard. Eddie turned his car about the corner of the house and into the vacant yard. As far as he could see, no human being was in sight. But the handle of the pulley was revolving wi withfrightful rapidity. Even in New York, Eddie was known as a fast thinker. He leapt from his car and rushing to the well grasped not the handle but the rope. With a sick heart, he looked into the depths below. A wild-eyed Ardelia, half submerged, was clinging to the well-bucket. Eddie called reassurances, amd manfully wound her up to the surface. As Ardelia scrambled over the hoarding, the farmer drove into the yard with the chaperon on the seat beside him. A

As they drew near, they heard Ardelia telling Eddie that someone had pushed her, and in spite of the protests of both the central actors, the suspicion was instantly fastened upon Eddie. Isaiah, Joshua, sneezing down from his corn-field, gave his solemn word that he had seen Eddie do the deed. Ardelia was too exhausted and too surprised to argue. And the disappointed Slick Levinsky from his hiding-place took some consolation in seeing the farmer drive Eddie to his car with a pitchfork and order him away with threats of jail and the Sheriff.

Eddie thought that discretion was the better part of valor. But as he went, he cast his sopping Ardelia a glance full of reassurance and promise, and she telegraphed to him her entreaty.

With Eddie in the neighborhood, Ardelia's spirits and courage so rose that she retired that night with a feeling of expectant security? Her slumbers would be watched over and doubtless on the morrow she would be rescued. She went to sleep as happily, or perhaps more happily, than if she had knownthat at that very moment the New York representatives of the Dublin firm had traced her to the Moriarty's discordant doves'-nest; and that Moriarty and the Missus, when the detective had left them to look up the ladies of the "Fresh Air" and Ardelia's definate address, were preparing to celebrate an epoch-making drunk together in honor of their ward, the heir to O'Hara's hoarded gold.

Night came on. The farmer and his household snored. Ardelia slept and dreamt of the Moriartys and teeming streets; Eddie Poole left his purloined taxi-cab in the road where he had concealed it and prepared himself for a silent serenade; and Slick Levinsky took a double snuff of snow, to be keen and bright-eyed for the work he had to do.

Eddie reached the house first and walked uncertainly

about it, wondering which was Ardelia's window, and whether or not he could climb to it on some convenient vine. Love makes a strong defendant, but not always an alert one, and behind Eddie, as he mooned about Ardelia, crept Slick Levinsky, every nerve taut with cocaine and the lust to kill. He would have liked to shoot Eddie, but he could not risk the noise. Neither was he sure enough of the suddenness of the knife; so he black-jacked him from behind, and Eddie fell senseless on his face.

Slick was no romantic trellis-scaler. The kitchen door was the work of a moment for him and he crept soundlessly up the stairs with the sure sixth instinct of a drug addict. The keyholes of the old house were large. One after another he peered through them. Ardelia's room was full of moonlight, but she seemed to be sleeping peacefully. Slick started to pick the lock.

Ardelia turned and sighed.

Slick heard her and paused in his work to peep through the keyhole at her. He must take no chances on her awakening. He filled his atomizer with chloroform, and thrusting the thin nozzle through the key-hole started a fine spray into the room. Ardelia's uneasily clenched hand relaxed, and dropped on the quilt. When Slick next reconnoitered he saw that the Chloroform had done it's work. He finished his picking of the lock, and entered the room. He saturated a sponge with what was left of the chloroform, and held it firmly over Ardelia's mouth and nose.

In the yard outside, Eddie Poole groaned gently stirred and finally sat up, rubbing his injured head. He thanked God it was a hard one, and scrambled to his feet. The open door showed by what route Slick had gone, and Eddie slipped into the house and climbing the stairs saw Ardelia's door open a crack. He pushed it open, and with a rush and bound threw himself onto Slick Levins

back, gasping and wrenching him away. The air was heavy with chloroform, but Eddie was able to jam his elbow through the window that Ardelia had carefully closed, as Levinsky hurled him about the room. At last Levinsky's efforts slackened, and he sank to the floor. The noise of the fight had aroused the house and Eddie heard another door open. Remembering his previous repulsion, he had no desire to be caught this time. He ran to th door and locked it, and picking the reviving Ardelia up bodily from the bed he made a kind of a bundle of her with her clothes and ran to the window. Fortunately, there was a trellis beneath it and Eddie climbed swiftly down.

As he ran through the cooler night air, Ardelia revived. By the barn, he paused and sat her down. From the house they could hear the thunder of blows that the farmer was raining on Ardelia's door. The lovers smiled and looked into each others' eyes; and then at the same instant both became conscious that Ardelia was not dressed for traveling. In spite of their peril Eddie discreetly turned his back, while Ardelia, snatching up her clothes, retired to the barn.

In Ardelia's room, Slick Levinsky drew a gulping breath. The door was shaking under the farmer's assault, and the place seemed distinctly unhealthy. Levinsky struggled to his feet and climbed out of the window.

Ardelia, somewhat sketchily attired, rejoined her Eddie. Hand in hand, they set off across the moon-flooded pasture. But from beneath an oak, a massy form arose. This particular pasture was the courtyard of Alexis VII, son of Sarah de Kalb,

registered Holstein bull, now in his seventh and most pernickity year. In winter, in the daytime, he was occasionally good-tempered but aroused from his slumbers on a summer's night he arose breathing death and destruction, lowering his head to the very ground, and raising his pedigreed tail in challenge to the skies. His charge was thunderous.

With one accord, Ardelia and Eddie turned in their tracks and made back toward the barn. As they ran in the door, Slick Levinsky sighted them from behind a bush with an eye that glittered with temporary insanity. It was no time for caution; he drew a revolver and fired. He winged Eddie, but they kept ahead and made the refuge of the barn.

In the barn, Ardelia and Eddie looked wildly around for some means of escape. The murderous Levinsky was on one side of them, and an equally murderous bull on the other. It seemed that Providence lead their eyes to something that gave them a gleam of hope. Against the rafters of the barn was nailed the pelt of Johanna deKalb, lately deceased, fourth cousin to the raging Alexis. The inspiration came to both of them at the same time. It was the work of a moment to strip Johanna's past glory from the wall and drape it over their bent bodies.

Ardelia was no suffragette. Without any argument, she let Eddie be the front legs. But she took up the crouching position behind him, contenting herself with the histrionic confidence that she could wag the tail in a life-like manner. Considering that there was no previous rehearsal, they entered the pasture again in fairly good order.

But Alexis, who but a moment before had been so warlike, now was not only friendly; he was too friendly. He cavorted

about them - the terrifying sportiveness of a two-ton mouse. His attentions were embarrassing in the extreme, and Ardelia and Eddie for a moment lost their unity of purpose and set off in different directions, leaving the collapsed pelt of the late Johnnie, for Alexis to marvel or mourn over - as it pleased him. This time they got to the fence. Down the road they ran, with Levinsky pounding along behind them, and shooting whenever they crossed a patch of moonlight. But they beat him to the car, and being a taxi it started joyfully back, without a halt or murmur, with perhaps, indeed, some gasoline song of rejoicing, towards old New York.

The Moriartys were only pleasantly pickled when Eddie and Ardelia burst in upon them. Both of them wished to be the first to tell Ardelia.

"It's an heiress ye are!" shouted Moriarty.

"Close yer mouth, ye drunken sot!" interrupted the Missus, "Lave me have the telling of her!"

But as Moriarty persisted, and the Missus would not give ground, words led to more words, and suddenly a thick new white plate came handy to Mrs. Moriarty's hand and scaling past her lord and master's ear, crashed into fragments against the kitchen stove.

A sudden radiance overspread the face of the watching Ardelia. In every truth, she was Home again. Without a word, Eddie opened his arms to her, and Ardelia sank into them, at

peace at last. In perfect gratitude, she looked up at him, and as what was left of the china crushed about them, sighed, "Now THAT'S the place!"

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, THAT I, JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON, of the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, for and in consideration of the sum of Fifteen Hundred ($1500.00) Dollars, lawful money of the United States paid by DAVID W. GRIFFITH of the City, County and State of New York to my agent Paul R. Reynolds, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City before the ensealing and delivery of these presents, receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged do hereby sell, assign, convey and transfer and by these presents have sold, assigned, bargained, conveyed, granted and transferred to DAVID W. GRIFFITH, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever, the sole and exclusive and complete motion picture rights throughout the WORLD to the composition or novel written by me entitled "ARDELIA IN ARCADY" and the sole, exclusive and complete right, license, liberty and privilege forever to make, manufacture, produce, re-produce, sell lease, release, license, generally deal and traffic in, exhibit or cause to be exhibited motion pictures based upon ortaken from the aforesaid composition or novel or from any theme or adaptation thereunto appertaining.

AND I do further grant to the said DAVID W.GRIFFITH, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever the exclusive right to use such work, the title and theme thereof in any manner in the making of any motion picture versions or adaptations thereof; to adapt, arrange, re-arrange, transpose, add to and subtract from such work and such title for such purpose with full understanding that I am given credit as author on the films and advertising matter used in conjunction with said motion pictures.

I do further grant to DAVID W. GRIFFITH, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever, the sole right

to secure copyrights in any and all motion picture versions in any motion picture adaptation of such work, and secure renewals and extensions of the copyrights in the same, in all countries of the World, and I hereby irrevocably authorize and appoint DAVID W. GRIFFITH, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns my attorneys in fact and representatives in my name, place and stead or in the name of DAVID W. GRIFFITH, his heirs, administrators, executors and assigns but at his or their own cost and expense to take and do such actions, deeds and things and sign such documents as may from time to time be necessary to secure such copyrights and the renewals and extensions thereof.

I hereby grant to said DAVID W. GRIFFITH, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns the right to publish a summary or synopsis of any and all motion picture versions of such work, but for advertising and publicity purposes only and in which I shall be given full credit as author thereof, and I do for myself, my heirs, executors and administrators and assigns represent, warrant and guarantee that I am the sole owner of the dramatic and motion picture rights in and to such composition and novel and that I have not sold or made any other disposition of any of the motion picture rights in said composition or any version or adaptation thereof; that I have full right and authority to grant to David W. Griffith, his heirs, administrators, executors and assigns all such above-mentioned rights, that I have not made or entered into any contract with anyone whomsoever by whom such rights are or could be in any way be diminished or impaired or that would prevent said David W. Griffith, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns from producing, booking, selling, distributing, exhibiting and releasing and from causing to be produced, booked, sold, distributed, exhibited and released

any and all motion pictures based upon such composition throughout the entire World at any time from and after the date of making of this agreement free from any restraint or interference by anyone whomsoever.

AND I do further agree not to make myself nor with my consent to permit any party to make any motion picture adaptation or version of such work during the term of the copyright of such motion picture adaptation and all extensions and renewals thereof.

AND I do further agree with the said David W. Griffith, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns to warrant and defend the rights in and to said work hereby granted to said David W. Griffith, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns against all and any persons whomsoever free and clear of all claims and damages of whatsoever kind and nature and I hereby agree to save, keep harmless and indemnify the said David W. Griffith, his heirs, administrators, executors, and assigns of and from all actions, suits, costs, charges, liability, damages and expenses whatsoever, which shall or at any time hereafter happen or come to them for or by reason of the making of this agreement, or the exercise by them of the rights hereby granted.

It is understood and agreed that the warranties contained in the above paragraph hereof, apply only to the material used in said contemplated motion picture which is taken from the said literary or dramatic composition written by the Author, and do not in any way apply to any extraneous matter inserted in said motion picture by the Purchaser or its agents or employees.

AND I do further agree to duly execute, acknowledge and deliver or cause to be done, executed, acknowledged and delivered all such further acts, instruments and assurances as may be required by said David W. Griffith, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns in order to

carry out and effectuate the purposes of this agreement.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 7th day of April, 1920.

WITNESS:

Josephine Baskam Bacon (Seal)

CITY, COUNTY AND )
STATE OF NEW YORK ) ss.:

On this 7th day of April, 1920, before me personally came and appeared JOSEPHINE BASKAM BACON, to me known and known to me to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and she duly acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

Hann L. Wheaton

NOTARY PUBLIC
NEW YORK CO. CLERK'S NO. 93
NEW YORK CO. REGISTER'S NO. 1145

"ARDELIA IN ARCADY"

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

to

DAVID W. GRIFFITH

A S S I G N M E N T

Dated APRIL 7th 1920.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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(Sighs)

But for a man to battle against love is like a duck's egg fighting a rock.

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Chen approaches the quarrelling Yankee sailors in some amazement. He cries in a reproachful voice:

CHEN

Honourable ones! What is this? Honourable ones!

The two sailors, at this unexpected and unheard of interruption, stop for a second in great amazement.

FIRST SAILOR

Well ... for ... what..?

SECOND SAILOR

For Pete's sake - what is this?

CHEN (as though confident his words would quiet the enraged sailors)

Honourable sirs -

(In a winning voice - protestingly)

Do not give blow for blow - the Buddha says 'What thou dost not want others to do to thee - do not thou to others'.

FIRST SAILOR

Beat it! Beat it! - you - what are you talking about?

SECOND SAILOR (To Chen)

Take it on the lamb - you - on the lamb - beat it ...

The first sailor is seen getting the better of the fight, left and right against the body and face of second sailor. The second sailor is knocked out, falling to the ground against the wall.

FIRST SAILOR

I guess that'll hold you for a while.

Chen comes on to Second sailor, kneels down beside him, lifts his head upon his knee, and taking the fringe of his robe, wipes the blood from his mouth and tends to the wounds, at the same time talking to the other sailor.

CUT from Second Sailor to the First.

CHEN

Oh, shame, shame! This is not good - you make him hurt now - bye-and-bye he

CHEN (continuing)

have more hate - he try to make you hurt, and such a thing it never stops.

FIRST SAILOR

Oh, is that so!

(Crying it out aloud)

Well, I'll tell him any time he wants to hurt me he's welcome to try and next time I'll knock his block off for fair.

WE COME BACK to Chen with the Second Sailor. The sailor is coming to. Chen is still tending to his wounds.

CHEN

You're all right now - you're getting better?

SECOND SAILOR (weakly)

Sure - sure - I'm all right. Gee! that guy hit me with the ceiling.

CHEN

You get better now - you get better.

AS WE FADE AWAY.

CHEN

I wish I - I wish you luck.

The Old One has been standing
somewhile, a little back
of Chen.

THE OLD ONE (dryly)

I once saw a disappointed
louse.

CHEN

What?

A disappointed louse - it
could not raise a coverlet.

[illegible] THIS SIDE.

THE OLD ONE (looking calmly and unperturbed at all this)

And so one little girl - look; and now this day you are as one underneath a plum tree, and the spring blossoms are falling around you.

CHEN (impatiently)

And how may I help one - is not everything decreed by the High Heaven - can I move even one inch but by the will of fate?

THE OLD ONE

Watch - in this strange country he who sows lilies will reap lilies, he who sows black beans will reap black beans.

CHEN

Words - words - cease words - words - stop - stop them - I am sick - I am sick -

THE OLD ONE

Sick! Pray to the Gods.

[illegible] (in a strange voice but rapidly)

Oh, the Gods - maybe the Gods are sick too!

Then Chen in gentle sincerity kneels besides the couch and reverently kisses the sleeve of Lucy's robe. Then rests his head dreamily against the couch as he holds Lucy's little hand.

WE COME to the room downstairs to the Old One talking to a half-grown Chinese boy. He is giving a small package to the young man.

THE OLD ONE

Inform your Honourable Father the fates are always at work, and this gift - see - is from the High Heavens.

THE BOY

Thank you very much, Honourable One.

OLD MAN

Learn through the mistakes of others - there is a good road to Heaven but man will not walk in

OLD MAN (continuing)

it - hell has no gate, but man will bore through to get there.

THE BOY

Heaven is high and the Empire far away - I can do as I like.

(This is said in a cockey confident manner - quickly, as the boy is making his exit.)

WE THEN DISSOLVE to morning. The girl is taking tea upstairs, from her position upon the couch. She shows that she is well on the way to recovery as she is eating with evident relish.

(Continue bottom of page 23.)

FLASH TO THE FLOWER STAND.

EVIL EYE (in measured and deadly voice)

The black crows are flying
in the sky - evil spirits
are rushing everywhere.

CHEN (sensing danger)

Yes, what is it?

EVIL EYE

The blind leading the blind -
are falling into the black
pit.

Evil Eye, then leaning forward,
whispers into Chen's ears,
recounting what he has just seen.

The Prayer of Chen before his death at the Altar.

CHEN

Oh Divine Trinity! Oh Buddha, Dharma! Oh Sangha! I have prepared my soul, oh Buddha, that it may come to you; that the spirits of my great ancestors prepare a little house for me. My soul is broken, oh Buddha. It is weary, - weary for peace. Forgive me my sins and you also, the Lord of little White Blossom's soul, - the Christus. Her little spirit is on its way to clasp your feet - receive it with your divine love, oh Christus. And now, oh earth, receive this common clay, my body, for it comes now back to you.

Through this prayer goes the business of burning the paper prayers, lighting the incense,

and after the three low bows to Buddha. After the ending of the prayer he sounds the gong three times, then raising the dagger -

WE DISSOLVE to him sinking into silence at the side of the couch upon which is the body of his White Blossom. At the death of the girl it might be well to have her repeat the lines used early in the play -

THE GIRL

There was nothing --

(in weary far-away weakening voice)

there was nothing wrong -

it wasn't nothing wrong,

Daddy.

(Calls in one little sobbing outcry)

It hurts so - it hurts.

(Then the voice dies away)

B-e-t-t-e-r- t-i-m-e-s -

b-e-t-t-e-r - t-i-m-e-s.

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D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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In boxes titled the Killiam-Sterling Collection

We are responsible for the idea of "Dream Street" to two stories, "Gina of Chinatown" and "The Sign of the Lamp" by Mr. Thomas Burke. Mr. Ray Sinclair has scenarioized these in as pleasant a manner as possible for picture presentation. We do not make any great promises one way or the other: we have done the best we could. It is for you to measure our success.

"Dream Street" is a little story of a young girl in London. She makes her living in the music halls as a member of a minor dancing team and, according to her old father's instructions, tries to live as decently as possible. As Mr. Burke says -- "Gypsy was gentle, brave and gay, swift and restless as a bird, with a splash of southern blood in her veins." Perhaps the last part of the description made things rather difficult for her.

On the other hand were two brothers; one of them a perfect specimen physically who chanced to have a golden voice and a mighty fist. It is said he conquered the women with his voice and the males with his fist and so reigned undisputed king of the district.

His brother was an ambitious writer of songs. There was an unusual devotion between them until they met the girl -- then certain events happened.

And then there was a teacher of the streets, who believed that he had heard a far, paternal God-like voice and that it was his duty to give a message to the world. And also a strange street musician whose face was beautiful but whose stringed violin, it is said, wailed the voice of Lucifer, the Prince of Darkness.

Between these two forces struggle our characters in the play.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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April 9, 1948

On Loan from the
William Stevens Collection

1 DREAM STREET

Copyright 1921 by D. W. Griffith.

2 Suggested by
Thomas Burke's stories
"Limehouse Nights"
and
"The Sign of the Lamp"

Arranged for the screen by Roy Sinclair.

3 Thanks are due to officials of Scotland Yard and the London police for details of English Police and Inquest procedure.

4 Dream Street -- Some may say London -- Limehouse, Poplar or High Street -- but we do not claim any of these. Our people are dream people who look from wistful windows or walk with visions on the Street of Dreams.

5 We tell of struggling human souls -- of a Voice of Good against a Voice of Evil -- a trickster of the street -- old as sin -- Sin that wails through the strings of his violin.
Between these two forces struggle our little characters in a battle of Good and Evil.

6 James (" Spike" ) McFadden, having conquered the males with his fists and the females with his voice, reigns undisputed king of the district.

7 Billie, a devoted brother, whose one great ambition is to let the world hear the unwritten song flaming within him.

8 Although Spike works at the docks, a suspicion of unlawful deeds has fallen upon the brothers --whether just or unjust we are unable to state.

9 Since their orphaned childhood their greatest virtue has been their devotion to one another.

10 "I'm taking care of him -- I promised Mamma the last thing ---"

11 Gypsy Nan, a member of a minor dancing team - her father's pride and pupil -- the support of the family.

12 It is said Gypsy was gentle brave and gay, swift and restless as a bird, vivid with an heritage of southern blood.

13 ✗ She humors Father by letting him play at work.

14 Old Tom Chudder. An underground passage leads from his counter to a spot near the docks and through it much strange merchandise has traveled, well hidden from the watchful police.

15 The old pawnbroker -- often a friend in need to Gypsy.

16 Her few treasures again her own.

17 Gypsy aware of his secret -- a very delicate matter to the old pawnbroker.

18 His humiliation -- a police informer -- a "stool-pigeon". Poverty has put Gypsy's father under the thumb of the Inspector of Police.

19 A prayer of the old Truths -- "Faith, Hope and Love, but the greatest of these is Love."

20 An agnostic of the west, amused, jested at dream -- Love. Love that suffereth much, that is long abiding, our salvation, our dream -- that is of God.

21 For may it not be true that the far, paternal God-like voice still may be heard in every corner and by-way by those that have ears?

22 Trying to follow in the footsteps of the gentle Master.

23 "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so-them: for this is the law."
to

24 "That kind of man, Gypsy -- watch. You'll have to fight your battles."

25 Sway Wan's gambling house, concerning the whereabouts of which the police have been kept baffled.

26 One Sway Wan of Shanghai, a renegade from a noble family in China. Forgotten the plum bloom of his youth -- evil dreams now about him.

End of Reel One

Reel Two

27 (X) The Evil Influence -- a trickster whose music stirs the heart with strangely evil thoughts.

32 In the mystery of life what influences are around us? Is it not true now, as of old, that Satan, Prince of the Pit of Evil Thoughts, still walks?

33 "Eat and drink for tomorrow out goes the light;
Sin is as important as goodly might;
For tell me, Neighbor, without wrong,
How could there be right?"

30 From out the Pit of Evil.

31 Selfishness -- father of Brutality, Hatred, War.

32 As though those evil voices speak through the strings of his violin.

33 The mystery of the mask intrigues his little public. It also hides -- but ---
Note: How many people in real life wear masks?

34 While on Earth's big and little, absurd and divine, the Evening Star looks down.

35 "Life is not what it seems;
It's but a thing made out of dreams,
So make pure and sweet the dreams."

Sect 36 The thoughtlessness of exultant youth.

37 Fade on Gypsy loves the streets, the glamour of the diamond dusk, the dirt ant the perfume.

38 Everywhere she builds romances. On the docks she dreams she is an Egyptian princess -- sometimes a barbaric heroine.

There are holidays when for moments it
seems almost as though dreams come true.

Over nine hundred Jones arrived on a mule
ship he has been trying to get home to Georgia.

Down the docks, where ships bring peoples
from the distant corners of the globe.

The stage returns to the music hall.

Gypsy, leader of the Gaiety dancing girls.

Davy Dan also attends.

"Hurry up! Get your clothes on!"

"Get on the stage -- give 'em a song --
Something! It's a panic!"

"I'll try it."

End of Reel Two

Reel Three

"Guard the aisles! They'll get trampled to death!"

"Sit down! I'm the only fire here!"

In each of the brothers' hearts is born a love
for Gypsy that is to blaze into a troubling
flame.

51 "Ha, you're booked for six months!"

52 Booked at three pounds six a week -- she thinks she is in heaven.

53 Quite unsuspected, from his window he can look into the room of the desirable Gypsy, even watch her movements and listen with delight to her voice.

54 A wailing Malayan chanty:
"Love is kind to the least of men --
Seeeeeee! Seeeeeee!"

55 The next night -- Sway Wan at the stage entrance.

56 Quite forgetting caution in his madness he begs her to visit his hidden gambling house.

57 Providing the tip is good enough, the Inspector agrees to free her father from further service.

58 Sway Wan paying his fine the next morning.

59 "After this you let white girls alone."

60 Sunday night -- by the river's side.

61 And then he sings.

62 It chances that a great theatrical producer searching for local color ----

63 "Listen!"

64 jumps "Wonderful! A supreme sentiment!"

65 "I wrote that song."

66 "Oh, yes, he wrote it -- just ask him to sing it."

67 And he must be able to find the singer a different story might be told.

End of Reel Three

Reel Four

68 Gypsy has vote himself to vengeance against Gypsy and all pertaining to her.

69 Allying himself with an old feudal enemy of Spike's ---

70 "The song my brother sings I wrote -- about you. It's got love in it -- and everything."

71 But Spike is a man of action.

72 But the way of a man with a maid.

73 "Oh, God, please! What's wrong with me? The men don't love me right!"

74 The proceeds from the first song he sells put away in a little bank of his own, for a great purpose of which Gypsy is the central figure.

75 The old love dream.

76 Shadows.

77 "Saving money for bugs! Steel pigeon daughter of a steel pigeon father!"

78 "I'm much better."

79 "Your ~~my~~ dance -- please -- please -- can't I see it?"

80 Having no thought that the dance her father asks for is to be a dance of death.

81 Fade on and hold long. When the doctor comes.

82 "He can't be dead -- ~~May~~ --½

End of Reel Four

Reel Five

83 Fade on Several months later.
Billie now an usher at the theatre -- to be near Gypsy.

84 "Don't bother me -- I don't want any songs."

85 "No thank you -- no wine parties for me!"

86 "Do ~~these kind of~~ the men bother you much, Gypsy?"

87 jump-on "No -- well, yes, there's one that's just terrible."

88 "I'll kill anybody that bothers you, Gypsy."

92 The ship of love and jealousy -- not dreaming that Gypsy's persecutor is Bloom brother.

93 The great producer's kindly interest in promising talent.

94 But his hot dreams picture the menacing villain.

95 Gypsy perhaps too boldly boasted that no man had ever got a kiss of hers.

96 "Come on, Gypsy, we're going to have a little party. Eats and drinks and everything."

97 "Open the door."

98 "When young lips and young kisses meet,
I love - I love you - my own - my sweet."

99 "I'm going to get that good kiss, Sweetie, before I leave you."

100 For Gypsy.

101 "I'm going to stay and make you like it."

102 "Come here and sit down!"

103 "Your FRIEND -- they're not mates."

104 But whispers the Voice of Evil....

102 Reel Six.

103 "I swore to God I'd wreak the guy that touched her!"

104 "Don't ever pull a gun on me again."

[illegible]

[illegible]

Last Act in Five Minutes.

[illegible]

104 Perhaps as our first mother of men in that first Garden of Eden battled between Good and Evil -- as struggles ---

@ 105 So the good man's words drift through the window upon an already troubled heart.

106 "I am the Way, the Truth and the Light."

107 "Cut the preaching! You hear!"

108 But from the wild den across the street ---

109 "That's the music for me."

110 "Sin -- golden, laughing,
More beautiful than goodly might;
Hold, eat, drink of it,
For tomorrow out goes the light."

111 "Help me! Help me!"

112 "Say, if I told you what I think of you --
MM -- carrying on about a jane like you!"

113 Then became the stubborn spirit before the flood of a new light.

114 "I'm not fit -- for you -- to [illegible] me, Gypsy."

115 The first battle won -- the pure flame at last.

116 "It wasn't my fault -- he ---"

117 "With their suspicions on us, they'd railroad me, Spike -- to the gallows---"

118 "It wasn't --- I -- I didn't ----"

119 "I'm the only one that's been in this room."

120 So through the gathering fog.

121 Good news for Sway Wan.

122 Unaware of Sway Wan's secret enmity -- a message to Gypsy.

End of Reel Seven

Reel Eight

123 "They're after me for a killing ---"

124 "But I didn't do it -- you BELIEVE me?"

125 "The coppers got every street watched -- get my pay to your house -- and ---"

He wants her that one card out the window will bring the detective for her lover.

He made himself out a prince in his own country -- painted beautiful pictures of her as his bride.

"You wouldn't do that, Shirley."

"If you go -- I'll call detective."

"Let me out of here -- now ---"

"Paymaster's game."

"They're after your brother for a killing."

But the wadding.

Her little savings.

# "Where's Spike?"

"You know that Spike croaked a guy?"

"Cut the kidding, Gypsy."

END OF REEL EIGHT.

136 "He'll come to you -- when he does you're going to tip me off."

139 "It's worth five pounds, Gypsy."

140 Fearing any moment will bring her lover -- she ---

141 "I'll be across the street -- when he comes just raise this shade. Get his gun first -- you can find a way."

142 "Old Tom will do anything for you. If he'll let me use his getaway ---"

143 And again he gave soft things to her beauty and her faithfulness.

144 "Where's Mr. Chudder?"

145 "I got your signal, Gypsy."

146 "Stool pigeon -- YOU ---'

147 "I didn't do it!"

148 "Love is kind to the least of men,
Ree-awn, Ree-awn."

END OF REEL NINE

149 The Inquest Court.

150 "The truth -- the whole truth -- and nothing but the truth -- so help you, God."

151 "As the investigation shows, once before -- in the hallway -- this prisoner savagely attacked the unfortunate victim -- and --"

152 Believing -- by all betrayed.

153 The next witness.

154 "I saw him drop the gun on the table."

155 "They wont get me."

156 "Sway Man good friend Inspector -- help catch him."

157 "Gypsy -- can you x forgive --"

Typewritten insert --
His brother was seen to go upstairs just before the shot was fired.....

158 "Find the prisoner's brother."

159 "Wait -- my <u>brother's</u> out of this."

160 "I'll tell you about it."

161 "You admit you shot the man?"

168 "Greater love hath no man than this -- that he lays down his life for his friends."

169 "I was the only one in the room.

164 "I did it."

165 "He came to rob me - I had to do it - for ---"

166 The great producer's apartments. Here the path which has brought both of them down into the shadows emerged into the light with a future promise of great careers.

167 "Your art and your voice will give beauty to the world."

168 Their grand contract.

169 The precious wedding gift.

170 After an atonement -- the King's pardon.

171 From his struggles and travail is born a great composition, dedicated to the eternal star, bringing the thrill of hope and love to the hearts of men.

172 Dream Street's sweetest dream.

173 Uncle Billie's best audience.

THE END.

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4.

[illegible]

5.

[illegible]
"Man of Aberdeen"
and
"The Man of the Law"

[illegible]

8.

Thanks are due to officials of Scotland Yard and the London police for details of British police and in-court procedure.

4.

Broom Street -- like any city London -- Limehouse, Poplar or High Street -- but we do not claim any of these. Our people are dream people who look from wistful windows or walk with vision on the Street of Dreams.

5.

We tell of struggling human souls -- of a Voice of Good against a Voice of Evil -- a trickster of the street -- old as sin -- Sin that wails through the strings of his violin.
Between these two forces struggle our little characters in a battle of Good and Evil.

6.

James ("Spike") McFadden, having conquered the males with his fists and the females with his voice, reigns undisputed king of the district.

7.

Billie, a devoted brother, whose one great ambition is to let the world hear the unwritten song flaming within him.

Although quite aware of the deceit, a compulsion of unlawful deeds has fallen upon the brothers -- whether just or unjust I am unable to state.

Has a truly orphaned childhood their constant virtue but true devotion to one another.

"I'm taking care of him -- I promised his mother she said that --"

Gypsy Fair, a member of a minor dramatic team -- her father's pride and pupil -- the support of the family.

Is in said Gypsy one gentle brave and shy, swift and restless as a bird, vivid with an heritage of southern blood.

---

She honors Father by letting him play at work.

Old Jon Chandor. An underground passage leads from his counter to a spot near the docks and through it much strange merchandise has traveled, well hidden from the watchful police.

The old pawnbroker -- often a friend in need to Gypsy.

Her few treasures again her own.

Gypsy aware of his secret -- a very delicate matter to the old pawnbroker.

His humiliation -- a police informer -- a "stool-pigeon". Poverty has put Gypsy's father under the thumb of the Inspector of Police.

A copy of the old proverb -- "Walk, dog and hen, but the creature of brass is evil."

Under the crescent moon,
an upside of the ruby chrome,
[illegible] dream more [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible],
[illegible],
and animation, and [illegible] dream
more [illegible] of God.

For why is not to know that the [illegible].
[illegible] value still may be [illegible]
as near and [illegible] [illegible] have come?

Right to follow in the footsteps of the
noble [illegible].

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to
you do ye even so to them." For this is the law.

"The men, Gypsy -- watch. You'll
have to fight your battles."

Sony Ham's gambling house, concerning the
whereabouts of which the police have been
kept baffled.

One Sony Ham of Shanghai, a renegade from a
noble family in China. Forgotten the plum bloom
of his youth -- evil dreams now about him.

End of Book One

Book Two

The Evil Influence -- a trickster whose magic
stirs the heart with strangely evil thoughts.

In the mystery of life what influences are active
[illegible] as it was true now, as of old, that satan,
[illegible] of the rib of Eve's daughter, still whispers

"Eat and drink for tomorrow we pass the light;
[illegible]
For hell is a darker, vilsome spot,
And could there be light?"

Pass out the rib of Evil Knowledge.

Selfishness -- father of Cruelty, Hatred, Sin.

As though these evil voices spoke through the
darkness of his violin.

The mystery of the most intriguing his little
public. It also hides -- but ----
Note: How many people in real life wear masks?

Child on Earth's big and little,
absurd and divine,
the Eternal Star looks down --
the Star of Divine Love,
of Eternal Hope.

"Life is not what it seems;
It's but a thing made out of dreams,
So make pure and sweet the dreams."

The thoughtlessness of exultant youth.

Fade on Gypsy loves the streets, the glamour of the diamond dust, the dirt and the perfume.

Everywhere she builds romances. On the docks she dreams she is an Egyptian princess -- sometimes a barbaric heroine.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"Hurry up! Get your clothes on!"

"Get on the stage -- give 'em a song -- something! It's a panic!"

"I'll try it."

End of Reel Two

Reel Three

48. "Guard the aisles! They'll not trampled to death!"

49. "Sit down! I'm the only fire here!"

50. In each of the brothers' hearts is born a love for Gypsy that is to blaze into a troubling flame.

52.

53. "Hah, you've booked for six months!"

54. Buried at three pounds six a week -- the thing she is in heaven.

55. Also unannounced, from his chalet he can look into the room of the desirable Inez, over which her canaries and linnets sing delight to her voice.

56. A waiting Hungarian chanty:
"Love is kind to the touch of men --
Hoo-rum! Hoo-rum!"

57. She nets eight -- away run at the stage entrance.

58. Also forgetting caution in his endeavor he begs her to visit his hidden gambling house.

59. Providing the tip is good enough, the Inspector agrees to free her father from further service.

60. Away from paying his fine the next morning.

61. "After this you let white girls alone."

62 Sunday night -- by the river's side.

63 And then he sings.

64 It chances that a great theatrical producer searching for local color ----

65 "Listen!"

64. Jealousy "[illegible] a green-eyed [illegible]"

65. "I wonder what could."

66. "Oh, you, he would do it -- just out like he did it."

67. And he began also to find his slavery a different story might be told.

[illegible] of [illegible] Have

[illegible] Look Down

68. [illegible] Gypsy and all pertaining to her.

69. Allying himself with an old feudal enemy of Spike's ---

70. "The song my brother sings I wrote -- about you. It's got love in it -- and everything."

71. But Spike is a man of action.

72. But the way of a man with a maid.

73. "Oh, please, God! What's wrong with me? The men don't love me right!"

74. She proceeds from the first song he sells put away in a little bank of his own, for a great purpose of which Gypsy is the central figure.

75. The old love dream.

76. Shadows.

77. "Wanted money for [illegible] stock pigeon daughter of a stock pigeon husband."

78. "It's all right -- the neighbors -- you needn't keep them waiting."

79. "This is me -- then I'm away."

80. "I'm much better."

81. "Your new dance -- please -- please -- can't I see it?"

82. Having no thought that the dance her father were for is to be a dance of death.

83. Fade on and hold long. Then the doctor cried.

84. "He can't be dead -- why ----"

End of Reel Four

Reel Five

85. Fade on. Several months later. Billie now an usher at the theatre -- to be near Gypsy.

86. "Don't bother me -- I don't want any money."

87. "No thank you -- no wine parties for me!"

88. "Who the can bother you much, Gypsy?"

89. Jump-on "He -- well, yes, there's one that's just terrible."

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

94. Gypsy perhaps too boldly boasted that no man had ever put a kiss on hers.

95. "Come on, Gypsy, we're going to have a little party. Eats and drinks and everything."

96. "Open the door."

97. "When your lips and yours kisses meet,
I love - I love you - my own - my sweet."

98. "I'm going to get that good kiss, sweetie, before I leave you."

99. For Gypsy.

100. "I'm going to stay and make you like it."

101. "Come here and sit down!"

102. "Your FEET -- they're not mine."

103. But whispers the Voice of Evil....

---0---

104. "I swore to God I'd break the guy that touched her!"

105. "Don't ever call a man an ape again."

106 Perhaps as our first father of men in that first Garden of Eden battled between Good and Evil -- so otherwise -----

107 -- the good man's words drift through the window upon an already troubled heart.

108 "and so make pure and sweet the dreams."

109 "Cut the preaching!"

110 But from the wild den across the street ----

111 "That's the music for me."

112 "Sin -- golden, laughing,
More beautiful than goodly night;
Hold, eat, drink of it,
For tomorrow out goes the light."

113 "Help me! Help me!"

114 "Say, if I told you what I think of you --
ME -- carrying on about a jane like you!"

Shots Fired

Shots herald the conclusion quickly before the flood of a new title.

"It's no [illegible] -- [illegible] -- he could no. Agnes."

The flood levels rise -- the pace flies on Agnes.

"It wasn't [illegible] -- he ---"

"Like the explosions on Mt. Shep's railroad no. again -- to the millions ---"

"It wasn't -- I -- I didn't ---"

"I'm the only one that's been in this room."

So through the gathering fog.

"It was Spike McFadden that done it!"

Good news for Sexy Sam

Unaware of Sexy Sam's secret enmity -- a message to Gypsy.

End of Reel Seven

Reel Eight

"They're after me for a killing ---"

127. "But I didn't do it --- you BELIEVE me?"

128 "She screams and every street [illegible] --
and no pay to your hotels -- and ---"

129 He warns her that one word out of the window
will bring the detectives for her lover.

130 He made it self out a prince in his own country --
painted beautiful pictures of her as his bride.

131 "You couldn't do that, Ghinky."

132 "If you go --- I'll call detectives."

133 "Let go out of here -- now ---"

134 "Feyrnator's gone."

135 "They're after your brother for a killing."

136 But the trembling.

137 Her little savings.

138 "Where's Spike?"

139 "You know that Spike crooked a guy?"

140 "Cut the kidding, Gypsy."

END OF REEL EIGHT.

[illegible]

141. "He'll come to you -- when he does you'd
[illegible] to him to off."

142. "It's [illegible] to me, Gypsy."

143. Tomorrow my heroine will bring her lover -- the --

144 "I'll be nervous who should -- when he comes
[illegible] his shade. But his real first --
you can find a way.

145 "Old Sam will do anything for you. If he'll
[illegible] us the getaway ---"

146 And again he made soft things to her tenuity
and her faithfulness.

147 "There's Mr. Chudder."

148 "I got your signal, Gypsy."

149 "Stool pigeon -- YOU ---"

150 "I didn't do it!"

151 "Love is kind to the least of men.
Eee-ewe, Eee-ewe."

End of Reel Nine

Reel Ten

152 The Inquest Court.

153. "The truth -- the whole truth -- and nothing but the truth -- so help you, God."

154. "As the investigation drove, away before -- in the battery -- this poisoned anxiety aboard the unfortunate victim -- and --"

155 Dolicvitz -- by all betrayed.

156 The next witness.

157 "I saw him drop the gun on the table."

158 "They can't put me."

159 "How do you know he didn't do it?"

160 "Because he told me so himself."

161 "Away Van good friend inspector -- help catch him."

162 "Gypsy -- can you forgive --"

typewritten insert --
His brother was seen to go upstairs just before the shot was fired .....

163 "Find the prisoner's brother."

164 "Wait -- my brother's out of this."

169. "I'll tell you about it."

170. "You shall see me that way!"

171 "Gregory Lava holds no room that is not filled with his friends."

169 "I was the only one in the world."

169 "I did it."

170 "He swore to rob me - I had to do it - for --"

171 Half defense - the jury's verdict.

172 The great producer's apartments.
Here the path which has brought both of them down into the shadows emerged into the light with a future promise of great careers.

173 "Your art and your voice will give beauty to the world."

174 Their grand contract.

175 The precious wedding gift.

176 After an atonement - the King's pardon.

177 From his struggles and travail is born a great composition, dedicated to the eternal star, bringing the thrill of hope and love to the hearts of men.

1 D R E A M  S T R E E T
Boreas Copyright 1931 by D. W. Griffith

2 Suggested by
Thomas Burke's Stories
"GINA OF CHINATOWN"
and
"THE SIGN OF THE LAMP"
Arranged for the screen by Roy Sinclair.

3 Thanks are due to officials of Scotland Yard and the London police for details of English Police and Inquest procedure.

4 Dream Street -- Some may say London - Limehouse Poplar or High Street -- but we do not claim any of these. Our people are dream people who look from wistful windows or walk with visions on the Street of Dreams.

5 There are two influences in the play, the force of GOOD which is merely CONSCIENCE, represented by a preacher of the streets. The opposing force -- TEMPTATION to EVIL -- which is represented by a violin player -- a Trickster of the Streets.

5-A Between these two struggle our little characters in the play -- above them the Evening Star - symbol of Eternal Love.

6 James ("Spike) McFadden, having conquered the males with his fists and the females with his voice, reigns undisputed King of the district.

7 Billie, a devoted brother, whose one great ambition is to let the world hear the unwritten song flaming within him.

8 Although Spike works at the docks, a suspicion of unlawful deeds has fallen upon the brothers, whether just or unjust we are unable to state.

9 Since their orphaned childhood their greatest virtue has been their devotion to one another.

10 "I'm taking care of him -- I promised Mamma the last thing ---"

11 Gypsy Fair, a member of a minor dancing team -- her father's pride and pupil -- the support of the family.

12 It is said Gypsy was gentle, brave and gay, swift and restless as a bird, vivid with an heritage of southern blood.

13 She humors Father by letting him play at work.

14 Fade on Gypsy loves the streets, the glamour of the diamond dusk, the dirt and the perfume.

15 Everywhere she builds romances -- on the docks she dreams she is an Egyptian princess -- sometimes ---

16 There are holidays when for moments it seems almost as though dreams come true.

17 Ever since Samuel Jones arrived on a mule ship he has been trying to get home to Georgia.

18 Old Tom Chudder -- from his counter an underground passage leads to the docks and through it strange merchandise travels, hidden from the watchful police.

19 The old pawnbroker -- often a friend in need to Gypsy.

20 Her few treasures again her own.

21 Gypsy aware of his secret tunnel -- a very delicate matter to the old pawnbroker.

22 His humiliation -- a police informer -- a "stool-pigeon". Poverty has put Gypsy's father under the thumb of the Inspector of Police.

23 The symbol of Conscience -- the preacher of the streets.

24 jump-on The Voice of the Evening Star perhaps speaks through a Sayer of the Old Truths: "Faith, Hope and Love -- but the greatest of these is Love".

25 For may it not be true that the far, paternal God-like voice still may be heard in every corner and by-way by those that have ears?

26 "The men, Gypsy -- watch. You'll have to fight your battles."

27 Sway Wan's gambling house, concerning the whereabouts of which the police have been kept baffled.

28 One Sway Wan of Shanghai, a renegade from a noble family in China. Forgotten the plum bloom of his youth - evil dreams now about him.

END OF REEL ONE

REEL TWO

29 The Evil Influence -- a trickster whose music stirs the heart with strangely evil thoughts.

30 In the mystery of life what influences are around us? Is it not true now, as of old, that Satan, Prince of the Pit of Evil Thoughts, still whispers?

31 "Eat and drink for tomorrow out goes the light;
Sin is as important as goodly might;
For tell me, Neighbor, without WRONG,
How could there be RIGHT?"

32 From out the Pit of Evil Thoughts.

33 As though these evil voices speak through the strings of his violin.

34 Selfishness -- father of Brutality,
Hatred, War.

35 The mystery of the mask intrigues his little public. It also hides - the sensually beautiful mask of Sin ---
but if one could see behind --

36 jump on While on Earth's big and little,
absurd and sublime,
looks down the Evening Star,
the Star of Eternal Hope,
the Star of Divine Love.

37 "Life is not what it seems;
It's but a thing made out of dreams,
So make pure and sweet the dreams."

38 The thoughtlessness of exultant youth.

39 The music hall near the docks, where ships bring peoples from the distant corners of the globe.

40 The stage entrance.

41 Gypsy, leader of the Casino dancing girls.

42 Sway Wan also attends.

43 "Hurry up! Get your clothes on'."

44 "Get on the stage -- give 'em a song --
Something! It's a panic!"

45 "I'll try it!"

END OF REEL TWO

REEL THREE.

47 "Guard the aisles! They'll get trampled to death!"

48 "Sit down! I'm the only fire here!"

49 Quieted by her brave example.

50 In each of the brothers' hearts is born a love for Gypsy that is to blaze into a troubling flame.

51 "Kid, you're booked for six months!"

52 Booked at three pounds six a week -- she thinks she is in heaven.

53 Quite unsuspected, from his window he can look into the room of the desirable Gypsy, -- even listen with delight to her voice.

54 A wailing Malayan chanty:
"Love is kind to the least of men --
Eee-awa! Eee-awa!"

55 The next night -- Sway Wan at the stage entrance.

56 Quite forgetting caution in his madness he begs her to visit his hidden gambling house.

57 Provided the tip about Sway Wan is good enough, the Inspector agrees to free her father from further humiliation.

58 The raid.

59 Sway Wan paying his fine the next morning.

60 "After this you let white girls alone."

61 Sunday night -- by the river's side.

62 And then he sings.

63 It chances that a great theatrical producer searching for local color ----

64 "Listen!"

65 jump on "Wonderful! A supreme baritone!"

66 "I wrote that song."

67 "Oh, yes, he wrote it -- just ask him to sing it."

68 Had he been able to find the singer a different story might be told.

END OF REEL THREE

REEL FOUR

69 Sway Wan sets himself to vengeance against Gypsy and all pertaining to her.

70 Allying himself with an old feudal enemy of Spike"s ..

70-A Billie's shy advances.

71 "The song my brother sings, I wrote -- about you. It's got love in it -- and everything."

72 But Spike is a man of action.

73 But the way of a man with a maid.

74 "Oh, God, please! What's wrong with me? The man don't love me right!"

75 The proceeds from the sale of his first song put away in a little bank of his own -- for Gypsy.

76 jump on "Help me guard her! If any man touches her I'll kill -- I'll kill!"

77 Shadows.

78 "Saving money for her! Stool pigeon daughter of a stool pigeon father!"

79 "I'm much better."

80 "Your new dance - please - please - can't I see it?"

81 Fade on When the doctor comes.

82 "He can't be dead -- <u>why</u> ---"

END OF REEL FOUR

REEL FIVE

83 While above all earth's shadows
shines the Star of Eternal Love.

84 Several months later.
Billie now an usher at the theatre --
to be near Gypsy.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 85 | | "Don't bother me -- I don't want any songs." |
| 86 | | A new admirer. |
| 87 | | "No, thank you -- no wine parties for me!" |
| 88 | | "Do these kind of men bother you much, Gypsy?" |
| 89 | jump on | "No, - well, yes, there's one that's just terrible." |
| 90 | | "I'll kill anybody that bothers you, Gypsy." |
| 91 | | Maddened with love and jealousy - not dreaming that Gypsy's persecutor is his own brother. |
| 92 | | The great producer's kindly interest in promising talent. |
| 93 | | But his hot dream picture the menacing villain. |
| 94 | | "Come on, Gypsy, we're going to have a little party. Eats and drinks and everything." |
| 95 | | "Open the door." |
| 96 | | "When young lips and young kisses meet,<br>I love -- I love you -- my own - my sweet." |
| 97 | | I'm going to get that good kiss, Sweetie, before I leave you." |
| 98 | | For Gypsy. |

99 "I'm going to stay and make you like it."

100 "Come here and sit down!"

101 (Use new title on this and longer) "your FEET -- they're not mates."

102 But the Evil Voice ----

102-A Insert Note -- The white rose that's so pure, that's you.

103 "I swore to God I'd break the man that touched her!"

104 "Don't ever pull a gun on me again."

Border END OF FIRST PART

Border INTERMISSION
of five minutes before Second Part.

104-A Their feet walk the dim streets
yet perhaps their faces --
may be lifted to the Star.

105 Perhaps as our first father of man in that
first garden of Eden battled between Good
and Evil -- so struggles ....

106 So the good man's words drift through the
window upon an already troubled heart.

107 "Cut the preaching!"

108 But from the wild den across the street ---

109 "Sin, golden, laughing;
Hold, eat --- drink of it,
New For tomorrow out goes the light,"

110 "That's the music for me!"

111 --- and so make pure and sweet the dreams."

112 Evil's sensually beautiful mask --
but a glimpse behind ----

113 "Help me! Help me!"

114 "Say, if I told you what I think of you --
ME -- carrying on about a jane like you!"

115 Then breaks the stubborn spirit before
the flood of a new light.

END OF REEL SIX

REEL SEVEN

116 "I'm not fit -- for you -- to TOUCH me, Gypsy."

117 The first battle won -- the pure flame at last.

117-A printed He allows his disappointment to fill his
heart with bitterness and the evil thoughts
sow for a bitter harvest.

118 "With their suspicions on us, they'd
railroad me, Spike -- to the gallows ---"

119 "It wasn't my fault ----"

120 "I'm the only one that's been in this room."

121 So through the gathering fog.

123 Good news for Sway Wan.

124 "It was Spike McFadden that done it!"

125 Unaware of Sway Wan's secret enmity --
a message to Gypsy.

END OF REEL SEVEN

REEL EIGHT.

126 "They're after me for a killing ---"

127 "-- but I didn't do it -- you BELIEVE me?"

128 "The coppers got every street watched --
get my pay to your house -- and ---"

129 He warns her that one word out of thewindow
will bring the detective for her lover.

130 He makes himself out a prince in his own country--
paints beautiful pictures of her as his bride.

131 "You wouldn't do that, Chinky."

132 Too (short) "If you go -- I'll call detective."

133 "Paymaster's gone."

134 "They're after your brother for a killing."

But the weakling.

136 Her little savings.

137 "Where's Spike?"

138 "You know that Spike croaked a guy?"

139 "Cut the kidding, Gypsy."

END OF REEL EIGHT

REEL NINE

140 "He'll come to you -- when he does you're going to tip me off."

141 "It's worth five pounds, Gypsy."

142 Fearing any moment will bring her lover - she ---

143 "I'll be across the street -- when he comes just raise this shade. Get his gun first -- you can find a way."

144 "Old Chudder will do anything for you -- If he'll let me ~~escape~~ get away through that tunnel ---"

145 And again he sobs soft things to her beauty and her faithfulness.

146 "Where's Mr. Chudder?"

147 "I -- I can't do it -- Gypsy."

148 "I got your signal, Gypsy."

149 "You sold me -- You - "

150 "I didn't do it!"

152 "Love is kind to the least of men,
Hee - awa -- Hee - awa."

153 Dim now seems the Eternal Star.

END OF REEL NINE

REEL TEN

154 The Inquest Court.

155 "The truth - the whole truth - and nothing but the truth - so help you, God."

156 "As the investigation shows, once before, in the hallway -- this prisoner savagely attacked the unfortunate victim -- and ---"

157 Believing -- by all betrayed.

158 The next witness.

159 "I saw him drop the gun on the table."

160 "They won't get me."

161 "How do you know he didn't do it?"

162 "Because he told me so himself."

163 Sway Wan, to make friends with the Inspector, tells how he helped.

164 "Gypsy -- can you forgive ---"

Typewritten insert: His brother was seen to go upstairs just before the shot was fired -----

165 "Find the prisoner's brother."

166 "Wait -- my brother's out of this."

167 "I'll tell you about it."

168 "You admit you shot this man?"

169 "Greater love hath no man than this -- that he lays down his life for his friends."

170 "I was the only one in the room."

171 "I - I did it!"

173 "He came to rob me -- I had to do it -- for --"

174 Please allow us to omit unnecessary details and show how sometimes dreams do come true. Not by accident their dark path emerges into the light, for dreams are of our inner selves and perhaps all might come true if we but dream aright.

176 "This offers opportunity for your art and your voice will give beauty to the world."

177 The precious wedding gift as important as their big contract.

178 After an atonement -- the King's pardon.

179 Dream Street's sweetest dream.

180 Uncle Billie's best audience.

181 From his sorrows is born a great composition -- to the Eternal Star, bringing the thrill of Hope and Love to the hearts of men.

"DREAM [illegible]".

Cast of Characters.

| | |
|---|---|
| Carol Despster | [illegible] |
| Ralph Graves | [illegible] |
| Charles Mack | [illegible] |
| Tyrone Power | [illegible] |
| Ed Peil | [illegible] |
| George Neville | [illegible] |
| Herbert Sutch | |
| Morgan Wallace | [illegible] |
| Porter Strong | [illegible] |
| W.J.Ferguson | [illegible] |
| Charles Slattery | [illegible] |
| Noel Tearle | |
| Kathleen Ardelle | |
| Myrtle Sutch | |
| Marjorie Seaman | |
| Betty Hilburn | |
| Louise Lee | |
| Eleanor Dolores (baby) | |

March 15th 1921.

Central Union Trust Company of New York,
80 Broadway,
New York City.

Dear Sirs:

I enclose herewith note signed by D.W.Griffith Inc. to the order of David W. Griffith for the sum of $50,000. under date of March 15th 1921, due June 15th 1921 at the rate of 7% per annum, which has been duly endorsed by Mr. Griffith and is deposited with you for discount on behalf of the Corporation. Will you kindly credit the Corporation's account therefor.

Also enclosed herewith is assignment of all the rights of the Corporation in and to a motion picture now practically completed entitled "DREAM STREET" which picture has been personally directed by Mr. Griffith and will be shown to the public for try-out purposes either this or next week, and will be released for general purposes the first or second week in April at the Central Theatre, Broadway, New York. This picture was made by the Corporation under contract with the United Artists Corporation and will be released through the latter organization on the basis of 80% of the gross to the Griffith Corporation and 20% to the United Artists in the United States. In Canada the division will be 70-30. The Corporation owns the balance of the Territory of the World outright. This picture will gross on the United Artists' program within one year of its release date from $600,000. to $1,000,000., and the present market value of this picture is conservatively appraised at $300,000. The actual cost of the picture up to date is approximately $200,000. The Corporation would not sell this picture today for less than $600,000. cash. This story is based upon one or two of the famous stories taken from "Limehouse Nights" written by Thomas Burke.

If there is any further information I can give you relative to the status of this photoplay I will be pleased so to do.

Very truly yours,

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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AHTB/GD
Encs.-2)

U. A. Norcam & P.

June 17th 1931.

Mr. Dennis F. O'Brien,
1433 Broadway,
New York City.

Dear Capt:

I acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 15th inst., together with the enclosures therein described relative to the delivery of 111 shares of United Artists Corporation stock on account of delivery of the picture "DEAD STREET". I have forwarded these certificates and receipts and trust agreement to Mr. Ingling with request that he sign the receipt that you enclosed and return to me, at which time I will forward same to you.

Thanking you for your attention to this matter,

I remain

Very truly yours,

AHTB/GD

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY
On Loan from the
Killiam - Sterling Collection

[redacted]

[redacted]

130 W.48nd St.

June 17th 1921.

Mr. J.C. Epping,
c/o D.W.Griffith Incorporated,
1476 Broadway,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Epping:

I enclose herewith certificate #40, of the United Artists Corporation for 111 shares of common stock in favor of D.W.Griffith, Inc., which certificate is delivered to the Corporation in consideration of the delivery of the picture "Dream Street" to the United Artists pursuant to the terms of escrow agreement made between the stockholders of the Corporation dated August 5th 1919. Also enclosed is depository agreement signed by Mr. O'Brien representing the aggregate 667 shares of the Common stock of the United Artists Corp. without par value, which represents the balance amount of stock to be delivered in lots of 111 shares from time to time on the delivery to the United Artists of further program pictures.

Also enclosed is receipt to be signed by Mr.Griffith and by you as Treasurer of D.W.Griffith Inc. acknowledging receipt of same, which please sign and return to me so that I may forward to Mr. O'Brien.

Very truly yours,

AHTB:GD
Encs.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY
On Loan from The Killiam-Sterling Collection

FOR AND IN CONSIDERATION of the sum of One DOLLAR, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, I do hereby sell, assign and transfer to UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of Delaware, all of my right, title and interest in and to the copyright secured by me on the motion picture photoplay entitled "DREAM STREET", which said photoplay was heretofore copyrighted in accordance with the laws of the United States on the 14th day of June, nineteen hundred and twenty-one, and registered in the Copyright Office of the United States in Class L, No. 16672.

Witness my hand and seal this _____ day of June, 1921.

_____ (L.S.)

CITY, COUNTY AND STATE OF NEW YORK.) ss.:

On this day of June, 1921, before me personally appeared DAVID W. GRIFFITH, to me known and known to me to be the individual described in, and who executed the foregoing instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY
On Loan from the
Killiam-Sterling Collection

CITY, COUNTY AND
STATE OF NEW YORK, } ss.:

D.W.GRIFFITH, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he assigned all his right, title and interest in and to the copyright of the motion picture entitled "DREAM STREET" to the UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, a Delaware Corporation, pursuant to a certain instrument in writing dated the _____ day of June, 1921, and, your deponent is informed and believes, that such assignment of such copyright was never recorded in the office of the Register of Copyrights of the United States.

Sworn to before me this:
day of April, 1923.: _____

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY
On Loan from the Killiam-Sterling
Collection.

Blind ad for The News, Monday Morning...April 19/24

The Dreamer...The Man of Action

..... And the Dancing Girl !

The boy, dreamer and poet, was buying roses for the dancing girl... she of the velvet eyes and lyrical body.

When she dances , you have visions...little unsaid songs go out of you...to the accompaniment of a ~~fxxxhix~~ fascinating shuffle in those slim,black-stockinged legs and brave little feet.

While the boy is buying the roses, his brother- a man of action- has her cornered in her room, magnificently telling her the old, old love story.

The man of action is James " Spike " McFadden, lover magnificent who has conquered the girls with his voice and the men with his fist and so reigns king of the neighborhood. The buyer of flowers is Billy, his brother.

Billy has made a threat of what he will do to any man that bothers the girl. He heard a cry..the muffled thump of struggle .... and he ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ rages into the room.

What happened then is .....

But it is so much better told in D. W. Griffith's new film, Dream Street, at the Central Theater.

Blind ad for Morning World Monday..... April 18/21

There is a Street that Runs
Through Romance Town

You see it always under the Evening Star.....

On the street, you meet James " Spike " McFadden, the lover magnificent,.. who has conquered the girls of the district with his golden voice, and the menwith his great fists.

Also his brother, a dreamer and poet of the streets, with sad and wistful eyes.

You see how these brothers fall in love with the dancing girl... nat adventures they go through....what situations, thrilling with a suspense such as you have seldom known.

You will laugh with them....perhaps you will cry a little..

So if you wish to forget your troubles and sorrows for a couple of hours, take a walk down Love By-Way, and look for the sign,"Dream Street "

You will find it at the Central Theater.

IT IS A TALE OF LOVE AND LOVERS

told through successive sweet evenings of June .

The boy, dreamer and poet, was buying roses for the dancing girl. ..the of the velvet eyes and purical body.

Her frock kissed slim legs at just the right moment. Each pulse of her body sang for joy.

When she danced, you had visions...little unsaid songs went out of you...to the accompaniment of the sparkle of the slim bare black-stockinged legs and brave little feet.

While the boy is buying the roses, his brother--a man of action--has her cornered in her room, magnificently telling her the old, old love story.

The man of action is James " Spike " McFadden, lover magnifixx magnificent, who has conquered the girls with his voice and the men with his bold fists, and so reigns king of the neighborhood. The buyer of the flowers is Billy, his brother.

Another admirer of the dancing girl is Sway Wan...a Malay adventurer. He dreams that she is with him in his own land of lillies and soft blue nights., until that day she turns him over to the police. Then he hates her, and the boys, and follows them all, ...plotting cunning bengeance.

And Billy has made a threat that he will kill any man that bothers the dancing girl. Outside her door,..with the roses...he hears her cry... the muffled thump of a struggle... and he rages into the room.

What happened then xx....Oh, it is so much better told in Dream Street at the Central Theater.

red

the pages of the sacred book and his heart beats and pounds with the memory of moon stricken nights when they held each other until the stars faded and the dawn came. Under the terror of the struggle larger grew the luminous eyes, thinner the wasted figure. The old, old struggle in all hearts was beating him down.

And the little jazz baby, in a great overwhelming love for the minister - what of her? When the scandal broke out it rocked the neighborhood. It was whispered that this timid beautiful girl held an illegitimate baby to her breast. The neighbors tried to discover who was the father of the baby but she refused to tell.

How could all this have been avoided? This is the most important question in the world today. How puny and pale would be Edison's inventions compared to the man who could discover the secrets, who could preserve the beauties ~~of love and the~~ joys ~~of love and~~ and the sweetness of love without the anguish of destructive and scorching passion.

The above is the story of the play THE WHITE ROSE now showing at the Lyric Theatre. We believe that this play is indeed the beginning of the search for truth. You may learn more for your own happiness in this play than you could in reading a hundred books. And if you follow closely and think deeply, it will put you in a way to walk in the path of happiness to the end of your life, at the same time you will have bright laughs, heart thrills, love ectasies and ennobling tears.

As says Sophie Irene Loeb:

"The White Rose' is sermon, Poem and great love drama - all in one, with laughter full of tears - presenting the big moments in little lives; beauty in simple and even sordid things, the basic principles in which the world -yours and mine - actually moves. It sends one home with something unforgetable, with a heart hungered for a better humanity."

WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE

FOR THE KEY TO HAPPINESS ?

You want to love and be loved...to be happy...to be successful.

" What I wanted, I thought about...and then I always got it " said the late Andrew Carnegie...happy with love...and tens of millions.

Not new... for didn't the old Chinese Philosopher say it ten thousand years ago?

If YOU think right, YOUR work is beautiful...YOUR sweetheart is beautiful...YOUR wife is beautiful.

Remember...as you think, so you are .

All the beauty in life and success in welfare that you can understand, will come to you IF YOU THINK THAT BEAUTY AND SUCCESS.

There are three young people who tested it...two young men and a girl.

She is a dancing girl. The flashing grace of her lyrical body and slim black-stockinged legs once saved a theater from panic.

She is gentle, brave and gay, swift and restless as a bird. Each pulse of her body sings for joy. Her name is Gypsy Fair.

The older of the boys is James " Spike " McFadden, a handsome blonde giant who conquers the girls with his ~~first~~ voice ..and the males with his great fist.

The younger is Billy, his brother, blessed with talent.. cursed with temper..splendid with devotion.

Pitted against them was opposition... their own thoughts in the first place... and again the Malay adventurer who wished the girl to go with him to his own land of lillies and blue nights. She scorned him....he plotted vengeance against her...surprising schemes.

You will see how thoughts drive you away from happiness...and to happiness...you will be blessed with golden romance....you will spend an exciting evening full of adventure and glimpses of glorious life.

And tomorrow..after the thrills and spell have passed away, you will thrill again to realise that you have SOMETHING you didn't have before.

Follow the idea in this play, and you absolutely will find THE KEY TO HAPPINESS ., besides spending a great evening.

As the N. Y. Telegraph says :..." Full of surprises as a Christmas pudding ".

" Grips the spectators " " Times ".

" Holds the interest from start to finish " (Alan Dale in The American)

You will never see more graphically what THOUGHTS can do than in seeing ~~the current~~ "DREAM STREET". It is at the Central Theater..and thousands are being turned away.

THRILLS THRILLS THRILLS
SUSPENSE SUSPENSE SUSPENSE
DRAMA ACTION ROMANCE
BEAUTY MYSTERY LOVE

"Most suspenseful climax in New York; grips the spectators."—*Times*

"Holds the interest from start to finish."—*Alan Dale*

"Full of surprises as a Christmas pudding."—*Telegraph*

***A Mysterious Malay Vengeance Bent***

# D. W. GRIFFITH'S

# "DREAM STREET"

**CENTRAL THEATRE, 47th St. & B'way**

Two Shows Daily—Curtains 2.30 and 8.30

# *There is a Grandeur about "Dream Street" that Floods the Heart*

"Easily the most artistic picture which Mr. Griffith has ever made" (Commercial), it grips the spectators (Times) and makes other pictures seem like trash. It is a sparkling gem, a thing of rare distinction" (Review).

"It is made up of many lovely and haunting pictures (Globe), so handsomely and artistically done, it has the indefinable touch that makes Griffith supreme in the motion picture world" (Mail).

"Beautiful atmospheric scenes fairly swim before the delighted onlookers' eyes and faces beam with lovely lights" (Telegram).

"It is superb. There are moments of inspiration, moments that only a great soul could produce" (S. Jay Kaufman).

"It is another Griffith to hang in the screen's art gallery" (Phil. North American) and the scenes might have come from the brush of a Beardsley" (Evening Sun).

"It holds your interest from start to finish" (American).

# CENTRAL THEATRE

BROADWAY at 47th STREET

Two shows daily
Curtains 2:15 & 8:15

All seats reserved
Limited engagement

World - April 26th

"DREAM STREET"

A tip-toe byway of this teeming world of lovers.

*Where Good Love and Bad Love Meet on the Common Level of Romance*

D. W. GRIFFITH'S

Masterful depiction of

The Love of Two Brothers

Each for the other . . . and their love for the same girl.

A Love That

causes them to tear at each other's throat one instant . . draw to each other's bosom in another.

*CENTRAL THEATRE, Broadway at 47th St.*

Two Shows Daily  Curtains 2:30 and 8:30

Something Sensationál is going to happen in connection with *"Dream Street"*.

# "DREAM STREET"

## HAS

## PROVED ITSELF A

## $2.00 PICTURE

## IN TWO CITIES ALREADY

**A picture of Faith . . and Hope . . and Love .. it appeals to the highest decencies and cleanest longings in man. It brings a serene certainty into the hearts of the public.**

"Moments of Inspiration . . . MOMENTS ONLY A GREAT SOUL COULD PRODUCE"—**says S. J. Kaufman in the N. Y. Globe.** "It is superb."

"Easily the most artistic picture which Mr. Griffith has ever made."—**N. Y. Commercial.**

"It touches the heart of every beholder, for A LOVE THAT IS TRANCENDANT animates the tale, and presents a new aspect of the greatest human emotions."—**Philadelphia Record.**

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"Handsomely and artistically done, it has that indefinable touch that makes GRIFFITH SUPREME IN THE MOTION PICTURE WORLD."—**N. Y. Mail.**

"Griffith's sheer genius is revealed again."—**N. Y. Telegram.**

"And 'Dream Street' HOLDS YOUR INTEREST from start to finish."—**N. Y. American.**

"It grips the spectators (**Times**) and MAKES OTHER PICTURES LOOK LIKE TRASH. It is a sparkling gem, a thing of rare distinction."—**N. Y. Review.**

"The scenes look as if they might have COME FROM THE BRUSH OF BEARDSLEY, and in popularity it should be a 'MAIN STREET' OF THE FILMS."—**N. Y. Sun.**

**"MADE UP OF HAUNTING AND LOVELY PICTURES."—N. Y. Globe.**

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"For Griffith is THE GREATEST MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR in the World."—**N. Y. Globe.**

**"Dream Street" will be released on the United Artists Program**

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# IS A $2.00 SHOW

Opening with nine reels at the Chestnut Street House, the first showing was truly a triumph in popularity.

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But the Exhibitor, just as Mr. Griffith has always planned, will get the first opportunity in his territory, through release by the United Artists Corporation.

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"A picture of vital dramatic interest strikingly presented with sufficient comedy scenes."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

## "FOR TIME REMEMBERED IS GRIEF FORGOTTEN"

When "Way Down East" was first shown, memories of other Griffith triumphs were so vigorous that some critics could not accept the new with the enthusiasm they had for the old. Such phrases as "proceeds too slowly," "illusion of reality destroyed," "undesirable impressions," "manufactured enthusiasm" scattered through the reviews.

## BUT HERE IS THE PUBLIC'S ANSWER TO THESE CRITICISMS

*Gross receipts from five cities:*

| | |
|---|---|
| New York (run uninterrupted) | $638,440.50 |
| Boston (32 weeks—a record for that city) | 327,128.00 |
| Pittsburgh (A record in length and gross over any attraction) | 197,846.00 |
| Washington | 88,988.00 |
| Providence (Most amazing record for city of that size in the theatrical records) | 82,210.00 |

## Admission for New York is $5 top, for other cities $2 top.

# D. W. GRIFFITH, Inc.

LONGACRE BUILDING NEW YORK

# DAVID WARK GRIFFITH'S

Wids - May 8/21

# "DREAM STREET"

A DRAMATIC COMEDY
SUGGESTED BY CHARACTERS
OF THOMAS BURKE

This newest production by the creator of "Way Down East," "Hearts of the World," and "The Birth of a Nation" is now booking at your nearest United Artists Exchange.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION

MARY PICKFORD · CHARLIE CHAPLIN · DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS · D. W. GRIFFITH

HIRAM ABRAMS, PRESIDENT

# What Would YOU Give for the Key to Happiness?

You want to live and be loved . . . to be happy . . . to be successful.

"What I wanted, I thought about . . . and then I always got it," said the late Andrew Carnegie . . . happy with love . . . and tons of millions.

Not new . . . for didn't the old Chinese Philosopher say it ten thousand years ago?

If YOU think right, YOUR work is beautiful . . . YOUR sweetheart is beautiful . . . YOUR wife is beautiful.

Remember . . . as you think, so you are.

All the beauty in life and success in welfare that you can understand, will come to you IF YOU THINK THAT BEAUTY IS SUCCESS.

There are three young people who tested it . . . two young men and a girl.

She is a dancing girl. The flashing grace of her lyrical body and slim black-stockinged legs once saved a theatre from panic.

She is gentle, brave and gay, swift and restless as a bird. Each pulse of her body sings for joy. Her name is Gypsy Fair.

The elder of the boys is James "Spike" McFadden, a handsome blond giant who conquers the girls with his voice . . . and the males with his great fist.

The younger is Billy, his brother, blessed with talent . . . cursed with temper . . . splendid with devotion.

Pitted against them was opposition . . . their own thoughts in the first place . . . and again the Malay adventurer who wished the girl to go with him to his own land of lilies and blue nights. She scorned him . . . he plotted vengeance against her . . . surprising schemes.

You will see how thoughts drive you away from happiness . . . and to happiness . . . you will be kissed with golden romance . . . you will spend an exciting evening full of adventure and glimpses of glorious life.

And tomorrow . . . after the thrills and spell have passed away, you will thrill again to realize that you have SOMETHING you didn't have before.

Follow the idea in this play, and you absolutely will find THE KEY TO HAPPINESS, besides spending a great evening.

You will never see more graphically what THOUGHTS can do than in seeing "DREAM STREET." It is at the Majestic Theatre . . . with two performances daily . . . for a limited time.

Boston American - May 11/24

# would you SELL TWO hours of YOUR LIFE?

Your laughter—your love-time—your romance—even your troubles? Not one so unhappy, we hope—as to do that.

But YOU do sell your hours—if YOU refuse to live them to the fullest—and you sell them cheaply.

And many will waste two hours in trivial habits instead of investing them in DREAM STREET.

And this is what you will miss: The work of six months by the man whom all the critics declare the genius of the films.

***Comedy:*** Happy laughter at little humanities that warm YOUR heart.

***Thrills:*** Two devoted brothers, loving the same dancing girl, with an unbounded and abandoned love that starts them tearing at each other's throats one minute—embracing the next.

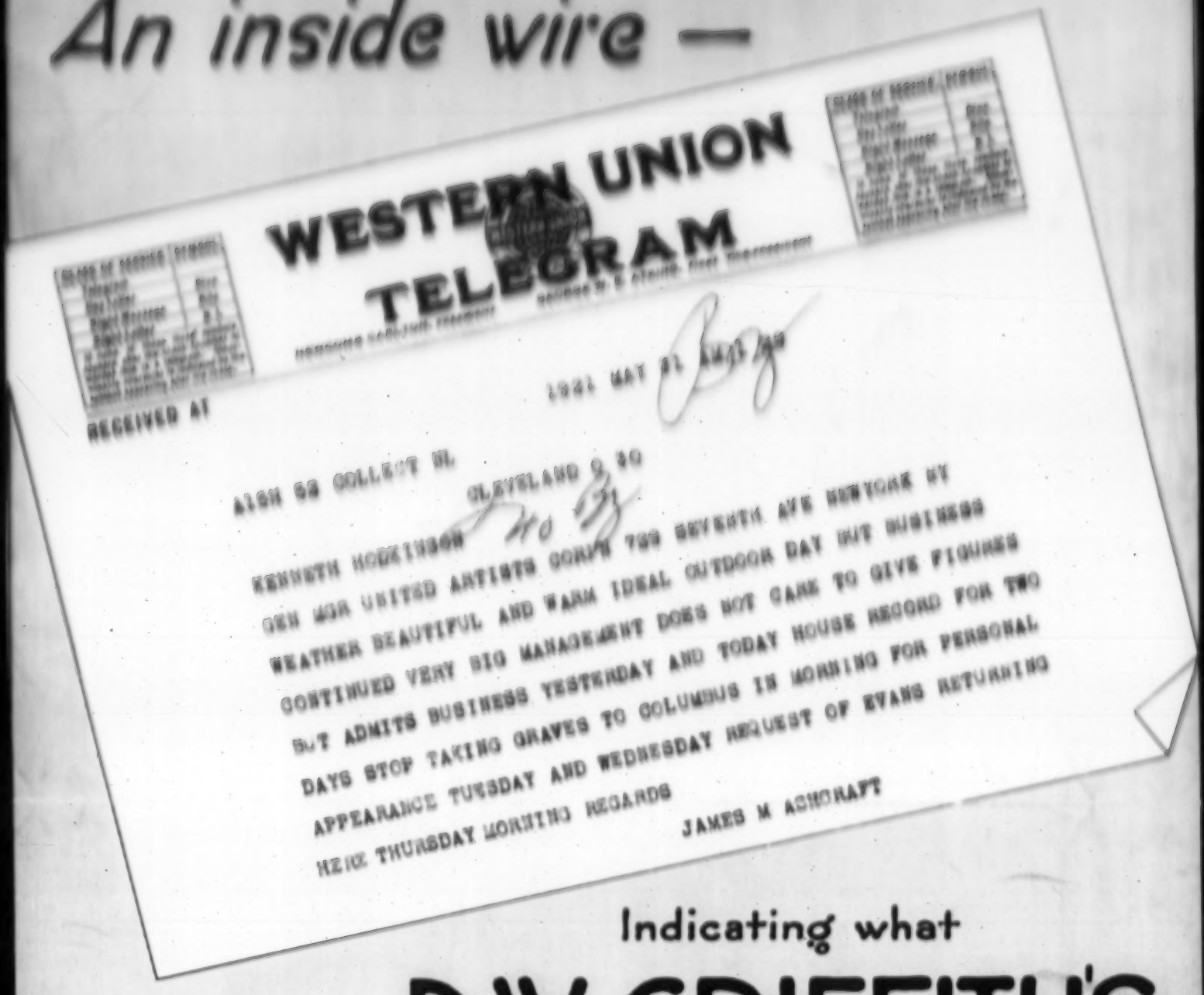
***Suspense:*** The cunning vengeance of a wily Malay who thought he, too, might love—where no love should be.

***Thought:*** A pounding vision of that struggle that occurs every day in YOUR life—for YOU, TOO, listen to that man with the violin.

***Beauty: Love: Romance: Comedy: Adventure: Intrigue: Delight:*** Isn't that worth two hours of YOUR Life?

D. W. GRIFFITH'S splendid play of Love's adventures at the Shubert-MAJESTIC theatre—twice daily.

# An inside wire —



WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

RECEIVED AT

1941 MAY 21 AM 8 39

ALSH 93 COLLECT NL

CLEVELAND O 20

KENNETH HOGKINSON

GEN MGR UNITED ARTISTS CORPN 729 SEVENTH AVE NEWYORK NY

WEATHER BEAUTIFUL AND WARM IDEAL OUTDOOR DAY BUT BUSINESS CONTINUED VERY BIG MANAGEMENT DOES NOT CARE TO GIVE FIGURES BUT ADMITS BUSINESS YESTERDAY AND TODAY HOUSE RECORD FOR TWO DAYS STOP TAKING GRAVES TO COLUMBUS IN MORNING FOR PERSONAL APPEARANCE TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY REQUEST OF EVANS RETURNING HERE THURSDAY MORNING REGARDS

JAMES M ASHCRAFT

Indicating what

# D.W. GRIFFITH'S "DREAM STREET"

is doing at

## THE ALLEN THEATRE

CLEVELAND, OHIO

A Dramatic Comedy Suggested by Characters of Thomas Burke

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION

MARY PICKFORD · CHARLIE CHAPLIN
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS · D.W. GRIFFITH
HIRAM ABRAMS, PRESIDENT

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LONGACRE BUILDING NEW YORK

YOUTH
BEAUTY
LOVE
in
D. W. GRIFFITH'S
'Dream Street'
With Its Dramatic Music
LEAVES BOSTON in 2 WEEKS
SHUBERT — MAJESTIC — THEATRE
2:15 — TWICE DAILY — 8:15
NOTE: — THE ENGAGEMENT WAS LIMITED TO FOUR WEEKS. BETTER HURRY IN AND SEE IT BEFORE THE DREAMFOLK WALK OUT ONTO OTHER VISIONS — BECAUSE GYPSY FAIR "IS SWIFT AND RESTLESS AS A BIRD"

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"Has that indefinable touch that makes Griffith supreme in motion pictures"—(Mail)
D. W. GRIFFITH
presents
DREAM STREET
"Nothing better has been seen on the screen than the scenes between the brothers"—(Tribune)
CENTRAL THEATRE
Broadway at 47th Street
Twice Daily—Curtains 2:15 and 8:15
Limited Engagement

# —*they say*

"'Dream Street' grips the spectators . . . not just movie stuff . . . characters mean something . . . scenes which HOLD THE EYE and COMMAND THE INTEREST" (*The Times*)

"Scenes that might have come from the BRUSH OF BEARDSLEY . . . 'Dream Street' in popularity, should be a 'MAIN STREET' OF THE FILMS" (*The Sun*)

". . . should be the envy of any producer in this country or any other" (*The Post*)

"There is distinction in anything done by Mr. Griffith . . . TOO HIGH PRAISE cannot be given . . . YOU CANNOT ESCAPE a thrill" (*Evening World*)

"'Dream Street' is a story of NOVEL TWISTS . . . BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHY . . . abounds in contrasts . . . IT IS WELL WORTH SEEING" (*Evening Journal*)

"It is superb . . . MOMENTS ONLY A GREAT SOUL COULD PRODUCE . . . moments of INSPIRATION . . . these are not Burke's but Griffith's, the ablest director of motion pictures in the world" (*S. Jay Kaufman*)

"Handsomely and actistically done . . . magnificent . . . that indefinable TOUCH THAT MAKES GRIFFITH SUPREME in motion pictures" (*The Mail*)

"HAUNTING and LOVELY pictures . . . happy ending . . . CHARACTERS LIVE in a definite and vivid sense . . . WITCHERY increased by musical scoring" (*Alison Smith in The Globe*)

"Here is witchery of the camera as no other director can evoke it . . . BEAUTIFUL SCENES FAIRLY SWIM before the delighted eye . . . touch such as ARTISTS ACHIEVE IN GREAT PAINTINGS . . . . GRIFFITH'S SHEER GENIUS revealed again" (*Evening Telegram*)

"As FULL OF SURPRISES as a Xmas pudding . . . one of the artistic triumphs of the year" (*Louella Parsons in Morning Telegraph*)

**Central Theatre**

**Two Shows Daily—B'way at 47th St.—Curtains 2:15 and 8:15**

*In Columbus*

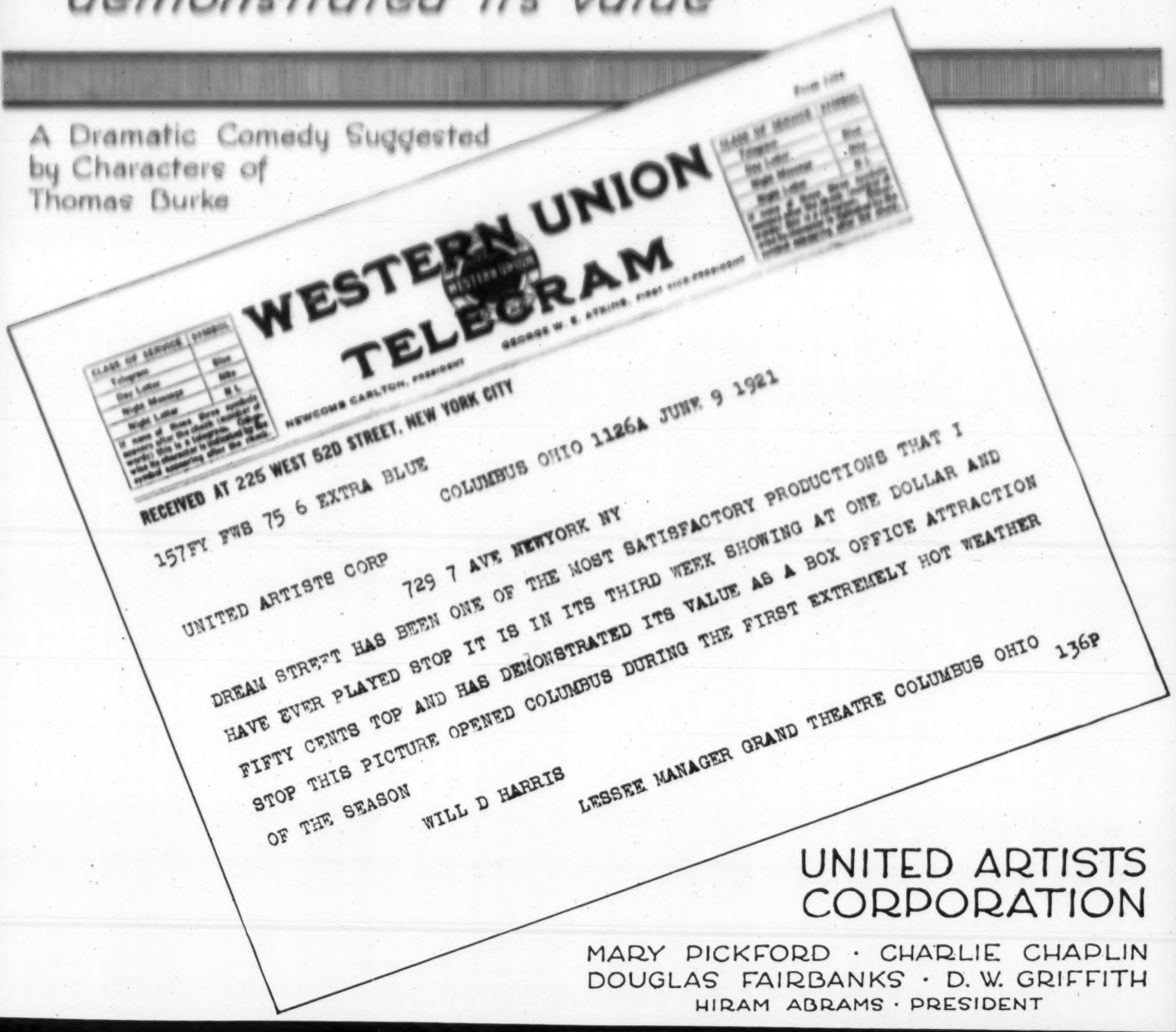
# D. W. GRIFFITH'S

*new picture*

# "DREAM STREET"

*"demonstrated its value"*

A Dramatic Comedy Suggested
by Characters of
Thomas Burke



WESTERN UNION
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UNITED ARTISTS CORP
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DREAM STREET HAS BEEN ONE OF THE MOST SATISFACTORY PRODUCTIONS THAT I HAVE EVER PLAYED STOP IT IS IN ITS THIRD WEEK SHOWING AT ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS TOP AND HAS DEMONSTRATED ITS VALUE AS A BOX OFFICE ATTRACTION STOP THIS PICTURE OPENED COLUMBUS DURING THE FIRST EXTREMELY HOT WEATHER OF THE SEASON

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HIRAM ABRAMS · PRESIDENT

# DAVID WARK GRIFFITH'S "DREAM STREET"

## A Noble, Splendid Picture...

"With moments of inspiration—moments only a great soul could produce."—*N. Y. Globe.*

"It has that indefinable touch that makes Griffith supreme in the motion picture world."—*N. Y. Mail.*

## The Very Winds of Beauty Blow Across It

"Easily the most artistic picture which Mr. Griffith has ever made."—*N. Y. Commercial.*

"Beautiful scenes fairly swim before the delighted onlookers' eyes."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

"As full of surprises as a Christmas pudding, it is one of the artistic triumphs of the year."—*N. Y. Telegraph.*

## A Quick Action Swarms to a High Suspense

"It grips the spectators—with a vitality so often lacking in motion pictures."—*N. Y. Times.*

"Holds your interest from start to finish."—*N. Y. American.*

"Too high praise cannot be given the direction and skill with which the dramatic effects are achieved."—*N. Y. Evening World.*

"Griffith's sheer genius is revealed again."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

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HIRAM ABRAMS
President

## *There Is A Grandeur About "Dream Street" That Floods The Heart*

It appeals to the highest decencies and the cleanest longings. It awakens Faith—and Hope—and Love—and brings a serene certainty into the hearts of the public.

As the astute critic for "Variety"—Mr. Rush, says:

"It will have a following as great, if not greater, than anything Mr. Griffith has done."

Mr. Weller, of the N. Y. Review, finds it: "A sparkling gem—a thing of rare distinction. Other pictures seem like trash when classed with Mr. Griffith's; and 'Dream Street' is a masterpiece."

"In popularity, it should be a 'Main Street' of the films."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The proof of this picture's power is not based only on the Broadway showing, where its success is truly sensational.

It has been tried in the picture theaters.

In Middletown, New York, the second night drew within fourteen dollars as much as the second night for "Way Down East"—and this was the last week in Lent.

At Yonkers, after the matinee showing, thousands of people clamored that night for seats—hundreds stood and not a person left.

It is, indeed, a picture for the people, high and low.

# DAVID WARK GRIFFITH'S "DREAM STREET"

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President

Thrills Thrills Thrills
Suspense Suspense Suspense
Drama Action Romance
Beauty Mystery Love

"Most suspenseful climax in New York. Grips the spectators."—*Times.*

"Holds the interest from start to finish."—*Alan Dale.*

"Full of surprises as a Christmas pudding."—*Telegraph.*

*A mysterious Malay, vengeance bent.*

# D. W. GRIFFITH'S
# "DREAM STREET"

CENTRAL THEATRE 47th St. & B'way
Two Shows Daily—Curtains 2:30 and 8:30

# The Ghost in the Garret

## The Story

Delsie goes from a poverty-stricken home to visit her aunt and uncle and takes along her bull dog and her parrot. The aunt receives her with misgivings and her cordiality does not increase to say the least when Delsie's bull dog breaks up a fashionable tea party and sends all the guests wildly climbing the furniture.

Billy, the uncle's secretary, is attracted to the little girl, and takes her to a dancing party, lending her a string of imitation pearls which are an exact paste counterpart of a $75,000 string belonging to the Aunt.

Oscar, the Aunt's secretary, who is in reality a crook, steals the real pearls and in trying to hide them gets them mixed up with the imitation pearls that Delsie has hidden.

Delsie is accused of the theft of the real ones which are found in her pocket through a trick of Oscar's, and is about to be arrested. Seeing his sweetheart in danger, Billy takes the blame upon himself and goes to jail.

The Aunt discovers her own mistake and Bill and the girl are freed from blame. Delsie then traces the wicked Oscar to a haunted house which is being used as a hangout and rendezvous for a gang of crooks.

The unexpected return of the crooks while she is investigating the houses places Delsie in terrible peril. She saves her self by scaring the crooks into blue fits by pretending she is a ghost. She then lowers her faithful bull dog out of the window on a rope made of torn up sheets and he brings her help -- Billy and the police.

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The Ghost in the Secret
Seat of Character's

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dulcie O'Dell ..... | a poor relation ..... | Dorothy Gish |
| Mr. Gilbert Dennison . | Dulcie's Uncle ..... | Downing Clark |
| Mrs. Gilbert Dennison. | Dulcie's Aunt ..... | Mrs. [illegible] |
| Bill Clark ..... | Mr. Dennison's secretary and the HERO ..... | Mr. H. Park, Jr. |
| Oscar White ..... | Mrs. Dennison's social secretary and the VILLAIN ..... | Ray Gray |
| | Dennison's butler ..... | Walter T. Lewis |
| | Dennison's cook ..... | Mrs. Foy |
| Detective O'Connor .. ..... | | Frank Badgley |

Tom Blake,
Frank Magney
William Nally
Porter Strong
} Crooks

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The director:

Mr. F. Richard Jones who directed the Ghost in the Garret for Miss Dorothy Dish, is one of the best comedy directors in the world. Before directing Miss Dish, he was responsible for such notable screen pictures as "Mickey" with Miss Mabel Normand and "Yankee Doodle in Berlin".

The author:

"The Ghost in the Garret" is by Mr. Julia Hastings, a well known author and magazine man of long experience. In a recent anthology of American humor issued by a publishing house of international standing, one of Mr. Hastings' stories was placed alongside such masterpieces of humor as Tom Sawyer as being among one of the finest humorous stories ever written by an American. He is the author of the well known novel "The Man in the Brown Derby" and other books. He wrote "Turning the Tables" one of Miss Dish's most successful comedies.

The photography:

"The Ghost in the Garret" will be notable among Miss Dish's comedies for the wonderfully beautiful photography. The exteriors, taken in New York State in the full glory of Midsummer is a camera poem. The camera work was for the most part done by Mr. Fred Chaston.

Her bull dog;

There is a bull dog named Mike in "The Ghost in the Garret" which is sure to be remembered by fans as one of the funniest animals seen on a screen. Mike is as ugly as sin with a face like an early Spring thaw, but he proved himself a game true gentleman and a good sport as well as a considerable actor. When they started to lower him out of a five story window on a rope made of some torn up sheets, Mike looked at the director in a somewhat dubious manner but he shut his eyes and never made a whimper until his feet were on terra firma once more.

Ghost in the Garret.

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[illegible]

Title List -- sent to Eddy White -- November 27, 1920.

"THE GHOST IN THE GARRET"

1. The New Art Film Company
Presents
Miss Dorothy Gish
in
"The Ghost in the Garret"

2. Story by -
Wells Hastings
Directed by -
F. Richard Jones.

3. Photography by
Fred Chaston

4. Copyright 1920
The New Art Film Company

5. "The Breakers" ----

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6. ----- in the luxuries of which Mrs. Gilbert Dennison shudders to remember that she was once her husband's stenographer.
Mrs. Dennison - Mrs. David Landau.

7. Old Gilbert Dennison --- once a wolf on Wall Street -- but now retired to gentle ruminations and his rose gardens ---
Downing Clark.

8. Bill Clark kicked two field goals for Princeton, and left college in a blaze of glory -- to come to this.
William H. Park.

9. "That dreadful niece of yours is coming!"

10. Oscar White, who has gained access to "The Breakers" as Mrs. Dennison's social secretary.
Ray Gray.

11. And so comes Delsie O'Dell -- no roof to cover her homeless head -- but with sunshine in her heart.
Miss Dorothy Gish.

12. "If Mrs. Dennison is really your aunt, that's where she lives."

13. She wasn't entirely friendless -- there was Violet.

14. Confidentially, Violet wasn't really that kind of a dog.

15. "Sure I belong to the family."

16. Aunty hates dogs more than anything in the world -- except poor relations.

17. "Tell her who I am!"

18. "I ain't to blame, ma'am -- but she says she's your niece."

19. "Well! I expected you to be something like this!"

20. "I knew you'd like me!"

21. "You'll like Violet. He's kind of impulsive, but he's nice."

22. "He used to belong to a sea captain. He swears something awful!"

23. Bill begins to get reconciled to his job.

24. June -- and twenty.

25. "--- then my mother and father died ---"

26. "--- and I went to work."

27. "I didn't mind it much until one awful day ---"

28 "My private affairs seem very entertaining to you, young man."

29 "Shall I tell you another funny story?"

30 Violet howled about 'em, but she wore 'em.

31 Aunty knocked a social home run when she at last persuaded the aristocratic Mrs.Freddy Van der --- somebody or other --- to come to tea.

32 "Do be careful of Hercules!"

33. "Violet, it's time you broke into society."

34. "Oscar! Oscar!"

35. A lover's excuse --- to show Delsie the haunted house.

36 " ---- and at night they hear queer wailings."

37 "For Heaven's sake! Send that dreadful girl away!"

38 "They tell me you've been a naughty girl."

39 "I'm sorry. Violet and I don't seem to get along in society."

40 "Well, try to be more like your Aunt."

41 Her first party was a secret with Billy.

(Insert) Dear Miss Delsie -
I want you to go with me to a little Hallow 'een Dance. I am going to send you a Carmen costume I wore in college theatricals and will meet you --

42 "I've something that will just complete your costume."

45. For college theatricals, Billy's jeweller had made a paste duplicate of a famous pearl necklace. Mrs. Dennison owned the original --- and Billy thought it safer not to tell her.

44. It was to get the combination of this safe that Oscar had worked six months as Mrs. Dennison's secretary.

45. "Wait! I hear Violet scolding --- he's probably chewing somebody up."

46. "I heard this dog barking and came to see what the fuss was about."

47 "I thought you were told to put this dog in the garage!"

48 If Oscar had known he was making a get-away with a paste necklace worth less than ten dollars!!! ----

49 ---- and if Delsie had known she was wearing an heirloom worth $80,000!!!

50 Half an hour later.

51 "Police! Police! My necklace is gone! Get a lot of police!

53. "I have always distrusted you!"

55 "If you suspect me, let your policeman search me!"

54 "I hope you're satisfied!"

55 "Have we searched everybody? Where is that girl and your secretary?"

56 "Those pearls are somewhere in this house -- and I'm going to find them!"

57 "We're pinched!"

58 "Nobody's to leave this room until we find them pearls!"

59 Bill -- afraid his fake pearls may be hard to explain ---

60 "She's not to blame! I did it!"

61 "Wretched ungrateful girl! Be thankful we are only going to turn you out without sending you to prison! "

63 "We all make mistakes. I accept your apologies."

65 "Well, good-bye Uncle. Violet and I will find a job somewhere."

64 "It's no use searching me any more! I've nothing left but Violet."

65 "Stop that girl! These pearls are fakes!"

66 "It's all a mistake!"

67 "Watch every move she makes!"

68 Heartbroken, she prepares to slip away with Violet.

69 Oscar realizes that the real pearls must be concealed somewhere in the house.

70 Neighborhood superstitions have made the haunted house a safe hang-out for the notorious coyote gang.

71 "Wha's that!"

73 "Did y'hear somethin' ?"

75 "Wha's the matter with everybody tonight?"

74 Ebenezer -- the cook for the gang.
Porter Strong.

75 "My, man, you has a strong constitution! Ham an' eggs at mos' midnight!"

76 "The real ones at last!"

77 "Help! Help! I'm passing out!"

78 "Wasn't you in this room a minute ago, Boss?"

79 "No -- your deafness is making you nutty!"

80 "A ghost just ate my dinner -- candle-stick and all."

81 "Ah ain't got no 'gagements with no ghosts."

83. "That feller upstairs has sneaked!"

84 "Git him somethin' strong!"

84 "Git him a chair!"

85 "You act like a lot of scared old women!"

86 "Does -- does prayers do any good wif' ghosts?"

87 "Show me your ghost!"

88 "It's nothing but a girl!"

(Insert) I am a prisoner in the haunted house. Come quick!
P.S. I found the pearls
(Written with a nail on cardboard)

89 "Ah'm comin', boss! Ah'm comin' ! Ah ain't scared ----
Ah'm shimmyin!"

90 "Give me the police station --- QUICK!"

91 "This is a hell of a night!"

98. "Here's your necklace! Now won't you let Billy out of jail?"

99 And Hope and Love and Youth sailed on -- and on -- and on .....

1. THE GREATER CAUSE.

by

Daniel Carson Goodman.

It is November 1918. Crowds at home in the United States are celebrating victory over Germany.

A troupe of American soldiers from Siberia come into the Russian town of Arlov. In the troupe are two soldiers -- Reed Harlow, an open faced college boy and Charles Macomber, a serious minded fellow of about 30.

The two fellows are from the same town and form a friendship.

In the town of Arlov a peculiar condition of things exists. The Bolsheviks have entire charge of the town as they have all over Russia. Reed and Charles are interested onlookers for a time. They watch business taken over by the office boy; they see a Bolsheviki assembly composed of draymen and teamsters. They see ignorant peasants in charge of the International Bank; while they are sitting at a table, the waiter comes in with the breakfast and begins making a speech to them telling them that the Millenium has arrived. The waiter sits down to the table and talks to them. They see that the Bolsheviks have arranged a six-hour labor-day with three stops for tea during that arduous spell. They see all Bolsheviks working out an emancipation for the workmen and then drafting owners and bosses so that the place can run. One incident that attracts them especially is the raiding of a great wine cellar, by a band of Russian soldiers who are discharging their fire-arms apparently out of pure joy. In five minutes the place runs wine -- with an enfranchised populace gloriously drunk.

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the neighboring town is pleased for help to stop the orgy. Sailors come and instead of stopping it, all join in through the night and the next morning Charles' waiter presents him with a bottle of finest vintage champagne for a couple of rubles; also he takes out an original Gainsborough which he has in his locker and offers it to them for $5.00 American money.

There is no crime in this town and police are superfluous because crime cannot exist. Anybody can do what they want since that is the law. Trotsky's Red Guards are privileged characters and they stop vehicles and do what they please -- they are a part of this policeless Utopia. They watch fights go on and people arrested by other people and when the jail is filled they see a Red Guard, for amusement, open the jail and let out everybody providing each one deposits five rubles in his hat. All this impresses Charles seriously and he becomes incorporated in the scheme. With a negro from New York who was a member of the I.W.W. he gets right into the scheme of things.

They have an open meeting, and Charles takes part as does the negro who is reverenced as a brother. In fact all call each other "comrade". In this personnel of government in the town of Arlov we find a President, Vice-President and Cabinet Minister and a Common Councellor. One of them is a woman anarchist -- (The Cabinet Minister) the President is a peasant with ideas and the Vice-President is a bootblack. They preach their doctrines which we see is the worst form of syndicalism. They take over all of the banks, railroads and the town plants, and they do not give the positions to the ablest men, but to friends -- office

boys, peasants, etc.

The Street Railway is headed by one of the conductors. They abolish in this town all police, all guards, all firemen and all street cleaning. Bolshevikism is rampant. Marriage is abolished; free love is indulged in.

An interesting thing is to study the Locals of this government set up in Arlov. When Charles and Reed go to one of these meetings they see the business conducted in a room filthy and disgusting. Unmade beds; piles of ammunition; refuse and abandoned meals; crowds of Russian soldiers eating and drinking or sleeping; girls of the street are flirting with the President and Vice-President of the council and when we translate what they say it is not diplomatic language but the language of the Bowery. They call themselves the Military Revolutionary Committee.

To return to our story, Masonder is taken right into the group and when the troops leave it is hard for him to break away from all of this wonderful freedom. On the night before America calls his company home, he sees one of the workmen interrupt a wedding ceremony between a beautiful young girl and a young fellow who was a nobleman in the regime of the Czar. The workman says that women, according to the Bolsheviki doctrines, are common property and that by the law of common division, she belongs to one as much as to the other.

At last the troops are called out of town and we see this particular company taken to Elkville, Ohio, which to us is in reality "Any-town", American. With flags floating and bands playing, Charles and Reed marched down the little street and

are immobilized by the Mayor of the city who tells them how glorious it is to welcome them back to this land of true social democracy.

Charles does some heavy thinking. He gets a further jolt when Sally Crocker, a girl of young Reed's dreams, throws her arms around Reed and kisses him. There comes to him a memory of Arley and its love "common division". That night Reed goes to Sally's home and has dinner, while Masonder is compelled to go to the boarding house where he lived before he left and be greeted in a much more isolated fashion.

The next day there is a further restoration of affairs. A big business of Milville is carried on by Sally's father, Joel Crocker. He has a big chemical factory and we find that he gives Masonders' job back to him, that of head chemist in the factory. He also takes in young Reed and puts him in the office.

Masonder has never met Sally but now Reed introduces him to her and the she is frightened at first by his searching eyes, she at last is actually fascinated by him and his views -- for views he has -- which we see as the story progresses.

The congressman of the district dies and by a public petition Joel Crocker is asked to run to take his place. Joel is a thorough going American and hates all the I.W.W. crowd ideals which have a force in his factory. This I.W.W. crowd has meetings over a store and soon we see that their doctrines of free trade, single tax, health-insurance for the laborers, etc. are only another form of the syndicalism that we saw in Russia.

A new and strange thing happens. Masonder goes to one of these meetings and with him gradually falls in many of the

other soldiers who have come back home. Suddenly Masonder gets up to preach visionary doctrines he observed in Arlev.-- He paints a glorious picture to them of Common-Division, telling them that with all of the soldiers back in America they can give the working man his right and save America from the autocratic power of Wall Street and capitalism.

In fact we have quite a situation here in Drucker's factory. We find that the I. W. W. and Bolshevism are melding together into a common purpose and that Masonder is being looked up to by all the other soldiers as a deliverer. He tells the soldiers that they have been staking their lives and should have a right therefore to make their own laws.

During these days, Reed takes Masonder to Sally's home and Masonder preaches this stuff to Sally. She at first is terrified. Then her father comes into the little dining room, fascinated by the daring, bewitching Masonder. He confronts her father. He puts it all over the father, too, while Reed sits back numbly.

Sally turns down Reed, who is heartbroken and bewildered; nearly crying, he tells Sally that he begins to think he does not know what he was fighting for in Europe. He even goes so far as to say that Masonder is right.

Masonder's preaching reaches Reed at the factory now and Reed sees the men turn against him on all sides. While this is going on, Masonder becomes more and more firmly fixed in his ideas; going along the country road, wrapped in thought; he sees how common division is shown in the bull pen, the barnyard, in bee hives,- and, realizing that the lower animals have worked out a truer form of democracy than has man. He goes after Sally, fascinating her more and more. He works with his microscope and

sees how [illegible] demonstrates this fact.

Open rebellion now grows in the factory, and one day in a finish fight, Reed, who is assailed by a workman, who tries to convince him about the new stuff, slams his fist in the fellow's face, saying: "I don't know what you are talking about, but I do know that I have a right to protect my common sense from being murdered."

Masonder hears of this and goes to him and makes fun of him - tells him there are two kinds of men - "the man-man, who puts his emotions under his mind, and the Man-woman, who is ruled by his emotions."

The election draws near; everybody comes into the ranks of Masonder, especially the returned soldiers. We hear talks of rich dividing with the poor. We see conditions existing in embryo as they did in Arlov. A rich woman is stopped on the street and asked to open her purse for common share with a great giant beggar, who stalks away laughingly. Young boys go calling on young girls and openly talk of free love; mothers take their daughters into their arms, in tears, fearing this new fanaticism. One woman, reading the newspaper headlines about all this strange order which has taken place, kills her three-month old female babe in her arms and then shoots herself.

Then a strange thing happens; Reed suddenly seems to be metamorphosed. Two days before election time, he appears to turn from the father of the girl who has befriended him. He too joins Masonder's rank, and Masonder welcomes him with open arms, telling him 'he is glad he is sensible at last".

Everything goes against Crocker and the soldiers are the

cause who is it. There is a big meeting in a public hall. Sally turns on her father as she sits on the platform, admiring the heroic-looking Masonder, who stalks about the platform, preaching his red-fire. Sally thinks herself the new order of woman. Reed is in the audience, and as the man finishes, he then asks to say a few words and gets upon the platform says how he realizes his inefficiency up to the moment; how he believes in the Bolshevik ideals. At any rate, he astonishes the audience by remarking that he 'is a true Bolshevik' and to prove it demands 'Not in marriage but the throbbing body of the woman who has turned from him and adores Masonder'. He goes toward Sally, who shrinks from him, while Masonder is aghast. The incident in Arlov has apparently had a message for Reed too.

And there seems to be confederates. We see the lights smashed. Reed picks up Sally, dragging her to a back way out of the place. He fights terrifically and is bloody spattered. Sally is in a half faint, perplexed at the sudden turn of affairs.

The lights are on inside again. Masonder is like a raging bull, calling for Sally, but a bearded Russian, who happens to be present, understanding, comes up to him and tries to pacify him by telling him that 'It is all quite fair'. 'Common Division, you know, and all that'. Masonder stares for a moment,- cries out: "To hell with common division. She belongs to me." He follows out after them as they tear out of the place, in search of Reed and Sally. Events transpire throughout the night and next day.

Reed brings Sally, dragging her viciously to a farm house near the town, where he is known. He is a transformed being.

A new light seems to come to Sally too, as if she realized that Masonder could not have worked out what he was preaching. A real transformation takes place in her though she dare not let Reed understand her new vision.

Toward the middle of the night Masonder and his gang find them in the farmhouse while at the same time news comes to Shirley's father that Reed has her. Crocker grabs a gun and goes after Reed arriving there just a moment after Masonder.

There is a terrific fight in this farmhouse between Masonder and Reed. Masonder takes an unfair advantage of Reed, who only fights with his fists, and shoots him through his arm. Then Sally jumps in between the two men. More and more her awakening has come; she runs to Masonder like a courtesan and says: "Your ideals are mine. I want you -- now."

Masonder is held aghast, repeating "now" at her, as if Reed had had her. When she lies to him which he believes he throws her viciously across the room with a blow just as her father breaks into the room. Again there is a repetition and Crocker and Reed battle until the farmer gets help from the adjoining farmhouses.

Masonder is arrested by officers of the law altho not until he goes actually crazy and proclaims his right to Sally by the "free law of nature" -- a Bolshevik principle.

The next day there is re-adjustment and derision. The soldiers in town all realize the truer status of Bolshevism and elect Crocker by an overwhelming majority. There is a beautiful love scene where Sally repentantly comes to Reed and begs for forgiveness. Also the father understands now Reed's apparent hypocrisy.

Bolshevism has threatened this small town brought on by the very soldiers who themselves seem lower nature. Zanesville, Ohio, symbolic of any town in America, whose heart and soul seem near being crucified on the very tree whereon was writ the legend of the Constitution of free men and women, is liberated to go on its rightful way paying homage to the human emotions of love and reverence and fidelity -- out of which is mothered righteous government.

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All data and incidents mentiond in this story are absolutely authentic.

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THE GYPSY AND THE BANDIT,

Adapted from a stock play of
the Spanish by Jeanne Fuellis.

Outside of the Spanish city of Solez, near the Portugal border, is a band of gypsies. Their leader, a typical braggadocio, has a dispute over a card game with an outlaw known as Black Death. This outlaw is supposed to make his living by raising goats in the hills, but really does so by descending under the cover of night to the highways and robbing unfortunate travelers. The argument grows very heated, and, finally, a fight takes place, ending in the death of the gypsy leader. Left without a leader, the gypsies disband.

Marguerita, a most beautiful young girl, is the adopted daughter of an old wagon driver of the band. They stop at the Silver Moon Inn, in Solez, for something to eat. While there Marguerita happens to give a fiery dance, which so pleases the old innkeeper that he makes an arrangement by which they are both to stay at the inn. Marguerita is to dance for the entertainment of the guests, and the old wagon driver is to do chores. She rapidly becomes very popular, and adds greatly to the receipts of the inn.

Jamie Gibson, who had been a war correspondent, is taking a walking trip through Spain as a vacation and stops at the Silver Moon Inn. He becomes very much fascinated by Marguerita's dancing. He meets her and tells her it is the greatest expression of freedom he has ever seen. Marguerita realizes that Jamie has told her the thing that is nearest to her heart,- the gypsy's love of freedom. She shares the gypsy's innate hatred of being bound by a certain set work, or having to live in one particular place, or being forced to do certain tasks each day at an appointed time. Jamie, in the woods near the town, unobserved watches Marguerita as she dances like a wild thing in the moonlight, crying out to the Christus always to keep her free.

Later a touring car comes to the inn from Madrid. One of the occupants, a wild young Spaniard, follows Marguerita to the back of the inn, after she has completed a dance, and, while she is still in her ragged, picturesque, half-naked, vagabond costume, makes violent love to her. Marguerita listens and smiles coquettishly,- but, finding his advances too ardent, runs away from him, frightened. He seizes her in a dark passageway, declaring he will take her for a moonlight ride, when Jamie interferes. There is a fight. Jamie has the best of it until the young Spaniard's friends come to his assistance, seriously wounding Jamie. This frightens

the wild musketeers, and they get into their car and drive away. Marguerita, who had fled at the beginning of the fight, returns to take part in it.

Fearful that Jamie's presence will become known, Marguerita and the blustering, swaggering old wagon driver pretend that he has gone to Madrid. In reality they secret him in their own little house near the inn and procure a doctor. The doctor announces that while Jamie's hurts are serious, there is no doubt of his recovery. When Jamie begins to get better, there are many tender love scenes between him and Marguerita. The girl continues her work at the inn.

In the meantime another reckless character from the hills, boasting descent from a long line of vendetta, Jose Alavardo by name, visits the inn. He is handsome and dashing. He becomes enamored of Marguerita, whose coquettish glances and dances are directed to him. He pursues her ardently. Marguerita's foster father, old Sanco -- who is always boasting of his bravery and his fiery deeds in the past -- upon being told of this situation, while he is at work in the kitchen, and not dreaming it is the terrible Alavardo, begs to be shown the offender, declaring he will tear him limb from limb; but, when he comes face to face with Alavardo, he changes his mind. Alavardo chases him with a straw around the inn, much to the delight of the onlookers.

These two bandits, Alavardo and Black Death, were

not on any too friendly terms. Both of them had been so long in power in the neighborhood that even the government police, while pretending to subdue their activities, in reality did very little against them.

Alavardo finally leaves, swearing to Marguerita that he and no one else shall have her, politely telling her that from that time on she shall never be out of his sight and that his spies and friends are everywhere.

Marguerita's perplexities grow, when, on the very next night, Black Death drops into the inn. He is also caught by her charms, comes to her table and begins his advances. Black Death is some years older than Alavardo. He is proud of two scars across his face, and claims he is as full of bullets as an unopened wine skin, but that he has a charmed life and will die in the sanctity of the church and the odor of cigarettes, as did his father at the considerable age of one hundred and five years. Marguerita's foster father, being full of wine, is seated with her, and begins to brag about his deeds of valor, but the cold eye of Black Death soon frightens him out of his wits. Black Death opens up a nasty looking dagger, pretending that the sight of this dagger gets him angrier and angrier until he just has to murder someone. Old Sanco gets up and tells Marguerita he has a headache and that it is time they were off. They had given their own room in the cottage to Jamie, and are themselves sleeping in the back room of the inn,

near the dining hall. It is late, after closing time, and Marguerita asks Black Death to leave. He tells her he will not do so until she has promised to be his bride and go with him. Old Sanco moves faster and faster in his anxiety to get to his apartment until he breaks into a run. Marguerita follows. Sanco steps into a water pail and falls headlong, which affords great amusement to Black Death. Sanco manages to get into his room, closely followed by Marguerita. Black Death refuses to leave without his answer, and is about to break in the door when Marguerita appeases him by promising him a rendezvous for the next evening, at eleven thirty o'clock. Marguerita already had promised the other bandit a rendezvous for eleven o'clock, and cleverly figures that she will have the two meet at the inn and let them fight it out, hoping that these two desperate characters will exterminate each other, feeling sure that she will at least have one less trouble on her hands.

After Black Death leaves, Sanco begs Marguerita to pack up and flee with him from this hellish country, where only death and disaster await them, but Marguerita finally persuades her foster father (who has already opened the window and is climbing out) that she cannot leave Jamie. Sanco is already half-way out of the window, and she is desperately holding on to his coat tails. Sanco is still determined to leave, when he sees a strolling figure approaching. Thinking it is one of the des-

peradoes, he is transfixed with fear, and thinks the inside is safer than the outside, and falls back into the room. While Marguerita prepares for bed, Sanco takes on more wine, gets out a pistol and short sword, and practices, declaring that he will prove his boasting has not all been done quixotely. He finds a piece of chest armor and puts it on under his clothes, so that it will be concealed, and goes to bed.

The next evening Marguerita waits in fear and trembling, but with some degree of humor as well, for the two desperadoes to put int their appearance. It is a beautiful night, and Black death, walking up and down in the moonlight in his camp, becomes so stricken with love that he cannot wait for the appointed time, and leaves early in the evening. As the inn is closed after the dinner hour, Marguerita awaits the coming of her mad lovers, but her plans are all knocked into a cocked hat by the appearance of Black Death an hour ahead of time. Sanco starts to show fight, brave with his armor and short sword, but as he draws his sword and assumes a definite attitude one of Black Death's henchmen gives him a kick in the rear, whereupon Sanco breaks into a run, followed by the laughing henchman, who marathons him around the inn. Despite her protests, Black Death seizes her and carries her off.

Marguerita manages to get a message to the old woman drudge of the inn that she will tell Alavardo when he

arrives, her only hope of rescue being through him. Black Death takes her on his horse. The henchman as a joke seizes Dance and carries him off. There is a gallop through the night.

When Alavardo and a half dozen of his trusted followers arrive at the inn, and he learns of the action of Black Death, his rage and consternation know no bounds. He sends a messenger for reinforcements, and starts in pursuit.

The drudge also gets word to Jamie in the cottage, who had been unaware of the matter. Despite his wounds, he gets a vehicle and rushes to the adjoining town, which is the centre of the rural police force.

Black Death takes Marguerita to an old cave, which had been fitted up pleasantly as a love place. The cave overlooks the highway. It is used also as a meeting place for Black Death and his followers. Marguerita set down in the cave, succeeds for a time in holding off the amorous bandit by showing him her cross and swearing he will burn in hell if he dares to touch her. Black Death, after his first fears, reasons that he will likely burn in hell in any event and again starts for her. She puts a dagger against her heart, and convinces him that she will die before she will be dishonored. Black Death then says he will marry her in the church the next day. Marguerita is willing to let it go at that, as she is fighting for time in the hope that Alavardo will ap-

pear upon the scene.

Black Death goes himself to the priest, leaving Marguerita guarded, and the marriage is arranged for noon of the next day.

In the meantime Jamie arrives at the city and manages, through his influence with the British Consul, to do what none of the unimportant natives could have done, namely, to get a company of mounted soldiers and have them start to the rescue.

While Marguerita is closely guarded by Black Death and his men, Alavardo and his men are galloping to save her, and, after them, the cavalry. Jamie follows the cavalry in a two-horse carriage.

It also occurs that in the city, Jamie's mother, to whom he had sent word of his illness, had come to meet him. He brings her with him, accompanied by her maid.

Marguerita, trembling with anxiety, awaits the arrival of Alavardo before the marriage can be consummated. She receives no word of hope, and the appointed hour draws nearer and nearer. Though she does not know it, nearer and nearer draws Alavardp. Black Death takes Marguerita to the little chapel. Alavardo reaches the cave, and, finding she is not there, he starts in search of her. Just as they are about to enter the church, Alavardo appears. He and Black Death face each other. Alavardo claims Marguerita. "By what right," asks Black Death.

"I saw her first," sneeringly replies the younger and handsomer Alavardo, his hand upon his dagger as he speaks. They face each other in silence. The henchmen draw upon each side, ready for the battle. Marguerita is between them. Alavardo says, "Let's fight it out alone. I love my men--they are my little brothers; there is no use in sacrificing unnecessary lives. The victor secures the girl." Black Death accepts the challenge; they wrap their arms, and draw their knives, and the battle is on. After a desperate and thrilling combat, Black Death is slain.

Marguerita gives a sigh of relief, which is only momentary, as Alavardo steps forward and claims her. She protests -- time must be given for the publishing of the bans. The old priest refuses to perform the ceremony, but Alavardo tells him his rrefusal will avail nothing, as, if he does not marry them, he will take the girl anyhow. That by marrying them he will really be doing her a service, as she will at least not be dishonored. The priest replies that the bans must at least be published a few hours ahead of the ceremony. Alavardo gives him two hours. Marguerita is in despair. The old foster father argues with Alavardo, trying to assure him that marriage is an unhappy state at the best and to rush into it like this is more than madness, but Alavardo is insistent, though sees the humor of the situation.

Nearer approach the soldiers, and, finally, just

before the second ceremony is beginning, the henchmen rush in and tell Alavarde that soldiers are at the gate. A few shots are fired. Alavarde springs out of the window, faces the soldiers, and is himself shot. The old foster father, who really had a secret admiration for Alavarde, holds him in his arms. Alavarde, sinking, looks up into the face of the foster father, and tells him that doubtless he is right, that this may be better than marriage, and passes out of the picture.

There is the usual joyful reconciliation with Jamie, who follows the soldiers.

At the inn that evening, Jamie, well propped up in a chair, declares that he had been in bed too long anyhow. He presents Marguerita to his mother. Marguerita is over-joyed in her dreams of happiness with Jamie.

Horrifed at the thought of her son marrying a gypsy dancer, Marguerita overhears the mother scolding her son, ending with the words "you mustn't." Her knowledge of English being only what she had picked up through Jamie, in answer to Marguerita's demand to know what the words mean Jamie deceives her. Her cloak is open, and, Jamie's mother noticing it, motions her to pull it about her, and says, "you mustn't," which further deceives Marguerita.

There is heard music in the inn. The soldiers are celebrating the killing of the two terrors of the highway. They call for

Marguerita. At least she will give them a dance in reward for their efforts, they ask. Marguerita starts toward the dance floor, when Jamie protests. "Your dancing days are over now. You belong to me," says Jamie.

Marguerita looks at the austere mother, and the difference between them dawns upon her. But she cannot understand why she should not dance. That is her life, a part of her freedom. Jamie says, "you mustn't, Marguerita." "Please," begs Marguerita. Jamie reminds her that she is going to marry him and that he loves her more than anything in the world, but that she must not dance in public any more. "My freedom," muses Marguerita, "if I marry I shall have to give that up too." The music grows wilder and sweeter in her ears. "Jamie, I will give you my answer tomorrow," she says. She goes to where the soldiers wait. Jamie's chair is pulled to the side of the plaza. She dances near to him, beautiful and alluring, She is dancing her old dance of freedom. She comes close to him, and suddenly stops and kisses him passionately. She dances away again. He calls after her, "Marguerita, my answer; give it to me tonight."

"Tomorrow," she calls back, as she continues her dance, with her face turned toward Jamie, alight with love.

THE END

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# PROGRAM

## "HEARTS OF THE WORLD"

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A. | Title | D. W. Griffith working on his latest production under the auspices of the British War Office Official Cinematograph Committee. |
| B. | Title | At Cassel ... Meeting the War Correspondents. |
| C. | Scene | Mr. Griffith and war correspondents. |
| D. | Title | Before a flight. |
| E | Scene | Mr. Griffith in airplane. |
| F | " | Airplane rising |
| G | " | Airplane along ground |
| H | Title | At the Cloth Hall at Ypres. |
| I | Scene | Ruins at Ypres. |
| J | Title | Captured concrete pillboxes at Passchendaele Ridge. |
| K | Scene | Mr. Griffith on to ruined pill boxes. |
| L | Title | Heavy Artillery. |
| M | Scene | Mr. Griffith at big gun |
| N | " | Outside dressing station -- bearing wounded in. |
| O | " | Long view shaking hands with soldier in trench. |
| P | " | Another view of the trench. |
| Q | Title | D. W. Griffith sets up his camera in the British Front Line trench at Cambrin, Fifty yards from the enemy's lines. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 4 | Title (Cont'd) | Suite...The interested look upward is directed toward passing aimlls. Where will the next one Sail? |
| 5 | Scene | Setting up the camera. |
| 6 | Title | At No. 10 Downing Street, David Lloyd George wishing Mr. Griffith success for this picture. |
| 7 | Scene | Exterior doorway -- David Lloyd George shaking hands with Mr. Griffith. |
| 8 | Title | Apologies -- and thanks. The picture follows. |

SCENARIO

6 Color

1 Subtitle:--

D. W. GRIFFITH

presents

"HEARTS OF THE WORLD"

2 Title The story of a village.

3 SCENARIO BY H. CASTON de TOLIGNAC

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY

CAPTAIN VICTOR MARIER

UNDER PERSONAL DIRECTION OF D. W. GRIFFITH.

4 Taken from the lives of two American painters, who, in their youth went to this village in Northern France to paint the ~~xxxxxxxx~~ old Roman wall, whose stones had been laid by the legions of Caesar.

5 Here they dreamed the dreams of youth. When Fate was unkind to them they made their home in the village, possibly because living was cheap.

6 One of the friends died, leaving a daughter, a wife and her aged father.

7 At the outbreak of the Great War they suffered with the restof that stricken land.

8 The year of 1912. The village at the time of spring, where people loved and hated, cried and laughed, sinned and were forgiven -- even as you and I.

-;-

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | Delay | |
| 8 | | Distant view of village -- panorama. |
| 9 | Title | The Market place. |
| 10 | | Street scene -- market place where streets come together. |
| 11 | | Closeup cart with children in it. |
| 12 | | View of cart. |
| 13 | | Distant view village streets. |
| 14 | | River scene -- cows on bank. |
| 15 | Title | The double house in which lived the families on the Rue de la Paix. |
| 16 | | Exterior Gish's house. |
| 17 | Title | We find the lonely home brightened by pleasant news. |
| 18 | | Interior Gish's home -- Grandfather on -- mother enters reading letter. |
| 19 | Insert letter from the Girl. | |
| 20 | | Back to scene. |
| 21 | Title | The grandfather's bad turn kept mother in the house so daughter was escorted home by the village Ford. |
| 22 | | Exterior. Street scene -- Gish along with bundles -- old man with wheelbarrow following. |
| 23 | | Interior -- Crowell sits down reading letter. |
| 24 | | Exterior doorway -- Gish and man with barrow on. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 26 | | Interior -- Gish enters. |
| 26 | | Insert Gish. |
| 27 | | Another insert Gish -- closer. |
| 28 | | Longer view -- Gish to grandfather. |
| 29 | | Insert Gish and grandfather. |
| 30 | | Long view of interior room -- Crowell crying. |
| 31 | | Insert Gish talking to Crowell -- kisses her. |
| 32 | | Back to long view -- Crowell sits with Gish on knee. |
| 33 | Title | The Boy, son of the other friend, burnt with the genius denied the father. |
| 34 | | Insert Bob writing manuscript in summer house. |
| 35 | | Insert father tearing painting -- summer house. |
| 36 | T | The fussy little mother sometimes thinks herself neglected. |
| 37 | | Another view summer house -- Bruce enters with tray. |
| 38 | | Insert Bruce and Bob -- business washing clothes. Bob kisses mother -- |
| 39 | | Another view -- mother exits from summer house. |
| 40 | | Gish hoeing in gerden -- back tired. |
| 41 | Title | Three harmless little goslings. |
| 42 | | Gish with two goslings in lap. |

Color

45 Title The wanderer.

44 Insert lone gosling.

45 Gate in wall -- gosling through upp to foreground.

46 Other side of wall -- Gish on after gosling.

47 Gate in wall -- Gish through after gosling.

48 Bob on bench writing -- Gosling comes on -- Gish and Bob search --

49 Insert gosling.

50 Gish and Bob chasing.

51 Insert Gosling.

52 Gish and Bob around bench.

53 Insert Gish calling

54 Insert Bob watching.

55 Insert Gish talking to gosling.

56 Another view bench -- Gish and Bob catch gosling.

57 Insert Gish scolding pet -- it talks back.

58 Insert Bob watching.

59 Long view -- Gish off with gosling.

60 Scene near gate -- Gish on talking to pet.

61 Bob at bench goes back to writing.

62 Interior Gish's room -- Gish on -- goes to bedside-- prays.

65 Title One of the many prayers:
"Please make me so nice and
good that Boy will love me
forever and ever."

64 Closer view Gish praying at bedside.
Jumps up into bed.

65 Title Time brings to the girl interest in fashions
and other little nets to catch love, after
the manner of the world.

66 Interior -- Gish with fashion book talking
to mother -- Grandfather holding yarn -- Girl out.

67 Title Of the Boys three brothers the littlest one
is inclined to Hero worship.

68 Exterior summer house -- Boy on floor -- Ben
sitting beside him.

69 Insert Bob and Ben -- Ben pulls tie.

REEL TWO

70 Title With great enthusiasm he reads from his latest
Manuscript.

71 Summer House -- Bob reading from manuscript.

72 InsertBen at Bob's feet.

73 Back to long view.

74 Insert Ben at Boy's feet polishing shoes --
rides on boot.

75 Back to long view -- Bob steps back and forth.

76 Insert Ben riding on shoe.

77 Back to long view -- Gish and Crowell enter
back of summer house.

78 Insert two boys playing -- Ben on.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | Color | Back to long view -- Gish and Crowell listening. |
| 81 | | Congratulations -- Gish and Bob left alone. Bob gives Gish manuscript. |
| 82 | | Cut to Boys spanking Ben. |
| 83 | | Long view Gish and Bob seated on bench. |
| 84 | Title | Doubly sweet is his manuscript she finds the dedication, "To the blue eyes of an old-fashioned girl." |
| 85 | | Garden scene -- Gish on bench reading. |
| 86 | | Insert Bob watching from another part of garden. |
| 87 | | ~~Insert~~ Gish |
| 88 | | Bob watching. |
| 89 | | Long view -- Gish on bench with MS. |
| 90 | Title | A visiting street singers imitation of a late success from Paris. |
| 91 | | Street -- public square -- crowd watching Dorothy. |
| 92 | | Closer view -- Dorothy dancing. |
| 93 | | Same scene -- longer view -- Gish collecting money. |
| 94 | Title | Monsieur Cuckoo argues with his friend, the village carpenter, on the correct method of laying sod. |
| 95 | | Anderson and Fawcett in garden. |
| 96 | | Insert Anderson laying sod. |
| 97 | | Insert Fawcett. |
| 98 | | Insert Anderson working at sod. |
| 99 | | Long view -- Anderson and Fawcett arguing. |
| 100 | Title | The Little Disturber makes an impression. |
| 101 | | Back to scene -- Dorothy on to two men. |
| 102 | | Closer view -- Dorothy Gish, Anderson, Fawcett -- Fawcett takes money. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | Outer | |
| 103 | | Another view -- Dish exits -- Fawcett exits. Anderson looks after Dish. |
| 104 | | Exterior -- village street -- Bob walking along reading from book. |
| 105 | | Street -- outside Bob's home -- wall -- Dorothy along wall -- meets Bob. |
| 106 | | Insert Bob and Dorothy -- business with money. |
| 107 | Title | The Little Disturber, slightly piqued by the [illegible] |
| 108 | | Insert Bob and Dorothy. |
| 109 | | Insert Dorothy flirting. |
| 110 | | Insert Bob -- laughs. |
| 111 | | Insert Dorothy flirting. |
| 112 | | Long view Dorothy and Bob -- Dorothy exits. |
| 113 | Title | M. Cuckoo makes advances. |
| 114 | | Exterior -- gateway in old stone wall. M. Cuckoo out -- meets Dorothy -- business snipping. |
| 115 | Title | The Little Disturber who had strangely escaped flatterers, now seems down for the count. |
| 116 | | Interior -- Dorothy's room -- she enters. |
| 117 | | Insert Dorothy. |
| 118 | | Insert in mirror |
| 119 | | Insert Dorothy |
| 120 | | Insert mirror. |

Color

121 Insert Dorothy with cap over eye.

122 Long view -- Dorothy kicking herself -- up to where she sits on her own bed.

123 Title Von Strohm, a tourist, sometime serving the greatest military autocracy the world has ever known.

124 Exterior street infront of Gish's house -- Siegmann meets Bob.

125 Title Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany tempted by a mad dream of ruling the world with the Power of Might.

126 Kaiser seated at table.

127 Back to view of Siegmann and Bob -- Bob exits.

128 Title The village Inn sheltered beneath the hill, recently purchased by a woman from the East.

129 Distant view of Inn -- Siegmann comes on.

130 Interior Inn long view -- woman reading.

131 Title The deaf and blind musician playing melodies remembered from his youth.

132 Insert of musician playing -- girl watching -- gives drink -- talks to him.

133 LOng view interior.

134 Exterior - closer view -- Siegmann in to Inn.

135 Interior - long view -- Siegmann enters.

136 Closer view -- Siegmann and woman. gives her money.

137 Title Twilight minstrelsey.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 138 | Delay | Old fashioned street -- Dorothy and two men strolling along. |
| 139 | | Interior Gish home -- Gish exits. |
| 140 | | Exterior doorway -- Gish out into moonlight. |
| 141 | | Street scene -- Dorothy and two boys. |
| 143 | S. T. | "The girl yielded to a slight indiscretion for which the blame should perhaps be placed on the music and the moon. |
| 144 | | Insert Gish at door in wall. |
| 145 | S. T | The wall between. |
| 146 | | Other side of wall -- Bob on to gate. |
| 147 | | Interior bed room -- Boys in bed playing. |
| 148 | | Exterior -- Bob on to gate in wall. |
| 149 | | Boys in bed ---up to window. |
| 150 | | Street -- Dorothy and boys walking along curved road. |
| 151 | | Insert Bob at door in wall. |
| 152 | | Insert Lillian at other side of door. |
| 153 | | Close view Bob at door -- opens door. |
| 154 | | Insert Gish at door. |
| 155 | | Bob opens door in wall goes through. |
| 156 | | Ext. Insert children at the shutters. |

Color

157 Interior -- Children looking out.

158 Exterior -- Bob and Gish meet on her side of wall -- embrace.

159 Title Jealousy.

160 Interior -- Boys watching -- smallest one jealous.

161 Ext. Bob and Gish in embrace.

162 Ext. shutters -- Boys open and slam.

163 Ext. Gish and Bob startled -- look up.

164 Ext. house - garden - Gish and Bob walking along.

165 Distant view Little Disturber and two men - village.

166 Swans on the water.

167 Back to distant view - village.

168 Title Von Strohm, much interested in village architecture -- and foundations.

169 Street - stone wall - Von Strohm examining wall.

170 Stone wall outside Gish home -- Von Strohm on up to door -- looks -- turns -- back again.

171 View through door -- Girl peeling potatoes --

Von Strohm looking in -- Girl slams door -- Von Strohm outside door -- puts flower through knothole.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 173 | Title | Perseverance and Perfume. |
| 173 | | Set. Hall outside Bob's home -- Disturber on -- empties perfume bottle on herself. |
| 174 | | Scene of Girl outside farmhouse giving presents. |
| 175 | | Disturber waiting for Bob outside gate. Boy comes out -- meets disturber -- --- kissssssss |
| 176 | Title | "I don't know what's the matter with me, I just can't sleep or anything!" |
| 177 | | Insert Disturber -- finger on mouth. |
| 178 | | Insert Boy - shocked. |
| 179 | | Distant view - Disturber and Boy - she pouting. |
| 180 | Title | "Just one little walk -- so -- so you can tell me why you don't like me." |
| 181 | | Back to Disturber and Boy -- arguing -- she throws arms around his neck -- |
| 182 | | Girl walking along street with bag. |
| 183 | | Disturber and Boy -- She pleading -- throws arms around his neck -- he kisses her -- |
| 184 | | Girl at own doorway -- sees |
| 185 | | Insert Girl watching. |
| 186 | | Disturber and Boy in embrace. |
| 187 | | Insert Girl watching -- laughs. |
| 188 | | Distant view -- Girl into her home. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 189 | | Insert Disturber and Boy -- he goes off through gate -- Disturber alone at gate. |
| 190 | | Longer view -- Disturber swaggers off. |
| 191 | | Int. Girl's room -- Girl on -- falls. |
| 192 | Title | "Please, God, why can't you make the man satisfied with just one lady" |
| 193 | | Back to scene -- Girl on floor. |
| 194 | Title | The end of the world. |
| 195 | | Garden -- Girl on bench -- boy enters. |
| 196 | | Closer view -- two on bench. Gives back presents. Boy explains. |
| 197 | | Longer view -- Boy gets up. |
| 198 | | Closer view -- Comes back -- cries -- is forgiven. |
| 199 | Title | "Only you, forever and ever." |
| 200 | | Back to scene on bench -- get together. |
| 201 | Title | "Forever and ever." |
| 202 | | Back to scene. |
| 203 | Title | The Betrothal Party. |
| 204 | | Summer house - Boy's home - guests assembled -- guests leave -- Girl and Boy sit on bench -- Mother brings children in -- |
| 205 | | Insert Girl kissing boys. |
| 206 | | Insert Boy talking to Ben. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 207 | | Insert Girl and biggest boy. |
| 208 | | Another view summer house -- Ben around to Girl 's side. |
| 209 | | Insert Ben and Girl -- make up. |
| 210 | | Another view -- Mother up towards chair. |
| 211 | Title | Too persistent. |
| 212 | | Anderson outside wall -- on street -- Disturber. She cuffs him -- exits. |
| 213 | | M. Cuckoo shakes fist. -- [illegible] |
| 213 | Title | Even her blows are caresses. |
| 214 | | Back to M. Cuckoo rubbing cheek. |
| 215 | | Disturber along wall to Boy's gate. |
| 216 | | Int. Summer house Boy's home -- Party breaking up -- Boy and Girl exit. |
| 217 | | Ext. doorway -- Disturber waiting -- Boy out -- Disturber up to him -- Girl out -- explanations-- Boy and Girl exit -- Disturber angry -- exits. |
| 218 | | Afterwards. If we can't get what we want, let's want what we can get. |
| 219 | | Ext. wall old house -- Disturber on -- Cuckoo on -- Afraid of disturber -- make up -- exit together. |
| 220 | Title | The German Militarists plot the dastardly blow against France and civilization. |
| 221 | | The Kaiser and advisers. |

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|---|---|---|
| 232 | Title | With white thread and white dreams, she works on her wedding clothes. |
| 233 | | Int. Girl home -- Girl sewing on wedding clothes -- Boy enters. |
| 234 | | Closer view -- Boy shows letter. |
| 235 | | Insert letter -- French dissolving into English. |
| 236 | | Back to Girl reading letter -- pleased. |
| 237 | Title | The village crier. |
| 238 | | Ext. Girl's home -- Drummer off -- People gather -- |
| 239 | | Int. Boy and Girl hear drummer -- listen. |
| 230 | | Ext. Flash drummer. |
| 231 | Title | War! |
| 232 | | Ext. Drummer. |
| 233 | | Int. Boy and Girl |
| 234 | | Ext. Drummer off. |
| 235 | | Int. Boy and Girl -- |
| 236 | Title | "I will see what it's about." |
| 237 | | Int. Boy leaves. |
| 238 | | Ext. house -- Boy out and down street. |
| 239 | | Int. Mother and Girl look out window. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 240 | | Proclamation of War -- man reading -- Boy, Carpenter and Cuckoo reading. |
| 241 | Title | The three musketeers read the news together. |
| 242 | | Insert Boy, Carpenter and Cuckoo. |
| 243 | | Insert Order of mobilization dissolving into English |
| 244 | | Insert three friends reading. |
| 245 | | Back to long view -- Boy off. |
| 246 | | Int. of house -- Boy enters. |
| 247 | | Insert Boy and Girl. |
| 248 | Title | "It means War!" |
| 249 | | Back to insert of Boy and Girl -- Fade. |
| 250 | Title | Though an American citizen, believing the land that was good enough to live in was good enough to fight for, he makes his farewells and offers his life to France. |
| 251 | | Summer house -- Boy ready to go -- saying good-bye |
| 252 | Title | |
| 253 | | Boy saying good-bye |
| 254 | | Insert Boy and Ben saying farewell. |
| 255 | | Another view same. |
| 256 | | Int. Disturber's home -- Disturber sweeping -- M. Cuckoo enters with flower. |

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|---|---|---|
| 257 | Title | Tears are shed -- even for Monsieur Cuckoo. |
| 258 | | Closer view -- Cuckoo kisses Disturber. |
| 259 | Title | "I will be back in three weeks with a lock of hair, all for you -- with Father 's moustache." |
| 260 | | Back to scene -- Cuckoo giving exhibition. |
| 261 | | Another view -- Cuckoo marching up and down - smile. |
| 262 | | Insert Disturber with watch and money. |
| 263 | Title | The Girl's sad heart masked with smiles, as were millions of others in troubled France. |
| 264 | | Insert Boy and Girl with picture. |
| 265 | | Insert picture and fling. |
| 266 | | Back to scene -- Boy and Girl. |
| 267 | Title | "Forever and ever!" |
| 268 | | Back to scene -- Boy kisses Girl. |
| 269 | | Another view -- Boy out of door. |
| 270 | Title | The sons of France go to defend their homes. |
| 271 | | Distant view -- soldiers marching ~~over village~~. |
| 272 | | View soldiers marching through village. |
| 273 | | Insert horseman leading. |
| 274 | | View from above of men marching. |
| 275 | | Insert of flag. |

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 276 | | Men marching along -- Girl beside boy. |
| 277 | | Insert Girl and Boy. |
| 278 | | Insert Disturber marching with Gunns. |
| 279 | | Insert Carpenter marching wiping forehead. |
| 280 | | Close view soldiers marching -- Fade. |
| 281 | Title | In the little room where she had so many dreams ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ |
| 282 | | Int. Girl's room -- she enters with trousseau -- |
| 283 | Title | ---she puts her sweetest one away. |
| 284 | | Int. Girl's room -- she puts wedding clothes in chest. |
| 285 | Title | The Boy's regiment placed in a bulwark of trenches directly outside his own village. |
| 286 | | Distant view soldiers running -- getting into trench. |
| 287 | | Close view -- French taking possession. |
| 288 | | Trench -- Boy working. |
| 289 | | Insert -- Boy digging. |
| 290 | | * Distant view -- French digging trench. |
| 291 | Title | The Hunnish hordes massing for the attack. |
| 292 | | Long line of Germans marching along road. |
| 293 | | View of armored train. |
| 294 | | Closer view train. |

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|---|---|---|
| 296 | | Motor lorries along road. |
| 296 | Title | French |
| 297 | | Distant view -- French soldiers marching in long line. |
| 298 | Title | The Artillery. |
| 299 | | Artillery moving along crest of hill. |
| 300 | Title | The French have sworn to hold the trench defending the village until the death. |
| 301 | | View of French Trench -- putting up sandbags. |
| 302 | | Close view of Boy. |
| 303 | | Insert of Boy |
| 304 | Title | The lines of the German legions. |
| 305 | | Long view of Germans marching down paved road. |
| 306 | | Closer view of Germans marching |
| 307 | | Back to long view. |
| 308 | | Close view German soldiers loading gun. |
| 309 | | Long view German gun. |
| 310 | | Close view German gun on hillside -- fires. |
| 311 | | Long view battlefield -- explosions. |
| 312 | Title ? | Battery commanders |
| 313 | | View of English officers. |

313 -A English observation post.

314 Insert British giving orders.

315 Insert British officer with Megaphone.

316 English firing gun.

317 Big British guns being fired.

318 Distant view explosions in field.

319 Big gun -- fired.

320 Distant view -- explosions in field.

321 Title Bringing up the guns.

322 Closer view battlefield -- horsemen manoeuvering.

323 ? View of artillery.

324 Title The British Cavalry hold until they bring back the guns.

325 Distant view British cavalry -- small tree in f.g.

326 View of English artillery.

327 ? Soldiers dismounting -- Same as 325.

328 Cavalry scene.

329 Title The Boy's letters assure them the village the village is safe.
"The Germans shall never break through."

330 Close view Girl's family at table -- Girl reading letter.

331 Ext. corner of Boy's yard -- Mother reading Boy's letter to brothers -- salute.

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| 332 | Title | The Gendarme warns the villagers to evacuate. |
| 333 | | Table scene -- Gendarme in to warn Girl's family. |
| 334 | Title | "Danger here? Impossible! The French line cannot be broken." |
| 335 | | Back to scene-- Grandfather says line cannot be broken. |
| 336 | | Mother and Boys -- Gendarme tells them to evacuate. |
| 337 | Title | Before the time set for the French advance, the Germans attack. |
| 338 | | Medium view -- French trench. |
| 339 | | Closer view -- Boy in trench. |
| 340 | | Insert -- Boy in trench. |
| 341 | | Insert -- soldier in trench. |
| 342 | Heavy | Distant view -- German gun fires. |
| 343 | | Closer view -- Germans firing big gun. |
| 344 | Shrapnel | Field -- explosions. |
| | | Cue for Heavy |
| 345 | Title | The pounding of the guns. |
| 346 | | German gun -- firing. |
| 347 | | Distant view field -- explosions. |
| 348 | | French trench -- explosion. |
| 349 | | Germans. |
| 350 | heavy | Gun firing. |

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| 351 | | Explosion -- trench. |
| 352 | Title | The Huns waiting to spring. |
| 353 | Heaving. | Distant view -- Hun trench. |
| 354 | Shots. | Big gun on car. |
| 355 | | French trench -- explosion. |
| 356 | | Smoke. |
| 357 | | Cave-in of French trench |
| 358 | | Trench caved in -- men crawl out. |
| 359 | | Close view -- Boy shooting. |
| 360 | | |
| 361 | Title | The bombardment trying the souls of men. |
| 362 | out | French trench -- men crouched. |
| 363 | out | Insert village carpenter. |
| 364 | out | Field -- explosions -- smoke. |
| 365 | | Close view -- French trench -- Boy in f.g. |
| 366 | Title | The Germans. |
| 368 | | German troops advancing across field. |
| 369 | | Distant view Germans advancing. |
| 370 | Title out | The French. |

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| 371 | | Medium view French trench. |
| 372 | | Germans crouching to attack. |
| 373 | Title | The Huns song of Hate. |
| 374 | | Closer view of Huns singing. |
| 375 | | Medium view French trench -- waiting for attack. |
| 376 | | Germans running. |
| 377 | | Long view Germans running. |
| 378 | | English machine gun. |
| 379 | | Germans into French trench -- fighting. |
| 380 | | Distant view -- same |
| 381 | | Closer view -- Boy fighting German in trench. |
| 382 | | Insert French soldier. |
| 383 | | Fighting. |
| 384 | | Insert German soldier fighting Boy. |
| 385 | | Insert Boy. |
| 386 | | Insert crossed bayonets. |
| 387 | | Longer view -- Boy fighting. |
| 388 | | Insert bayonet breaking on German's head. |
| 389 | | Back to longer view of fighting. |
| 390 | Title | The French still hold. |

391 View of French trench.

392 Insert Boy

393 Insert M. Cuckoo.

394 Longer view trench -- Boy and Cuckoo in f.g.

395 Title Heavies The triumph short-lived.

396 The Germans advancing across field.

397 Title Ordered to retreat. The French ordered to retreat

398 French trench -- medium view -- smoke from explosions in b. g.

399 Another view -- explosions closer. French leaving.

400 Closer view -- French leaving.

401 Long view - same.

402 Title The Boy, true to his promise, refuses.

403 French leaving trench --Boy left behind.

404 Insert Boy -- refuses to go.

405 Heavy Longer view -- Cuckoo back after Boy.

406 Insert Cuckoo pulling Boy away.

407 Long view -- Cuckoo and Boy out of trench - Explosion.

408 Another view -- Boy and Cuckoo out of trench -- explosions behind them.

409 Another view -- Boy and Cuckoo escaping --

410 Title — The great retreat

411 — Distant view battlefield -- horsemen on.

412 — Closer view -- same field ----(pond)

413 — Artillery coming over the hill

414 — Medium view of explosion in field.

415 — Explosions in distance.

416 — Distant view cavalry running forward.

417 — Distant view of same battle field. Cavalry in distance -- explosions.

418 Title — Into ranks again

419 — Long view of French soldiers forming into line.

420 — Distant view of troops forming on battle field- Horse.

421 — Back to view of French troops forming.

422 — Closer view same.

423 — Insert Boy and soldier.

424 — Back to long view soldiers.

425 — Back to insert Boy and wounded soldier -- kisses him

426 — Back to long view -- they march off.

Horses over

427 Title — The very last bulwark outside the village.

428 — Medium view -- Trench -- French climb in.

429 — The old French Trench -- Germans advance and enter.

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| 430 | Title | Von Strohm in his glory. |
| 431 | | View of Von Strohm fighting in trench. |
| 432 | | Closer view same. |
| 433 | | Long view Von Strohm with gun in hand. |
| 434 | | Another view same. |
| 435 | | Distant view -- fighting. |
| 436 | | Insert Bayonet sticking soldeir. |
| 437 | | Longer view same. |
| 438 | | Insert Von Strohm fighting. |
| 439 | Title | The Boy broken-hearted, knowing that retaret dooms his loved ones in the village |
| 440 | | Medium view -- repairing French trench. |
| 441 | | Insert Boy looking at village. |
| 442 | | Insert Girl praying at bedside. |
| 443 | | Insert Boy broken hearted. |
| 444 | | Insert Girl in bed praying. |
| 445 | | Long view building up French trench with sandbags. |
| | Horses | |
| 446 | Title | The German artillery moves to flay the village. |
| 447 | | German artillery. |
| 448 | | Another view -- German artillery crossing bridge. |

449 Title The Long Gray line.

450 German soldiers marching -- sunset sky b.g.

451 Close view German troops marching.

452 Title The very day set as their wedding day brings the last warning.

453 Street in village -- Gendarme giving warning

454 HEAVY Int. Girl's home -- mother and grandfather winding yarn -- gendarme enters.

455 Title The refugees leaving their broken little world.

456 Refugees preparing to leave

457 Insert refugee with geese

458 Insert dog under cart

459 Close view -- refugees.

460 Three boys at tABLE in summer house.

461 HEAVY Another view same -- mother on.

462 German house and guns.

463 Village -- refugees leaving with loaded carts

464 View of mother and two boys in summer house.

465 Refugees coming through stone gateway - cows running carts loaded -- explosions in air --

466 Refugees with children -- goods -- etc.

467 Mother and three boys exit from summer house.

468 Int. Girl's home -- all leave but grandfather.

469 Ext. Village streets where they come together -- Refugees leaving in carts.

470 Int. Girl's room -- Girl in after wedding clothes.

471 Int. Girl's home -- Grandfather, mother and Girl on.

472 Ext. Cart loaded -- mother out to cart.

473 Int. Gish and grandfather.

474 Int. Cart loaded.

475 Int. Gish home -- Girl and grandfather to door.

476 Insert Girl and grandfather.

477 Ext. Street scene -- loaded vans along street.

478 Ext. Girl's house -- loaded cart.

479 Insert child leading horse.

480 Cart -- horse moves off.

481 Mother following wagon.

482 Insert Gish and grandfather.

483 Ext. house -- Girl and Grandfather out of house.

484 Ext. corner of house -- Grandfather and girl on.

485 Closer view of same.

486 Distant view.

487 Closer view Girl and Grandfather.

488 Entrance next door -- Girl runs on and in.

489 Grandfather and the Boy's father.

HEAVY

490 View of door -- Girl and mother in.

491 German gun.

492 Another view same gun - firing.

493 Another view -- gun covered with vine, etc.

HEAVY

494 Explosion at corner of Girl's house.

495 Mother on ground -- Insert.

496 Longer view -- Mother getting up -- staggers.

497 Title The Boy's father.

498 Ruins -- Boy's father crawling out.

499 Distant - view Ext. of house -- Girl out of door -- meets Boy's father -- runs down to corner of house.

500 Corner -- Girl on -- looks.

501 Ruins -- mutilated remains of grandfather.

502 Flash of girl looking.

503 Doorway -- Boys mother with father stretched on ground -- Boys on.

RUMBLES

504 View of big house burning.

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| 505 | | Door of Disturber's house -- Disturber and aunt on |
| 506 | | Loaded cart of refugees |
| 507 | | Girl at door of home |
| 508 | | Burning village |
| 509 | | Another view of burning village |
| 510 | | Country road -- refugees leaving |
| 511 | Rumbles Houses | German troops going over pontoon bridge |
| 512 | | Ext.-- Half-dressed woman and child with Girl's mother going down cellar steps. |
| 513 | | Int. Cellar -- woman with child and mother in-- Mother falls over bench. |
| 514 | | Ext. Girl's house -- Girl runs off. |
| 515 | Title | The sheltered Inn. |
| 516 | | Int. of inn |
| 517 | | Insert of blind musician playing |
| 518 | | Corner of Inn room-- Landlady telephones |
| 518 A | | German dugout-- soldier telephoning |
| 518 B | | Int. Inn room.. Landlady telephones |
| 519 | 5509 | Ext. Cellar-- Girl on with wedding clothes-- talks to guard. |
| 520 | 5509 | Closer view of same--- Guard brings her down steps |
| 521 | | Int. Cellar--- Girl and Guard down |
| 522 | | Insert Girl beside woman and child |
| 523 | | Insert woman and child |
| 524 | HEAVY | Insert woman and child and Girl-- gives clothes |
| 525 | | Ext Cellar-- explosion |
| 526 | Cellar | Int Cellar -- Girl discovers wounded mother |
| 527 | | Closer view -- Girl looking at blood on Mother's mouth |
| 528 | | German guns |
| 529 | | Burning village |
| 529 A | | Fleet of aeroplanes in sky |

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| 530 | | Another view burning village |
| 531 | | Int Cellar-- Girl talking to dying Mother |
| 531 A | Explosions | Dirigibles over village, dropping bombs |
| 531 B | | Burning village below. |
| 532 | | Longer view of Int Cellar-- Girl goes for water |
| 533 | CUE | Ext. Refugees leaving-- automobile loaded with stuff |
| 534 | HEAVY | Int. Cellar-- Mother dead |
| 535 | | Ext. Water scene-- explosion in water |
| 536 | | Ext. Water scene-- swans |
| 537 | | Int. Cellar -- Girl back to Mother-- dead |
| 538 | | Ext. Cellar-- soldiers down into cellar |
| 539 | | Int. Soldier tells refugees to leave |
| 540 | | Ext. River-- swans and little ones |
| 541 | | Int Cellar-- Girl wont leave Mother. |
| 542 | | Ext Cellar--- refugees upstairs with soldiers |
| 543 | | Int Cellar --, Insert Girl kissing Mother-- losing her mind |
| 544 | | Ext. Refugees leaving, fire raging |
| 545 | | Int. Cellar -- soldier drags Girl away from Mother |
| ~~546~~ | | |
| 546 | CUE | Ext Cellar -- soldier upstairs with Girl and off |
| 547 | | German gun -- soldiers prepare to fire |
| 548 | HEAVY | Camouflaged gun -- fire |
| 549 | HEAVY** WOOD SMASH | Explosion-- cellar steps destroyed |
| 550 | | Cut French trench-- Boy in f.g. |
| 551 | 561 | ~~x[illegible]~~ Insert Boy |
| 552 | | Closer view of trench |
| 553 | Title | The French make another desperate effort. |
| 554 | CUE SHOTS | Distant view of trench -- French charge |
| 555 | | French through entanglements. |

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| 556 | | Set ruins -- Soldiers up -- officer wounded |
| 557 | Title | The officer killed, the Boy takes command |
| 558 | | Insert B y taking command at ruins |
| 559 | | Longer view of same |
| 560 | | French charging -- Boy in the lead. |
| 561 | Title | The Night |
| 562 | HEAVY | Night view explosions-- shells dropping |
| 563 | | Another night view -- trench in immediate f.g. |
| 564 | Title CUE | Phosphorescent Death |
| 565 | HEAVY | Phosphorescent bomb explosion |
| 566 | | Another night view of explosions |
| 567 | | Night -- view from rear of French going through entanglements. |
| 568 | | Another view of night e-xplosions |
| 569 | | French enter and capture shell hole.. night |
| 570 | | Fight inthe shell hole |
| 571 | | Insert -- Boy and soldier bayonet fight |
| 572 | | Long view same |
| 573 | | Back to insert -- Boy has killed erman |
| 574 | | Insert Boy giving commands |
| 575 | | Insert three musketeers in shell hole |
| 577 | | Distant view ruins of cellar.. Girl on |
| 578 | Title | The mind of the simple soul broken by shell and terror-- sweet bells jangled out of tune. |
| 579 | | Back to scene -- Girl gone mad |
| 580 | | French charging out of trench out |
| 581 | | Distant view of French across field out |
| 582 | Title CUE SHOT | Reinforcements. out |
| 583 | | At the shell hole -- commades come up out |
| 584 | | Germans in trench firing |
| 585 | | Shell hole French out |
| 586 | | Closer view -- Boy wounded-- left as dead |

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| 587 | | Closer view of Boy on ground |
| 588 | Title OUR HEAVY | The desperate onslaught turns the battle from the village. |
| 589 | | Distant view of Germans in trench -- helmets showing over top |
| 590 | | Distant view of French advancing |
| 591 | | Closer view of French advancing |
| 592 | | Distant view of battlefield-- tree falls-- explosions |
| 593 | | Germans in trench-- French advance. |
| 594 | | Fighting in trench |
| 595 | | Boy at shell hole -- moves |
| 596 | | Refugees leaving village -- helping each other |
| 597 | Title | A wounded neighbor tells where the little company battles |
| 598 | | Girl at the corner of house-- wounded neighbor tells her about battle |
| 599 | | Closer view of Girl and neighbor talking |
| 600 | | Insert of Girl -- thinking-- determines to find Boy fondles wedding clothes |
| 601 | Title | The Boy struggles back home |
| 602 | | Boy on ground near shell hole -- crawling along |
| 603 | | Insert of girl with wedding clothes |
| 604 | Title | This was to have been their wedding day, so through a befogged and dizzy path, she goes to find her bridegroom. |
| 605 | | long view of girl with wedding clothes gets up and walks away. |
| 606 | Title | The Bridegroom |
| 607 | | Boy falls exhausted on bank |
| 608 | | Girl along road-- comes to shrine-- bows--puts on veil comes walking along-- sees wounded soldier-- looks at him-- skips away-- off |
| 609 | | Long view-- where Boy is-- Girl skipping along insanely to where Boy is lying-- sees him |
| 610 | | Back to scene-- Girl bending over Boy-- lies down beside him |
| 613 | | Red Cross men on to wounded men |

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| 614 | | Bank-- Girl rising up from Boy's side-- goes off |
| 615 | | Red Cross man taking man away on stretcher |
| 616 | | Red Cross man up to Boy-- looks at him--thinks him dead-- goes on. |
| 617 | Title | The Reload Crimson Cross |
| 618 | | Another scene -- Boy on stretcher-- they cover him up |
| 619 | Title | The French success short-lived before the never-ending flood. |
| 620 | | Distant view of trenches and firing |
| 621 | | Long View -- German advancing |
| 622 | | Trench-- Germans into French trench |
| 623 | | Distant view German soldiers advancing |
| 624 | | Insert Von Strohm leading Germans crossing earthworks |
| 625 | | Insert Von Strohm leading Germans |
| 626 | | French trench Germans climb in |
| 627 | | View of fighting |
| 628 | | Distant view abandoned French trench -- wounded |
| 629 | Title | The Refugees seek shelter at the Inn |
| 630 | | Ext..Inn -- Refugees talking to landlady |
| 631 | | Backyard of Inn-- Girl on runs through |
| 632 | | Stairway at back door-- Girl on-- talks to landlady |
| 633 | Title | The Conquerors |
| 634 | WARNING CURTAIN | German troops marching |
| 635 | | German artillery wagons going through town |
| 636 | | Close view of German troops marching |
| 637 | | German troops countermarching through village |
| 638 | | German troops through stone gateway |
| 639 | | German troops in front of Inn |
| 640 | | Back yard of Inn-- troops march in |
| 641 | | Another view of German troops |
| 642 | | View of Girl-- sees Germans |

643 Landlady talking to Germans

644 Insert of Girl-- faints

645 Insert of woman at steps.

646 GO Insert of Disturber sitting crying

647 Long view of German soldiers lined up in back yard

648 Title End of Part One.

649 Title HEARTS OF THE WORLD 9,864

Part Two.

650 Title The Struggle of Civilisation.

651 Title Among the leaders in the struggle:

652 Title Joseph Jacques Cesaire Joffre;

653 Int. French headquarters -- Joffre enters

654 Title David Lloyd George, one of the strongest shields against the poisoned bayonets of Autocracy!

655 Lloyd George looking at papers.

656 Title The local headquarters of the German army of occupation.

657 Int German H.Q. -- soldiers taking orders

658 Title Though some portions escaped damage, most of the town was destroyed.

659 Ruins -- moving panorama of the village.

660 Closer view of ruins-- mother and boys through

661 Title The Boy's family takes refuge in a distant part of the village

662 More ruins -- closer view-- mother and boys on and down steps.

663 Int. cellar -- mother and boys down steps

664 Title Distracted atoms of humanity-- seeking shelter in hloe and corner, cellar and crypt.

665 Back entrance-- refugees going down steps

665 A Long shot of Crypt. refugees sitting round

665 B Close view-- refugees, girl combing hair, mother and children crying.

666 Mother and boys -- interior of cellar

667 Title The washing room at the Inn.

668 Inn room-- Girl on bed Disturber talking to her

669 Title The Boy's ladest brother put at shoveling coal and his mother at domestic work.

670 Ext. cellar-- Boys up out of cellar -- mother up.

671 Title The Girl cared for by a strange companion, gropes slowly back to sanity and strength.

672 Inn room-- Girl on bed -- Disturber feeding her

672 A Insert Girl and Disturber talking in room.

672 B Cut back to Girl on battlefield bending over Boy

673 Long view of same -- Disturber exits.

674 Title The women made to work in the fields and in the making of sandbags, in violation of the Hague Treaty

675 Ext. street scene -- refugees waiting with baskets for orders.

676 Int factory -- girls and woman coming in to sew at machines.

676 Ext. German H.Q. -- Mother on with basket -- enters

679 Int. Hall, Inn. Landlady on to Girl's door.

679 A Int Girl's room -- landlady in

680 Hallway.. landlady enters from room

681 Ext.. back of Inn -- landlady out to German soldier

682 Hall -- Disturber and Girl out of room

683 Ext. Inn yard -- landlady giving soldier names -- Girl and Disturber on.

683 A Title Half in life and half in death, she goes on from day to day.

684 Girl talking to landlady.

685 Back yard -- women off with baskets

686 Street -- soldier leading women off to work in the fields

687 Field -- women on with baskets-.start to dig.

688 Insert Girl working with hoe.

689 Title Our musketeers in a new French uniform but an old service.

690 Trench -- sandbagged

691 Insert ~~Cuke~~ Cuckoo and Carpenter

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| 692 | | Insert Quakes writing letter |
| 693 | | Carpenter mending socks |
| 694 | | Long shot of the trench |
| 695 | | Insert soldier filing nails |
| 696 | | Long shot trench -- business of flea |
| 697 | Title | The hospital returns a familiar face |
| 698 | | Long shot of trench -- Boy on |
| 699 | | Insert Boy |
| 700 | | Long shot of trench -- Quakes kisses boy |
| 701 | | Int. Girl's room -- Disturber looking at Boy's picture |
| 702 | | Insert Disturber |
| 703 | | Insert Boy's picture |
| 704 | | Insert Disturber |
| 705 | | Long shot -- Girl enters with clean clothes -- Business Disturber shows watch, etc.. Disturber exits -- Girl looks at picture -- puts it in bosom |
| 706 | | Ext. back door-- Disturber out-- German soldier asks for drink |
| 707 | | Insert Hand grenade box |
| 708 | | Lostina talking abot grenade |
| 709 | Title | " Unscrew the little cap -- and it's goodbye forever!" |
| 710 | | Close view of German soldiers talking |
| 711 | | Long view -- Disturber out with drinks |
| 712 | | Insert of soldier showing how grenade works |
| 713 | | Disturber leaning against wall |
| 714 | | Long view -- Disturber looking at grenade-- Girl out with basket |
| 715 | | Insert soldier and companion |
| 716 | Title | " They used to be idle people, painters and such, but our Kaiser makes them all work." |
| 717 | | Long view soldiers drinking |
| 718 | | Ext. front of Inn-- Von Strohm and soldiers on in automobile |
| 719 | | Closer view-- auto through gates |

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| 780 | | At door of Inn-- Von Strohm out of auto and into Inn |
| 781 | Title | Von Strohm, no longer in active service, now a member of the Intelligence Department. |
| 782 | | Int. German soldiers at tables-- Disturber on to Von Strohm to take order,. Does to kick him, changes her mind. |
| 783 | | Ext., potato field., women on at work |
| 785 | | Girl trying to lift basket to wagon |
| 786 | Title | Refusal or inability to perform their appointed task subjected them to whipping or other punishments |
| 788 | | Closer view of wagon-- Girl cannot lift basket |
| 789 | | Insert Girl and overseer |
| 790 | | Insert overseer with whip in hand |
| 791 | | Insert Girl and overseer |
| 792 | | Long view of Girl trying to lift basket -- cannot over seer beats her -- she falls. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 732 | | Insert Overseer beating girl. |
| 733 | | Insert Girl fallen over basket. |
| 734 | | Another view -- Longue -- Overseer pushes her away. Another woman lifts basket. |
| 735 | | Int. Inn -- Soldiers on. |
| 736 | Title | An Old Fashioned German quotes: "Justice is the only Might." 9.48 |
| 737 | | Close view soldiers at table -- musician playing. |
| 738 | | Insert old fashioned German soldier. |
| 739 | | Insert Von Strohm. |
| 740 | Title | Von Strohm corrects him -- "Might along makes right!" |
| 741 | | Insert Von Strohm. |
| 742 | | Long view -- Von Strohm exits. |
| 743 | | Int. Girl's room -- Girl in - falls on floor exhausted. |

REEL TWO -- PART TWO.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 744 | Title | The Allies, with fire and flame and the souls of men, win back inch by inch the sacred soil of France, righting her wrongs. 9.49 |
| 745 | | Medium view British soldiers marching -- back ground of field. |
| 745 A | | Shot of English Headquarters |
| 746 | | Marching through village -- horse and cart in f.g. |
| 747 | | Close view English marching along road. |
| 748 | | Long line of wagons and artillery. |

748 A Title The French

749 HORSES Rumbles Close view artillery wagons and horses.

750 View artillery marching along -- trees cut down.

751 Horse soldiers along road.

752 Distant view of English trenches.

753 Closer view trenches.

754 English soldier at observation post with megaphone.

755 Title "Great Britain's steel bulldogs bark their defiant protest." 9.50

HEAVY

756 English guns being fired -- distant view.

757 Distant view field explosions

758 Title The white ribbon marker guides them back from a night raid.

759 Night scene -- The white ribbon running along.

760 Night scene -- Another view white ribbon marker.

761 Night scene -- smoke.

762 Night scene -- same as 760/

763 Night scene -- long view soldiers following marker.

764 HEAVIES View of German soldiers firing guns in ruins. 9.51

765 Title The Eyes of the Allies.

766 Two balloons.

767 View of trenches from balloon.

768 View of injured balloon.

769 View of big gun with shells -- English.

770 Close view loading gun.

771 Long view firing gun.

772 Long view -- gun being fired.

773 Distant view -- field -- explosions

774 Long view of explosions -- h.g. hill -- smoke.

775 Title A hot bird for the Kaiser.

776 View of big guns on tracks.

777 Another view of big gun.

778 Distant view -- field explosions.

779 View of big gun.

780 Close view of explosion. cut

781 Title Lloyd George's answer:
"I will put them wheel to wheel,
until we pound Democracy's truth
home."

782 Long line of British guns being fired.

783 Title Shraphel barrage -- under cover of their own
curtain of fire. 9,52

784 HEAVIES Distant view of shrapnel explosions.

785 Another view -- shrapnel explosions.

786 Title Hun trench mortars. reply.

787 View of German trench mortars being fired.

788 Insert hand at mortar.

789 Another view of trench mortar.

790 Title Stokes guns -- British.

HEAVIES
791 British loading gun.

HEAVIES
792 Insert British loading mortar.

793 Distant view explosions in field.

794 View of aeroplanes in sky.

795 Another view aeroplanes.

796 Lone aeroplane against clouds.

797 View of aeroplanes and gun smoke.

798 Aeroplane very low over hills. out

799 Dark scene -- lone aeroplane. out

HEAVIES
800 View of explosions in air. out 9.53½

801 Distant view English soldiers across field.

801 A Throwing Mills bombs and rifle grenades.

802 View of English soldiers in trench at Heliograph scene. out

803 Ext. British headquarters.

804 Title ~~Hun Prisoners.~~ The French bring back Hun prisoners.

805 Bringing back prisoners -- Tommie kicking prisoner.

806 Title The Boy, interpreting for the prisoners hears news of his loved ones. 9.54

Cue for
Heavy. Rumble. Flame.
807 Trench scene -- The German prisoners come on.

608 Lan ac view -- Boy on side of trench questions prisoner.

609 Insert Boy.

610 Insert German soldier explaining.

611 Insert Boy.

612 Insert German.

613 Distant view of prisoners -- exit.

614 More distant view -- prisoners through trench.

615 Title An invention of a Hun Devil, perfected and HELL-ed back to them with interest

CUE GAS

616 Flame -- distant view -- explosion.

617 Title Poison Gas.

618 Insert hand working levers on gas tanks.

619 Medium view of gas escaping from pipes.

620 Distant view of escaping gas.

621 View of British guns -- men putting on gas masks.

622 Close view of English at guns.

SLIGHT ? Insert soldiers with Mills bomb throws it.

623 weight View of soldiers with gas masks through smoke.

624 Title In the Dugout. The Boy tells the news of the village.

625 Dugout -- Three musketeers -- Boy talking.

626 Insert Boy and Anderson talking.

627 Title Also fighting Huns.

826 Int. Inn room -- Disturber wiping eyes on tablecloth. Waiter stops her -- she goes on -- Waitress stops her -- Disturber fights her -- run around table -- Disturber grabs bottle -- chases waitress out back door -- Disturber in again to table -- wipes eyes.

829 Title Imitating his hero.

830 Int. Cellar -- Ben walking up and down -- mother washing

831 Closer view -- Ben up and down with hook and cane.

832 Distant view - mother ill.

833 Title The Boy, one of the night reconnoitering party, seeks information as to the strength of the Huns' lines.

834 Dark scene -- Boy being camouflaged ready to start out.

835 Dark scene.

836 Scene of Boy going over the top.

837 Distant view Boy over top.

838 View of Boy crawling along ground. out

839 Distant view of Hun trenches.

840 View of periscope observation post.

841½ View of Boy crawling along ground -- dark. out

842 View of Boy crawling under entanglements. —

843 Close view -- Boy at wire entanglements.

844 Insert Boy cutting wires.

845 Insert shears cutting wire.

846 Insert Boy cutting again -- crawls on.

847 Distant view -- Boy under wires.

848 Distant view -- German trench -- Von Strohm through.

849 Boy on ground near bank.

850 Boy on ground crawling along to trench.

851 German trench - distant view -- Boy up to edge. German soldier through -- Boy back.

852 Title Later. -- The Hun sentries are so far apart you could drive a regiment through them.

853 French trench scene -- distant view -- Boy in.

854 Close view -- Boy back in trench reporting.

855 Title The rumor spreads that the French are massing for a great attack.

856 Girl washing clothes.

857 More distant view same -- Disturber in tells news.

858 Distant view Int. factory -- girls working.

859 Insert -- Girls telling news.

860 Distant view factory.

861 Int. Room -- Disturber and Girl in -- Disturber exits.

862 Close view Girl takes picture of Boy from dress, fondles it.

863 ~~Close view~~ Insert. Girl kisses picture, then cries prays.

864

865

866 Men asleep in dugout.

867 Insert Boy looking at picture.

868 Insert picture.

869 Insert Boy looking at picture -- talking to it.

870 Insert Boy back in old garden.

871 Flash back Girl talking to gosling.

872 Insert Boy in trench looking at picture.

873 Distant view - men asleep.

874 Insert Village carpenter asleep -- rat comes up.

REEL THREE -- PART TWO.

875 Int. Cellar -- mother staggers to bed -- ill.

876 Title Von Strohm and friends, with the aid of entertainers from Berlin, demonstrate the hardships of trench life.

Note -- Replica of a dugout found at the Mouquet Farm.

877 Int. German dugout -- Dancer in f.g.

878 Insert dancer.

879 Insert Von Strohm and girl.

880 Med. view dancer dancing.

881 Insert Von Strohm and girl drinking.

882 Title Life's Contrasts.

883 Int. Cellar -- Mother and boys.

884 Closer view -- mother talking to boys. -- kissing them good -bye.

885 Title The Mother's last words to her boys: "Be brave, my boys, be brave."

886 Back to scene -- mother says good-bye.

887 Distant view cellar -- Ben up to mother.

888 Insert Ben crying.

889 Insert Boy ~~xx~~ crying. (Francis)

890 Insert Ben tries to stop crying. kisses mother -- cries.

891 Medium view -- Boys pull Ben away.

892 Distant view -- Boys ~~xxxx~~ kneel at mothers side.

893 Title The Sergeant, now promoted, glimpses real "Kultur."

894 In Dugout -- Insert Von Strohm and Sergeant.

895 Distant view -- Dancer up to Sergeant.

896 Insert dancer in berth.

897 Distant view -- sergeant.

898 Dancing girl.

899 Insert -- Sergeant taking girl.

890 Distant view -- sergent off with girl.

891 Distant view -- dugout.

693 Title The boys, unwilling to suffer profanation of their mother's memory at the enemies' hands ---

694 Int. Cellar -- Boys start digging grave.

695 Title --- themselves perform a sacred service.

696 Int. Cellar -- boys digging grave.

697 Title No requiem -- save the ever-sounding guns.

698 View of trenches -- dark -- explosions distant view.

699 FINIS Int. cellar Boys lowering mother into grave.

700 Title No prayers -- save childish tears.

701 Boys covering grave -- boys kneel on grave.

902 Title ~~The Dungeons of Lust~~

903 Int. Dugout --Germans in with two girls.

904 Title ~~Red hoofs trample the Lillies of France.~~

905 Insert Von Strohm and officer looking at girl.

906 Insert Sergent and girl.,

907 Von Strohm, officer and girl.

907 A TITLE The Dungeons of Lust

908 Distant view -- three soldiers with the two girls. Soldier interferes -- they carry him out.

Closer view girls - dead -- Germans leave them.

909 Title A fortunate meeting brings her something to live for.

910 Ext. Back yard of inn -- Girl out with clothes. Children up with shovels, etc.

911 Closer view -- Girl sees children.

912 Distant view -- Children run up to Girl.

913 Closer view -- Girl with children.

914 Insert Girl and Ben.

915 Medium view -- Girl with children.

916 Distant view -- children go off.

916 A Title Von Strohm visits the main inn

917 B Von Strohm arrives in auto with officers. gets out

917 Title After daring to bring them a little food -- and much love.

918 Int. cellar -- Girl with children.

919 Closer view Girl with Ben in arms.

920 Ext. Girl up steps.

921 Int. Boys in cellar.

922 Ext. Ruined street -- Girl on goes through window.

923 Distant view -- Girl through ruins.

CUE SHRAPNEL 10.09½

~~924~~

924 Title Von Strohm visits the main line on a tour of inspection.

925 Automobile over rough road to f.g. stops Von Strohm out.

926 Title The Boy, now an officer, goes on a daring mission in the enemies' uniform.

927 French trench -- medium view -- Boy on in German clothes.

928 Close view -- Boy and soldier in trench.

CUE

929 Title "For France! I have but one life to give!"

Rumbles, Shrapnel 10.10½

RAIN

930 Boy and soldier saying good-bye.

930 A Title The agony of War's broken souls

931 Graveyard -- Girl near grave -- rain begins.

HEAVIES..RUMBLES 10.11

932 Title Under cover of dark and rain, the Boy reaches the enemies lines.

933 Dark scene -- explosions in distance.

934 View of German trenches -- raining.

935 Boy crawling along ground.

936 German trenches -- Boy gets in -- raining.

937 German trench - long view -- Boy scolds German soldier.

938 Title "An Ihren Posten, verdammte Schweine!"
"Back to you posts, swine!"

939 Scene -- boy scolding Germans -- exits.

940 Insert German soldier.

941 Von Strohm and officers out of dugout -- off.

942

943 Title A prayer for a safe return.

944 Flash Cuckoo in French trench praying for Boy

945 Title The officers not so gullible.

946 Dark -- trench scene -- Boy caught.

947 German officers to meet Boy.

948 Rain -- corner of trench -- Boy through.

949 Medium view -- Rain on trench -- Boy and Germans on.

950 Title The German lieutenant goes to investigate.

951 German officer on looking for Boy -- Long view.

953 Title The Boy trapped.
CUE WHISTLE 10.13

954 German soldiers questioning Boy.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 955 | | Boy fighting Germans in trench -- rain. |
| 956 | | Another view same -- bottom of trench. |
| 957 | | Boy running through angle of trench. |
| 958 | | German soldiers in bottom of trench. |
| 959 | | Dark -- German soldiers through after Boy. |
| 960 | | Boy over top of trench. |
| 961 | | German soldiers through another part of trench. |
| 962 | | Boy through weeds outside of trench -- smoke. |
| 963 | | German soldiers on to where Boy crawled out. |
| 964 | | Boy in weeds. |
| 965 | | German soldiers out of trench. |
| 966 | | Boy in weeds -- crawls out. |
| 967 | | Mud hole -- Boy gets in - raining. |
| 968 | | Soldiers through weeds looking for Boy. |
| 969 | | Boy in shell hole. 10.15½ |
| 970 | | Soldiers in weeds. |
| 971 | | Boy in shell hole. |
| 972 | | Soldiers going back. |
| 973 | Title | They accept the report that the visitor has been killed in the back areas. |

974 Main off — German soldier on -- reports to head officer at door of dugout.

975 — Boy in shell hole.

976 — Insert Girl in bed, weeping over picture

976 — Ext. Headquarters German army in village. Automobile in front -- soldiers out and in.

OUR SINGLE SHOT 10.15A

977 Title — After two days and nights in a shell hole, he gives the awaited signals.

978 — Insert Boy in shell hole firing pistol.

979 — Insert revolver.

980 — Insert Boy firing.

981 — Insert revolver.

982 — Insert Boy.

983 — Longer view -- Boy in shell hole.

984 Title — Selecting the girls for deportation to the munition factories in Germany -- often meaning a fate worse than death! 10.16

985 — In factory-- German officer selecting girls.

986 — Closer view -- officer talking to blonde girl.

987 — Insert Brunette girl -- Officer taking name.

988 — Int. Girl's room -- Officer in to Disturber and Girl.

989 Position footage -- medium view. Officer talking to two girls.

990 Distant view same scene.

991 Girls in room -- soldiers exit.

991A Girl's room, soldiers on talking to girls

992 Title Landlady leaving with girls.

993 Title She determines to escape the dreaded deportation -- though death be the alternative;

994 Int. hallway -- Girl out of room.

995 Int. kitchen -- dark -- Girl enters with lamp.

996 Title His mess closed, he comes to the Inn.

997 Ext. Von Strohm on to doorway -- enters.

998 Int. Kitchen -- Girl cutting ham.

999 Insert ham.

1000 Ext. Von Strohm at door -- soldier comes on.

1001 Title "Try the back door, sir."

1002 Back to scene.

1003 Int. Gish cutting ham -- puts ham away.

1004 Ext. Seigmann and soldier off.

1005 Int. Girl out of kitchen.

1006 Hallway -- Girl through.

1007 Ext. Von Strohm through wall at back of Inn.

1008 Title A good memory for faces and ankles.

1009 Int. hallway -- Von Strohm in meets Girl.

1010 Girl's room -- Von Strohm in - up to where he takes off gloves.

1011 Ext. German sentry smoking near wall -- Boy comes on -- sentry stops him -- Boy scolds him for smoking -- goes on. In German uniform -- Sentry puzzled.

1012 Int. Von Strohm and Girl. Von Strohm takes sandwich.

1013 Hall -- Girl into hall followed by Von Strohm.

1014 Main room of Inn -- Girl in followed by Von Strohm-- Girl tries door -- locked -- Von Strohm takes off coat -- Girl at other door -- also locked.

1015 Insert Girl at blind man.

1016 Insert Von Strohm gloating.

1017 Insert Girl and blind man.

1018 Distant view -- Von Strohm after Girl.

1019 Medium view -- Von Strohm and girl near doorway. Von Strohm with bottle -- comes close to Girl -- rubs head --throws chair away -- sits on chair -- breaks bottle -- drinks.

1020

1021

1022

1023

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1084 | Title | Crouched waiting to attempt the rescue of the village. |
| 1085 | | Distant view battle field -- French in trench. |
| 1086 | | Closer view French in trench. |
| 1087 | | Anderson and Fawcett in trench. |
| 1088 | | Insert Fawcett (The Carpenter) |
| 1089 | | Insert Anderson (M. Cuckoo) |
| 1090 | Title | The Surprise attack. France! |
| 1091 | | Distant view trenchs -- French solders out and charge -- into another trench. |
| 1092 | | Trench -- Three musketeers out. |
| 1093 | | Insert the Carpenter charging |
| 1094 | | Insert M. Cuckoo, charging. |
| 1095 | | View of French trench -- soldiers out. |
| 1096 | | Longer view -- top of trench -- soldiers out -- throw themselves on ground. |
| 1097 | Title | Great Britain! |
| 1098 | HEAVY | English soldiers out of trench -- and |
| 1099 | Title | Scotland forever! |
| 1100 | Heavy Finis | Scotch soldiers out of trench -- distant view explosions -- charge. |
| 1101 | | Int. Inn -- Von Strohm on chair gloating over Girl. |

1043 Insert Girl.

1045 Insert Von Strohm.

1044 Insert Girl.

1046 Medium view -- Von Strohm and Girl. She tries to get away -- his leg blocks her.

1046 Ext. Boy up to break in wall -- shadow of man soldier on ground -- Boy back.

1046 A Title Also leaving for the village

1047 Int. German Headquarters.

1048 Int. Inn -- Von Strohm stands up -- talks to Girl -- sits on floor.

1049 Insert Von Strohm on floor -- motions to Girl.

1050 Insert Girl.

1051 Insert Von Strohm.

1052 Medium view -- Girl tries to get away.

1053 Insert Girl's face.

1054 Medium view -- Girl gets away.

1055 Long view -- Girl running through.

1056 Medium view -- another part of room -- Von Strohm chasing Girl.

1057 Blind Musician -- Girl up to him.

1058 Long view interior -- Von Strohm holds girl.

1059 Ext. Officer knocking.

1060 Int. & Von Strohm to door.

1061 Ext. Officer at door -- Von Strohm opens.

1062 Int. Von Strohm and officer.

1063 Ext. V. S. out to automobile -- gets in drives away.

1064 View of automobile.

1065 Int. Distant view -- Girl exits.

1065 Title The same wall as ---

1066 Ext. Boy in ruined garden.

1067 Flash back -- Boy at gateway.

1068 Other side of doorway -- Girl at gateway.

1069 Boy in ruined garden.

1070 Int. Girl out of main room of inn.

1071 Hallway -- Girl through to own room.

1072 Int. Room -- Girl into own room.

1073 Ext. Distant view battle field.

1074 Long line of English guns being fired.

1075 Distant view same battle filed.

1076 Title The Tanks!

1077 View of tanks in long line -- moving forward.

1078 View of Tank coming forward -- goes into shell hole.

1079 Closer view of tank.



1080 Distant view tank com

1060 Distant view tank coming out of shell hole.

1061 Distant view tanks moving forward.

1062 Tank moving into shell hole with water.

1063 View of tank in waterhole.

1064 Another view of tank going in into shell hole with water.
Explosion.

1065 Flame and smoke.

1066 Distant view explosions -- soldiers in f.g.

Title The Scotch strike!

1067 Trenches -- German soldiers firing.
Scotch on to trench.

1068 Longer view same.

1069 Closer view Scotch in trench.

1090 English soldiers charging after Scotch.

1091 Headquarters of the village.

1092 Title ~~Leaving for the village~~ (Out here?)

Finis 10 min

1093 Landlady and people leaving Inn.

1094 Landlady looking up.

1095 Another view landlady leaving.

1096 German soldiers going into headquarters.

1097 Int. Headquarters -- German soldiers in

1098 Title The mothers' all night visit with their daughters before the first separation in the morning.

1099 Int. Cellar -- Mothers with daughters.

1100 Insert mother and daughter in f.g.

1101 Distant view same scene.

1102 Title Long shot of crypt -- people praying

1105 Awaiting deportation at the railway station.

1106 Mothers and daughters at the railway station.

1107 Another view at the station.

REEL FIVE -- PART TWO.

1108 EXT. headquarters -- Von strohm out and off.

1109 Another view exterior.

1110 Ext. Wall -- Boy on to wall.

1111 Int. Gish getting sandwich/

1112 Insert Sandwich in paper.

1113 Int. Room -- Girl preparing to leave.

1114 Ext. Back yard -- Boy on - Sentry by broken wall.

1115 Sentry by bamboo wall.

1116 Back to Boy watching sentry.

1117 Boy up to hole in wall.

1118 Int. Girl out of her room.

1119 Hallway - Girl through.

1120 Back Yard -- Boy at back door -- distant view.

1121 Closer view -- Boy.

1122 Girl out of back door of Inn. Boy on meets her.
Recognition.

1123 Int. Inn room -- Von Strohm in to Disturber.

1124 Closer view -- Von Strohm and Disturber near stairs.

1125 Hallway -- Disturber in.

1126 Ext. Girl and Boy in embrace.

1127 Int. Hall -- Dorothy through.

1128 Ext. Back door -- Disturber out.

1129 Ext. Girl and Boy.

1130 Back door -- Disturber out to Girl and Boy.

1131 Girl, Boy, and Disturber.

1132 Int. Inn -- Von Strohm out door to Hallway.
1132-A Int. Hall -- Von Strohm onto Girls room

1133 V. S. in to Girl's room

1134 Von Strohm in hall.

1135 Ext. Two girls and Boy in yard.

1136 Hallway -- Van Strahm back through hall.

1137 Ext. Girl, Boy and Disturber.

1138 Hallway -- Disturber through with bread.

1139 Int. Main room Inn -- 3 Disturber in.

1140 Insert Van Strahm talking to Disturber.

1141 Another view Diagram talks to Disturber.

1142 Ext. Distant view -- Soldier on -- sees cigarette.

1143 Insert cigarette.

1144 Closer view -- soldier taking up cigarette.

1145 Insert Girl and Boy.

1146 Longerview -- Boy and girl into house.

1147 German soldiers near stone wall -- report.

1148 Girl and Boy into back door.

1149 Back to soldiers at stone wall.

1150 Soldier at wall knocking pipe.

1151 Girl and Boy into back door of Inn.

REEL SIX -- PART TWO.

1152 Girl and Boy into Hallway.

1153 Girl and Boy into Girl's room. Boy falls.

1154 Sergeant at back door of Inn.

1156- Hallway -- Sergeant into Girl's door.

1156 Int. Boy and Girl.

1157 Hallway -- Sergeant up to door.

1158 Int. Girl up to door.

1159 Insert Girl and Sergeant at door.

1160 Insert Boy sleeping on floor.

1161 Girl and Sergeant at door -- He goes off. --
Girl goes to close door -- Sergeant suspicious.

1162 Distant view -- Sergeant breaks into room -- talks to Boy --

1163 Insert Sergent.

1164 Insert Boy on Floor.

1165 Insert Sergent.

1166 Insert Boy.

1167 Insert Girl frightener.

1168 Insert Boy.

1169 Distant view sergent talking --

1170 Title "You are my prisoner!"

CUE single shot and heavy 10.35

1171 Distant view room -- Sergent starts fight with Boy.
Boy and Sergent struggle.

1172 Insert of struggle.

1173 Insert Girl.

1174 Insert Boy and sergeant.

1175 Insert Girl

1176 Insert Boy and sergeant struggling for gun.

1177 Insert Girl with knife.

1178 Distant view Girl stabs sergeant.

1179 Insert sergeant and Boy.

1180 Distant view sergeant falls.

1181 Ext. The sentry.

1182 Int. Sergent out into hall. -- falls.

1183 Distant view room -- Girl and Boy.

1184 Insert Girl and Boy

1185 Distant view - room girl and boy

1186 Hall -- Girl and Boy out of room.

1187 Ext. Back door of Inn -- Girl and Boy out.

1188 Closer view -- Girl and Boy to foot of steps.

1189 Longer view -- Girl and Boy up steps.

1190 Title The unused upper rooms.

1191 Girl and Boy into upstairs room.

1192 Insert Girl and Bly sitting on bench.

1193 Distant view in upstairs room -- boy eating.

1194 Railway -- Sergeant on floor moves.

1195 Von Strohm at table -- Disturbor waiting on him.

1196 Railway -- Sergeant moving.

1197 Insert Boy and Girl upstairs.

1198 Von Strohm and Disturbor in main room of inn.

1199 Title In the meantime ----- France -- a little nearer!

1200 Distant view battle field -- explosions.

1201 British soldiers charging --

1202 Distant view -- battle field -- soldiers charging.

1203 Insert M. Cuckoo charging -- singing.

1204 Title. Hun Trenches

1205 Germans in trench -- explosion -- retreat.

1206 German soldiers in trench.

1207 Explosion.

1208 Title The pillboxes.

1209 View of buildings -- French soldier in f.g.

1210 Insert two french soldiers throwing bombs.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1211 | | Another view same. |
| 1212 | | Insert hand holding hand grenade ready to throw. |
| 1213 | | Insert soldier firing bomb. |
| 1214 | | View inside pillbox -- Germans. |
| 1215 | | View of British soldiers. |
| 1216 | | Longer view -- |
| 1217 | | Insert Two British soldiers firing. |
| 1218 | | Insert hand grenade. |
| 1219 | | View two British soldiers. |
| 1220 | | Insert rifle grenade inserted in gun. |
| 1221 | | British soldiers firing. |
| 1222 | | Pillboxes -- Soldier on -- into. |
| 1223 | | Shell hole just outside. |
| 1224 | | Int. Pill boxes -- German soldiers. |
| 1225 | | Outside -- Soldier throws bomb. 10.28½ |
| 1226 | | Int. Bomb enters pillboxes. |
| 1127 | Rumbles Heavies Shots | Ext. Soldier out of shell hole. |
| 1228 | | Distant view - soldiers marching. |
| 1229 | | View of Huns in trench. |
| 1230 | | View of French charging. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1231 | | View of Huns -- French into their trench. |
| 1232 | | Fighting in the trench. |
| 1233 | | Closer view -- repairing Hun trench after taking possession. |
| 1234 | Title | Again their own village. |
| 1235 | | Insert Cuckoo and carpenter. |
| 1236 | | Distant view -- their own village. |
| 1237 | | Insert M. Cuckoo. |
| 1238 | | Insert the Carpenter. |
| 1239 | | Distant view -- repariting trench. |
| 1240 | Title | They plend go to meet death as man and wife. |
| 1241 | | Int. upstairs room -- |
| 1242 | | Insert Boy and Girl. |
| 1243 | | Hallwy -- Sergent up to door. |
| 1244 | | Int. main room Inn -- Sergent into Von Strohm. Reels -- falls dead. |
| 1245 | Title | One trench between them and the village. |
| 1246 | | French in old German trench. |
| 1247 | | Closer view of same. |
| 1248 | | Longer view in German trench. |
| 1249 | | Back to Long view -- French soldiers charge. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1250 | | Germans in trench -- soldiers charge -- |
| 1251 | | Fighting in trench. |
| 1252 | | Int. Inn - Von Strohm brings German soldiers in. |
| 1253 | | Hallway -- Von Strohm and soldier in. |
| 1254 | | Girl's room -- Von Strohm in. |
| 1255 | | Insert Boy and Girl upstairs. |
| 1256 | | Von Strohm into room -- finds helmet |
| 1256 | | French in trench |
| 1257 | Title | The Hun counter attack overwhelms the trench. |
| 1259 | Title | French<br>The/reserves told of the loss. |
| 1260 | | French trench -- soldiers on to tell them. |
| 1261 | | Closer view same. |
| 1262 | | Insert -- Cuckoo, |
| 1263 | | Insert - The Carpenter. |
| 1264 | | Medium view French. |
| 1265 | | French and Germans fight in trench - medium view. |
| 1266 | | Hallway -- Von Strohm in. |

1267 Int. Inn -- Main room.

1268 Hallway -- Von Strohm through.

1269 Main Room -- Von Strohm in.

1270 Title The French Counter.

1271 French trench.

1272 Closer view same -- Cuckoo and carpenter in fig.

1273 Insert Cuckoo

1274 Insert Carpenter.

1275 French charge out of trench.

1276 Germans in French trench -- charge them.

1277 Closer view -- fighting in trench.

1278 Main room Inn -- Von Strohm questioning Disturber.

1279 Cue Mach. gun Back door of Inn -- German soldiers on. 10.42

1280 Title The sound of their own guns gives frantic hope.

Shots

1281 Upstairs -- Girl and Boy -- Insert.

1282 ~~Kinx~~ View of fighting in trench.

1283 Insert ~~repeating~~ machine gun being fired.

1284 Another insert same thing.

1265 Insert Boy and Girl.

1266 Back steps -- Soldier going up.

1267 Upstairs -- Girl and Boy.

1268 Ext. Soldier going up steps.

1269 Upstairs room -- Girl out.

1290 Door slams.

1291 Girl out into hall.

1292 Main room Inn -- Von Strohm and Disturber.

1293 Upstairs -- Boy alone in room -- German soldier breaks in -- Fight.

1294 Outside in Hall -- Girl.

1295 Insert Girl at locked door.

1296 Insertdoor -- locked.

1297 Insert Girl at door.

1298 Boy in room fighting German.

1299 Insert Boy.

1300 Insert German biting him.

1301 Insert Boy.

1302 Insert Girl outside door.

1303 Insert K Von Strohm and Disturber.

1304 Distant view Red room Inn -- Von Strohm upstairs.

1305 Upstairs -- Von Strohm up steps to Girl.

1306 Insert M Von Strohm.

1307 Insert Girl at door.

1308 Insert Von Strohm.

1309 Insert Girl -- M Insert Von Strohm and Girl.

1310 Boy and German fighting inside room.

1311 Closer view fighting on chest.

1312 Insert Von Strohm choking Girl outside door.

1313 Distant view outside room.

1314 Int. Room -- Boy and soldier fighh.

1315 Outside door -- Von Strohm down stairs.

1316 Insert Von Strohm behind rail on steps.

1317 Boy and soldier in room -- soldier killed.

1318 Insert Gish and German soldier.

1319 Boy in room.

1320 Insert Boy.

1321 ½ Soldier and Girl.

1322 Insert Von Strohm.

1323 Distant view upstairs room -- soldier falls.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1334 | | Girl and Boy back into next room. | |
| 1335 | | Back stairs -- Soldier up. | |
| 1336 | | Room -- Von Strohm on. | |
| 1337 | | Inside -- Soldier on to Boy. | |
| 1338 | | Insert Girl. | |
| 1339 | | Distant view -- Boy kicking soldier. | |
| 1330 | | Outside -- Soldier falls down steps. | |
| 1331 | | Inside -- Boy and Girl. | |
| 1332 | | Disturber upstairs -- Insert. | |
| 1333 | | Insert Von Strohm at door. | |
| 1334 | | Insert / 2 Disturber. | |
| 1335 | | Main Room Inn -- Disturber down stairs. | |
| 1336 | | Insert Disturber at foot of stairs. | |
| 1337 | | Big gun -- camouflaged. | |
| 1338 | Heavy | Explosion outside in village street. | 10.45 |
| 1339 | | Int. Door smashed by ~~k~~ explosion. | |
| 1440 | | Another door ~~xxxxx~~ smashed. | |
| 1441 | Title | The Germans. | |
| 1442 | | Ext. Ruined street -- Germans running up. | |
| 1443 | | Longer view Germans behind barricade. | |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1444 | Title | The French. | |
| 1445 | | The French charging forward. | |
| 1446 | | Village Street -- French on to Germans. | |
| 1447 | | Int. Inn -- Smoke -- Disturber caught. | |
| 1448 | | Upstairs -- Soldiers come on. | |
| 1449 | | Ext. Back stairs -- comrades carry soldier. | |
| 1450 | | Big gun in ruins. | |
| 1451 | Heavy | Explosion in street outside Inn. | 10.46 |
| 1452 | Title | The anguished prayer of France. | |
| 1453 | | Refugees waiting for deportation in cellar. | |
| 1454 | | Insert Man praying. | |
| 1455 | | The women praying. | |
| 1456 | | Insert mother and daughter. | |
| 1457 | | Distant view -- refugees. in crypt. | |

1458 Graveyard -- Sexton praying.

1459 Railway station -- Refugees.

1460 Insert Girl refugee.

1461 Upstairs -- Von Strohm at door -- soldiers.

1462 Insert Von Strohm.

1463 In the room -- Boy and Girl.

1464 Insert Von Strohm

1465 Insert Little Disturber.

1466 Boy and Girl -- Boy fires.

1467 Title "You must surely die -- take me with you."

1468 Insert Girl and Boy.

1468 A Flash of crypt and refugees

1469 Heavy Graveyard -- Sexton praying -- killed by bomb. 10.46

1470 Big German gun being fired.

1471 Back steps of Inn -- Soldiers climbing up.

1472 Insert Von Strohm --

1473 Insert Von Strohm's eyes.

1474 Insert Girl and Boy.

1475 Distant view room -- Soldiers on up to Von Strohm.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1475 1476 | | Girl and Boy -- Boy ready to shoot. |
| 1477 | | Insert Girl. |
| 1478 | | Insert Boy. |
| 1479 | | Insert Girl. |
| 1480 | | Distant view upstairs room -- Soldiers breaking door. |
| 1481 | | Insert Girl and Boy. |
| 1482 | | Back steps of Inn. |
| 1483 | | Insert Girl and Boy. |
| 1484 | | Insert soldier breaking door -- breaks gun. |
| 1485 | | Insert Girl and Boy. |
| 1486 | | Insert Girl |
| 1487 | | Insert Boy |
| 1488 | | Insert Girl and Boy -- embrace. |
| 1489 | | Von Strohm breaking door. |
| 1490 | | Girl and Boy embrace. |
| 1491 | | Insert Girl and Boy. |
| 1492 | | Insert Disturber. |
| 1493 | Heavy | Big German gun -- Same one fired again. 10.48½ |
| 1494 | | Germans outside door of Inn with Grenades -- explosion |

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1496 | | Insert Little Disturber. |
| 1496 | | Ext. Inn -- Germans fall. |
| 1497 | | Insert Girl and Boy. |
| 1498 | | Insert Von Strohm pounding on door. |
| 1499 | | Girl and Boy waiting. |
| 1500 | | Insert Disturber. |
| 1501 | | Longer view -- gets up. |
| 1502 | | Ext. Inn. Disturber out to German soldiers-- gets hand grenade. |
| 1503 | | Insert Girl and Boy -- Boy kisses Girl. |
| 1504 | | Insert Girl. |
| 1505 | | Von Strohm breaking door. |
| 1506 | | Insert door giving way under blows. |
| 1507 | | Girl and Boy -- Boy ready to shoot. |
| 1508 | | Distant view -- Von Strohm smashing door. |
| 1509 | Heavy | Insert Disturber throwing grenade. 10.49⅛ |
| 1510 | | Explosion. |
| 1511 | | Girl and Boy thrown down -- Von Strohm staggers in |
| 1512 | | Distant view room -- Boy follows Von Strohm out -- kills him. |



957

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1513 | | Back in room -- Boy and Girl | |
| 1514 | | Ext steps -- German soldiers up | |
| 1514 A | | Cut to boy and Girl Int, hear the men outside | |
| 1514 B | | Back to soldiers preparing to break in door | |
| 1514 C | Cue For shots. | Back to Boy and Girl --, Boy throws down his revolver picks up another on floor, starts for door. | |
| 1514 D | | Cut to soldiers outside door, beating on it with guns. | |
| 1514 E | Shoots | Cut back to Boy and Girl -- girl shelteres behind Boy, Boy shoots through door, twice. | 10.50 |
| 1514 F | | Soldier outside staggers and falls from steps to yard below. | |
| 1515 | | Street -- fighting-- French soldiers | |
| 1516 | | Big gun | |
| 1517 | | Back steps and wall-- German soldiers | |
| 1517 A | | German defences | |
| 1518 | | Fight in street by broken wall | |
| 1519 | | Refugees in cellar-- French soldiers in | |
| 1520 | | Fight in street-- through hole in wall | |
| 1521 | | M. Cuckoo through hole in wall | |
| 1522 | | More distant view same business | |
| 1523 | | Insert three boys in bed | |
| 1524 | | Insert Ben | |
| 1525 | | Fight in street- French behind barricade | |
| 1526 | | French through hole in wall | |
| 1527 | | Germans up to broken wall | |
| 1528 | | Boy and Girl upstairs | |
| 1529 | | Back steps -- German soldiers | |
| 1531 | | Street by broken wall | |
| 1532 | | Doorway to Inn-- French soldiers through -- Disturber falls down by gateway | |

1533 Insert Disturber with Bayonet over her.-- H. Cuckoo on.

1534 Insert Disturber and Cuckoo -- embrace.

1535 Different view same business.

1536 Inn -- German soldiers defeat.

1537 Upstairs -- Boy and Girlout.

1538

1539 Inn - Mainroom -- Down Stairs.

1540 Disturber andCuckoo at main entrance.

1541 Int. Main room of inn.

1542 Close view corner of room -- reunion.

1543 Another view same business.

1544 Int. Cellar -- Refugees rescued by French.

1545 At the station -- rescue.

1546 Insert Boy and Girl.

1547 Distant view main room -- all exit.

1548 Heavy Cellar -- cheldren in bed. 10.42½

1549 Ext. Explosion.

1550 Cellar -- Explosion -- roof falss in.

1551 Refugees -- French soldiers in to mother and daughters.

1553 Insert French soldiers.

1553 Insert mother and daughter.

1554 Insert father and girls.

1554A Crypt. refugees praying.

1555 Women in fields parying.

1556 Children in cellar. Boy enters.

1557 Insert Ben covered with dirt.

1558 Longer view -- Boy looks.

1559 Insert Boy kneeling.

1560 Insert Ben truns around.

1561 Insert Boy looking at him.

1562 Insert Ben sitting up.

1563 Insert Boy picking him up xx -- love

1564 Longer view -- Ben and Boy and two others brothers.

1565 Title Happy times -- on furlough.

1566 Cafe scene -- all at table.

1567 Closer view table.

1568 Insert Ben eating ice cream.

1569 Insert Cuckoo and Disturber -- Cuckoo kisses her.

1570 Insert Carpenter with children.

1571 Insert Boy and Girl.

1572 Back to long view of table.

1573 View of Cafe window -- Troops in street.

1574 Title America, the land of the free, sends her sons to free the world from Autocracy and bring back peace and laughter.

1575 Troops marching.

1576 Table -- all stand up.

1577 Window -- all waving flags.

1578 Long line of battleships.

1579 Closeup of battleship.

1580 Distant view of American soldiers in big building.

1581 View of American soldiers landing.

1582 Another view same.

1583 View of Americans marching in Dock building.

1584 Closer view Americans marching in street.

1585 View of people watching them.

Old Version.

# HEARTS OF THE WORLD.

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William Everling Collection

(PROLOGUE.)

1. D. W. Griffith sets up his camera in the British front line trench at Cambrin, fifty yards from the enemy's lines.

2. The interested look upward is directed toward passing shells.

3 - (illegible)

4 - (illegible)

(MAIN STORY.)

3. D. W. GRIFFITH
presents
"HEARTS OF THE WORLD"

4/ THE STORY OF A VILLAGE

An old fashioned play with
a new fashioned theme.

5. Scenario by M. Gaston de Tolignac.
Translated into English by Capt. Victor Marier.
Under Personal Direction of D. W. Griffith.

6. God help the nation that begins another war of conquest or meddling!
Brass bands and clanging sabers make very fine music, but let us remember there is another side of war.

7. Let us not forget the Common People! In the future, if the making of war is left throughout the world to the vote of the people, the matter is easy - there will be no more war.

8. After all, does war ever settle any question? The South was ruined - thousands of lives were sacrificed - by the Civil War; yet, did it really settle the Black and White problem in this country?

9. ~~So perhaps the villainies of our story should be laid upon the opportunities given by war itself, rather than to any race or people.~~

So perhaps the villainies of our story are as much to be laid upon the opportunities given by war itself, as on any particular race or people.

10. Our play is taken from the lives of two American painters, who, in their youth, went to this village in Northern France to paint the old Roman wall, whose stones were laid by the legions of Caesar.

11. Here they dreamed the dreams of youth. When Fate was unkind to them, they made their home in the village, possibly for reasons of economy.

12. One of the friends died, leaving a daughter, a wife and her aged father.

13. Peaceful days in the year of 1912. The village at the time of spring where people love and hate, cry and laugh, sin and are forgiven -- even as you and I.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 276 | | Men marching along -- Girl beside boy. |
| 277 | | Insert Girl and Boy. |
| 278 | | Insert Disturber marching with Gunbag. |
| 279 | | Insert Carpenter marching wiping forehead. |
| 280 | | Close view soldiers marching -- Fade. |
| 281 | Title | In the little room where she had so many dreams [illegible] |
| 282 | | Int. Girl's room -- she enters with trousseau -- |
| 283 | Title | ---she puts her sweetest one away. |
| 284 | | Int. Girl's room -- she puts wedding clothes in chest. |
| 285 | Title | The Boy's regiment placed in a bulwark of trenches directly outside his own village. |
| 286 | | Distant view soldiers running -- getting into trench. |
| 287 | | Close view -- French taking possession. |
| 288 | | Trench -- Boy working. |
| 289 | | Insert -- Boy digging. |
| 290 | | * Distant view -- French digging trench. |
| 291 | Title | The Hunnish hordes massing for the attack. |
| 292 | | Long line of Germans marching along road. |
| 293 | | View of armored train. |
| 294 | | Closer view train. |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 295 | | | Motor lorries along road. |
| 296 | Title | | France! |
| 297 | | | Distant view -- French soldiers marching in long line. |
| 298 | Title | | The Artillery. |
| 299 | | | Artillery moving along crest of hill. |
| 300 | Title | | The French have sworn to hold the trench defending the village until the death. |
| 301 | | | View of French French -- putting up sandbags. |
| 302 | | | Close view of Boy. |
| 303 | | | Insert of Boy |
| 304 | Title | | The lines of the German legions. |
| 305 | | | Long view of Germans marching down paved road. |
| 306 | | | Closer view of Germans marching |
| 307 | | | Back to long view. |
| 308 | | | Close view German soldiers loading gun. |
| 309 | | | Long view German gun. |
| 310 | | | Close view German gun on hillside -- fires. |
| 311 | | | Long view battlefield -- explosions. |
| 312 | Title | ? | Battery commanders |
| 313 | | | View of English officers. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 314 | | Insert British giving orders. |
| 315 | | Insert British officer with Megaphone. |
| 316 | | English firing gun. |
| 317 | | Big British guns being fired. |
| 318 | | Distant view explosions in field. |
| 319 | | Big gun -- fired. |
| 320 | | Distant view -- explosions in field. |
| 321 | Title | Bringing up the guns. |
| 322 | | Closer view battlefield -- horsemen manouevering. |
| 323 | | View of artillery. |
| 324 | Title | The British Cavalry hold until they bring back the guns. |
| 325 | | Distant view British cavalry -- small tree in f.g. |
| 326 | | View of English artillery. |
| 327 | | Soldiers dismounting -- Same as 325. |
| 328 | | Cavalry scene. |
| 329 | Title | The Boy's letters assure them the village the village is safe. "The Germans shall never break through." |
| 330 | | Close view Girl's family at table -- Girl reading letter. |
| 331 | | Ext. corner of Boy's yard -- Mother reading Boy's letter to brothers -- salute. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 333 | Title | The Gendarme warns the villagers to evacuate. |
| 333 | | Table scene -- Gendarme in to warn Gizi's family. |
| 334 | | "Danger level? Impossible! The French line cannot be broken" |
| 335 | | Back to scene-- Grandfather says line cannot be broken. |
| 336 | | Mother and Boys -- Gendarme tells them to evacuate. |
| 337 | Title | Before the time set for the French advance, the Germans attack. |
| 338 | | Medium view -- French trench. |
| 339 | | Closer view -- Boy in trench. |
| 340 | | Insert -- Boy in trench. |
| 341 | | Insert -- soldier in trench. |
| 342 | | Distant view -- German gun fires. |
| 343 | | Closer view -- Germans firing big gun. |
| 344 | | Field -- explosions. |
| 345 | Title | The pounding of the guns. |
| 346 | | German gun -- firing. |
| 347 | | Distant view field -- explosions. |
| 348 | | French trench -- explosion. |
| 349 | | Germans. |
| 350 | | Gun firing. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 351 | | Explosion -- trench. |
| 352 | | The Huns waiting to spring. |
| 353 | | Distant view -- Hun trench. |
| 354 | | Big gun on car. |
| 355 | | French trench -- explosion. |
| 356 | | Smoke. |
| 357 | | Cave-in of French trench |
| 358 | | Trench caved in -- men crawl out. |
| 359 | | Close view -- Boy shooting. |
| 360 | | |
| 361 | Title | The bombardment trying the souls of men. |
| 362 | | French trench -- men crouched. |
| 363 | | Insert village carpenter. |
| 364 | | Field -- explosions -- smoke. |
| 365 | | Close view -- French trench -- Boy in f.g. |
| 366 | Title | The Germans. |
| 368 | | German troops advancing across field. |
| 369 | | Distant view Germans advancing. |
| 370 | Title | The French. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 371 | | Medium view French trench. |
| 372 | | Germans crouching to attack. |
| 373 | Title | The Huns song of Hate. |
| 374 | | Closer view of Huns singing. |
| 375 | | Medium view French trench -- waiting for attack. |
| 376 | | Germans running. |
| 377 | | Long view Germans running. |
| 378 | | English machine gun. |
| 379 | | Germans into French trench -- fighting. |
| 380 | | Distant view -- same |
| 381 | | Closer view -- Boy fighting German in trench. |
| 382 | | Insert French soldier. |
| 383 | | Fighting. |
| 384 | | Insert German soldier fighting Boy. |
| 385 | | Insert Boy. |
| 386 | | Insert crossed bayonets. |
| 387 | | Longer view -- Boy fighting. |
| 388 | | Insert bayonet breaking on German's head. |
| 389 | | Back to longer view of fighting. |
| 390 | Title | The French still hold. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 391 | | View of French trench. |
| 392 | | Insert Boy |
| 393 | | Insert M. Cuckoo. |
| 394 | | Longer view trench -- Boy and Cuckoo in f.g. |
| 395 | Title | The triumph short-lived. |
| 396 | | The Germans advancing across field. |
| 397 | Title | Ordered to retreat. |
| 398 | | French trench -- medium view -- smoke from explosions in b. g. |
| 399 | | Another view -- explosions closer. French leaving. |
| 400 | | Closer view -- French leaving. |
| 401 | | Long view - same. |
| 402 | Title | The Boy, true to his promise, refuses. |
| 403 | | French leaving trench --Boy left behind. |
| 404 | | Insert Boy -- refuses to go. |
| 405 | | Longer view -- Cuckoo back after Boy. |
| 406 | | Insert Cuckoo pulling Boy away. |
| 407 | | Long view -- Cuckoo and Boy out of trench - Explosion. |
| 408 | | Another view -- Boy and Cuckoo out of trench -- explosions behind them. |
| 409 | | Another view -- Boy and Cuckoo escaping -- |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 410 | Title | The great retreat |
| 411 | | Distant view battlefield -- horsemen on. |
| 412 | | Closer view -- same field ----(pond) |
| 413 | | Artillery coming over thehill |
| 414 | | Medium view of explosion in field. |
| 415 | | Explosions in distance. |
| 416 | | Distant view cavalry running forward. |
| 417 | | Distant view of same battle field. Cavalry in distance -- depression. |
| 418 | Title | Into ranks again |
| 419 | | Long view of French soldiers forming into line. |
| 420 | | Distant view of troops forming on battle field- Horse. |
| 421 | | Back to view of French troops forming. |
| 422 | | Closer view same. |
| 423 | | Insert Boy and soldier. |
| 424 | | Back to long view soldiers. |
| 425 | | Back to insert Boy and wounded soldier -- kisses him |
| 426 | | Back to long view -- they march off. |
| 427 | Title | The very last bulwark outside the village. |
| 428 | | Medium view -- Trench -- French climb in. |
| 429 | | The old French Trench -- Germans advance and enter. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 430 | Title | Von Strohm in his glory. |
| 431 | | View of Von Strohm fighting in trench. |
| 432 | | Closer view same. |
| 433 | | Long view Von Strohm with gun in hand. |
| 434 | | Another view same. |
| 435 | | Distant view -- fighting. |
| 436 | | Insert Bayonet sticking soldeir. |
| 437 | | Longer view same. |
| 438 | | Insert Von Strohm fighting. |
| 439 | Title | The Boy broken-hearted, knowing that retaret dooms his village. |
| 440 | | Medium view -- repairing French trench. |
| 441 | | Insert Boy looking at village. |
| 442 | | Insert Girl praying at bedside. |
| 443 | | Insert Boy broken hearted. |
| 444 | | Insert Girl in bed praying. |
| 445 | | Long view building up French trench with sandbags. |
| 446 | Title | The German artillery moves to flay the village. |
| 447 | | German artillery. |
| 448 | | Another view -- German artillery crossing bridge. |

449 Title The Long Gray Line.

450 German soldiers marching -- sunset sky b.g.

451 Closer view German troops marching.

452 Title The very day set as their wedding day brings the last warning.

453 Street in village -- Gendarme giving warning

454 Int. Girl's home -- mother and grandfather winding yarn -- gendarme enters.

455 Title The refugees leaving their broken little world.

456 Refugees preparing to leave

457 Insert refugee with geese

458 Insert dog under cart

459 Close view -- refugees.

460 Three boys at tABLE in summer house.

461 Another view same -- mother on.

462 German house and guns.

463 Village -- refugees leaving with loaded carts

464 View of mother and two boys in summer house.

465 Refugees coming through stone gateway - cows running carts loaded -- explosions in air --

466 Refugees with children -- goods -- etc.

467 Mother and three boys exit from summer house.

468 Int. Girl's home -- all leave but grandfather.

469 Ext. Village streets where they come together -- Refugees leaving in carts.

470 Int. Girl's room -- Girl in after wedding clothes.

471 Int. Girl's home -- Grandfather, mother and Girl on.

472 Ext. Cart loaded -- mother out to cart.

473 Int. Gish and grandfather.

474 Int. Cart loaded.

475 Int. Gish home -- Girl and grandfather to door.

476 Insert Girl and grandfather.

477 Ext. Street scene -- loaded vans along street.

478 Ext. Girl's house -- loaded cart.

479 Insert child leading horse.

480 Cart -- horse moves off.

481 Mother following wagon.

482 Insert Gish and grandfather.

483 Ext. house -- Girl and Grandfather out of house.

484 Ext. corner of house -- Grandfather and girl on.

485 Closer view of same.

486 Distant view.

487 Closer view Girl and Grandfather.

488 Entrance next door -- Girl runs on and in.

489 Grandfather and the Boy's father.

490 View of door -- Girl and mother in.

491 German gun.

492 Another view same gun - firing.

493 Another view -- gun covered with vine, etc.

494 Explosion at corner of Girl's house.

495 Mother on ground -- Insert.

496 Longer view -- Mother getting up -- staggers.

497 Title The Boy's father.

498 Ruins -- Boy's father crawling out.

499 Distant view - Ext. of house -- Girl out of door -- meets Boy's father -- runs down to corner of house.

500 Corner -- Girl on -- looks.

501 Ruins -- mutilated remains of grandfather.

502 Flash of girl looking.

503 Doorway -- Boys mother with father stretched on ground -- Boys on.

504 View of big house burning.

505 Door of Disturbey's house -- Disturbey and Woman on

506 Loaded cart and refugees.

507 Girl at door of house.

508 Burning village.

509 Another view burning village.

510 Country road -- Refugees leaving.

511 German troops going over pontoon bridge.

512 Ext. Half dressed woman and child with Girl's mother going down cellar steps.

513 Int. cellar -- Woman with child and mother in -- Mother falls over bench.

514 Ext. Girl's house -- Girl runs off.

515 Title The Inn in a sheltered place.

516 Int. of the Inn.

517 Insert blind musician playing.

518 Corner of Inn room -- Landlady on telephones.

519 Ext. of cellar -- Girl on with wedding clothes -- talks to guard.

520 Closer view same -- Guard brings her down steps.

521 Int. cellar -- Girl and guard down.

522 Insert girl beside woman with child.

523 Insert woman and child.

524 Insert Girl with woman and child -- gives clothes.

525 Ext. Cellar -- explosion.

526 Int. Cellar -- Girl discovers wounded mother.

527 Closer view -- Girl looking at blood on mother's mouth.

528 German guns.

529 Burning village.

530 Another view burning village.

531 Int. cellar -- Girl talking to dying mother.

532 Longer view of same -- Girl goes for drink.

533 Ext. Refugees leaving -- automobile loaded with stuff.

534 Int. cellar -- mother dead

535 Ext. Water scene -- explosion in water.

536 Ext. Water scene -- swans.

537 Int. Cellar -- Girl back to mother -- dead.

538 Ext. Cellar -- soldiers down into cellar.

539 Int. Soldier tells refugees to leave.

540 Ext. River -- Swans with little ones.

541 Int. cellar -- Girl won't leave mother.

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Sept. 25/1918
taken from running.

HEARTS OF THE WORLD.

Titles - 1st Reel.

D.W. Griffith sets up his camera in the British front line trench at Cambrin, fifty yards from the enemy's lines.

The interested look upward is directed toward passing shells.

At No. 10 Downing Street, David Lloyd George, England's Prime Minister, wishing D. W. Griffith success for his picture.

Apologies - and thanks.
The picture follows.

D. W. Griffith presents
HEARTS OF THE WORLD.
Copyright 1918 by David W. Griffith.

The story of a village. An old fashioned play with a new fashioned theme.

Credit title.

God help the nation that begins another war of conquest or meddling! Brass bands and clanging sabers make very fine music, but let us remember there is another side of war.

Let us not forget the Common People! In the future, if the making of war is left to the vote of the people, the matter is easy - there will be no more war.

After all, does war ever settle any question? The South was ruined - thousands of lives were sacrificed - by the Civil War; yet did it really settle the Black and White problem in this country?

So perhaps the villainies of our story are as much to be laid upon the opportunities given by war itself, as on any particular race or people.

Our play is taken from the lives of two American painters, who, in their youth, went to this village in northern France to paint the old Roman wall, whose stones were laid by the legions of Caesar.

Here they dreamed the dreams of youth. When Fate was unkind to them, they made their home in the village, possibly for reasons of economy.

One of the friends died, leaving a daughter, a wife and her aged father.

Peaceful days in the year of 1913. The village at the time of spring, where people love and hate, cry and laugh, sin and are forgiven - even as you and I.

The market place.

The double house in which lived the two American families on the Rue de la Paix. (The Street of Peace.)

We find the home brightened by pleasant news; daughter is returning from a long visit to an Aunt in Rheims.

The boy, son of the other American painter, burnt with the genius denied his father, has just returned from Paris.

The fussy little mother sometimes thinks herself neglected.

Three harmless little goslings.

The wanderer.

One of the many prayers. "Please make me so nice and good that Boy will love me forever and ever."

Time brings to the girl interest in fashions and other little nets to catch love, after the manner of the world.

The littlest one of the Boy's three brothers is inclined to hero-worship.

This little love affair between them has been going on about five years.

With great enthusiasm he reads from his latest manuscript.

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4. God help the nation that begins another war of conquest or meddling! Although brass bands and clanging sabers make very fine music, let us remember there is another side of war, beside that of munition makers' profits and the personal glory of generals fighting at a safe distance in the rear.

5. Let us not forget the Common People! In the future, if the making of war is left to the vote of the people, the matter is easy - there will be no more war.

6. Believing the villains of our story are not particularly common to any race or people, but to the world-old institution of war itself.

March 20 '18

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY
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1 (3)

D. W. GRIFFITH

presents

"HEARTS OF THE WORLD"

2 (4)

THE STORY OF A VILLAGE

An old fashioned play with
a new fashioned theme.

3 (5)

Scenario by M. Gaston de Tolignac,
Translated into English by Capt. Victor Marier.
Under Personal Direction D. W. Griffith.

4

The first part of our play tells the story of the village in the time of peace.

5 (10)

Taken from the lives of two American painters, who, in their youth, went to this village in Northern France to paint the old Roman wall, whose stones were laid by the legions of Caesar.

6 (11)

Here they dreamed the dreams of youth. When Fate was unkind to them, they made their home in the village, possibly for reasons of economy.

7 (12)

One of the friends died, leaving a daughter, a wife and her aged father.

8 (13)

At the outbreak of the Great War, they suffered with the rest of that stricken land.

9 (13)

Peaceful days in the year of 1912. The village at the time of spring where people love and hate, cry and laugh, sin and are forgiven -- even as you and I.

3/3+/8

10 The market place.

11 The double house in which live the two American families on the Rue de la Paix (The street of Peace).

12 The lonely home is brightened by pleasant news. The daughter has given up a promised trip to America and is returning to her mother and grandfather.

13 The Grandfather's bad turn keeps Mother in the house, so Daughter is escorted home by the village Ford.

14 The Boy, son of the other American painter, burnt with the genius denied the father, has just returned from Paris.

15 The fussy little mother sometimes thinks herself neglected.

16 Three harmless little goslings.

17 The Wanderer.

18 One of the many prayers. " Please make me so nice and good that Boy will love me forever and ever."

19 Time brings to the Girl interest in fashions and other little nets to catch love, after the manner of the world.

20 The littlest one of the Boy's three brothers is inclined to hero-worship.

21 This little love affair between them has been going on about five years.

22 With great enthusiasm he reads from his latest manuscript.

23 Afternoon --
She reads his verse of love --
Deathless--unending.

24 A visiting street singer's imitation
of a late success from Paris.

25 Monsieur Cuckoo argues with his friend,
the village carpenter, on the correct
method of laying sod.

26 The Little Disturber makes an impression.

27 Much impressed, she naively suggests
another meeting.

28 Monsieur Cuckoo makes advances.

29 Having so far strangely escaped flatterers,
she now seems down for the count.

30 Von Strohm -- a "tourist"-- sometime serving
the greatest military autocracy the world
has ever known.

The Shadow.

31 Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany tempted by a mad
dream of ruling the world with the Power of
Might.

32 Sheltered beneath the hill, is the village
Inn, recently purchased by a woman from the
East.

33 A deaf and blind musician, playing melodies
remembered from his youth.

34 Twilight minstrelsy.

35 The Girl hears an olden song "Spring is the
time for loving."

36 "When all the world is young, lass,
And all the trees are green."

37 The wall between

38 Jealousy!

39 Von Strohm, much interested in village architecture -- and foundations.

40 Perseverance and perfume.

41 "Just one little walk -- so -- so you can tell me why you don't like me."

42 The end of the world.

43 "Only you -- forever and ever."

44 "Forever and ever."

45 The betrothal party.

46 Too persistent.

47 Even her blows are caresses.

48 Afterwards -- If we can't get what we want, let's want what we can get.

49 The German Militarists plan the dastardly blow against France and civilization.

50 "If Belgium resists -- we crush her!"

51 With white thread and whiter dreams, she works on her wedding clothes.

52 The village Crier, butt of all jests, at last becomes important.

53 War!

54 "I will see what it's about."

55 The three musketeers read the news together.

56 "It means War!"

57 The world outside.
In the English House of Parliament.
August 3rd, 1914, at three o'clock.

58 Sir Edward Grey asks the Commons if it be their will to support France and protect the neutrality of Belgium.

59 The spirit of England answers ---

60 "YES! YES!"

61 The French Chamber of Deputies,
August 4th, 1914, at three o'clock.

62 Rene Viviani, Premier of France.

63 "The object of Germany's attack upon us is to destroy the liberty of France -- and Europe!"

64 "We fight only to defend Liberty!"

65 "We have been without reproach -- we shall be without fear!"

66 The soul of France.

67 "Long live Liberty!"

68 "Vive la France!"

69 August 4th. 10:58 P. M. At No. 10, Downing Street, awaiting Germany's answer to Great Britain's ultimatum. Asquith, Lloyd George, Grey and Winston Churchill.

70 At the Foreign Office.

71 Germany has five more minutes to promise to withdraw her troops -- or war!

72 "It is War!"

73 Again in the village.

74 Though an American citizen, believing the land that is good enough to <u>live in</u> is good enoughto <u>fight for</u>, he makes his farewells and offers his life to France.

75 Tears are shed -- even for Monsieur Cuckoo.

76 "I'll be back in three weeks, with a lock of hair, all for you -- the Kaiser's mustache!"

77 The Girl's sad heart masked with smiles, as were millions of others in troubled France.

78 "Forever and ever."

79 The sons of France go to defend their homes.

80 The wedding clothes.

81 In the little room where she had dreamed so many sweet dreams, she puts her sweetest one away;

82 The Boy's regiment placed in a bulwark of trenches directly outside his own village.

| | |
|---|---|
| 83 | The Prussian hordes massing for the attack. |
| 84 | France! |
| 85 | French Artillery. |
| 86 | The French swear to hold the trench defending the village until the death. |
| 87 | The lines of the German legions. |
| 88 | Battery commanders -- British. |
| 89 | Bringing up the guns. |
| 90 | The British Cavalry hold until they bring back the guns. |
| 91 | At home. The Boy's letters assure them the village is safe. "The Germans shall never break through." |
| 92 | The Gendarme warns the villagers to evacuate. |
| 93 | "Danger? Impossible! The French line can never be broken." |
| 94 | Before the ~~time~~ time set for the French advance, the Germans attack. |
| 95 | The pounding of the guns. |
| 96 | The Huns waiting to spring. |
| 97 | The bombardment trying the souls of men. |
| 98 | The Germans. |
| 99 | The French. |

100 The Huns' Song of Hate.

101 The French still hold.

102 The triumph short-lived.

103 The French ordered to retreat.

104 The Boy, true to his promise, fights on.

105 The great retreat.

106 Into ranks again!

107 The very last trench outside the village.

108 Von Strohm in his glory.

109 The long gray line of Huns.

110 The Boy, broken-hearted, knowing that retreat has doomed his loved ones in the village.

111 The German artillery moves to bombard the village.

112 The very day set as their wedding day brings the last warning.

113 Refugees leaving their broken little world.

114 The Boy's father.

115 The sheltered Inn.

116 The French make another heroic effort.

117 The officer killed, the Boy takes command

118 In this massacre of innocents, the Girl's mother is sorely stricken.

119 The night.

120 Beneath the risen moon.

121 The mind of the simple soul broken by shell and terror -- sweet bells jangled, out of tune.

122 Reinforcements.

123 The desperate onslaught turns the battle from the village.

124 A wounded neighbor tells where the little company battles.

125 The Boy struggles back toward home.

126 This was to have been their wedding day, so through a befogged and dizzy path, she goes to find her bridegroom.

127 The Bridegroom.

128 The haloed Crimson Cross.

129 The French success short-lived before the never-ending flood.

130 The refugees seek shelter at the Inn.

131 ~~The conquerors.~~ The conquerors.

123 END OF PART ONE.

~~124~~ 133 Intermission Five Minutes before last Act.

134-A

134 THE STRUGGLE OF CIVILIZATION.

135 Among the leaders in the struggle.

136 Joseph Jacques Cesaire Joffre!

137 David Lloyd George, one of the strongest shields against the poisoned bayonets of Autocracy.

138 The local headquarters of the German army of occupation.

139 Though some portions escaped damage, most of the town was destroyed.

140 The Boy's family takes refuge in a distant part of the village.

141 Distracted atoms of humanity -- seeking shelter in hole and corner, cellar and crypt.

142 The Boy's oldest brother put at shoveling coal and his mother at domestic work.

143 The washing room at the Inn.

144 The Girl, cared for by a strange companion, gropes slowly back to sanity and strength.

145 The women made to work in the fields and in the making of sand bags, in violation of the Hague Treaty.

146 Half in life and half in death, the Girl goes on from day to day.

147 Our musketeers, in a new French uniform but an old service, placed where they are sure to do their best -- directly opposite their own village.

148 The hospital returns a familiar face.

149 "Unscrew the little cap -- and it's good-bye forever!"

150 Von Strohm, no longer in active service, now a member of the Intelligence Department.

151 Refusal or inability to perform their appointed tasks subjected them to whipping or other punishments.

152 An old fashioned German quotes:
"Justice is the only Right!"

153 Von Strohm corrects him:
"Might alone makes Right!"

154 The Allies with fire and flame and souls of men win back inch by inch the sacred soil of France, righting her wrongs.

155 The French.

156 Great Britain's steel bulldogs bark their defiant protest.

157 The white ribbon guides the British back from a night raid -- another yard gained!

158 The eyes of the Allies.

159 Lloyd George's answer:
"I will put them wheel to wheel until we pound the truth home!"

160 Shrapnel Barrage.

161 Hun trench mortars reply.

162 Stokes guns -- British.

163 Consolidating captured ground.

164 The Boy brings back Hun prisoners.

165 The Boy, interpreting for the prisoners, hears news of his loved ones.

166 Flame -- an invention of a Hun Devil, perfected and HELL-ed back to them with interest.

167 Poison gas.

168 In the dugout. The Boy tells the news of the village.

169 Also fighting Huns.

170 Imitating his hero.

171 The Boy, one of the night reconnoitering party, seeks information as to the strength of the enemy's lines.

172 Later:
"The Hun sentries are so far apart you could drive a regiment through them!"

173 The ~~xxxx~~ rumor spreads that the French are massing for a great attack.

174 "Love, my dead love, they are coming to save us -- Don't you hear? Don't you hear?"

175 Von Strohm and friends, with the aid of entertainers from Berlin, demonstrate the hard ships of trench life.

Note. Replica of the Mouquet Farm dugout.

176 Life's Contrasts!

177 The mother's last words:
"Be brave, my boys, be brave."

178 The sergeant, now promoted,
glimpses real "Kultur".

179 The little brothers, unwilling to suffer
profanation of their mother's memory at
the enemies' hands ---

180 ---themselves perform a sacred service.

181 No requiem -- save the ever-sounding guns.

182 No prayers -- save childish tears.

183 The Dungeons of Lust.

184 A fortunate meeting brings the Girl
something to live for.

185 After daring to bring them a little food---
and much love.

186 Von Strohm visits the main line on a
tour of inspection.

187 By the old home.

188 In the enemies' uniform, the Boy, now an
officer, goes on a daring mission.

189 "For France! I have but one life to give!"

190 Under cover of dark and rain, the Boy
reaches the enemies' lines.

191 "An Euren posten, verdammte Schweine!"
"Back to your posts, swine!"

192 The officers not so gullible.

193 The German lieutenant goes to investigate.

194 The Boy trapped.

195 They accept the report that the visitor has been killed in the back areas.

196 After two days and nights in a shell hole inside the German lines, he gives the awaited signals.

197 Selecting the girls for deportation to the munition factories in Germany p- often meaning a fate worse than death!

198 She attempts to escape the dreated deportation-- though death be the alternative.

199 Von Strohm, his mess closed, comes to the Inn.

200 "Try the back door, sir."

201 A good memory for faces and ankles.

202 The Boy, unable to return to the French lines, reaches the edge of the village. --

203 The Allies, crouched waiting to attempt the rescue of the village.

204 The oath to retake the village.

205 The surprise attack -- France!

206 Great Britain!

207 Scotland forever!

208 Canadians forward!

209 The Irish

210 Leaving for the village.

211 The same wall as---

212 And nearer ---

213 Forward, Tanks!

214 The mother's all night vigil with their daughters before the final separation in the morning.

215 Awaiting deportation at the railway station.

216 "You are my prisoner!"

217 The unused upper rooms.

218 In the meantime, the French -- a little nearer!

219 Hun trenches.

220 Pillboxes bar the way.

221 Again they see their own village!

222 They pledge to meet death as man and wife.

223 Only one more trench between the French and the village.

224 The Hun counter attack overwhelms the trench.

225 The French reserves told of the loss.

226 The French counter.

227 The sound of their own guns gives frantic hope.

228 The Germans.

229 The French.

230 The anguished prayer of France.

231 & "You must surely die -- take me with you."

232 German defenses.

233 The French storm.

234 Happy times -- on furlough.

235 America, the land of the free, sends her sons to help free the world from autocracy, and bring back peace and laughter.

236 THE END.

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D. W. GRIFFITH

1 9 1 8.

Hearts Of The World.

Note to printer -- Set these up as you did regular "Hearts of World" subtitles....

- - - - - - - -

Sons of America, having helped free the world from autocracy and brought back peace and laughter, going home after work well done.

Happy times.

Celebrating the great victory.

T H N W

T Sir one night down the long

Harrow hill

T The large fortune of

garden

T The young eldest [illegible] daughter

Sir [illegible] - the house

T Being the garden would [illegible] for [illegible]

G [illegible]

B & Bob - [illegible] - [illegible]

See p 4

T [illegible]

T [illegible]

Bob [illegible]

T [illegible]

T [illegible]

T a [illegible]

To p 8

T The [illegible]

13 - [illegible] - Street [illegible]

TIME SHEET

"THE HEARTS OF HIS WORLD"

FOUR MINUTES FOR PUBLICITY.

826½ - Main Title - Hearts of the World. Title
827 - Here they dreamed the dream of youth. "
828 - The Market place
830 - Finish of scene - Mother reading letter.
831 - INSERT - Lillian kissing Mother.
832 - Title - The Fussy Little Mother.
833 - Close up Lillian with goslings
834 - " " of goslings
835 - Lillian & goslings goes to gate.
836 - Lillian with fashion book and Mother.

End of Reel 1.

Reel 2

837 - Title - With great enthusiasm he reads.
838 - Close up Mother kissing Bobbie
839 - Large close up of Lillian in garden
840 - Street - Dorothy collects money.
841 - Cookoo and carpenter - carpenter exits.
842 - Title - Much Impressed
843 - Dorothy & Cookoo - Dorothy hits cookoo's nose.
844 - First Scene - Kaiser in office.
845 - Inn - Girl gives blind man drink.
846 - Title - The Girl hears an olden song.
847 - Fade In - Close up of Lillian at wall.
848 - Close up of Bobbie at wall.
849 - " " " " & Lillian - They embrace
850 - " " " " " " - Wall - They exit and Fade Out.
851 - Van Strohm looking in at Lillian at doorway.
852 - Street - Bobbie meets Dorothy.
853 - Dorothy kisses Bobbie
854 - Title - The End of The World
855 - Love Scene - Lillian and Bobbie. Bobbie cries.
856 - Ext. of Dorothy's House & Dorothy and Cookoo.
857 - Close Up - Bobbie's brother kisses Lillian.
858 - Ext. House - Dorothy meets Bobbie & lillian.
859 - Cookoo takes Dorothy's arm and they exit.
860 - Lillian kneels with wedding dress by Mother's side
901 - Letter - I have the honor to announce
902 - Finish of Scene - The Villiage crier - and he exits.
906 - End of Reel 2

Reel 3

903 - Lillian rocking with wedding dress

904 - Title - And the World outside

905 - " - Yes!Yes!
906 - We fight only to defend Liberty - Title
907 - Title - Germany has four more minutes.
908 - Again the Village - Title
909 - Bobbie and brother give Bobbie gun.
910 - Dorothy's room - Cuckoo kisses Dorothy.
911 - Insert of Card Case - Lillian picture with flag
912 - Title - Sons of France go to defend
913 - Title - The Wedding clothes.
914 - Title - The Boys' Regiment
915 - Title - The French Artillery
916 - Title - The Battery Commanders - British
917 - Bobbie's Mother and Brother reads letter
918 - Title - The pounding of the guns
919 - French trench - Soldiers head shot off
920 - Germans capture first French trench
921 - Bobbie hits German on head - French trench
922 - The retreat - Cookoo and Bobbie leave trench
923 - Title - Into Rank again
924 - Title - Von Strohm in his Glory
925 - Lillian in bed - falls asleep
926 - Refugees leaving their broken little world
927 - Bedroom - Lillian enters and takes wedding clothes.

End of Reel 3

Reel 4

929 - German guns fire on village
930 - Title - The Sheltered Inn
931 - Close up of Bobbie in trench
932 - " " " Lillian and woman with child
933 - " " " " " Mother - Mother dying
934 - " " " " " " dead
935 - Night Battle - Big Explosion
936 - Title - Reinforcements
937 - Bobbie wounded and exits
938 - Lillian looking at Wedding clothes - Street - Insert
939 - Road - Lillian looking for Bobbie
940 - Lillian finds Bobbie on ground
941 - Shell holes - Red Cross doctors working
942 - Red cross doctor finds Bobbie
943 - Title - The Refugees seek shelter
944 - Inn Yard - Germans enter to Lillian and Dorothy
944½ - The End of First Part

FILM SHEET

"THE HEARTS OF THE WORLD"

PART 2 -

949 - Main Title - Hearts of the World - Part 2
950 - First Scene - Ruins of the Village - Rear end of scene
951 - Refugees enter church
952 - Title - The Washroom of the Inn
953 - " - Women made to work in the fields - making sand bags
954 - " - Half in Life and Half in Death
955 - " - Our Musketeers in new French uniform
956 - French- Cookoo kisses Bobbie on left cheek.
957 - Dorothy shows Lillian watch. - Room of Inn
958 - Title - Unscrew this little cap and goodbye forever
959 - Lillian working in potatoe field
960 - Lillian exits after beating
1001 - Title - Allies with Fire and Flame and Souls of Men
1002 - Title - The White ribbon guides the British back
1003 - Close up of ~~soldiers~~ British soldiers with big gun
1004 - Big French Gun on Railway track
1005 - British Stoke guns
1006 - Title - French bring back the Hun prisoners
1007 - Title - The Flame - and invention of the Hun devil
1008 - Close up Bobbie and Cookoo - Dugout
1009 - Cellar - Bobbie's brother imitating Bobbie
1010 - Bobbie crawls on to German Trench
1011 - Title - The Hun sentries are so far apart
1012 - Close upff Lillian with Bobbie's picture
10xx - End of Reel 5

Reel 6

1014 - The ~~next~~ second close up of dancer in dugout
1015 - Close up of Bobbie's brother crying and Mother dies
1016 - Title - The Sergeant now promoted
1017 - Title - Themselves perform a sacred service
1018 - Dugout - Von Strohm with two girls
1019 - Ext. Inn - Lillian meets Bobbie's three brothers.
1020 - Title - By the Old Home
1021 - Rain scene - Bobbie looking over German trench
1022 - Title - The Officers not so gullible
1023 - Bobbie escaping from German trench
1024 - Title - They accept the report that the prisoner
1025 - Signal in the air
1026 - Washroom of Inn - Germans talking to Dorothy and Lillian
1027 - Back door of Inn - Von Strohm enters
1028 - Washroom - Von Strohm and Lillian
1029 - Inn - Close up of Lillian and blind man
1030 - Title - The Oath to take the village
1031 - 2nd close up of Lillian by wall - Room of Inn
1032 - Large close up of Lillian - eyes wide open
1033 - Ext. Inn - Von Strohm and German officers
1034 - Close up of tank falls in hole
1035 - Title - The Scotch strike
1036 - close up of mother nursing baby - end of reel 6

Reel 7

1037 - Bedroom - Lillian exits
1038 - Ext. Inn Yard - Bobbie & Lillian meets Bobbie and he embraces her.
1039 - Dorothy meets Bobbie and Lillian - Inn Yard
1041 - German soldier picks up cigarette - " "
1042 - Lillian pushes Blondie out of Door and he forces way in
1043 - Close up of Lillian at table watching fight.
1043 - Ext. Yard - Lillian & Bobbie go up to the upper room.
1044 - Upper Room - Close up of Bobbie and Lillian
1046 - Again they see their own village
1046 - The Inn - Blondie falls at Von Strohm's feet
1047 - Title - The French reserves told of the loss
1048 - " - The wounds of their own guns
1049 - Von Strohm comes upstairs - sees Lillian at door
1050 - Hall - Bobbie shoots German soldier
1051 - Title - The French
1052 - " - You must surely die
1053 - Close up of Bobbie and Lillian
1054 - " " Bobbie kisses Lillian on left cheek
1055 - Ext. Inn Yard - German soldier falls to ground
1056 - Close up - Dorothy meets Cookes
1057 - The field people kneel down and pray
1058 - Close up Bobbie & brothers
1059 - " " Bobbie & Lillian at table
1060 - Street - Cookes kisses American
1060½ - The End of Picture.

Suggestions for cutting about 2000 feet from Hearts of the World.

Cut second introductory title: ( about France suffering etc)
Cut letter explaining about Lillian's weekend trip to America.
Open with pastoral village scene: Show Lillian coming up street.
New title: "Returning from a visit to an aunt"
After scene of Gish chasing duck into Bob's yard cut at once to Bob on bench with lady teacher:
Cut again to Gish reading manuscript with Gish seeing in.

[redacted].

Shorten Von Strohm's entrance one half.
If you wish to sacrifice last kiss Dorothy gives Bob, you can eliminate lovers' quarrel and reconciliation. ( Storm within this would be good. I [redacted] do not so recommend.
Cut French dog-ty one half.

Outbreak of war stuff: after the gendarme warns the village to evacuate, cut stuff to Bob in trenches. Leave in the song of hate; beyond these two flashes cut most of the first war stuff.

Leave in the beginning of the great retreat showing horse artillery and cavalry charge.

Cut out the reforming of the French ranks, showing only one flash of Bob holding up a faltering comrade.

Cut out the trench outside the village.

Cut part of the refugee stuff. Show the refugees just starting from the gate; then come to Gish personal stuff with mother in collar.

Leave in "Under the Rising Moon" attack and cut at once to Bob wounded.

Cut battlefield scene after Red Cross rescue of Bob; cut rest of all that fighting.

Cut out Joffre.

Cut out preparations to take women into the field. Come at once from Dorothy nursing Lillian in room to Lillian being whipped with

Cut scene of German officers at the inn and title "Night Before Night".

Come from scene where Von Strom enters inn with title "He is followed from active service to intelligence department", at once to Lillian in her room with Von Strom entering.

From the mingled war stuff that comes in here, cut everything from the bird eye view of the trenches, the scene of loading the big cannon and possibly one or two flashes.

Come to Bob interviewing Hun prisoners; leave in Bob telling comrades the news from the village.

After the scenes with Miss Dorothy quarreling with inn keeper, the sick Miss Bruce etc cut all of Bob's first visit to the German trenches disguised with camouflage. Leave in all of his later visit to the German trenches, but shorten his vigil in the shell hole.

~~Cut out the episodes of the German officer selecting women~~

Cut out the entire episode of the German officer selecting women for deportation. Also Miss Gish getting ready to escape deportation. If deportation incident is left in at all, leave only a flash of the roll call and the all night vigil of the mother with the daughters.

If deportation stuff is cut out altogether have Von Strohm stop Lillian in the main room of the inn without preliminary stuff in her room and in the hall ways.

But if you adopt this view, cut from Bob in shell hole at once to Von Strohm in the inn.

After Bob meets Lillian in the court yard think the picture should run just as it now appears.

Speaking in general, think the middle episodes of the fighting should be slashed : should be the first trench scene at the time the village is being evacuated ; go light on all the middle fights and save battle stuff until the last part of the picture when French re-take village.

For other reasons than saving footage suggest that last part of German brutality where the two captive maidens are killed in German tenches should be cut out; leave in the dance of the naked Janes however .

Second scene of the Kaiser and his ~~xxx~~council of war might go out The first one of Kaiser plotting to conquor world seems to get over the Imperial angle without the second.

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THE HOUSE OF HATE.

Brief synopsis.

by

A little girl,slaving hard to earn money to help support a poor family,play with her rag doll and pretending with it and a picture of her boy lover to keep"house"|an old man lusting after her;his wife growing conscious of it all,finally believing the innocent little girl is conspiring to take her old husband and her wealth from her and arranging a diabolical plot to get the girl and man together under circumstances that will justify her killing them in the eyes of the law,even securing a neighbor woman for witness,even arranging the little girl's hair attractively and buying new clothes so the husband's lust will be excited, even ordering the little girl to be "nice" toward her husband while she visits with the neighbor--it is around this the story is written. Around this and the fact that the little girl tries to be "nice" toward the old man by showing him how she plays with her doll,shows him while she is fearful of him and his lust grows bolder and bolder,while the wife creeps back to surprise them with the neighbor woman to whom she has lied.

THE HOUSE OF HATE.
(Addenda)

(Told against the background of the beautiful, spiritual side of the story and with the beauty developed in the characters and situations as it will be the sombreness of "the house of hate" will be less vividly felt and will even, indeed, give a more fitting and appropriate contrast)

The Girl goes to work for the mistress of The House of Hate with a full knowledge of its horrors and over the protests of Boy and family. She is animated by a desire to use the money she earns in active support of the Boy's family, though keeping this direct bit of knowledge from them. She enters the house in fear and trembling. The old woman does not indulge in beatings of the Girl, but the old man soon shows his amorous bent. Seeking her out he asks her if she can't be kind to a poor old man whose wife beats him so fearfully and constantly fights with him. The Girl endures his lascivious kissing of her hand and arm believing it soothes him, though her nature warns her to recoil at contact with him. He endeavors to extend his advances one day in the kitchen, pleading with her to be kind to an old man, when the wife surprises them. In an ungovernable rage she drives the Girl out. The Girl runs, afraid, to the House of Faith. It is meal time. They have little to eat. Despair is on them when the Boy comes from the post box with a letter containing a ten dollar bill sent by an unknown friend. Their joy, their relief the Girl sees through a window. She is the unknown donor of the money. She cannot afford to lose that position. She must return. She does.

She pleads with the woman to take her back. She needs the wage money. It gives the woman an idea of how to effectually get rid

of the Girl--by getting her in jail. She brings a hundred dollars in the house and marks the bills. Shows Girl where money is put and when she goes to town for supplies gives her key to drawer. But Girl does not steal. Woman then gets money in Girl's room. Satisfied she has her now goes after constable. Girl in fields when they return. Woman takes constable to show where she had money. Lo,it is there again--to woman's discomfiture. The Girl had found it in her room and returned it.

Old man buys pair silk stockings to present Girl-his lust has grown,though he has become extremely discreet and he wants to see those slender legs in silk stockings. Wife discovers stockings. Too small for her. Meant for Girl. She twists stockings around old man's neck to kill him. He gets away,with the stockings,and is now frightened. Wife says little to Girl,but shows her enmity somewhat suppressed,as,for instance,when she would shy a plate at Girl when latter's back is turned,but does not do so. She is craftily waiting for real evidence that will enable her to resort to drastic measures with safety.

One night old man goes to Girl's door and touches knob. Retreats into another room when Girl calls,then comes to door with candle and in night gown. He wets his lips when he sees her thus. She retires and locks door. Old man emerges,chuckles in his half afraid desire,then goes to his room. His wife has watched with revolver in hand from door of her room.

Old woman finds Girl praying one night. Sneers at her prayers to a God who only helps those who help themselves. She has never prayed to God. Look at the farm and wealth she has.

Girl has made a rag doll and amuses herself often in evening playing "house" with this ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ rag doll and a picture of Boy. The old man continues to lust ,but is half fearful to show it. Wife is anxious to catch them together in some compromising scheme. Pretends to go calling on neighbor,but conceals herself near house. Old man comes from field. Girl bends over pump. Excites him. He wants to talk to her on porch steps. She puts water in house, he feels silk stockings in pocket,looks at them,feels throat. Near death once. Afraid again. Looks anxiously about. Girl comes out, after hanging up clothes,old man watching,starts to play jacks with her dolly~~s~~. Old man approaches. Sits down and asks Girl how she would like to play all the time and not have to work. She wants to work so she can help people with her money. He suggests maybe an old man somewhere with a big farm and lots of money might let her play all the time and give her money,too,if she would love him. And he reaches for her hand. Wife raises gun. Boy arrives to visit Girl. Old man retreats to fields. Boy and Girl sit near barn where wife is concealed. Boy has more troubles. Market overstocked with corn. Can't sell their crop. Don't know what they will do. Girl,in her innocence,tells Boy she will find some old man with lots of money and get him to help. Girls can do those things. Boy shocked. Girl won't do such thing,not till God tells her ,anyway. Wife given new idea. She has overheard Girl. Now believes Girl intends to get the husband and his wealth. Defeated for the day she will get them now--she must. In her own room she says. "If I got them together everybody would say I done right". And she fingers her gun and concocts the

diabolical plot that will enable her to put both of these people she now hates out of the way and with perfect safety for her own neck.

She opens with the Girl over the wrongs her husband heaps upon her. He abuses her,as Girl knows,she must leave him. Will take Girl with her as companion and give her double wages. Girl delighted. She can help so much more with added money. Gives Girl money to buy herself new hat,silk stockings and low shoes and short dress--short because she must help her when they travel and can't be impeded. If anyone asks her where she got money must say old man gave it to her--else if they should hear would become suspicious and foil wife's effort to get away. Garbing Girl in these clothes is part of wife's plot to excite old man's lust to breaking point. Girl believes it is an outfit for travelling. Girl brings back clothes. Wife has meanwhile arranged with neighbor woman to go to town with her on shopping tour--to be gone several hours. Let's husband know of this. Arranges Girl's hair prettily herself. Accuses husband of having bought clothes spread out on Girl's bed-in this way letting him know Girl has silk stockings,short skirt and lowshoes. Wife leaves with neighbor woman immediately after luncheon--first warning Girl to get in new clothes immediately as she must be ready to leave quickly when she returns with rail-road tickets and money. Also--and above all things--be nice to her husband no matter what transpires so as to keep him from becoming suspicious. She must be helped to get away from his brutality. Girl promises.

Girl,like a child plays with her new clothes-rubs the silk

stockings on her shank. Old man watches wife disappear down road with neighbor in buggy. Girl shows her dolly the new clothes. Old man returns to house. His lust runs high. Gives Girl a bag of candy he has bought before and concealed. She is half afraid. Looks door. Slips into new clothes. Old man looks doors and windows downstairs. Old man returns to locked door. Girl is afraid. Then remembers wife's admonitions to keep husband in good humor. Opens door. In hall shows him how she plays with her dolly--puts it to sleep,etc. He can stand it no longer. Wants to press his lips to her. She gets away. Up in the attic-the ladder breaking as she scrambles up. No escape. Old man runs for trunks and chairs to climb. In going after Girl she has escaped through his slipping on doll which she had dropped.

Wife has told neighbor woman husband and Girl had secret affair on. Weeps. Gets her sympathy. Now affects to feel premonition they are taking advantage of her absense. They sneak back. Finding doors locked and hearing no sound wife loses control of herself--they must be together. She runs around to barn to get gun she had concealed there. Neighbor woman remains on through cage running to barn close out,
from porch--hears Girl's scream in attic, as old man scrambles up-finds shutter loose. Gets in and upstairs just in time to drag old man back by legs. They are struggling together when wife bursts in back door--to which she has key--slips on doll-gun is discharged--wife breaks leg. No one injured by gun discharged.

Meanwhile at house of faith they have struck oil and another anonymous letter comes. Anxious to know who their unknown friend is. Girl had had no plain envelope,but pasted stamps over old

man's address. Boy soaks stamps off and discovers truth. Rushes with fifty dollars to give Girl from their new wealth. Arrives just as the old woman slipped in hallway on doll. Helps Girl out of window.

# The Iron Dragon

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By

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Produced as

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1.

In other and more pleasant days, I was one of those half-castaways called a beachcomber. We were the men buffeted and outstripped, without the courage to go on, to fight back or to run the good race. Thrown by eddying adventures on the warm white beaches, we remained; as the broken nautilus remained, shifted about the waves and winds, carried adrift by the tide and thrown onto another beach. Lotus-eaters in ragged garments, with no flutes, with no dreams, no illusions except perhaps that we might have been better, happier men in the lands from which we came.

My sole virtue, if one cares to call it a virtue - which the good missionary and his angular wife, her eyes severely strained heavenward, did not - was in being nothing more than I pretended; though perhaps even at that I was a little less evil than I tried to appear in the eyes of the Reverend and Mrs. Franklin Blythe. Somebody had to counteract their pernicious goodness.

Anybody may think of me as he pleases as long as it is understood that I was everything the Yankee missionary and his even more Yankee wife, found objectionable. It may have been as the educated nigger, who acted as the Rev. Mr. Blythe's apostolic assistant, suggested after I had nearly broken my bare toes by speeding his departure from old Thomas' hut. He said that I had such close fellowship with the Devil that the sight of a righteous man was offensive to me. That being a rather advanced idea for a black saint, I supposed that he had it from Mr. and Mrs. Blythe. Anyway, that nigger - to my mind, only educated natives are

"Missus" - and his wife, the missionary and his wife, aground in an obstreperous pestilence existence; for, though I was tired of the island - having remained there longer than in any one spot since cutting my mother's apron string - I stayed on and on. I thought it was because I could not gratify the missionary by departing, at least until Old Thomas's supply of gin had vanished. More likely it was because the destiny of Walter Simcoe held me fast until he had gone to the island and I had fulfilled all the moving finger had assigned to me in his life. Of course Almond Blossom had an influence in my remaining; but she too was linked to the boy's destiny. Months upon months before we heard of him, we waited, waited, waited his coming.

I idled in the shade of Old Thomas's hut; drank his gin, for if a trader doesn't supply his lone guest with gin, what's the good of being a trader's friend, since he is always a dull heavy man, usually Scotch when not German which, I told Old Thomas, was almost as bad. I quoted t ings to him that clung to my memory for once I had been a book-reader. I told him glowing lies of cities I had never visited, of soft words in shadows and the sweetness of strange lips, when night and a veil hid her face. Lies? - all beachcombers give an opalescent radiance to their past. One must do something in return for the gin. And being a great liar himself, Old Thomas respected my tales. There was no mean jealousy in him, though a good deal of the thief, for he occasionally gave back my mythic adventures as his real onces. And on black days, when the illusions took form, I chanted a blasphemous chorus to his moddy anger at being an exile on a heathen island. What is there about life that makes men love it so? I do not know. But often we would have to get drunk to keep from wishing we were dead.

There was the matter of Old Memories between us. Once a revolver had spoken again and again, so that Old Thomas did not have his head bashed by a tomahawk in his own trade-room on a certain little schooner a crowd of Solomon Islanders tried to cut out. There was the matter of years between us, and the curious friendship of a saturnine Scotch man, big, bearded and brutal, for a slender waif of a vagabond whose tongue was seldom quiet. Old Thomas and I had known each other from empty pockets to groaning tables, under which we slept drunk at dawn; from the crush of

the hurricane's stormy arms to hot seem on a disk infested roof with tent smashed and kids dying.

And Almond Blossom loved us both. I called her Almond Blossom. Thomas, when she called father, said it was unwoman. Her name was Mary. Precious little he knew about it. He had married her mother - I guess he married her because the baby liked to play with her tiny pink fingers entwined in his ugly, stained beard. And the good-for-nothing old fellow had won his suit - and sufficient in my mind too authoritative opinion - right to Heaven, by devotion more the less real and protective for being typically Scotch. The child was coming into a strange, sweet, exotic maidenhood; and, as much to annoy him as to give her the name suitable, I called her Almond Blossom. Her mother, it was said had been half Javanese and half French. Her father, I had heard, was a consular officer from London-town where duty called him back; and he had promised to return. But unlike most men who make such promises to wives of the South Seas, his was an unchallengable reason for not returning. His ship sank.

There was a faint Oriental curve to the girl's eyes; and almond eyes are the world's most beautiful. Let the skeptic listen to Kipling's temple bells in Burma, or watch the Javanese moon in the depths of velvet black orbs, or drift in the flower-boats on the Yang-ste to the tinkling of Chinese guitars, and answer - then. This might be another story if I had been fine enough fellow to marry Almond Blossom, or bad enough not to have married her. As it was I threw rocks at the nigger preacher when I saw him coming to save Almond Blossom's sould, and nearly cracked my toes when he sneaked in before I saw him. Missionaries always try to save the prettiest heathens first.

Old Thomas gave whatever she asked for. Cloth, beads and ribbons; she was a woman, with the blood of the race of du Barry in her. The cloth, all color and all colors, was often rich stuff. And she shamed the Queen of Sheba. Also, she shamed and shocked Mrs. Blythe who said to Old Thomas: "You're bringing her up like a heathen!" And I answered for him, since old Thomas was slow with his words: "If she was skinny and scrawny like a Christian, she'd probably want to wear calico

[illegible] me." The girl came closer at me; her thin lips pinched, her face grew white, her faint blue eyes piercing me - or trying to. Almond Blossom, her black hair studded with yellow hibiscus blooms, bare from neck to toes except for a band of scarlet velvet that draped her waist, skidded closer to me and stared curiously half-timidly, at the smart fierce woman. Mrs. Blythe withdrew to pray - that the devil would claim his own, me.

III.

Then Walter Kincaid came.

Somebody, probably the dimly distant relative, the Rev. Mr. Blythe, had urged him into coming, for the boy's health had gone to wreck; and, I said, the missionary was lazy enough to rejoice in even a dying man to assist him.

Poor thin boy with more than a hacking cough, he appeared to be one chosen of the Dark Angel. His was the thin wasted face, the purplish temples, the crimson cheeks, and yellowishly pale forehead, the fever-flame eyes and wistful intensity of the Next-to-Die.

Out of a colony of Scotch Covenanters who had settled on some soil-less, rock-ribbed patch of New Hampshire or Vermont, this half-dead boy came into the South Seas.

Said I to Old Thomas when the afternoon square-face was "dead" - my words were never wisely chosen, or perhaps too wisely! - when I had reduced a quart of Holland to a vacuum, or what as far as my interest in it was concerned, passed for a vacuum. Old Thomas insisted that I drink from my own bottle. He sipped brandy himself, and it pained his Scotch thrift to share his small brandy stock with one who drank by the cup and not by the flavor. Almond Blossom, cross-legged on the mat, was making herself a new necklace by changing her beads so black shells appeared to every three red beans instead of having an unbroken string of red.

Said I to Old Thomas: "It isn't consumption that's killing him; but the miserable Convenanter blood - the horde of Scotchly pious ancestors in his veins, outraged by his love of color, what would be his love of women if he had ever kissed in the starlight. His love of things never known and only vaguely fancied."

Almost Blaesen's closing fingers paused. The very nearly rhythmic clicking of the beads stopped. She turned her softly browned face upwards, listening concisely breathing, uninterpreting little if anything, but eager to hear.

"They're trying to burn him up with fever, as heretics have always been burned."

Old Thomas grunted. He waited when my bottle was emptied I talked consciously.

"His new name would sent earthward and intended to be mocked by a race-treated mother of the Flagellants. It went astray in the astral dawn and got itself imprisoned in some New England womb. Imagine Botticelli being born in Boston - or Edinburgh!"

The last was a sheer cure to bring a growl. Old Thomas lifted his protective hand from the brand bottle as he poked the ash of the pipe he had removed to announce that Scotch were the greatest artists. He didn't know the names of any, but his opinion was firm.

The glass lips of the three-starred bottle gurgled protestingly over my half-shell of cocoanut, and Old Thomas belatedly made a grab for his liquid treasure.

"Mary, bring this funnel-throat anither square-face", he grumbled, glowering at me as two swallows drained my cup.

"The Scotch", I told him, "can't understand life because they never get drunk, except on whiskey. Other men grow tipsy from the flash of a woman's eye; then too, there are men maddened to folly by a sunset - and try to imprison it on a piece of stretched canvas with hair out of a camel's tail; and some fellows are made delirious by winged words; and some ride music to the sun like lost souls on a witch night carnival. And still others, like myself, drink gin."

"Grr-ur-rr-ri" said Old Thomas.

"Our dearly beloved pastor is bullying him into leading the sing-sing Has an ear for music, the boy. Blythe himself can't tell the roll of a heathen war-drum from the brass tongue of a church bell."

It was an old war drum, a dugout of hollowed wood, that called the villages to Sunday service.

"Think - if he should go heathen to hell, for lack of the soft smile on native drip, drip, drip through eternity!" People go to heaven for being miserable on earth, but I found him happy out on the bench this morning. He is damned, Thomas, damned unless something is done to save his soul!"

I was damn, of course.

IV.

I had come upon the boy that morning as he lay flat to the white, hot bench, chin in his fleshless hands, his eyes far away. Ten miles straight out rose a sugar-plum isle covered with green plume and nests of shadows. Beyond, a sapphire sky and an amethyst sea were straining their extended horizons to an embrace. Within voice call the tumbling tidal surf slapped the gleaming red coral breakers with foamy fingers. Color, all color, and the sabbatical quiet of a tropic noon.

I had sprawled beside him, saying "I'm Dan McGuire".

He might have been more surprised if some horned creature with cloven hoofs had appeared. He knew me. He had seen me; and the Rev. Blythe had taken pains that he should see the lesson in me. There I was, a lazy white man who was just beginning to lose a rather tenacious youth. Two-third naked and blacker than a native. I could scarcely be told from,one except for my straight hair, cropped at the neck, blue eyes unnaturally narrowed to shut out the glancing glare of sun on sea, and with a short beard hacked away from time to time with a meat knife. Two thousand years, or something like that, of Christian ancestors had produced - me! But then they had likewise produced the missionary, too. I fancy that if our ancestral spectres carried their humor with them that they did not complain of either Blythe or me. I could speak the language as well as he - twenty times better; and I had seen old rites which he would have declared dead and forgotten had he learned that they ever existed.

The boy looked at me curiously, and his cheeks, above which the temple

woman showed me through terms with charcoal on his parchment face, turned red and more red. His dry, bloodless lips twisted shyly into almost a smile. The next moment, with an anxious gesture, he had thrown his cape backwards over his shoulder.

"It's all right. They're asleep. I heard 'em as I went by. He sleeps like a base viol in the hands of a meddling boy".

For a moment he was shocked. Mine was bad humor, I know. But then, I had a reputation to live up to. He smiled more friendly than amused. But his face was strained. It was wrong of him to listen to mockery of the good man who gave him food and shelter.

Poor boy, at twenty-two he stood with his hands fumbling his funeral shroud; and he did so wonder about life, and how it is lived by those who snuggle with thirsty lips pressed to mother Nature's multiple breasts. I, he had heard, was a wicked man, who knew all about the things it is even wrong to wonder of. But he did not speak of that.

He listened. I talked. I like to talk. Every other muscle in my body seems to have given its energy to my tongue, for all the others are lazy. A certain fluency of words and a kind of fish net memory are the only gifts fairies brought to my cradle.

"Let us live then and be glad
While young life's before us!
After youthful pastimes had,
After old age hard and sad,
Earth will slumber o'er us!"

---- so, before the morning passed, I quoted to him from a nameless vagabond student who wrote my creed into his song some eight centuries before. For in twenty minutes the boy and I had become friends. He gazed at me eagerly. I had read from the Book of Life written in letters cryptic to him, and I told him stories from it. I lied to him, not out of mere vanity to appear an Odyssian wanderer in his fever-lighted eyes, but to give him romance - much as I spun fairytales to the naked red-hued tots. And when I talked myself into drowsy incoherence, those restless imps pelted

me with shells and scampered tauntingly from my snatching fingers.

He had never tasted "liquor". He had once kissed a cousin - on the cheek. His father had chipped him for drawing pictures on the fly-leaves of school books. In the church to which he had been dragged from babyhood, hell was an allegory. A hell-bound preacher with a sonorous voice described its lurid depths, even imitating the wails of the damned. All of his life one day had been like another, excepting Sunday; and on two Sundays had differed. He had welcomed his sickness since it gave him an excuse for lying still and looking at the clouds. A physician of some sense had told him it would be certain death to go into the hot, rain-laden tropics; and the boy had suppressed that warning from his parents and some because - well, Faustus-like, he was willing to give body and soul for anything, anything that was different from his own dull, drab, repressed life.

But it is so hard to sin, to sin with that glorious artistry, that full capacity of enjoyment in all senses that marks the eternally damned. Sin - like love - its beautiful half-sister - is seldom found in England, New England, or elsewhere among the cold blooded races. They have morals and vices, rituals and <u>taboos</u> - like the lowest savages of the South Seas. Solomon, wisest of all men left as greatly to be remembered only his Song of Songs. Aye, he was wise.

In an hour I knew the boy's life as well as I could read the future on his face. Things and thoughts within him, hidden from his own eyes, I could see and understand.

## V.

Though he was warned against me again and again, and tattling natives - a little religion, a very little, not the full amount, makes tale-bearers of natives as of whites - told what they saw him doing. The boy and I met frequently. I fascinated him, not because of my personality but because of his imagination which saw much that has never been, will never be, in me.

The boy was sick, but he was sustained by the optimism peculiar to his disease and some day he hoped to live the adventures that he thought had been mine.

Nothing I could have told him could have made him see that life cheats. Had he been strong and well, I could have said to him: "Go - go - go. Touch the hand of teeny natives, touch their lips. Kill other men that reach for them. Fight the sea. Harness the sun. Go up and down the crowded, shadowed streets of strong cities. Live with every cell leaping like a hungry tentacle. And when it is all done, you will come back to the bench, a half-satisfied, and look for happiness in the bottom of a square-faced" - as it was, I taught him dreams.

We grew in the habit of meeting by a little stream that tumbled down from the rain-drenched hills and poured its mouth into a small quiet bay that would have been semi-locked but for the thin lance of fresh water that thrust a passage through the reef.

I was a loafer and had the leisure of eternity between dawn and darkness. And when I slept, I entered the Buddhist heaven, Nirvana - annihilation. The Rev. Mr. Blythe was muchly given to the goodly vice of over-eating, and he slept much, too. But Nirvana was forbidden him. He groaned and snored. Mrs. Blythe also slept much. Poor woman, it was the only pleasure she had except that of scolding the girls for slipping away in the moonlight to dance the old heathen dances. And of course, tattlers told.

Kincaid and I met often by the mouth of the stream and sat amid the warm shadows, watching butterflies, and drowsily listening to the drone of the surf on the reef. The boy had not then - he never did - recover from the sensation of unreality always felt at first by those who come from the drab north into the flaming tropics. Nature, with prodigal spectacularity, from sun rise to the sky-filled palette of sunset, throws her vivid hues from the tiny wings of pest-insects to the green plumaged, empurpled mountains. Trees are burdened with blossoms, red, yellow and white; all the greens of the earth are there, from the pale green ever shadowed by the wide-reaching breadfruit to the darkened leaves of its own branches; and the sea boils over the coral like molten green glass. Color, all color. The coral, gleaming and prismatic, grotesque of form and labyrinthine, is threaded by rainbow flashes that some people call fish. The natives themselves, richly hued as mahogany - the men

flower-twined, and girls (with feminine fullness of the church's sinuous tube-rose bare-breasted except for glittering beads and flower garlands, their waists encircled with vivid lavalavas, slipping through the woods. It was among, of course, the men were supposed to wear trousers, and the girls cotton sarongs; Heaven knows how one called, from the efforts toward modesty first made by the missionaries to Samoa.

I could, too, tell of the many serpents in this Eden Isle; of even how much human nature there was in jealousy and the little fretful passions, of stupid conventions that caused heart-burning; of misery - disease, mostly however brought from Christian countries, but the boy never knew of them; and his illusions were all that he had left.

One day as we lay idly, silently, looking into the tiny bay fringed with drooping palms, a small, lean boat of hollowed wood glided phantom-like through the still shadowed water. Almond Blossom stood on the thwart, her hands lifted above her head as now and then she pulled the boat along by touching an overhead palm leaf. She was slender as a form on a Grecian urn, as poised, as perfect. Red flowers studded her black hair, and her waist was girdled by a white cestus of cowrie shell - and nothing more.

The boy gasped and gripped my arm, then turned his reddened face away. His covenanter blood pounded guiltily at his cheeks; a naked woman had appeared before his eyes. It was the shock of seeing her, the conviction that she should not be seen, that troubled him. It was the feeling that there was nothing shameful, nothing indecent, that made him guilty, a sinner. He trembled, shook as with a chill, and covering his face with his hands, lay flat upon the ground.

She passed on, slowly, idly moving in the shadows, her fingers scarcely touching the over-hanging leaves. A stir, a whisper and she would have plunged into the liquid mirror that held the transent image of her boat and self - frightened but not ashamed, she would have thrown herself headlong. She was shy, timid, wilful, a veritable little savage, though through some instinct she kept herself aloof from the natives, yet in a way more of a native than any of them. She went wandering

about, lonely, shunning friendship, but hungry. A curious little creature of timidity and stability. A German plantation lay some ten miles to the north of the island, and the Melanesian blacks - slaves - sometimes escaped the overseers and took to the bush; and they were dangerous. To the west lay a great pirate's rendezvous, a small island with many bad natives gathered from various beaches and a few coarse whites. They sometimes came to the German plantation and traded pearls for a stuff called rum. The rum was a sort of home industry, made poisonously of sugar cane and given to the "blackbirders" as an aid to recruiting. These were lawless days and fine for rascals. The Germans were asserting an authority over various groups that they did not have and rather than offend a friendly country the British ignored the rascals that took shelter under the flag of a country so new and awkward at colonization that it seemed not to know, or at least not greatly to care, what was going on.

The whites were mostly men run off the Pentecost reefs and too bad for even Thursday Island; which means that they were merely not sufficiently strong and bold to hold their own.

Our natives were afraid of them. For one thing the natives were a peaceable, friendly lot; for another, the British government years and years before had taught them, when ships were thought to be islands, cannons and guns thunder, masts trees, and white men creatures of great magic, that it was not wise to fight. So our natives were cautious about wandering far from the village. Moreover, as all natives do, and always did, they disliked the Germans.

I had explained to the boy that there was really nothing to be afraid of, for though the prayers of his uncle might not keep them away, yet the presence of the rum mill at the north end of the island would attract them there. No doubt it was my imagination, but it seemed that a shadow of disappointment brushed his face. At least, Covenanter blood is warrior blood. I told him of the raid some three years before on a village about half way between us and the plantation, where in a spirit of high revelry huts had been burned, a few protesting natives shot, and - no, I did not tell him what was said to have happened to the two girls who had been slow in fleeing to the hills.

He asked eagerly what I would have done, had I been there.

"If Oh, I could have - " but the breathless parting of his lips, the starkened look in his eyes, denied to me the right of jest. So I had to fall back on nonsense, and tell him what he wanted to hear. "Oh, I could have started beating an old car drum. Was one an old cavalry horse jump when the bugle is blown? No?"

Neither had I, but that did not prevent me from adding:

"There's something about a rousing call to war that makes even the dying rise to fight. And those heathens - their fathers harnessed the hoof of wooden drums before Captain Cook was born. It has a different sound than when Pete beats it to call the village to church."

How did it sound? What did the natives fight with? Could these swilling, flesh-garlanded men really be like savages? Questions fled his lips, though it was not easy for him to talk. He could speak only with that harsh huskiness that indicates effort.

He had a quick ear and I beat out the war-roll for him on a coconut shell, a poor, hollow little thing, clack-clacking to illustrate the reverberating room-boom-thoom of the wooden drum.

He wanted to try it on the pastor's church drum. His was a tormenting eagerness for everything; a thirsty boy on the verge of death, with all manner of filled, strange goblets about him. He wanted to drain them all.

I warned him that he would awaken the dead - the dead passions in withered men, and set the young ones jumping.

So I brought the subject back to Almond Blossom.

I know very well that he worshipped her from that moment when, in idle revery, she drifted along the shadows; but like that unfortunate youth in the Greek fable who had seen the virgin goddess at her bath, he was torn and tormented. Stag hounds pulled down the Grecian youth; their teeth are less sharp than those of a Covenanter conscience.

Though the boy came from a good Christian country where men, if a windy day has whipped a woman's skirt to her garters, leer, laugh and talk of it, he was silent about that moment of utter revealment. He never referred to her except with the shy reticence of adoration.

If ever there was a little heathen, it was she, despite the blood of Rome and Gaul. The literature of Provence ferments whatever else may be. The Provencs are old, old people; so old that they know the folly of civilization. They sold ivory apes and peacocks to Phoenicians in the time when Solomon built his temple. Old Thomas might crawl as he pleased at her lack of "modesty" - a word she simply did not understand, a sentiment as remote from her as from a flower shamelessly blooming. He might crawl, but he gave whatever she asked for, or rather whatever she took she might have. There was no asking about it. She loved ornaments. That was as far as need or use of clothing made an impression on her.

But in time the boy came to know her. He came to spending much time in Old Thomas's hut, listening to me, watching her as she sat cross-legged, back to a pole, working over some garland sooner or later to be dropped over the head of the snoring Thomas.

Sometimes she would dance, with me beating out a tattoo on the wooden bowl in which Thomas kneaded his dough. She had watched the girls of many villages, and from babyhood had practiced their steps and gestures and made others of her own. Where or how she learned I do not know, but she had a keen understanding of the value of shadows, and - it was not shyness, for she danced in shadows even when alone - would flutter only half revealed in a darkened corner of the hut. In the swimming dance, rising to the tops of one foot, her arm extended so that it was one slightly wavering outline from finger-tips to heel, then changing from foot to foot, with arms thrust overhead and floating down, her body swaying slightly to a barely preceptible rhythm, with the play of light and shadow on her rich bornw coloring, she would almost give the illusion of swimming through air. I liked to watch it; also I liked to tease her, and she scolded fiercely when I thumped too fast or broke the rhythm.

One rainy afternoon as we three men sat watching her, I struck false time again and again. She did not want to sulk because she felt like dancing. She leaped forward, her pretty face ablaze with anger, her sharp red tongue pouring out epithets of naive inoffense and snatched the bowl from my hands. For a second she seemed about to bring it down on my head - then she turned from me haughtily and handed

it to the boy.

Old Thomas and I went out into the storm room to get ready some goods to be taken to a neighborhood village. The rain beat on the iron roof, and Old Thomas squatted on a chest to growl, because the boy was spending so much time in and near our hut. Thomas vented nothing to do with the missionary or his beard.

"Instepiar he had another hemorrhage", I told him. "Tomorrow he may be dead. But think, Thomas, he will die with all of his illusions. He will carry to God word that you are a gentleman. You'll need something to counteract the report sent up in the prayers of his uncle."

Impatiently I knocked off the short neck of a square-face, and put my lips to the broken glass. Talking is always thirsty work with me. Old Thomas demanded to know what I would do when the gin was gone. I surveyed the large stock complacently.

"Drink brandy", I told him. "Then go over to the Caruka reefs and live with the pirates. Drink German rum, and wish I were dead. Aye, Thomas, happy is he who dies in the heat of battle - not living to learn that the blood spent is worth more than the victory. Happier than you or I is he who dies ----"

Old Thomas started up, his hand lifted in a silencing gesture, his face incredulous to the sound that his ears had caught.

"My God, what <u>is</u> that!" he exclaimed.

Faintly, as if from a distance, through the splash and swish of rain came the thum-bumm of a war-drum - then I laughed.

For a moment the sound had been convincing, sifting through the rain. But the drum was the wooden bowl. The boy was beating the war roll I had taught him.

Old Thomas swore, relieved. I laughed.

"You and I", I said, "Don't want to hear it. He does. That's what illusions are for. We've lost 'em and we are miserable. Thirty-two years ago, Thomas, you clung to a dirty little brig that crawled three thousand miles over the face of the sea because you were looking for trouble. Thought a fight was best of life".

"Aye, it is", he growled. "But I dinna want no more o' 'em!"

VI

The boy and [illegible] became friends, something more than friends for he worshipped her. [illegible] she, the [illegible] of ragged health and matchless freedom, became attached to that poor emaciated boy, I do not know. Perhaps the primitive motherhood of girl-children the world over, went out to him. She was only a child. No one knew her exact number of years, fourteen or fifteen. The boy was older but as much of a child. I scarcely thought of age when I looked at her. There was an old, old wisdom in her face, curved eyes, an immemorial gentleness in her smile - even out the fierce little snarl of a tiger cat on her lips. She was wilful as the wind. From babyhood nothing had been denied her. Spoiled, perhaps; but far more lovely, generous, loyal than any child I ever saw who was trained by some one better than a grouchy old bachelor-man, whose heart she held between her slim brown fingers.

The boy could not climb at all, or scarcely walk as far as she could dance. But he would trot along wistfully at her side, breathing hard, coughing harder when he stopped to rest. She knew nothing of sickness. It had scarcely been a name to her until she knew him, but she soon adjusted herself to his helplessness. They played a kind of silent, motionless game down by the south of the stream where she wove strange and pretty things out of banana leaves that he stripped and shredded for her.

Garlands she made too; and there came an afternoon when he wore one - I believe she tempted him to do it - clear through the village and into the missionary's home. And the next morning the boy did not come to our hut.

Blythe came himself.

He was not a short man and he was not tall, neither fat nor lean. His was a rather somber face, as if strained by the need of never relaxing, nor ever showing humor - of which he had absolutely none. He seemed to feel that grave responsibilities were his, and he scarcely knew what to do with them. His speech was formal. His voice in conversation was much the same as when addressing a congregation. Something indefinably pompous was in him. He was slightly bald and his nose was long. I did not like him.

When I first crawled out from under my mosquito netting I was always

disagreeable. A plunge in the surf - I was too lazy to follow the path to fresh water - then a cup or two of coalition coffee did something toward humanizing me, but not until pretty nearly drunk was I fit for human association. Thomas and I always did our quarrelling before breakfast. The girl was usually up and away before we turned on our mats.

As usual I had drunk too much the night before. I arose feeling scratched and covered with itching little red lumps that showed how successfully the predatory skeeters had conducted their raid through the night. As I came from the hut I found the Rev. Blythe pacing up and down in the sand before our parsh. I eyed him with frank enmity.

"All right. What have I done now?" I demanded.

"I have made a great mistake", he began with a rhetorical flourish of his fist.

"Well, you've had a lot of practice with little ones".

He ignored it. He probably could not have understood if he had tried.

His great mistake seemed to have been in letting the boy associate with me. He said that he had protested with Walter against wasting his time in my company. He and Mrs. Blythe had protested. It was a bad example for the nephew of the missionary to associate with me, and to be seen in company with that girl ---

"I slowed him up at the mention of her name.

The boy had come home last evening wearing a string of red and yellow flowers.

"Terrible!" I murmured.

And the whole village had seen.

"Awful!" I agreed.

And only the Sunday before the Rev. Peter ("nigger") had exhorted the men and girls against such vanity. Then the missionary's own nephew - oh it was distressing!

It was unimaginable how stubborn the boy was. He continually quoted my impious remarks. Did I realize that I had damned the boy's soul!!

Last night he had told the boy that he must choose between the church and Old Thomas's hut - and Sallie had staggered to the door and fainted.

"Bring him here", I said "Here - he can wear all the flowers he wants. Bring him here, and you and your niggers can go to ---- heaven!"

But he had not intended to cast the boy out. He had only wanted to awaken him to a sense of - or - that it was exceedingly wrong to spend his time in idle company. And now the boy was in a fever and delirious. All night he had called for me and the girl.

Could I - could I have the honor and decency to visit the boy and tell him it was better to remain with his aunt and uncle, to follow their advice, listen to their words? It was strange, but I had influence with the boy. Could I?

Something somewhere within me weakened. I promised.

## VII.

Over the scalding coffee well spiked with gin I told Old Thomas. Almond Blossom, basking in the morning sun, her head thrust under the mat curtain that served for a wall, listened without my knowing that she was there. I said many foolish things no doubt, but least among was that the boy would not live long and die miserable, lonely, amid the cold ministrations of his worthy aunt and uncle.

"If there's anything in the Golden Rule, Thomas, I ought to take in the war drum and beat out dances for him. Run the missionary out, and lead flower-decked dancers in. Even Death, with hand outstretched, would wait till a Siva is over. And I ought to shoot prayerful Peter, and let that boy die happy., I hate death, Thomas. It's so damn final."

He grunted - he had not listened - and lifted the battered, blackened coffee can to my cup.

I went to Blythe's house, but not alone.
Almond Blossom caught at my arm.

"Go back", I told her. She looked at me with reproachful surprise, and stubbornly shook her head. "You're not dressed fit for Christians", I added. She shook her head, again in a quick little gesture of defiance, and red petals floated from her

hair. Her chin went up, her brave little brown shoulders stiffened, and the silent little servant stared at me. "All right" - I gave her my hand - "we'll go through it together".

Nearly all of the village was gathered about the Blythe house, standing and squatting in a wide semi-circle around the doorway in which stood Peter. It was a large brown turtle-backed house, roofed with cane leaves, and with shaggy permanent sides, because Mr. and Mrs. Blythe objected to the lack of privacy when mats, hung like organ, made the walls. They preferred the heat. There was much clacking of tongues and putting of hand to mouth in surprise among the encircling group as I and the girl came to the door. Peter had been telling them that we had bewitched the sick boy.

Peter was a grayed old fellow who wore at all times a long black frayed greasy coat, and nothing under it but his tattoos - reminders of a heathenish adolescence - and dirty white canvas trousers, much too short for him, as the coat was too large. He rolled the sleeves of the coat back on his wrists. Also he wore spectacles from which the glass had wisely been removed.

He stepped reluctantly aside for us to pass, though his arm had started out to bar the girl's way. He contented himself with glaring at her. She did not notice, but timidly pressed my elbow between her hands and peered forward.

The badly ventilated house was stuffy and dark. A rude table, crudely made of salvaged lumber, with its legs in kerosene cans, stood in the center of the room. On it was an oil lamp burning in daylight, and an open book from which the Rev. Blythe was reading aloud in accents of sonorous melancholy as we came in. On a pile of mats, moaning in a half sleep, lay the boy. By him Mrs. Blythe was kneeling, wiping his brow with a moist cloth. Her face was stained with dried tears.

Blythe looked up, his formal welcoming stiffening as he saw the girl. He arose, removed his glasses and nervously wiped them with his thumb and finger. He looked at the girl as he said: "I do not think it well ---" But he did not finish.

With a little low cry she ran forward to the mat and dropped to her knees across from the gaunt, haggard wife of the missionary. Mrs. Blythe stared at her vacantly. The poor woman had not slept that night. With a kind of weary resignation she sat back and watched apathetically as the deft tender hands of the girl stroked his

sat forward and passed gently to his pale red cheeks - like most cases, in which the dying glow heavily glimmers through the ashen surface.

The evening stopped. His eyes opened sightlessly; and in the silence there was pause of even our breathing. The Rev. Blythe stood beside me, solemnly, motionless. His hands writhed nervously together. A shy crooked smile came on the boy's thin, feverish, slightly cracked lips. He tried feebly, drowsily, to speak, then lifted his long fleshless hands and pressed them against the girl's soft fingers as they touched his cheeks. His eyes closed. He was asleep.

No one stirred for a moment. Then Mrs. Blythe sighed heavily, and arose slowly, pushing herself up with hands to the pebbled floor; painfully tired. With her hands limp at her side, her chest drooped, she looked wearily, inquiringly at her husband.

"It is for the best", he said simply and laid his hand gently on the head of Almond Blossom; then with just a suggestion of haste blew his nose and half turned away. Mrs. Blythe walked slowly to the table, sat down heavily on the box stool and leavned forward, lying on the opened Bible with her face encircled by her arms. I am sure she slept at once.

I, sobered, turned to the door. Peter stepped back respectfully. Something inside of me hurt. I was curiously tightened at the throat and did not care to try to speak.

## VIII.

Old Thomas blustered; and back and forth we cursed, each the other.

He would not have girl,of his made "missionary". He was going right up and pull her out of that devil-devil house. Missionaries were a bad lot; for one thing, they hurt the traders' business. They just got the natives to swop one kind of rigmarole for another.

"Damn you, there is a God!" I told him. "And fools as missionaries are, they're not as far from Him as you and I."

"But my girl -- "

"Let her alone. She knows more than you and I or Blythe ever will."

"She is here with that ..."

"She is not. She's out of the Orient, you fool. And the Orient's the only place where women are loyal for neither love nor hope of money!"

Old Thomas sat down grumbling and pulling at his beard; but by noon we were both drunk, and good friends again.

## XX

I pass over the next two days quickly. They were rather blurred. I know that I talked - and Thomas snored - a great deal. I am sure that I went, with more difficulty through the sandy street, to ask about the boy, but perhaps each time I was told that he was asleep. I seem to remember trying to coax Peter to help me destroy a bottle of gin so it couldn't harm anybody. I must have been expansively generous and offered to let by-gones be by-gones. I don't know whether the Rev. Blythe helped me back to Old Thomas's hut or not. I may have dreamed that. Or he may not have cared to have me sitting on his doorsteps announcing my troubles to his congregation.

Anyway, on the third morning Old Thomas prodded me in the ribs with his toes and said the boat was ready to start for Tapolu. Tapolu was the sugar plum island ten miles away, where a small village welcomed Thomas from time to time. I did not want to go. But the Scotch are an inhuman people; he had no mercy on me. Had he been anything but a Scotchman he would have been unconscious for a week - there were six empty brandy bottles by his bed.

Old Thomas weighed something over two hundred pounds and could have tucked me under either arm without trouble. He was a powerful brute, and one had to live with him about ten years to suspect that he was really as tender-hearted and generous as he tried not to appear.

I asked about the boy, but Thomas only growled that the tide was going out.

Our long boat carried a sail; also six oars and four boys in case of calm. I curled on athwart and tried to lie quiet. Thomas, his hand to the tiller, smoked sullenly. I could not sleep, or anything approaching sleep, so I listened to the boys

who talked uneasily in low voices.

Things seemed to have happened the last two days. A Melanesian [illegible] had brained an overseer with an axe and taken to the hills. The Germans were making a great hunt for him - had sworn to roast him alive. It would not have been the first time that punishment of the kind was - or was said to have been - dealt out on that plantation.

I knew these boys well enough to understand that they had a secret between them. But the mere hunting of a Melanesian black somewhere on the island could make them so furtively uneasy. They continually exchanged glances and shook their heads. I tried to get it out of them but the most I could learn was that the black was thought to have been seen near the village. Which meant that some tender hearted native had been feeding him. They might be afraid of runaway blacks, but they hated the Germans.

Presently they began to talk of the boy, of the missionary's nephew - who was only the nephew of Mrs. Blythe. Yesterday he had been out on the palms, on the grass in the sun. He was better. They did not mention the girl; they knew more than to mention her before Old Thomas.

"What about that black?" I demanded of Thomas.

He smoked on, puff, puff, puff. Then abruptly:

"Blythe's got him."

Blythe was concealing the runaway. Mary had told Thomas. Mary had been at the mission hut night and day. The black had run into the mission hut the night before and fell on his face before Blythe, and in pidgin English, which the missionary could not understand, had begged for safety. Mary had translated for him. She had told Thomas, and Thomas had offered to carry the black over to Tapolu; but Blythe wouldn't give him up.

"Vale!" I said

"Valea!" said Old Thomas.

I had called the missionary mad; and he called him an idiot.

"Christian!" said Malmu with excellent accent and challenging dignity, and the three other natives nodded.

after that there was silence.

We got a hearty welcome at Lapaha. The natives crowded out into the water and pushed the boat far up on the beach, and greeted their friends cheerily, asking about relatives and friends on the other islands, and went tossing and scrambling about.

They were glad to see us. We had tobacco and cloth and other stuffs and - but I should not speak of the gin. It was against the law to trade that to natives. Precious little of it I ever traded to any of them; nor could Thomas trade them brandy!

We were feasted and bantered and beaten down in our bargains, and drank the cocoa-nuts first; and they threatened to hold their anger and argument for some German traders - and all the usual parleying was exhausted. We carried biscuits and cloth and canned salmon to the chief and sat around while the bare-breasted girls chewed and strained kava; and we drank with ceremony and passed around cigars; and one lighted cigar was passed from one mouth to another and back again, and the girls danced while Malau and our boys looked on with disapproval for they were "missionary".

It was nearly dark when we started back, and before we were a mile out night threw up his great black buckler, star studded, embossed with a full white moon that slipped up and laid a bar of silver across the face of the sea. My headache was long since vanished, and I lay back staring up at the clear sparkling sky. The boys, eager to be home, were giving their oars to the sail, chanting some old rowing song and half rising with every dip. A beautiful, white, quiet night; on such a night one dreams that life is good and has not been wasted, that the future is long and full of promise. Thomas, too, was half-dozing, his hand unconsciously on the tiller, his pipe out and his face trancelike, turned to one side as his eyes followed our phosphorescent wake.

Malu said in soft awed tones: "Afi!"

The oars trailed, all faces were turned shorewards.

"Afi! Afi! Afi!" rose in louder, alarmed cries.

There was fire indeed. A great blot of red smoke-tipped flames rose from our village, and softly across the water we caught the yells of voices.

"From the position, I'd say that's yours, Thomas!"

And it was; hut and stage soon were in flames.

Then another point of fire raised itself against the black background of flameless hills and burst like a great spherical explosion into flames.

The yells were louder, more wild, and others - the more distant - like long-drawn sheep of exultation. We sat, poised listeningly, unable to imagine what was happening.

Then louder and louder and more furiously there came reverberantly across the water th-boom-boom-boom and the boom, boom, boom of the war drum.

-boom-thum-boom-boom, boom, boom; -boom-thum-boom, boom, boom, boom; -thum-boom; boom - and abruptly, silence!

Silence, except for the echoes caught and cast from the hills, as though ghostly warriors aroused from the long sleep, were calling phantom hosts to war.

Old Thomas made fast the tiller and took up an oar. There was no need to tell the boys what was going on over there in the village. They understood. Another and still another hut had given itself as a torch to the shore. These boys squatted on the thwarts and threw their weight into every pull, and Old Thomas - bull of a man - snapped eight feet of oak, and took my oar while I scrambled to the stern sheets and threw the lug broadside, letting the port gunnel drink.

"Overboard that anchor!" growled Old Thomas, and I cut loose and heaved over our precious fifty pounds of iron claws.

"That junk - over", he muttered.

And our wake was strewn with mats and sacks. Every loose pound went over the side. Thomas carried no dead weight when he hurried. I puffed like a dying porpoise, but Thomas breathed in great steady gulps. The boys were gasping, but they pulled. There was yelling and shouting ashore, and now and then the crack of a gun.

"Alo, tamaiti!" I yelled at them. "Alo, alo, foe!"

But they needed no urging to pull. With marvelous dexterity they pushed their heels on the edge of the thwarts on which they squatted, and laid their full weight against the oars.

"We're getting into the reefs", I said.

"Keep the reefs", said Thomas. "Hold 'er straight out."

I sat straight on the seat, with no holding my breath and flinching this time. No skill of mine carried us through; simply the bull-headed luck of Old Thomas. A small arm of coral laid itself across our bow, but it was scraped off and the broken stump gouged the side resentfully as we went by. I felt the steam buzz once and glanced down to see how big was the hole, but the next wave of the oars carried us clear. I started to bail with my hat, and at that moment was thrown headlong over the side into some three feet of water. We were boarded.

Old Thomas carried no gun. The natives all about were friendly; and I had only a pocket knife, not quite as good a weapon as a bolt gun. But we rushed back on our and dashed on after him.

A

Two or three whites from the Soroka reefs and a half dozen natives, some of them half-breeds from Guam and a Queensland black or two, had by chance come to the plantation that morning and joined in the "nigger" hunt. In the course of the day they had travelled toward our small village of less than twenty huts, and learning that Old Thomas was away, broke into the store room and got riotiously drunk. They distributed liquor with a free hand in spite - perhaps because of - the pleading and warning of the missionary. Most of the natives discreetly took to the hills, for they were a peaceable lot.

As night came on the drunken fellows began looking for - well, most of the women had gone too, excepting a few of the youngest who trustingly took refuge in the missionary's house; but some frightened fool, or drunkem, told the men that Blythe had the Solomon Islander.

Some faint trace of decency, or more likely of superstition, had kept them away from the missionary's home, to which all of the girls that had not taken to the hills had fled.

But there the fellows came, carrying with them the last of Thomas's stock, and firing huts on the way.

Blythe stood in the door of his hut and refused to move.

His words of appeal left them cold. His admonitions were mocked. Then he cried at them after the manner of an old dame:

"I am an American citizen! Force your way into this home, and all hinds you and the American government will hang you, every man!"

Dramatic and spirited words, but not convincing. They cared for neither God nor the American government. And he called himself a British citizen it would have given them pause, for British gunboats did search out and dispose of, without the tedium of hanging, such as, natives or white, whatever their race - selected Her Majesty's subjects. (A situation disagreeable Americans to reflect upon perhaps, but this world over there isn't a slum English speaking beachcomber or traveller, who, in trouble in a foreign port, will not declare himself with all the fervor of a patriot to be British born and loyal!)

They jeered Blythe and pressed forward. But he stood immobile. And there is something fearful about one who stands silent and unarmed, that checks even drunken men. But the flutterings and cries of women reached their ears.

"Give way!" they cried at him.

He did not move.

"Let's burn the huts!" some one yelled in threatening jest, and bable broke loose. They fired the hut nex to it but to the lee.

The sick boy, his eyes ablaze, took up a war club, a curiosity, and stood behind his uncle. Like a fire burning itself out intensely, the fever for a time gave him strength of a kind.

The brutes rushed. The Rev. Blythe went down, unconscious. Walter struck futilely and was thrown aside. And the men were inside of the hut where screams and prayers mingled with curses and roars.

Almond Blossom had seen. A half breed rushed her. The lamp was overturned. Then the rough arms that circled her slender tense body parted - the little tiger cat had struck with a butcher knife for claws.

The smoking wick licked at the oil in which it lay, and fire ran over

the ferocious past, reached the skins of the hut and opening mouth and sniff until the inside of the house was unendingly silence. But pellmell the people had plunged from it; the women forgetting perhaps the greater danger in flight from the fiery one; and men heading to escape that miniature of the hell that should even each day engulf them. Aiamu Bikaaka and old Peter, his shabby coat smashed and torn, dragged the unconscious Blythe to a quiet place of the screaming timber; and across the body his wife fell weeping.

Suddenly in the lurid night there rose beat of the war drum. It was startling. It was as though some supernatural agency, incensed by outrage against a sanctuary, was in fury striking that old hollow log that had long since been given over to the solemn monotony of thump-thump-thump in church service. Jehovah Himself is a war God, and, more than the records can tell, in Christian countries, His bells have called upon men to fight for home and country. Women and brutes and men alike paused, listening. The drum stopped - abruptly.

A ruffian, white, rushing on the boy whom no one else had seen under the shadow of the tree, killed him with a blow to the back of the head. The boy went down with the strongest of life's wine on his lips; death in battle. The drum beat broke off with a last boom rising until its sob of sound filled the night; and silence followed - silence broken by a lone cry from the forest, and another and another, until the woods behind the village seemed filled with warriors.

The natives who had fled their village were coming back. Men, girls, and boys, they were coming back. The war drum called to something deeper within them than memory; to the blood of their fathers and of their fathers' fathers. With sticks, boughs and rocks they came, for but few had clubs with them and none had guns.

The ruffians were trapped. They had come into the village overland. Their boat was north. And they took refuge in the church, a queer little church, built of thatch but with a steeple in which nobell hung but overhead a wooden cross outstretched its arms against the moonlight. They turned the church into a fort, and shot at whoever approached, hoping dawn would bring help from the German plantation.

But a lithe- shadow-form darted forward, carrying a firebrand. The flash of rifle and two revolvers lanced out, but the form went forward and in the

shelter of the side of the church, drove the torch into the thatched sides. It was Almond Blossom - avenging the death of the boy. The blood of two white races might be in her, but that only gave resolution and courage to carry out the wild, cruel vengeance evoked by the immemorial cruelty of the Orient.

Out of the church the ruffians came, shooting right and left in their fright; and Almond Blossom withdrew unscorched, untouched, from the side of the burning house.

The men ran underneath a shower of rocks for the beach, hoping to find boats - and they found Old Thomas and the four natives and myself.

It was a wild fight and short. They were onto us before aware of us and the man with the rifle went down with a crushed head from the swoop of Old Thomas's oar. I snatched the rifle up and plundered the dead man's pocket for cartridges. It was a good rifle and true. Guns and knives against clubs are uneven - usually; but the better armed were terrified men and Old Thomas, knowing what beasts these were thought the girl was dead - or worse - and took toll as though she were. Aye, and I thought the same; twice I shot at three paces, and saw their faces wrenched with pain as their souls fled.

## XI.

Some said that one got away and plunged, swimming off, in the surf. A good native swimmer could have escaped that way if sharks did not spy him out; but I had doubt that any had gone to carry the word of what happened when ruffians came to our little village.

True, the Germans did come early the next day to investigate; but they agreed to take Old Thomas's word for what had happened - and said that justice had been done. He <u>was</u> a British citizen, and perfectly willing not to wait for a gunboat before starting a fight.

As for the escaped Solomon Islander - Old Thomas did not know where he was. But if the Germans wanted to search, they could look among the ashes of the village huts. Old Thomas did not suggest that they cross to Tapolu and search the

Hills there.

All.

And on the evening of the morrow we buried the boy.

His flickering life had gone out in a bright consuming flame; and he was given the becoming honours of one who had died at full duty. His body was wrapped in beautiful Indian cloth, around and around; and across his thin breast were laid garlands of red and white and yellow flowers - not because it was the burial custom but because Almond Blossom put them there. Four of us carried him; Old Thomas and Old Peter side by side at his head and Peter's long black coat was more frayed and somewhat torn; and Malmu and I at his feet.

The Rev. Blythe walked before with an open Bible in his hand; and behind came Mrs. Blythe, weeping, and Almond Blossom, her eyes dry, but her lips tight. And after them all of the village, with torn garments and heads dishevelled, chanting an old pagan funeral.

# SYNOPSIS

## OF A MOVING PICTURE

## THE LURE BALLAD

On Rainbow Beach, an island under the Southern Cross, the story is laid. A tale of love and adventure, of men outstripped and buffeted by adverse fortune. The natives of the little village go about their peaceful tasks, under the spiritual guidance of the Reverend Franklyn Blythe, a missionary, stern as the granite hills of his New England home. Much stress is laid on the clothing worn by the women and clothes are a matter of feud between Donald, the missionary's little son and Puna, a native heathen much opposed to "pants".

The Reverend Blythe's household, besides his wife and son, consists of Nancy, a savage girl, who yields to missionary gingham but wriggles free from all other convention, and Peter, the missionary's first convert and most faithful assistant. Peter is fond of his religion - especially the high hat and frock coat part of it. Between Nancy and Peter there is considerable attraction but Peter cannot allow his dignity to be ruffled by the strenuous wriggles of the savage girl.

Among the few white people on the island, Old Thomas, a trader on the beach, is the most interesting. He lives with his foster-daughter, a vivacious, dark-skinned dark-eyed creature, strange mixture of moods and disposition. He has long ago given up trying to understand her but makes a last desperate effort to induce her to give up her savage costume of a grass skirt and a few beads and don the missionary gingham. But she enjoles and, as usual, has her own way.

A bit of human wreckage somehow or other cast upon Rainbow Beach, is Dan McGuire, the Beachcomber. Without the courage to run the race - without illusions - without dreams, save sometimes perhaps that he might have been a better man in the distant land from which he came. He finds it easy to eke out a living here where nature supplies most of the wants of life and with plenty of gin he does not lack consolation. Lying on the beach in a drunken stupor, he is found by Mary, dancing on her way in and out of the waves in happy abandon. Not realizing that the man is intoxicated she tries to warn him of his danger from the incoming tide. But one whiff of his breath and she knows but still she helps him to his feet and staggers to Old Thomas's hut with him.

The trader is disgusted with her find and tries to get some information from the stranger. But somehow Mary has taken a fancy to the drunken beachcomber and persuades her foster-father to keep him with them until he sobers up. The man had seen much and travelled far but it pleased his fancy to tell the old man and girl wild tales of adventures never really known - of cities never visited. Old Thomas was something of a liar himself but the superior quality of the Beachcomber's yarns win his admiration and undying friendship while Mary only laughs.

Thousands of mils away in a New England village, Walter Kincaid, the missionary's nephew decides that he must seek a softer climate for the menace of a dangerous illness. Walter has led a narrow restricted life - his most serious moral offense has

Soon electing his escape in a most brilliant [illegible] and perhaps it is as much to escape his dull, repressed life as to seek a softer climate, that he sets further South [illegible]. There is much preparation at Rainbow Island for the coming of the white lad. The girls are given new gowns and Penny is busily sewing for her stepson Donald.

Going to Old Thomas' hut to try to induce Mary to wear the missionary gingham, [illegible] and Peter encounter the Beachcomber. He laughs at their invitation to [illegible] and they turn to Mary with the gingham dress. She refuses absolutely and when Peter starts again to try to succeed where he, Blythe had failed she drives him away with anything coming handy.

Finally Father Donald arrives and a trader's boat brings him from the steamer. He is met by the natives in gala attire and is much shocked by Penny's [illegible] for his personal benefit.

In [illegible] on the other side of Rainbow Island is a [illegible] Blackbirder and his band of [illegible] natives, black [illegible] and fierce cannibals from the Solomon Islands. He hears of Lost Island in the missionary village and wanders down at the head of his band which he keeps in practical slavery by [illegible] use of the lash and of gin.

The argument concerning pants - to wear them or not to wear them - is getting serious between the two little boys. It is now a question of their respective dad's choice in the matter and is settled to the black boy's satisfaction by Mary. The black's triumph is great until the missionary comes along and finds the little savage holding his son under water. He declares it is all right - that the white god is so strong he will not let Donald drown. The missionary lands Donald safely but in Donald's heart is a fierce vow to make the black wear those pants yet!

Another conflict of wills between atheist and believer is going on between the Beachcomber and Walter Kincaid. In half fearful admiration of the Beachcomber's creed - to live, to love, to wander strange cities, to know life - he feels a stirring of his sluggish blood and a vague, tempting dream that some day he too may lead a life of mad adventure, the right of youth in springtime. His dream is colored by visions of the gorgeous Mary in barbaric array flashing in and out of the waves and through the tropic forest. She early takes a fancy to the white boy and invites him to share with the Beachcomber the hospitality of the Trader's hut.

Here Kincaid was given an opportunity to see an entirely different phase of life. As Mary danced the ancient heathen dances of her people he watched - and wondered. His puritan blood sometimes pounded guiltily at his cheeks but he could not help but feel flattered when she snatched the musical board away from the Beachcomber and gave it to him to play, after the Beachcomber, through jealousy of the frail boy, had twice purposely bent out of time.

In the swooning odor of magnolia bloom in the tropic night, the Beachcomber swept away by his passionate love for this alluring feminine flower sweeps her into his arms and coming down to the beach [illegible] lawless love on a distant island. But the memory of what Old Thomas had done for him and his love for the girl, Mary, hold him back and he releases her. But she draws a dangerous knife from her belt and threatens that if he ever dares to touch her again she will not hesitate to use her weapon.

The girl slips away from the trader's cottage to dance her heathen dances before a secret idol in the heart of the jungle. Here the savage chief, on his search for treasure, sees her and decides she is a pearl more radiant than any nestled in the translucent bosom of the sea. As Mary dances, ignorant of any danger on one side, Kincaid watches admiringly, on the other the Beachcomber watches with adoring, jealous eyes, while the black chief and the blackbirder watch with lascivious, profane eyes as they circle closer to grasp their prey.

[illegible] entering, [illegible] admiration, the black Chief [illegible] and is not discovered until he stands over the [illegible]. He is frightened beyond words and the Chief's just that "He stick one gun - one knock on head - maybe you dead." strikes panic to Peter's very soul. But [illegible] to secure his revolver he hails it deadly into the black's face and he retreats.

In the meantime the blackbirder has come upon the Beachcomber where he stands watch, but a vicious knife and the command to "Get back - find yourself where you were first" is enough to make him fall back and for the present, leave Mary alone. He returns to his ship but has not given up the idea of securing this dainty morsel for his own house.

Mary's high spirits and Kincaid's infatuation lead them into play that is too rough for his delicate strength and when a fit of coughing assumes him the primitive motherhood of all girl children goes out to the boy and maybe, too, something more.

The Beachcomber sees the growing attachment of the two and again makes overtures to his old friend - rum. Mary finds him on the beach, and at first, thinking him only asleep, places behind his ear the flower of love - a binding plait between rum and maid. However when his real condition dawns on her she angrily throws the flowers away and leaves him.

The Chief in his wanderings has met Fanny and all her savage nature responds to his fierceness and she cheerfully agrees to the tribal ceremony of matrimony - having her front teeth knocked out. Peter is duly shocked, if not a little sorry when he witnesses this ceremony.

Sunday morning and the huge gun that once called the natives to battle now brings the converts to church. Kincaid is particularly interested in this gun, whose boom can be heard for twenty miles.

At last Donald Blythe's revenge comes when he successfully gets the pants on the black and has the satisfaction of forcing him to go to church in them.

While the converts on the island are at church the blackbirder and the Chief are plotting, Mary and Walter Kincaid are together at her shrine in the jungle. The half playfully persuades him to call on the devil-devil to drive away the evil spirits that make him cough. Together they dance and weave the spell of heathen worship until the missionary, taking a short cut to the church - happens on them. His anger at finding his nephew with the wreath, a heathen symbol, around his neck in such a place with Mary whom he calls "A loose girl" is terrible and her orders the boy home. The boy resents the reference to Mary but a coughing spell that prostrates him stops all further argument.

In the meantime the black chief is using Fanny as a means to attack the village. He instructs her to bring him all the fire arms from the missionary house which she does and the blackbirder and his gang prepare the attack.

As Mary prays before her idol in the forest after Kincaid leaves the Beachcomber comes to her and furious with jealousy he upbraids her. He tells her that she considers herself too good for him to even touch - but hour after hour she is with the sick boy. In his jealous rage he accuses her and almost striking her stalks away through the forest to spend a love-tortured, sleepless night. But through the same night Mary wanders also along the beach, trying to read her own heart.

The boy, deathly ill, calls for his companions and conquering his prejudice, the missionary goes for Mary and the Beachcomber. Surprised, they come to the sick boy's bedside and he seems to find comfort in their presence. Taking the Beachcomber's

head he tells him "[illegible], there is something [illegible] my own brother."

The boy falls into a healthful sleep after their visit and the Beachcomber goes out on the beach to sing grog and grub is his mind that great new word "Brother". Very anxiously inquires of the missionary if there is not something she can do but to talk but they can only trust in God. With a new hope she goes to her tent in the woods and takes it from its place sews it into the sun. Then she returns to see whether or not God has found room in her cot as to warm the boy.

The Beachcomber throws himself on the beach in a great prayer of renunciation - in his new repentance he prays that if Mary finds greater happiness in the love of Kingsmill that she may have him.

At the blackbirder's camp he severely beats a sick slave, who runs away to the missionary for protection. The blackbirder hearing that the men have all left the village prepares the attack.

Old Thevia is entertained when the Beachcomber comes to him for rest and takes him as one of his crew on an expedition to a distant island.

When all the men have left the village the blackbirder takes the missing slave as an excuse and comes down and demands permission to search the missionary's house. This the missionary refuses and the blacks point to Old Thevia's burning hut which they have lit. But the missionary, protecting his flock and the poor, beaten slave, defies the villains. They barricade the house and prepare for fight. They discover their weapons have been stolen.

Walter Kingsmill, recovered from his illness, thinks of the great gun outside and sees at last the Great Adventure - he will risk his life to beat it and call back the men of the village. While the savages beat at doors and windows and the frightened women hide within the house he goes out and fighting his way thru the blacks beats the huge tom-tom again and again. At the distant island the villagers hear the strange call and immediately set off for home. Old Thevia also and the Beachcomber turn in their track and row swiftly back to the Island.

The blacks succeed in breaking into the house and the last door is being broken down. A blow from a native axe strikes the boy and he falls at his heroic task. The trader's boat is the first to land and the men quickly go to the rescue. There is a fight outside the house and the girl is rescued just as the blackbirder has her in his arms ready for flight.

The blacks thoroughly routed they find the boy dying by the side of the drum. He dies in the Beachcomber's arms and to him he calls "Brother".

Frantically the missionary and his wife search for their son. He and the native boy however, have been safely tucked away in a cupboard and are safe and sound. While the savage excitedly tells his side of the story Donald has trouble in keeping him properly clothed.

The savages chase Peter through the woods but when they see all is lost for them abandon the chase and Peter immediately resumes his dignity.

The Beachcomber decides to seek a new life and comes to his canoe with all his worldly belongings when Mary comes down and he discovers that she has loved him all the time.

Then there is a great celebration on the island and at last the Beachcomber comes to church - to be married to Mary, at last in the hated gingham gown but with roses in her hands and flowers behind her ears. And they travel at last the warm white path of velvet moonflowers to the Land of Dreams fulfilled.

The End.

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# "THE IDOL DANCER"

## CONTINUITY

1. Main Title - The Idol Dancer - Copyright 1920 by D. W. Griffith
2. Title -- Story by Gordon Ray Young - Photographed by G.W.Bitzer
3. Title -- Scenario by S. E. V. Taylor
4. Cast of Characters -- Note.
5. Title -- On Rainbow Beach, a Romance Island, etc.
6. Fade on Long shot beach -- Barthelmess on
7. Long shot - Island - natives in water
8. Boat on -- natives.
9. Long shot - same scene
10. View of beach - boys in water
11. Closer view - girls at water's edge.
12. View boat on with negro - natives gather around boat.
13. Long shot of village.
14. Title -- In this village, where the calico gown, etc.
15. Closer view village.
16. Title - Pago, a native savage.
17. Close view - black boy cutting melon -
18. Distant view - exterior missionary house - white boy by door.
19. Closer view same
20. Title - Donald Blythe, the island's only white boy.
21. Insert of boy
22. Interior missionary house.
23. Title - The Reverend Franklyn Blythe, a missionary, etc.
24. Close view missionary and wife
25. Title - Peter, his first convert and most faithful assistant, etc.
26. Long view interior of house -- Peter, Minister and wife.

57 Title - Spectacles for beauty's sake from which the glass etc.

58 Closer view minister and Peter -- minus hand

59 Long view interior house.

60 Title - Fanny, a savage flower, who yields to missionary clothes etc.

61 Peter and colored girl -- Peter looking away from her scandalized at her actions - looks back again.

62 Long view interior - Peter nervous.

63 Close view - Peter trying hard not to look at Fanny.

64 Long view interior - Fanny rubbing limb - wife over - speaks to her - goes back to table.

65 Trader's cabin - exterior. Boat on water in distance .

66 Interior trader's cabin - long shot -- Trader and girl on --

67 Title -- Old Thomas, a trader on the beach, etc.

68 Closer view trader and girl

69 Title Blood of vivacious France, inscrutable Java, etc.

70 Insert girl eating cocoanut

~~70 Title - Account taken of many, many centuries of ~~ etc.

71 Closer insert eating cocoanut

72 Close view old Thomas cutting rope
A veritable savage, though she keeps aloof, etc.

73 Title -- ~~Say, why don't you get some clothes on?~~

74 Insert girl with wreath

75 Long view - she tries to attract trader's attention --

76 Title -- "Say, why don't you get some clothes on?"

77 Long view - trader takes up dress - shows to her -

78 Insert girl with dress - pleading

79 Title - No Daddy, please, etc.

80 Girl smelling dress - throws it away - smiles at father.

81 Long view - girl stands up -- goes around back of trader - hugs him

82 Title -- "Oh, wear anything you like."

83 Back to long view - she picks dress up - kicks it - exits.

54 Entering trader's hut - girl out.

55 Title - Ben McGuire, the Beachcomber, etc.

56 Long shot beach - Beachcomber standing - looking out to sea.

57 Title - He had left a passing ship, etc.

58 Insert Beachcomber

59 Title - Without the courage to swim run the good race, etc.

60 Insert Beachcomber - tears in eyes.

61 Back to long view - breaking surf - Beachcomber picks up box

62 Title - Gin his only consolation

63 Insert Beachcomber drinking gin.

64 Long view forest - girl going through

65 Flower bed - girl on - picks flowers

66 Long shot beach - Beachcomber falls on sand.

67 Title - Playmate of the sunshine and the sea.

68 Long shot beach - girl dances on - in and out of water.

69 Long shot girl swimming.

70 Another shot girl swimming through waves.

71 Long shot girl swimming.

72 Title -- That same morning.

73 Long shot beach - Beachcomber lying on sand - girl on - throws pebbles at Beachcomber - up to him.

74 Closer view - girl on knees beside man - smells breath --

75 Title - Get up, the ~~nt~~ tide will get you."

76 Back to scene - she stands up - he raises up - falls back - s she pulls him up - he staggers - drags him off

END OF REEL ONE

1 Exterior Trader's hut - girl bringing beachcomber in
2 Long shot interior - girl in with beachcomber.
3 Close view - Girl down to trader - beachcomber falls on bench
4 Insert trader -
5 Title - "You're always bringing something home."
6 Medium view - girl talking --
7 Title - "What's your name?"
8 Insert beachcomber.
9 Title - Johnson's Gin.
10 Medium view girl --
11 Long shot - girl over to father.
12 Title - Daddy, shall we keep it or drown it?
13 Insert girl talking to father.
14 Title - drown it.
15 Insert girl and father.
16 Title - But they decide to keep it.
17 Insert Beachcomber drunk.
18 Long shot - Beachcomber falls on floor
19 Title - Thousands of miles away - a New England village etc.
20 Distant shot New England village
21 Long view -- string of sleds.
22 Close view of icy trees -- panoram up to
23 Long shot of street - church in distance.
24 Close view Kincaid and mother on to church
25 Title -- Walter Kincaid, an invalid, whose greatest, etc.
26 Back to close view Kincaid and mother
27 Interior trader's hut -- girl, beachcomber and trader talking.
28 Title - He has seen much, but it plaeses him to tell, etc.
29 Insert beachcomber laughing and talking.

30 Title -- Old Thomas is something of a liar himself, etc.

31 Long shot three in trader's hut.

32 Closer view Bonahamber and girl.

33 Insert Bonahamber talking.

34 Insert girl listening. Drops head - smiles

35 Insert Bonahamber laughing

36 Insert girl - raising and lowering eyes - laughing.

37 Insert Bonahamber - drops head - laughs - talks.

38 Long shot interior - three on

39 Title - A letter tells Franklyn Blythe etc.

40 Long shot interior missionary cabin - wife and missionary, Pansy

41 Title - Perhaps as much to escape his dull repressed life, etc.

42 Exterior New England house - distant view.

43 Closer view same - Kincaid and mother out.

44 Close view Taxi - and and Kincaid into taxi

45 Exterior house - long view - taxi drives off.

46 Distant shot ship passing.

47 Interior missionary house -- Pansy fooling with Peter - Missionary and Peter exit.

48 Exterior missionary house - Missionary out - Donald at door

49 Long shot - missionary and Peter exit.

50 Interior house - Pansy jumping up and down - wife speaks to her-

51 Closer view - Pansy on to wife - wife scolds --

52 Title - "Me be good girl, missy.

53 Closer view - Pansy patting woman under chin.

54 Interior trader's hut - long shot - girl working at table

55 Closer view - girl rubbing.

56 Exterior hut - Missionary and Peter on.

57 Long shot interior - missionary and Peter enter.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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# THE IDOL DANCER

CHARACTERS: The Beachcomber
White Almond Flower
Walter Kemaire
Rev. Franklyn Blythe
Mrs. Blythe
Peter, a native minister
Pansy
Blackbirder
Chief Wando

Scene: On Rainbow beach, then go to a river scene. Native canoes and natives working and playing in the river. It is an island, a narrow strip of land. We see the village on one side. Adobe huts, with grass roofs.
We show Pago, a native, whittling something from a small peice of wood. Then we show Donald Blythe, the islands only white child.

Int: The missionery hut. The Reverend Franklyn Blythe, a missionary stern as granite walls. His wife is sorting clothing to be given to the savages. Peter the comic, but faithful convertxxx. He is a native minister. Peter particularly enjoys wearing his long frock coat. He wear spectacles for beauty's sake, not because they are needed. The minister is shown reading from the bible to Peter. Pansy, a savage flower, who yeilds to missionety clothing, but not to missionery ways is standing near Peter, trying to tempt him. She wiggles ecstatically and rolls her eyes at him. Peter looks much discomforted, but he is not much tempted by her. Mrs Blythe sees Pansy's movements and reprimands her, then goes back to sorting the clothes.

We go to a River scene, then to Old Thomas Hut. Thomas is often much perplexed by the strange exotic beauty of his adopted daughter. We see White Almond Flower, sitting by her father, as he works over his fishing nets. She is coquettish and eager for life yet timid, too.
Father: Why don't you get some clothes on?
She is dressed in a grass skirt and many stingxs of beads, and flowers. She pick s up a dress that is lying on a nearby table.
Girl: But no, Daddy, It smells Missionary, She tosses the dress away.
Father: Oh, wear anything you like!
With one more kick at the dress she goes outside.

Scene on beach: We see Dan Mcguire, the beachcomber. He is sitting on the beach gazing wistfully off towards the sea. Title: Without courage to run a good race, without valour, without dreams, except that he might live a better life than in the distant land from which he came. He laughs bitterly, picksa up a bottle of Gin lying near, staggers over to a palm tree. Gin is his only consolation. He drinks, coughs, laughs. He falls to the beach and falls into a drunken sleep.
We see the girl dancing along the beach, picking flowers and singing. We see the girl dancing into the sea, then she is shown swimming.

Later that same morning, the girl as she runs along the beach, comes upon Dan sleeping. She tosses small pebbles at him. He doesn't waken. Then as the tide is coming up rapidly, she becomes alarmed and shakes him, calling to him, trying to make him understand that he must get up or he will be drowned. He is very drunk, and doesn't care She finally drags him to his feet, and she half carries him as he staggers along, to her fathers hut.

Scene: Int. of Thomas' hut. Girl drags Dan inside. He drops down onto a box, wavering drunkenly. The Girl tells her father how she found the boy.
Father: Oh, You are always bringing something home.
Girl: What's your name?
Boy: Jonnsons Gin
Girl laughing goes over to her Father: Daddy shall we keep it, or drown it?
Father: Drown it.
But they decide to keep it. Fade out as boy falls on the floor in a drunken stupor.

Scene: Winter scene in New England. The home of Walter Kincaid We show an old-fashioned horse drawn sley, going along a winding path the trees are thickly covered with snow and ice. We see people hurrying along all bundled up in furs. Walter Kincaid and his Mother are shown on theri way to church. The church bells are ringing. The two pause outside for a moment and talk, then we see them enter the church. Walter Kincaid is an invalid, whose worse moral offense was kissing his cousin in a dark hall-way. He is properly repentant.

Scene: Int. Fathers hut. Dan, the Girl and her Father sit in a group Dan is telling the wildest stories, claiming to have been through the greatest adventures, therby winning the undying admiration of Old Thomas for his very nimble lies. The girl takes it all in. She sits by his side obviously facsinated by his lies. She coquettes with hi m and he is soon smitten with her.

Scene: Int. Missionary hut. The Rev. has received a letter from his nephew, Walter Kinciad, telling him that he is coming to the Island to visit them.

Scene: Ext New England. We show Kincaid leaving.

Scene: Missionary hut. Rev. and wife are discussing the imminant arrival of Kincaid. Peter is fanning himself. looking very virtuous as Pansy tries again to lure him, but to no avail. Wife reprimand her, but Pansy only jumps up and down with glee. Mrs Blythe gives her up in despair.
Pansy: Me be good, Missy, me be good.
This however is very doubtful, as she continues to wiggle and roll her eyes.

Scene: Old Thomas' Hut. The Girl is busy cleaning something. Dan is sitting near her watching her.

Scene: Outside hut, we see missionary and Peter comeing up to hut.

Scene: Girl and Dan look up as they hear knock at door. Girl call to them to come in.

The Missionary tries to get the Girl to take the dress he holds out to her. He tells her he want her to be an example to the other girls. She coyly hides behind him, as he turns looking for her, she keeps walking around him, so that he doesnt see her. Then she slips quietly back to her work, as though she had been there all the time. The missionary asks Dan to come to church. Dan laughs scornfully, and says there will be ice on the South Seas when he comes to church. He tries again to give dress to Girl, she shakes her head no. He forces it on her, She looks at her scornfully, and throws it in his face. The Missionary hands the dress to Peter and tells him to try. Missionary goes out and Peter hands the dress to the Girls, she says no.
Peter, Oh Lady, Lady, I insist. At this the boy decides Peter needs to be help out, which he does. Taking Peter by the seat of his trousers and the color of his coat, he helps him out the door, with a few kicks to aid him.

Scene: Ext. Thomas Hut. The Girl and Dan are shown tossing pebbles at Peter as he tries to run and still keep his dignity. His umbrella opens as he runs, and he looks a very ridiculous figure. Dan and the Girl laugh hysterically, as they continue to toss pebbles at his retreating figure.

Scene: Ship arriving in harbor. We see Kincaid being rowed ashore in a native canoe. The Missionary and Peter greet him at the shore. They walk off through the native village. The natives offer him ropes of flowers. They come up to the Missionary hut. Pansy is shown outside She as usual is in an ecstacy of joy as she sees the white man coming. Mrs. Blythe greets Kincaid affectionately, and they go inside.

Scene: Inside the hutPansy looks Kincaid up and down much to his embarrassment. She wiggles and rolls her eyes at him,Mrs. Blythe scolds her, tells her to behave herself.

Scene: The native village. The Blackbirders hut. He is a slave-dealer and general outlaw. He has come to Rainbow beach seeking prey. A huge hard man.

Scene: On the other side of the river is a camp of cannibals Their chief is a huge fierce black man. around his neck is suspended on a string the skulls of three men. At his waist he carries a curved knife. He is Wando, Chief of the Solomon Island Blacks. He keeps his men in practical slavery, through fear.

Scene: Blackbirder's hut. Blackbirder is shown with Wando, who is showing him some pearls. They talk together

Scene: At the side of the river. The white boy comes up to the native child who is playing in the water.
White boy: Say, where's your pants?
Native: My Devil-Devil- God says I don't have to wear pants.
White: (Boastfully) Well My Gods everywhere
Native: (Points to an eveil looking wooden doll) Well theres mine right there.
The two boys fight, but the native gets the better of the white. He gets hold of him from the back and holds him under the water. The missionary comes along just in time and rescues him. He scolds the native child.
Native: Don't worry his God so strong. Wont let him drown.
White: I'll make you wear those pants yet;
Native beats on his chest and calls after white boy deriseively.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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1 Border

THE IDOL DANCER

A Story of the Southern Seas

Copyright 1920 by D. W. Griffith.

2 Border

Story by Gordon Ray Young
Photographed by G. W. Bitzer

3

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Beachcomber.....Richard Barthelmess
White Almond Flower.....Clarine Seymour
Walter Kincaid.....Creighton Hale
Rev. Franklyn Blythe.....George MacQuarrie
Mrs. Blythe.....Kate Bruce
Peter, a native minister..Porter Strong
Pansy.....Florence Short
The Blackbirder.....Anders Randolph
Chief Wando.....Walter James.

Note--Anyone advertising a picture as a Griffith production without the name "Grifiith" and trademark "DG" on each film is guilty of fraudulent advertising.

4

On Rainbow Beach, a Romance Island under the Southern Cross, is our story laid. A tale of love and adventure - of men outstripped and buffeted by eddying fortunes -- of lotus eaters in ragged garments.

5

The edge of the village. On one side the sea, across a narrow strip of land the inland bays.

6

In this village the calico wrapper marks the missionary girls from their unconverted heathen sisters, clothed in a few beads and a very little grass.

7

Pago, a native savage.

8 ✓ Donald Blythe, the island's only white boy.

9 ✓ The Reverend Franklyn Blythe, a missionary, stern as the granite hills of his New Hampshire home.

10 ✓ Peter, his first convert and most faithful assistant; a native minister who enjoys his religion -- particularly in a long coat.

11 ✓ Spectacles for beauty's sake from which the glass has been removed.

12 ✓ Pansy, a savage flower, who yields to missionary clothes, but wriggles free from all other conventions.

13 ✓ Old Thomas, a trader on the beach, very much perplexed by the strange, sweet, exotic maidenhood of his adopted daughter.

14 ✓ Blood of vivacious France, inscrutable Java, and languorous Samoa mingle in her veins. The natives have given her a beautiful name meaning "White Almond Flower" but old Thomas calls her Mary.

Clarine Seymour

15 ✓ A veritable savage, though she keeps aloof from the natives, wandering about lonely, shunning friendship -- a curious little creature of boldness, yet timidity.

16 ✓ "Say, why don't you get some clothes on?"

17 ✓ "No, Daddy, please -- it smells missionary."

"Oh, wear anything you like!"

Dan McGuire, the Beachcomber, a derelict thrown upon the shore by shifting waves and winds of many adventures.
Richard Barthelmess.

He had left a passing ship to eke out a carefree life combing the beaches for cast up wreckage -- an easy way to make a living where generous nature supplies most of the wants of life.

Without the courage to run the good race-- without illusions -- without flutes -- without dreams -- save that he might have lived a better life in the distant land from which he came.

Gin his only consolation.

Playmate of the sunshine and the sea.

That same morning

"Get up'. The tide will get you."

END REEL ONE

REEL TWO

""You're always bringing something home."

"What's your name?"

"Johnson's Gin."

32 "Daddy, shall we keep it or drown it?"

33 "Drown it!"

34 But they decide to keep it.

35 Thousands of miles away -- a New England village, the home of Walter Kincaid, the missionary's nephew.

36 Walter Kincaid, an invalid, whose greatest moral offense has been kissing his cousin in a dark hallway, for which he has been duly repentant.

37 He has seen much, but it pleases him to tell glowing tales of adventures never really known -- of cities never visited. Lies? -- Well, perhaps an opalescent radiance thrown upon his past.

38 Old Thomas is something of a liar himself, but the superior quality of the Beachcomber's stories win his undying friendship.

39 A letter tells Franklyn Blythe that his New England nephew is leaving to visit him.

40 Perhaps as much to escape his dull, repressed life as to seek in a softer climate release from the menace of his illness, Kincaid sets forth for the South Seas.

41 "Me be good girl, Missy."

42 "If you wait till I come to your church, there'll be ice on the South Seas."

40 "We want you to set an example to the other girls by wearing this beautiful dress."

41 "Oh, Lady, Lady! I insist!"

42 Kinsaid arrives. A trader's boat brings him from the steamer.

43 "Why, Fanny! Behave yourself!"

44 A notorious Blackbirder and ocean outlaw wanders into Rainbow Beach seeking prey.

45 Camped on the other side of the island with his tawny natives, black head-hunters, and fierce cannibals from the Solomon Islands.

Wando Chief of the Solomon Island Blacks.

46 By fear and gin he keeps his men practically in slavery.

END REEL TWO

REEL THREE

47 "Say, where's your pants?"

48 "My devil-devil god says I don't have to wear pants."

49 "Oh, your god's no good -- my God's here, there, everywhere!"

50 "There's mine right there!"

51 "Don't worry! His God so strong won't let him drown."

52 "I'll make you wear these pants yet!"

53 The conflict of wills between atheist and believer.

54 "WOMEN! Take them, love them, leave them! KILL the other men who reach for them; fight the sea; travel the crooked, shadowed streets of strange cities; then come back to the beach and you'll know you've LIVED!"

55 "And then -- what?"

56 Kincaid's vague, tempting dream that some day he too may lead a life of mad adventure, the right of youth in Springtime.

57 border The cocoanut grove.

58 The mystic visions of her people move through the exotic coloring of her dance.

Note:-Here are an old people -- so old they know the follies of civilization. They sold ivory peacocks to the Phoenicians in the time when Solomon built his temple.

(Note to printer) Be careful in setting up above title that it does not look top-heavy.

59 Kincaid early found time to see a new phase of life in the old trader's hut.

60 True daughter of Eve -- playing one against the other. - Which?

61 His puritan blood pounds guiltily at his cheeks.

63 ✓ Through jealousy, the Beachcomber twice purposely beats out of time.

63 Border ✓ Amid the sweeming odor of magnolia bloom he sighs an amorous love song.

64 Love, music -
Love, dreams -
✓ Love, moonbeams.

65 ✓ Swept away by his passionate urge for this alluring feminine flower.

66 Border ✓ The fires of youth flame to a mad dream of lawless love on a distant isle.

67 ✓ But conscience ---

68 ✓ "If you ever dare touch me again -- I'll ---"

END REEL THREE

REEL FOUR

69 ✓ The Chief, excited by a rumor that a new catch of pearls is stored in the Missionary's village ---

70 Border ✓ Slipping away in the moonlight to dance the old heathen dances.

71 ✓ They find a pearl more radiant than any nestled in the translucent bosom of the sea.

72 Border ✓ Her playhouse -- the ruins of a native house of idolatry.

Gloss on one side ---

---admiring eyes.

On the other ---

--- adoring, jealous eyes.

Profane eyes.

"She would look good in thy Kava house,
thou pig with a black face."

"She goes back with us."

"We stick one man -- one we knock on head --
maybe you next."

"Get back - find yourself where you came from."

here

The game is beyond the invalid's power to play.

Returning to his camp.

"What's the trouble? Can I help you?"

Perhaps the primitive motherhood of all girl
children went out to the sick boy -- and also
-- perhpas ---

So, then ---

A flower behind the ear of man and maid
becomes a binding pledge of love.

88 ✓ The tender enduring love call - ?

89 ✓ The etiquette of tribal matrimony.
(Actual custom)

90 ✓ Sunday. The drum that once called to battle now brings the converts to church.
Note:-The boom of these drums can be heard for twenty miles.

91 ✓ After a secret course of training.

92 ✓ "Put these pants on and go to church."

END REEL FOUR

REEL FIVE

93Border ✓ The trader's plot.

94 ✓ "Call on the devil-devil and he will drive away the evil spirits that make you cough."

95 ✓ Weaving the spell.

96 ✓ "This all fire guns missionary got."

97 ✓ Unhappily the missionary takes a short cut.

98 ✓ "What an example to these heathens that my nephew comes to such a place with THIS LOOSE GIRL!"

99 ✓ Furious with jealousy, he upbraids her.

100 "You're too good for HIM to even touch -- but hour after hour you're with him."

101 "What's he telling you all the time?"

102 Shaken and torn by jealousy and love.

103 "You can't be seen with that girl and stay in my house."

104 Through the love-tortured, sleepless night ---

105 In his illness the boy continually calls.---

106 The missionary's love for his nephew conquers his prejudice.

107 "He keeps asking for you."

108 "What? Me in your house!"

END REEL FIVE

REEL SIX

109 "Remember, there IS something afterwards! My - my own brother."

110 Over and over that sweet new word -- "Brother!"

111 After their visit -- refreshing, healthful sleep.

112 "We can only trust in God for his recovery."

113 Border ✓ The great repentance.

114 Border ✓ His unselfish prayer that she find happiness in a greater love than his.

115 ✓ "That basket to the boat!"

116 ✓ "I'm sick, master, I can't."

117 ✓ Leaving on a fishing expedition.

118 ✓ To the missionary for protection.

119 ✓ Old Thomas astounded at the Beachcomber's request for work.

120 ✓ The trader, intending to make an example of the slave, finds ---

121 Border ✓ The search.

122 ✓ "The men have all left the village."

123 ✓ He begs for protection.

124 ✓ The villagers at a distant fishing camp.

125 ✓ The missing slave an excuse to loot the village.

126 ✓ The search for the missing slave ends in an orgy of destruction.

147 "I'm going to search this house!"

148 "Look! He'll do the same to you."

149 "You shall not enter this house!"

150 "Our weapons! Stolen!"

151 Claiming the girl as one of their tribe.

152 At last -- The Great Adventure.

153 Farther and farther away.

END REEL SIX

REEL SEVEN

134 Border With life's strongest wine upon his lips -- death in battle.

135 "My finish -- is wilder than -- your wildest dreams!"

136 But it is in the Beachcomber's arms, and to him he calls "Brother!"

137 "John! Boys! Babies!"

138 "You're losing your pants!"

139 Border Seeking a new life.

140 "Good-bye."

141 "You - I - I'm nothing to you."

142 "Foolish one -- I have loved you all the time."

143 Wedding gifts.

144 Border So they tread at last the warm white path of velvet moonflowers to the Land of Dreams Fulfilled.

THE END.

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# THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE

BY

EMMET LAVERY

G. 58669

# THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE

By

Emmet Lavery

A dramatization of the life of Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, based on special research studies undertaken (1942-43) on a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation

## Stage Plays by Emmet Lavery

THE FIRST LEGION, a drama of the Jesuits, produced in twelve languages. Samuel French 1935.

MONSIGNOR'S HOUR, a short peace play, first produced at the Josefstadt in Vienna, with Albert Bassermann in the leading role. Samuel French 1937.

SECOND SPRING, a play about Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning, published in London and New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1938.

BROTHER PETROC'S RETURN, adaptation of the English novel by S. M. C. Samuel French 1940.

BRIEF MUSIC, a play in three acts for seven women and no men, first produced at Pasadena Playhouse. Samuel French 1940.

KAMIANO, a play about Damien, in collaboration with Grace Murphy. In trilogy Theatre for Tomorrow. Longmans, Green & Co. 1940.

## Screen Plays by Emmet Lavery

HITLER'S CHILDREN, adapted from Education for Death by Gregor Ziemer, produced by RKO Radio Pictures Inc.

BEHIND THE RISING SUN, adapted from Behind the Rising Sun by James R. Young, produced by RKO Radio Pictures Inc.

# Acknowledgment

The author wishes to acknowledge, in a special way, his indebtedness to various friends of Justice Holmes -- to John Palfrey, Esq., of Boston, to Attorney General Francis Biddle, and to Mr. Justice Felix Frankfurter of the United States Supreme Court.

Special acknowledgment is also due to Dr. David Stevens of the Rockefeller Foundation, a grant from which made possible the preliminary research in 1942-43.

The friends of Justice Holmes, obviously, are not responsible for the story line developed here. But they are responsible, particularly Justice Frankfurter and Mr. Biddle, for not discouraging a dramatist from rushing in where even lawyers sometimes fear to tread.

Mr. Palfrey had some doubts but was cooperative. "I feel certain," he told the author one day in Boston, that if my client (Justice Holmes) were to be heard from, he would not approve of your desire to make a play out of his life....he would most certainly regard it as an invasion of his right of privacy." Yet Mr. Palfrey agreed to answer many questions.

Justice Frankfurter and Mr. Biddle were equally hospitable but more optimistic. "I go on the theory," Justice Frankfurter told the author one day in Washington, "that Holmes belongs to the nation.....and anyone who wants to know more about him should be encouraged. As to the propriety of bringing Justice Holmes and his wife to the stage, I should say the only impropriety would be if it were not a good play!"

Mr. Biddle took time out from his busy schedule for both a luncheon and a dinner conference, to discuss special points of research and to explain how he had handled them in his own study of Justice Holmes. Mr. Biddle went even further and made it possible for the author to check with Thomas Corcoran, another former secretary of Justice Holmes, the delicate point of just how much it mattered (if at all) that Holmes was passed by when it came time for Harding to name a Chief Justice.

"Did it *really* matter?" murmured Mr. Corcoran one night, as we sat before a pleasant fire in the home of the Attorney General. The sparks flashed out from a pair of blue eyes that usually shield their fire. "Do you remember the line from Shakespeare about 'the grown passed twice'? Well, they did it to the old man not once, but twice....once with Harding ....once with Hoover."

From conversations such as these, from stray clues in the Holmes-Pollock letters - to say nothing of odd fragments from lectures in the Fordham University Law School (1922-23-24) when deponent was studying for the Bachelor of Laws Degree - the author has assembled the basic tones for the character portrait here presented.

Two anecdotes that have no part in this play may be worth mentioning here:

(1) Mr. Corcoran, in Washington, a trifle wistfully: "Yes, you'll have a lot of fun working on this play about the Judge....but it was a lot of fun knowing him, too."

(2) Mr. Buxton, editor of the Boston Globe, in Boston: "I don't know whether you can bring this off, boy, but I know one thing: you'll be a better man for trying."

* * *

# Editorial Note

It is not possible, within the usual limitations of the stage, to tell the whole story of Mr. Justice Holmes and his wife Fanny Dixwell Holmes.

This dramatization, therefore, confines itself to the Washington era, from 1902 to 1933 - - from the days of Theodore Roosevelt to the days of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Basically, this is a character portrait for the modern theatre - a very animate one, the dramatist hopes, but nevertheless a character portrait as distinguished from a biography.

The complete Holmes is to be found only in Holmes himself - in his letters, in his decisions, and in his speeches. All we can hope to catch in two hours traffic in the theatre are the highlights and the shadows.

Obviously, if the life of Justice Holmes and his wife were being prepared for the screen, the canvas would be enlarged accordingly. Much more of the life and much more action could be shown. And yet there is one advantage in the limitations of the stage: one leading man and one leading woman can span the time space on the stage without too great difficulty. Casting for the screen, while not impossible, presents greater problems: the actors are few who can cover gracefully the time lapse between age 20 and age 92.

Special notes will be found at the end of each act on any substantial variations from fact in the development of the dramatization. On the whole, however, this dramatization adheres quite closely to the chronology of events so far as they are known. It is, naturally, a dramatization, but every effort has been made to dramatize the attitudes of the main characters within the known and accepted attitudes of those characters.

* * *

# Outline of Scenes

The entire action takes place in the library of Mr. Justice Holmes. Since most of the Judge's life in Washington was spent in the house on I Street, it may be permissible for stage purposes to use approximately the same setting throughout.

Actually, a few of the early years were spent in a house on Lincoln Square. But since one library looks pretty much like another on stage, it may simplify the dramatic unities to deal with one setting.

## Act One

Scene 1 - An afternoon in December 1902
Scene 2 - An afternoon in March 1904

## Act Two

Scene 1 - An evening in March 1911
Scene 2 - An afternoon in June 1916
Scene 3 - An evening in March 1921

## Act Three

Scene 1 - An afternoon in January 1929
Scene 2 - The afternoon of March 5, 1933

Since the theatre is a reflection of life, rather than life itself - and the stage scene must reflect the growth of character no less than the stage actor himself - the arrangement of the library may not be exactly as Justice Holmes had it. In fact, if the library is to be as good a working tool for the actor as it was for the Judge, it could not be the same in every detail. But we can achieve an authentic impression of the library and develop it constantly, as the play moves forward.

## Principal Characters

Mr. Justice Holmes

Fanny Dixwell Holmes

Henry Adams

Owen Wister

Mr. Justice Brandeis

Housekeeper*

The Secretaries**

*In real life there were doubtless several housekeepers at various times. For purposes of stage continuity, it seemed best to focus on one throughout.

**Approximately 20 are needed - but only seven of the 20 are speaking parts as secretaries. A few of the others can be used in smaller roles such as the real estate agent and the reporter from the Transcript.

# The Magnificent Yankee

## Act I - Scene I

SETTING: The library of Mr. Justice Holmes - an afternoon in December 1902.

The room, as we come upon it for the first time, has a pale ghostly air, heightened by the fact that only a little light filters in through tall windows down right, where the portieres are two thirds drawn.

There are a few odds and ends of furniture in the room but they are draped in furniture covers.

Up back there are vacant rows of bookshelves, broken by spaces for portraits or prints on the walls.

Down left, worked into the corner of the room on a slight diagonal (below the double doors) is a brief suggestion of a fireplace and mantel. In real life this would doubtless have been on the fourth wall, on the audience side of the footlights.

As the curtain goes up, a grandfather clock offscene is striking the hour of four. In the hall outside we hear the faint murmur of voices, and then the door opens from the hall. The first voice we hear is that of a real estate broker, a man of some 40 years. The second is that of HOLMES.

Broker
(opening door)
Ah, here we are, sir. Watch your step. It gets a little dark in these halls in the late afternoon. But you won't find a better house in Washington. No, sir - nor in Georgetown, either.

A tall figure of a man, bundled comfortably in a big winter overcoat, strides into the room with the brisk air of a general reconnoitering a bit of important ground. Despite his snow white hair and pure white mustaches, there is a youthful elastic quality to his step. He stops and looks about him with a searching, quizzical glance. He is impressed with the place but with true Yankee caution is not prepared to say so too soon.

Broker
(anxiously)
You couldn't better this anywhere. You only have to look at it for yourself, sir.

Holmes
(drily)
Thank you, young man. I'd like to.

BROKER falls back a bit, as HOLMES strides across the room, throws his hat on a desk and pulls back portieres at windows down right. The Judge then steps back to view the room in the extra light and gives a faint snort of approval.

Broker
The view is very nice too, sir.

Holmes
Hmm. I'm not particular about the view, young man. When you come to working in a library, it's what you can see inside, not outside, that counts.
(returns to window)
But I am a little curious about the air out here, if you don't mind.
(lifts window, sniffs air critically)
Hmmm. Not bad at all, especially for December.

HOLMES turns away from window, without closing it. He likes the place but is inclined to give the broker a run for his money.

Holmes
(continuing)
Tell me, can you really smell spring out here - when it is spring, I mean?

Broker
Why, I don't know, sir...I mean....well, no one's ever asked that before, sir.

Holmes
You see, that's the trouble with you real estate fellers. No imagination. You have your feet on the ground when it ought to be your nose.

HOLMES sweeps across the room toward the double doors down left. He is beginning to feel quite proprietary toward the place.

Holmes
(continuing)
I wouldn't have a house that faced the wrong way in the spring. After all, a house isn't just four walls that you put up between you and what's outside, you understand. Sometimes you want to let the outside in a little. Sometimes --

HOLMES has now reached the double doors. He pulls them back with a flourish - and is pleased with what he sees. The shades are up in the next room and more light flows into the library as he opens doors.

Holmes
(continuing)
Well, this is all right.

Broker
Of course, it will look even better with your own things, Mr. - Mr. -

BROKER looks up hopelessly: he has forgotten the customer's name. HOLMES eyes him with dry amusement.

Holmes
(turning back from down left)
Holmes - Holmes is the name.

Broker
Of course - of course. I never forget a name, Mr. Holmes. But, you see, this isn't one of my regular listings. I'm only handling it for one of the men in the office and -

Holmes
(airily)
That's perfectly all right, Mr. - Mr. -

Broker
Dixon is the name, sir.

Holmes
(taking out cigar)
Have a cigar, Mr. Dixon?

Broker
Oh, thank you, sir. Thank you very much.

BROKER puts cigar carefully in his pocket. HOLMES, unwrapping one for himself, moves back to windows down right.

Holmes
Tell me, Mr. Dixon - what are the winters like down here?

Broker
(virtuously)
Oh - why a Washington winter is hardly a winter at all, sir.

Holmes
(with a sigh)
That's good. Mighty good. I think I've had enough of winter for a while.

HOLMES takes out a match and lights his cigar.

Broker
Then you'll take the house, sir?

Holmes
Well, young man, that all depends - -
(exhaling with satisfaction)
that all depends on what my wife says
and if you know what a woman is going
to say when it comes to a house, you're
a smarter gent than I am.

HOLMES takes out his watch and looks at it.

Holmes
(continuing)
Ought to be here any minute now. She said
I was to meet her here a little after four.

Broker
(shivering)
V-e-r-y g-g-g-ood, sir. Would you mind,
if I shut the window, sir?

Holmes
Eh? I certainly would. I'll have you know,
young man, it's the air out here that's
selling me on this house.

HOLMES breathes deeply and walks about the room approvingly.

Broker
(still shivering)
Of course, sir. Whatever you say, sir. Do
you - do you expect to be in Washington for
long, sir?

Holmes
(drily)
Oh, I give myself ten years if I'm lucky.

BROKER, who is nearly freezing, is now beating his arms to keep warm.

Broker
Pardon me - but would it be impertinent -
to ask what your line of work is?

Holmes
It certainly would but I'll tell you just
the same. You might say I was a missionary
sort of - -
(then with a great chuckle)
a missionary from Boston!

At this moment the small trim figure of FANNY DIXWELL HOLMES appears in the doorway up back. Call her a New England "Maggie Wylie" and you have a good key to her character. She is not a pretty woman in the accepted sense of the word: but at 61 she has an inner fire and radiance which match and at times surpass that of her illustrious husband.

The Washington adventure for Fanny, no less than for the Judge, is a new lease on life. There's a breathless excitement to the new march of events which she cannot always conceal. In time she will bloom with the dash and color of a brilliant Washington hostess. But for the moment she is, to outward appearance at least, the rather mousy wife of a Yankee Judge recently down from Boston - mousy but with spirit.

FANNY has caught the "missionary" line and does not approve.

Fanny
(from doorway)
Wendell, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. A missionary indeed!

FANNY moves down to the perplexed BROKER.

Fanny
(continuing)
Pay no attention to him, Mr. Dixon.

Broker
But if he isn't a missionary - - ?

Fanny
It would be a lot closer to the truth to say he was a traveling salesman - with a consuming passion for naughty French novels.

Holmes
(with a rakish leer to the broker)
Vive La France!

By this time the BROKER doesn't know whether he's afoot or horse. The raillery of FANNY and HOLMES is a bit too swift for him. And it's all done so drily and lightly, he can't be sure it *is* just so much teasing.

Suddenly FANNY notices the cold draft from windows and moves to close them.

Fanny
Heavens, Wendell - do you want to freeze us out of house and home before we even have one?

FANNY shuts window firmly. The two men exchange glances. FANNY turns around quickly, with disarming change of mood.

Fanny
(softly)
Oh, Wendell - you do like it, don't you?

Holmes
(flicking cigar ash away with jaunty air)
Well, it isn't exactly the New Willard - but --

Fanny
(flaring up quickly)
Wendell Holmes, don't you dare drop ashes on this floor - at least until it's ours.

Holmes
- - and I've become quite attached to the Willard during the few days we've been there.

Fanny
(advancing on him)
Oh you have, have you? Well then, I suppose you'd like to buy the New Willard?

Holmes
(retreating before her)
Now, just a moment, my dear - -

Fanny
Then you could scatter ashes to your heart's content in every room of the house. Then you could - -

FANNY has basked HOLMES clear over to the doors down left. BROKER meanwhile has basked across to down-stage right, very anxious and uneasy.

Suddenly a voice from up back breaks in. It is HENRY ADAMS, now a man of 50. He speaks with the voice of destiny - and a very tired and weary voice it is.

Adams
Hello, Holmes - is that you Holmes?

FANNY and HOLMES look up quickly - FANNY is rather annoyed, HOLMES is relieved at the interruption.

Holmes
(going up to Adams)
By the eternal - it's Adams - Henry Adams!

ADAMS, inclined to be a little diffident and awkward, is pleased at the warmth of the greeting.

Adams
I live only a few blocks away - and I wanted to be one of the first to say "welcome to Washington."

Fanny
(coming up to Adams)
Why, thank you - Henry. Thank you very much. That's very thoughtful of you.

Adams
I know it isn't a good day for calling... but I found the door open downstairs...so I just came on up. I heard only this morning that you were taking this place and so I - -

Holmes
(drily)
Oh you did, did you?

Adams
Why, yes. The postman told me Mrs. Holmes had already given him this number as your new address...so...so I thought you wouldn't mind...if...

HOLMES looks over at FANNY with a quizzical eye. This time she has no rebuttal. A quick retreat is in order.

Fanny
(a little flustered)
Of course we don't mind. Not at all - but will you excuse me for just a moment or two, Henry? Mr. Dixon is here from the real estate office and we have so many things to talk over.
(backing toward dining room)
Will you step this way, Mr. Dixon, please?

BROKER scuttles across stage like a scared rabbit, dashing for the safety of room down left.

Fanny
(looking back from dining room doors)
My, it's good to see you again, Henry. You know how it is when you're in a strange place. It's good to see anybody....I mean... oh dear...I'm so excited I don't know what I mean!

FANNY whisks off down left where BROKER has already gone, and pulls doors shut behind her as she goes.

HOLMES watches FANNY off with a grin, then turns to ADAMS.

Holmes
Sit down, Henry - if you can find a seat.

Adams
No, thank you. I can't stay. I just wanted to stop by to say - to say - -

Holmes
(in kindly fashion)
Well, what is it, man - out with it.

The two men move down stage a bit. ADAMS speaks in a very confidential tone.

Adams
I'm worried - terribly worried. It's - it's that man in the White House!

Holmes
(drily)
Mr. Roosevelt?

Adams
Yes but it isn't just Mr. Roosevelt either. Things aren't right with the country....or with the world either.
(broodingly)
Never will be. I don't know what the answer is. All I know is there ought to be one but I can't seem to find it.

Holmes
Easy, Henry. Maybe you're taking in a little too much ground. Let's take one thing at a time. What's wrong with Theodore Roosevelt, for instance?

Adams
Oh, I know he means well...and I was one of the first to congratulate him when he named you to the Supreme Court. But he's doing too many things too fast. Every day he's stirring up the people about something new ....and where's it all going to end?

Holmes
Oh, I wouldn't worry about that, Henry. I think this country is young enough and strong enough to survive almost anything.... including Theodore Roosevelt.

Adams
Well, I hope so - I certainly hope so. But I wish he'd remember that this isn't the millenium. This is only the year 1902 - and he might leave a few things for someone else to do.

Holmes
(with a grin)
I'll tell him that the next time I see him.

Adams
Watch out, Holmes - or he'll swallow you up just as he has everyone else in Washington.

Holmes
I'll take my chances on that.

Adams
(extending hand)
Well, goodbye for a while - and the best of good fortune to you.

Holmes
Thank you, Henry.

ADAMS starts out up back, stops at door and turns back to HOLMES.

Adams
I wish I knew what it is that always makes you so infernally hopeful about everything.

Holmes
Listen, Henry - when I came home from the Civil War in '61, people told me the country was going to the dogs. When I went on the Bench in Massachusetts in 1882, they told me the same thing. Well, we may not be out of the trenches yet, Henry - but we're a long way from the dogs.

ADAMS goes out and HOLMES shuts the door softly behind him. HOLMES comes down center: his cigar has gone out and he's a little mad, deep down inside him. Suddenly he kicks a chair. A second later the doors down left are opened and FANNY pokes her head in.

Fanny
(brightly)
Is he gone?

Holmes
(vigorously)
Yes, he's gone. You can come out now - you deserter.

Fanny
(closing doors behind her)
I'm sorry, Wendell - really I am. But you know I can take just so much of the Adamses.

Holmes
(exploding)
Damn it to hell, Fanny - what's the matter with Henry Adams anyway? Everything he touches has a way of turning to ashes. Why, forty-one years ago he was telling me the same things at Harvard - and he hasn't changed a goddamed bit.

Fanny
Wendell, stop your swearing.

Holmes
Listen to me, milady. This is a democracy and in a democracy a man can swear at an Adams any day he pleases.

Fanny
Then why don't you instead of swearing at me?

Holmes
(softly)
I don't know. Maybe it's because I feel so sorry for him. One minute I want to help him - the next I want to kick him in the pants. What's he got to grouse about anyway? This country did all right by the Adamses, didn't it? His grandfather was President and so was his father before him. Well, if Henry isn't equal to the strain of being an Adams, it only means he's going to the dogs - not the country. Damn it to hell, Fanny - I don't believe in sudden ruin any more than I believe in sudden success. I don't believe - -

Fanny
Hush, Wendell. Mr. Dixon will hear you.

Holmes
Mr. Dixon? Oh yes, that reminds me -- just where did you leave the estimable Mr. Dixon?

Fanny
(demurely)
I left Mr. Dixon in the kitchen downstairs... waiting for your decision.

Holmes
(with mock severity)
My decision? Look here, my good woman, who found this house anyway? Who told the postman we had decided to take it? Who -

Fanny
(quite simply)
Don't you like it, Wendell?

Holmes
(with a soft bark)
Of course I like it but - -

Fanny
But what?

Holmes
You might let me have the fun of thinking I was the commanding officer around here... just once.

HOLMES is grinning now - FANNY moves to him quickly, half laughing, half crying.

Fanny
Oh, Wendell - I'm so happy - and you're such an old bear.

HOLMES takes handkerchief out of his pocket quite casually, wipes her eyes gently.

Holmes
Oh, I don't know - as some bears go - sixty-one isn't old at all!

HOLMES puts handkerchief back in his pocket. FANNY takes him by the arm nicely and walks him over right to the windows.

Fanny
You know what I mean.

Holmes
Do I? Well now, maybe I do. Suppose it's something that comes to a man after living with the same woman for twenty-eight years... sort of a special type sign language.... song without words....mind reading without the fancy prices.

Fanny
(softly)
Stop your teasing, Wendell.

Holmes
If I do, I'll start to blubber like an old fool.

HOLMES and FANNY stand, arm in arm looking out over Washington in the fading sunlight.

Fanny
But it's happened - it's really happened - the thing you dreamed about so often.

Holmes
(lightly)
Hold on - I never went so far as to start dreaming about Theodore Roosevelt.

Fanny
No. But he's making the dream come true just the same.

Holmes
Queer. I would have sworn my life was all wrapped up and finished....somewhere back in Boston...but now I feel as if it were beginning all over again.

Fanny
Oh, it is - you'll see.

Holmes
(with a sigh)
I've been a judge of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts twenty years, Fanny - and twenty years on any bench is a long time. A man might start to fool himself at 61 and not know it. Not a chance of us having arrived in Washington just a bit too late, is there?

Fanny
(holding his arm tightly)
You know there isn't. Here you'll have a chance to work things out on a scale you never had in Massachusetts.

Holmes
(with rising excitement)
Yes, you're right, Fanny. This is the promised land and I'm as excited as if I were a boy seeing it all for the first time. Only it isn't the first time. Why this town is my home too....I fought for this town once - and by God, we won that fight too, even if I did have to tell my commander-in-chief, Mr. Lincoln, "to get the hell down out of range" one day when he stuck his head up where he shouldn't.

HOLMES chuckles softly and moves away from FANNY, crossing room by himself. FANNY watches him smiling.

Holmes
(half to himself)
Well, we'll win this fight too. Only we won't win it in a day or a year. I saw that just now talking with Henry Adams. We can't win the battle for a better life by just changing a few decisions or changing a few laws. By Jupiter, we have to change a few human beings along the way too - and we will - only - -

For a moment HOLMES slumps a little He turns back to FANNY with a quiet desperation - one of the few moments of dark doubts that we shall see in the play.

Holmes
(continuing)
Only right now, Fanny, you and I stand alone. We're a couple of generals without an army. Even if we can win a point or two on our own today, whom are we going to throw in as reserves tomorrow? And up till now your family and mine have always been on the firing line, Fanny. Why, they were practically born fighting for this country. Your folks fought the Indians, before there was a union, and so did mine. My great-grandfather was a Judge in Boston when the British entered Old South Church in 1776. And now - well, we're down to the bottom of the barrel.

FANNY crosses to him swiftly and tries to stop him but he pushes on.

Holmes
(continuing)
Oh yes, we are. The Holmeses are just about gone. My brother has a boy....but a nephew is still only a nephew...no the truth is the Holmeses are really stopping with us and we might as well face it. There's no one left to carry on for us the way there is for the Adamses....funny, you could always find an Adams somewhere if you looked far enough.... I wonder why....

FANNY draws away from him. She feels hurt but not defeated. She has great strength for moments like these.

Fanny
(with quiet intensity)
I don't know, Wendell....maybe it's just that the Lord wanted a few more Adamses than Holmeses....it could be, you know.

HOLMES comes out of his reverie. There's an edge in FANNY'S voice that brings him to.

Holmes
(moving to her)
I'm an old fool, Fanny. I don't know what I've been saying. I've been thinking out loud, that's all....and I ought to know by now a man can't think out loud. I ought to know - -

Fanny
I've done my best, Wendell. I guess my best just wasn't good enough.

Holmes
Stop it, Fanny - stop it right now. I was just daydreaming, that's all....I've nothing to complain of....I've had a full life and a merry one...and I've had the most wonderful wife an undeserving Yankee could ever hope for.

Fanny
Yes. We could almost make an epitaph of it, couldn't we? "Here lies Fanny Dixwell, wonderful wife of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr."

Holmes
Fanny, please - -

Fanny
(almost relentlessly)
But you know and I know that a Yankee wife is only a good wife....when she's a good mother too.

Holmes
Steady, Fanny - you're stronger than I and always have been. If you let go, there's nothing for either of us to hold to. Forgive me - say you forgive me. It wasn't your fault. It wasn't anyone's fault. It was just one of those things that wasn't meant to be. Let's promise never to mention it again. We'll carry on somehow.....and we'll win through too. I don't know what we'll do for an Army but - -

There is a discreet tap at the door up back. They look up and there, in the doorway from hall, is the eternally correct Harvard man, vintage of '02. This is the first of the 50 secretaries and he is a nice mixture of proper deference and genteel self-assurance.

(Here, as elsewhere in the play, all names used for the secretaries will be fictitious names)

Secretary
(a little breathless)
I beg your pardon, sir, - but could you tell me, sir - where I may find Mr. Justice Holmes, sir? It is most urgent, I assure you, sir - and -

Holmes
Young man, if you'll just take a deep breath and stop saying "sir" every two seconds, I'll be happy to direct you.

The interruption has brought FANNY out of her dark mood in the most natural way in the world: there's a job to be done....the Judge is teasing a nice boy....and it's time she took a hand.

Fanny
Wendell, behave yourself.
(then to the boy)
This is Justice Holmes. I am Mrs. Holmes.

Secretary
(to Fanny)
Oh, forgive me, please -
(then to Holmes)
My deepest apologies, sir.

Holmes
(triumphantly)
There, you see - you've gone and said it again.

Fanny
(with increasing emphasis)
Wendell -

Secretary
(not at all
I'm Copeland, sir - I mean, Mr. Holmes -
I mean, Mr. Justice -

Holmes
(smiling)
Just call me Judge.

Secretary
Professor Gray said I was to seek you out at once....without a moment's delay. I inquired at the Court and they referred me here. I -

Fanny
Oh, then you're the new secretary, of course -

HOLMES gives a discreet cough. These are matters which have not yet been decided.

Secretary
Well, I hope to be, ma'am - I --

Fanny
(as HOLMES coughs again)
Really, Wendell - you ought to do something for that cough. Will you excuse me, Mr. Copeland?

FANNY crosses to down left. At the doors she stops and looks back.

Fanny
(to HOLMES)
I'll be waiting for you in the kitchen - with Mr. Dixon!

FANNY draws doors behind her. HOLMES clears his throat again and eyes the candidate shrewdly. He obviously does not expect too much!

Holmes
Hmmm. One of Harvard's bright boys, eh?

SECRETARY chooses to ignore the thrust.

Secretary
(proudly)
Law School - 1902, sir.

HOLMES raises his head as if to challenge the "sir" - then lets it pass.

Holmes
Magna cum laude, no doubt?

Secretary
Summa, sir!

Holmes
Hmmm. Well, Mr. Copeland, my needs in the matter of a secretary are very simple. In fact, they don't really require a summa cum laude at all. What I really need is someone who can handle writs of certiorari, balance a check book - and hold up his own end of an argument with a little tall talk. Think you can do that?

Secretary
I can try, sir.

HOLMES is pleased with the spunk shown by SECRETARY.

Holmes
You understand, the job is good only for a year. Professor Gray has suggested that it might be a good idea to take a <u>different</u> man from the Law School each year and I am inclined to agree with him. Bound to be hell on me of course but it ought to be fine for the Law School.

Secretary
Yes, sir.

Holmes
Look here, young man - I don't mind your saying "sir" all the time but it doesn't have to be "yes," if you don't mean "yes" - understand?

Secretary
Yes, sir.

Holmes
Just why do you want to be my secretary?

Secretary
Well, I don't hold with everything you say about the law, sir - -

Holmes
(with his first snort of approval)
Well - that's a promising beginning anyway. Go on.

Secretary
(with a rush)
But you're on the right track, sir - whether the rest of the country knows it or not. The law isn't just the dead hand of precedent - it's a living thing and it has to grow with the time in which it lives. Oh, I know - people don't expect much from the law these days, sir. But I believe with you that a man can live nobly in the law, can work for the idea of liberty through law, if he really tries. Of course it's bound to be a long struggle. But life is a struggle, sir - and the man who struggles is the man who survives. The man who - -

There's something very appealing about the unleashed eloquence of the boy - especially when he breaks off abruptly.

Secretary
(suddenly diffident)
Sorry, sir. I didn't mean to appropriate all your ideas!

Holmes
(touched and impressed)
Well, this is most interesting, Copeland. Most interesting. But I want to be quite frank with you. My needs are few but my rules are rugged - fairly rugged.

Secretary
(hopefully)
Yes, sir?

Holmes
My philosophy, on the other hand, is quite simple. It's in two parts. The first is - keep your bowels open! The other -

Secretary
Yes, Mr. Justice?

Holmes
(with a nice drawl)
The other is a little more complex.... part of your duties will be to listen to it during the next few months.....

Secretary
Very well, sir. Am I to consider myself employed?

Holmes
Yes. I think you may consider yourself employed. Report to me at the New Willard at 10 in the morning.

Secretary
Thank you, sir. Thank you very much. I am deeply honored, sir.

SECRETARY starts out up back, then comes back.

Secretary
Just one thing more, sir. You mentioned certain rules?

Holmes
Oh yes, I almost forgot. I will pay you $2,000 a year but there are certain conditions. Do you have a girl you're in love with?

Secretary
(almost too fervently to suit HOLMES)
Oh no, sir. No - indeed, sir.

Holmes
Well, there's no harm in having one. Nice thing, girls. But just make sure you don't marry one of them while you're in my employ. Understand?

Secretary
Very good, sir.

Holmes
Hmmm. I don't know how good it is but it's the way I prefer to work. Well, there you are, Copeland - not a bad arrangement any way you look at it. If you're a credit to me and I'm a credit to you, we'll both have something to brag about. On the other hand, if you disappoint me and I disappoint you, no harm is done, because each year there is a new one of you and a new chance all around. In fact, it has all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the father and son relationship. It has - -

Suddenly the words "father and son" seem to re-echo in HOLMES' ear. He breaks off abruptly.

Secretary
Yes, Mr. Holmes?

Holmes
Never mind, son.

With a start HOLMES realizes he has used the word "son" again.

Holmes
(softly)
You just run along. I'll see you in the morning.

SECRETARY goes out. HOLMES shuts the door softly behind him. He begins to smile and, as he comes down center, he is whistling softly. He puts his fingers in his vest pocket and literally seems to strut.

Suddenly the doors open down left and FANNY looks in. She takes in the Judge's cheerful antics with raised eyebrows.

Fanny
Wendell Holmes - whatever do you think you're doing?

Holmes
(with a flourish)
Quiet, woman. I've just discovered that I'm going to have lots of children - lots of 'em - and they're going to be <u>all</u> boys!

CURTAIN

# The Magnificent Yankee

## Act I - Scene 2

SETTING: the library of Justice Holmes on a late afternoon in March 1904.

There is a pleasant glow on the room now, in sharp contrast to the previous scene. It has a lived-in look and a clean sweep of line that is inevitably New England, even in Washington.

The spaces on the wall up back have been filled in with portraits and good prints. The book cases are crammed with books - but they are not all law books. Blackstone rubs shoulders with paper backed French novels.

Prominent in the room are the portrait of his great-grandfather, Jonathan Jackson, by Copley; his grandfather's desk at which he usually worked when using the library and a rocking chair which had come down from colonial times in Fanny's family and which bore the label "Nathaniel Bowditch."

Under the chandelier down center there is a generous table. Over at the windows down right is the desk at which Holmes does most of his work.

There are a few flowers in the room, but they know their place. The brass at the fireplace has a lovely sheen to it and in general there is a trim elegance to the room, for it reflects in a considerable degree the spirit of the man - and the woman - who dominates it.

This is the working study of a fastidious yet a convivial Yankee. There is an occasional feminine touch which shows the degree to which Fanny shares the room with the Judge, but it is a discreet touch: the right flowers in one corner, a bird twittering softly in a cage in another corner.

As the curtain goes up, a young SECRETARY (a new one of course) is feverishly examining the afternoon editions of the Washington newspapers. He puts one down, picks up another - then compares the printed report of HOLMES' decision in the Northern Securities case with some copy which he has on the table.

HOUSEKEEPER enters from up back with another batch of newspapers.

Housekeeper
Here are the New York papers, sir. They just came in.

Secretary
Thank you, Mary.
(then looking up)
Now remember - not a word of this to the Judge. He wouldn't like it if he knew we were watching the papers like this.

Housekeeper
Very well, sir. But what about all those reporters downstairs? They just won't go away.

Secretary
Well, I guess we'll just have to leave them to the Judge when he gets home from Court.

Housekeeper
He won't like that either, will he?

Secretary
Oh, I don't know. The Judge hasn't anything against reporters. He just doesn't like the things they write for the papers, that's all!

SECRETARY turns back to papers and the HOUSEKEEPER goes out, very much puzzled. SECRETARY reaches eagerly for the New York papers and a moment later FANNY comes on, down left.

There's a wonderful change in FANNY. Washington has been kind to her and she has literally had a second blooming. It isn't that she wasn't striking before. But now her whole manner is a little easier, a little more relaxed; she's more sure of herself and the Judge. Her style in clothes has changed too and the afternoon dress she is wearing has, like Fanny herself, a discreet but definite sparkle.

Fanny
(eagerly)
Well, Mr. Mason - what do the papers say?

Secretary
Oh, they are quite flattering, all things considered. But the President seems to be a bit angry.

Fanny
(examining papers at table)
But what does Mr. Roosevelt have to be angry about? The Court voted his way, didn't it? He can still go around busting all the trusts he wants to, can't he?

Secretary
(drily)
Yes, but it was close. Five to four.... and it seems he had rather counted on the Judge.

Fanny
Oh....I see.

Secretary
And the fact that the Judge's dissenting opinion gets almost as much space as the majority report won't make the President any happier.

Fanny
(shocked at an item she has found in a paper)
Why, the very idea - how dare he - how dare he - even if he is the President?

Secretary
What's the matter, Mrs. Holmes?

FANNY takes paper and stalks away from table. She's as angry as a wet hen.

Fanny
Why, just listen to this. "When asked to comment on the unexpected dissent of Mr. Justice Holmes, one of his own appointees to the Court, President Roosevelt replied with a bark: 'I could carve a man with more backbone out of a banana!'"

FANNY puts paper down and looks over grimly at SECRETARY.

Fanny
(tensely)
Well, merciful heavens, what does the President want - a banana or a judge?

Secretary
If you don't mind my saying so, ma'am, I think the President would be content with a banana.

Fanny
Well, just wait till I see Mr. Roosevelt!

HOUSEKEEPER comes in up back with the afternoon mail. She is still disturbed over developments below.

Housekeeper
Here is the afternoon mail, Mrs. Holmes.

Fanny
(taking the mail)
Oh, thank you, Mary.

HOUSEKEEPER starts out uncertainly, as FANNY turns to SECRETARY.

Fanny
(to SECRETARY)
Maybe it's just as well that the Judge never reads the newspapers.

Housekeeper
(coming back)
I beg your pardon, ma'am - -

Fanny
Yes, Mary?

Housekeeper
There's a gentleman below - in the kitchen - well, he really is a gentleman - not at all like the others at the front door - and he insists he must have a word with you.

Fanny
Why, Mary! I wouldn't dare, even if I wanted to. And while I think of it, Mr. Mason, even if we can't get the reporters away before the Judge comes home, we might remove the newspapers.

Secretary
Right away.

Housekeeper
(starting out)
Very well, ma'am. But he was mighty nice spoken....like a Cabinet Member almost. And if you could have heard the way he said: "I am the Boston Transcript"!

Fanny
(quickly)
The Transcript?

Housekeeper
Yes. Only he said it like you might say: "I am the Archangel Gabriel" - only with trumpets, kind of.

Fanny
(intrigued)
Well, of all things - the Transcript! That's different, Mary. Show him up - show him up right away. But if the Judge comes in while he's here, make sure you get him out through the kitchen without his being seen.

Housekeeper
Yes, indeed, ma'am. Oh you're not making any mistake. He's really an elegant gentleman!

HOUSEKEEPER goes out up back. FANNY turns to SECRETARY with some elation. The young man, busy stacking newspapers, has a few misgivings.

Fanny
Now, Mr. Mason, don't look like that. I know the Judge never gives interviews but this isn't going to be an interview. I just haven't seen an Archangel around in a long time - especially a Boston one - and I'd like to take a good look, just for myself.

SECRETARY starts out with newspapers.

Fanny
Oh, you might as well take the afternoon mail with you. Nothing important, I guess - except -

FANNY starts to run through the few letters, gives a curious little start when she discovers a rather flossy envelope, addressed to the Judge in a feminine hand.

Fanny
(continuing)
- except this one perhaps. It's - it's marked "personal." I'll leave it for the Judge on his desk.

SECRETARY goes out up back. FANNY moves across room with the letter. She stops along the way, holds it up and sniffs: no question about it, there is a trace of perfume in the letter.

Amused and piqued, FANNY continues across the room to the Judge's desk, pretending for herself that the letter means nothing to her. She puts it down firmly on the Judge's desk and turns away resolutely. But temptation is too much for her. A second later, she doubles back to the desk, takes the letter and holds it up to the light which is pouring in the tall windows in back of the desk.

At this moment there is a knock on the door leading into hall up back and FANNY puts the letter down quickly, whirling around a little guiltily. But she is safe. The door has not yet opened.

Fanny
Yes - come in.

The door opens and HOUSEKEEPER shows in MR. PALMER of the Transcript. He answers the housekeeper's description: there is a deliberate condescension about the man which is almost regal.

Housekeeper
(proudly)
Mr. Palmer of the Transcript.

Fanny
How do you do, Mr. Palmer?

Mr. Palmer
(with a lordly bow)
Mrs. Holmes -

HOUSEKEEPER goes out. FANNY looks at MR. PALMER with cool poise.

Fanny
Well, Mr. Palmer?

FANNY is unexpectedly young in appearance. MR. PALMER is troubled.

Mr. Palmer
Your pardon, madame, but you are Mrs. Holmes, are you not?

Fanny
Why, Mr. Palmer! Is there any doubt of it in your mind?

Mr. Palmer
Well, the fact is - I had been given to understand - that is, I was under the impression - that the Judge's wife was a much older woman. Very much older, I might say.

Fanny
(sweetly)
Oh, I see. That must have been the Judge's first wife.

Mr. Palmer
First wife? But I had always understood that Justice Holmes had married only once.

Fanny
Ah, it only goes to show - you never can tell about people from Boston, can you, Mr. Palmer?

FANNY sweeps across stage down left toward fireplace. She is having a wonderful time with MR. PALMER who is having a very sad time indeed.

Mr. Palmer
(very stiffly)
My apologies, Mrs. Holmes. I assure you -

Fanny
Oh, it's quite all right, Mr. Palmer. It's quite the nicest compliment I have had in a long time.

FANNY whirls about and gives MR. PALMER a ravishing smile.

Fanny
(continuing)
Ah, how is Mrs. Palmer these days?

Mr. Palmer
(miserably)
Please, Mrs. Holmes - there is <u>no</u> Mrs. Palmer.

Fanny
Oh, I'm so sorry - so sorry for the non-existent Mrs. Palmer, I mean. A woman like that misses so much.

Mr. Palmer
(starting to back out)
Excuse me, please. I've just remembered something I forgot. I'll come back later when the Judge is here. I - -

Fanny
But Mr. Palmer, you can't leave so soon. Why, you've only just come. What was it you wanted to know? Are you sure I can't help you?

Mr. Palmer
(desperately)
Mrs. Holmes, I want to know only one thing.

Fanny
Yes, Mr. Palmer?

Mr. Palmer
Is it true that President Roosevelt has said he will - he will - -

Fanny
Well - go on - what is it?

Mr. Palmer
Is it true that President Roosevelt has said he will throw Mr. Justice Holmes out of the White House if he ever sets foot there again?

Fanny
(honestly aghast)
Why, Mr. Palmer - Mr. Palmer - !

The door up back flies open and SECRETARY comes in hurriedly.

Secretary
Oh, Mrs. Holmes - the Judge is coming up the walk now and he'll be here in a minute and - -

Fanny
Thank you, Mr. Mason. Here, Mr. Palmer - you go out through here - and down the back stairs into the kitchen. Quick - with you now.

FANNY starts to edge MR. PALMER out down left.

Mr. Palmer
But, Mrs. Holmes - -

Fanny
Now - now, Mr. Palmer. Just say that we love Washington - and that we adore Mr. Roosevelt at all times.

Mr. Palmer
Adore him, Mrs. Holmes?

Fanny
Yes. We adore everything about him - except his taste in bananas. Goodbye, Mr. Palmer.

FANNY gently pushes MR. PALMER out down left and draws the doors to behind him. SECRETARY is at table center sorting mail.

Fanny
Well, Mr. Mason, anything exciting in the mail?

Secretary
Oh no,...just the usual things. But I did want to ask - will you and the Judge be leaving early this evening for the dinner at the White House?

Fanny
(with a gasp)
This evening? Surely it isn't tonight. Why, it can't be.

Secretary
But it is, Mrs. Holmes. It's written down here in the Judge's calendar.

Fanny
Good heavens, so many things have happened today, I forgot all about it. But I don't feel like going to dinner with - with that man in the White House. Not now anyway.

Secretary
But, Mrs. Holmes, one doesn't decline invitations to the White House, especially at the last minute. One -

Over the scene we hear a cheerful whistle from the hall. HOLMES throws open the door with a flourish. He is wearing cutaway and striped trousers and he's feeling very gay. In his lapel is a little fresh crocus which he picked on the way home.

Holmes
(saluting)
Captain Holmes reporting, madame. We have met the enemy below and they are ours.
(then coming into room)

(Continued)

Holmes (Cont'd)
Or they will be after Mary gets through feeding them in the kitchen. Oh, I was very firm with them, my dear. No interviews. But all the sugar buns they can make way with.

HOLMES kisses FANNY with a dashing air and moves over to desk down right. She can't be sure whether he's seen MR. PALMER or not!

Holmes
(continuing)
Mason, what are you doing indoors on a day like this? Take the rest of the afternoon off and get out of here, before I think of something for you to do.

Secretary
Very well, sir - if you insist. But there is quite a little mail and - -

Holmes
My boy - on a day like this the mail can wait. On a day like this a man should say to himself: "Life is too short to spend very much time doing anything except the things I want to do." So find out what you want to do and start doing it, before I change my mind.

Fanny
Well, Mr. Holmes, may I ask the meaning of this extraordinary behavior?

Holmes
(coming back to her gaily)
Fanny, my love, hasn't anyone told you? Why, you poor child, it's all over town.

Fanny
(apprehensively)
What's all over town?

Holmes
Spring, my love - it's everywhere! You can't get away from it. Even the birds are yelling their heads off about it. And there are crocuses blooming on the White House lawn -

HOLMES takes crocus from his lapel and gives it to FANNY.

Holmes
(continuing)
Here, I picked this one - just for you. It's all right. Mr. Roosevelt wasn't looking.

Fanny
Oh, Wendell, you can be a dear - at times.

Holmes
Careful, now - or you'll be spoiling me.
(then to SECRETARY, still fussing at desk)
Haven't you gone yet, Mason?

Secretary
No, sir. I wanted to ask - shall I get you a cab for a little before seven, sir? If you're dining at the White House tonight - -

Holmes
(jovially)
My boy, what do you mean "if"? Of course we're dining at the White House tonight. Company is bound to be a bore but the food is sure to be good.

Fanny
But, Wendell, what about Mr. Roosevelt?

Holmes
(blandly)
Well, what about him?

Fanny
I mean - suppose he makes good his threat to throw you out of the White House. Suppose - -

Holmes
(slyly)
Well, my dear, in that event, I shall simply say to myself: "Holmes, what would a man from the Boston Transcript do in a situation like this?" - and then be sure to do the opposite.

Fanny
Oh...then you saw Mr. Palmer?

Holmes
Yes...I saw Mr. Palmer.
(then to SECRETARY)
Good afternoon, Mason.

Secretary
Oh, good afternoon, sir. Good day, Mrs. Holmes.

SECRETARY goes out up back. HOLMES turns to FANNY with mock severity.

Holmes
Now, you little she-devil, what do you mean going around telling people that you are the second Mrs. Holmes?

Fanny
(backing across room in front of him)
Well, how do I know you don't wish there had been a second Mrs. Holmes?

Holmes
Now, Fanny -

Fanny
Besides, I didn't tell Mr. Palmer anything. He just drew his own conclusions. Being so overcome at not finding the great man's wife with one foot in the grave, he naturally assumed - -

Holmes
I see. And what are the people back in Boston going to think of all this?

FANNY stops by his desk and faces him quite simply and directly.

Fanny
Who cares what the people in Boston think? You never meant anything very special to them. Back there you were just the well spoken son of the famous Dr. Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. They never appreciated you there. They - -

This is all very honest, so honest FANNY turns away from HOLMES rather shyly - then finds her hand is only inches away from the perfumed letter on the desk.

Holmes
(rather touched)
Hold on. Which side of this argument are you on, anyway?

Fanny
(suddenly all steel again, as she picks up the perfumed letter)
Oh, I'm not particular.
(turns around to face him)
Pick any side you want and I'll take the opposite.

Holmes
(holding her playfully by the chin)
Woman, what's got into you lately? Isn't that another new dress?

Fanny
(slipping away from him and moving left)
Yes, milord. Do you like it?

Holmes
Hmm. Devilishly pretty any way you look at it. But not half so pretty as the woman wearing it.

Fanny
Oh, thank you, milord.

Holmes
(with a grin)
Or so devilish either!

Fanny
You're a horrid old man and I hope Mr. Roosevelt beats you with the biggest stick he has.

FANNY starts to march out, with head up. Then she remembers the letter in her hand.

Fanny
(coming back)
Oh, I almost forgot. This came for you in the afternoon mail. It was marked personal - so I thought you might like to open it yourself!

FANNY gives the Judge the letter and starts out again. HOLMES moves over near window to open and read letter. FANNY holds her position at door and watches the Judge as he scans the letter with increasing pleasure:

it's a voice from the past and it intrigues him. He gives his mustaches a twist while he reads the letter and moves over to desk to sit down and read it a second time. He is oblivious of the fact that FANNY has not left the room.

Fanny
(coming down to him)
Well, Wendell - who is she?

HOLMES does not seem to hear her at first.

Is she pretty?

Holmes
(softly)
Yes. She's pretty - very pretty.

Suddenly HOLMES looks up and realizes it's FANNY he's talking to - not himself.

Holmes
(continuing)
Eh? What's that? Oh now, don't misunderstand me. It's nothing - nothing at all.

HOLMES gets up and moves away from his desk.

Holmes
(continuing)
For just a moment I was back at Antietam... on the field with the wounded and dying... on the road to Hagerstown with a bullet in my neck....and no one to care for me until the Kennedys took me in....and a girl named Ellen Jones nursed me back to health .....I never saw her again but she's in town now and...

Fanny
(briskly)
Well, let's have her out to dinner by all means.

Holmes
(embarrassed)
Yes, that would be very nice but....
promise me you won't laugh at me, Fanny - -
(gives her letter)
she wants to know if I'll have dinner with
her at the Shoreham some night.

Fanny
The Shoreham?

Holmes
That's where she's stopping. Of course
it's all a little silly. I don't want to
go at all but --

Fanny
(looking up from letter)
Don't be absurd, Wendell. Of course you
want to go!

Holmes
You don't think I should though - do you?

FANNY'S emotions are a little mixed: somewhat annoyed at the memory of this girl that has endured so long; a little amused at the sublime optimism of the Judge who doesn't realize that the female of the species sometimes changes....as the years go by.

Fanny
My dear, what possible difference could it
make to me? It's only that - -

Holmes
Only what?

Fanny
Some people do change, you know.... in
forty-two years....even if you don't.

Holmes
(spontaneously)
Oh, not Ellen Jones. She was the prettiest
thing that ever came out of Philadelphia.
(then catching himself)
I mean - well, it can't be forty-two years,
Fanny. It can't be. Why, it was only
yesterday. I can still hear the spat of
musket fire...the pound of cannon in the
hills...the rattle of caissons on the road...
why, when the wind is right, I can still
smell the powder burning. I can - -

HOLMES is honestly lost in the past with a soldier's deep love of that past but we gather from FANNY'S attitude that it's easy for HOLMES to lose himself in the past at times. FANNY usually humors him in this respect but, following her old policy of holding him up to the world and down to himself, she cuts through the nostalgia briskly.

Fanny
(lightly)
How about the perfume she used? Can you still smell that too? Or has she changed the brand by now perhaps?

This brings the Judge to with a start - but there's a rather pleasant gleam in his eye.

Holmes
Fanny - you're not jealous - not at this late date?

Fanny
What do you mean by "this late date?" Was there a time when it would have been quite in order for me to be jealous of Miss Jones?

Holmes
Now, Fanny -

Fanny
I always knew that half the girls in Boston had lost their hearts to you.... but I had never given a thought to Philadelphia somehow.

Holmes
I assure you, my dear - there is nothing between Ellen Jones and me. I've never seen her since 1862. I've never even written her a letter.

Fanny
And what would that prove? You never wrote me a letter either, all the years you were away at war. Remember -

Up until now HOLMES has been amused and flattered by FANNY'S question. But now he's beginning to broil a little under her fire.

Holmes
Woman, I'll have you know that this is a democracy. And in a democracy a man can still look at a pretty woman without violating either his marriage vows on the one hand or the Constitution of the United States on the other.

Fanny
Don't you talk about the Constitution to me, Mr. Holmes. Save that for Mr. Roosevelt. If you want to spend an evening mooning over the dear old days with a hussey from Philadelphia - -

Holmes
But she's not a hussey. She's a nice girl - at least she was when I knew her.

Fanny
(rushing on)
- - why, you go right ahead. I have no objections. Only don't bring the Constitution into it. Bring her some nice flowers - buy her a good wine and a wonderful dinner. But leave the Constitution home. You won't need it!

FANNY is starting out, just as the door up back opens and the HOUSEKEEPER comes in.

Housekeeper
I beg your pardon, sir. Mr. Owen Wister to see Mrs. Holmes.

Holmes
(delighted)
What? Wister here? - well, show him up - show him up right away.

Fanny
(quickly)
My dear, if I heard Mary correctly -

HOUSEKEEPER goes out, leaving the door open behind her.

Fanny
(continuing)
It's on me that Owen is calling - not you.

Holmes
Eh? Well, we'll see about that -

OWEN WISTER comes in and moves down gaily to greet FANNY and HOLMES. He's all of 44 now and The Virginian is two years behind him. Success sits well on him. He's what the Judge would call a real swell but he's also pretty much what the Judge might have liked in a son: dash - fire - character - and a nice sense of humor.

Wister
(to FANNY)
You will forgive me for breaking in on you like this -
(taking both her hands)
but then that's what makes a prodigal son really prodigal. You never know when he's coming or going.
(then drawing back for a good look at her)
Cara mia - I don't understand it. Each year you're just a little more enchanting. It isn't fair, you know. The rest of us grow older and older and you keep getting younger and younger.

Holmes
(with a nice growl)
Enough of this, Whiskers - my boy. You could say the same things about me.... if you tried hard enough.

Wister
(clasping HOLMES' hand)
Oh, I was going to get around to you sooner or later, young fellow.

Holmes
(imitating Southern drawl)
I must remind you, sir, that the lady you are calling on is my wife....and while I am not of a jealous disposition....

Fanny
(sweetly)
You may leave us now, Wendell.

Holmes
Very well, my love, if that's the way you want it.
(then to WISTER)
But I warn you, sir - -

Wister
(laughing)
Sit down, both of you. I am a bearer of strange tidings and while they concern Mrs. Holmes a bit more than they do you, Judge, I shall have to have a few moments with both of you.

Fanny
(taking a chair)
Well, you do make it all sound most mysterious.

Holmes
(also sitting down)
Fire when ready, Gridley. What's on your mind?

WISTER looks HOLMES over carefully. Obviously he expects an explosion or two.

Wister
Well, I'm really here this afternoon as .....as an unofficial ambassador.

Holmes
(drily)
Hmm. Well, we're honored, Your Excellency. Proceed - -

Wister
An ambassador - from President Roosevelt.

Holmes
(rising promptly)
Well, you can tell him for me - -

Fanny
Wendell, be still.

Holmes
(subsiding)
Very well. But I won't be still for long.

Fanny

Go on, Owen.

Wister

It's really very simple. As far as I can gather, the President would like to refuse the Judge admission to the White House at any and all times - -

Holmes
(to FANNY)

Can I say something now?

Wister

But, as regards Mrs. Holmes - I am permitted to express the hope - oh, most unofficially, you understand - that at dinner this evening Mrs. Holmes will do the President the great honor of sitting on his right.

Holmes
(flabbergasted)

Well, I'll be damned.

Fanny
(rising quickly)

Mr. Roosevelt is most kind, Mr. Ambassador. But it will not be possible for Mrs. Holmes to accept - because Mrs. Holmes isn't going to the White House dinner tonight.

Holmes

Eh? What's that?

Wister

But my dear, you don't understand. No one can decline an invitation from the White House. It just isn't done.

Fanny

Oh, isn't it? Well, we'll see about that. I suppose I could come down with a contagious disease or - -

Holmes
(explosively)

Damn it, Fanny - what's this all about anyway? Of course we're going. I don't give two straws for Teddy Roosevelt but wild horses wouldn't keep me away from the White House tonight. I'm going to look him straight in the eye and if he blinks just once more than he should behind those glasses of his, I'll - -

Fanny
Very well, Mr. Holmes. Look him in the eye if you want to - but you can look alone.

(then more softly)
Good heavens, Wendell. Where's your Yankee pride? Did you leave it behind you in Boston? Well, no one is going to walk all over us, even if he is President of the United States. Sit to the right of him, will I? - -

(turns to WISTER)
You can tell the President for me, Mr. Ambassador, that he could carve a better dinner companion out of a banana!

FANNY starts out up back - pauses at door with a nice smile for WISTER.

Fanny
(continuing)
But you can tell that nice Mr. Wister that the Holmeses would be deeply honored if he would stay for tea.

FANNY goes out, leaving an admiring WISTER and a baffled HOLMES behind her.

Holmes
(softly)
You know, my boy - I'm married to a wonderful woman. But she's kept me so busy holding me up to the world and down to myself, I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my feet most of the time.

Wister
(laughing)
You seem to bear up well enough.

Holmes
Ah, don't get me wrong, my boy. She's made my life pure poetry for me - -
(then fingering perfumed letter and putting it away)
but there are times when I know I can never be equal to her. Right now I'm not sure whether it's me or Mr. Roosevelt she is punishing.

Wister
But what am I going to tell the President?

Holmes
(with enjoyment)
My boy, I haven't the least idea in the world, but if you get stuck, you can always tell him what she just told me. But enough of this fellow, Roosevelt - -

HOLMES waves WISTER toward a chair.

Holmes
(continuing)
Sit down and let me have a good look at you. I must say success agrees with you boys from Philadelphia.
(passes cigars)
Bloomin' swell, that's what you've turned out to be. But The Virginian is a good book. Who would have thought a Harvard man could write so well!

Wister
(smiling)
Thanks, Judge. How's everything with you? How do you like Washington, now that you've had a chance to get the feel of it?

Holmes
(expansively)
Not bad, Whiskers - not bad. Of course the New Willard isn't the Parker House - and sometimes I miss those three-alarm fires that you and I and Fanny used to race to in Boston.
(moving over to windows down right)
But by and large this is a wonderful place, boy. Oh, I know - some of the people in Washington are worms and no man in his right mind would stay here through a summer. But it has something, fellow - especially on a day like this.

HOLMES is looking out the windows at the fading spring sunshine. WISTER leans forward eagerly in his chair.

Wister
(eagerly)
That's the way I feel every time I come down here. I guess it's the way all of us feel who -- I say, Judge, isn't there any way you and T. R. could bury the hatchet?

Holmes
(turning back to WISTER amiably)
Easy, boy. He'd bury it in me if I gave him half a chance.

Wister
But he's a wonderful person, once you get to know him. And I do know him. I've hunted with him, fished with him, camped with him, and I tell you, Judge - -

Holmes
(softly)
All right, Whiskers. All right. If he's a great man to you, why he's a great man to you. I guess there's room enough for us both in the country.

HOLMES sits down at table center, across from WISTER. The Judge starts to light a cigar.

Wister
But what's it all about - what's the real trouble deep down underneath?

Holmes
(looking up owlishly)
Who wants to know - you or the President?

Wister
Oh my honor - I'm only speaking for me now.

Holmes
Well, my boy - mostly it's just that we're two different men doing two different jobs. I'm even willing to admit that at times my job is a little simpler than his - because, well you see, my problems began to straighten out quite a lot when I woke up one fine day and decided that I was <u>not</u> God Almighty!

Wister
Now you're joking.

HOLMES gets up again and starts to move about restlessly.

Holmes
Oh no, my boy. I was never more serious in my life. The real act of faith is the magic moment when you decide for yourself that this life isn't just a dream, that there are other people in the universe besides yourself, and that it isn't your high destiny to be the one and only boss of the shebang. Well, once I found out that I wasn't God Almighty, things shook themselves down quite a bit. I didn't have to decide whether a thing was right or wrong. I only had to decide whether it was constitutional. And that made things a lot easier for me. But you take Theodore Roosevelt now - he hasn't discovered yet that he's not God Almighty either. And that complicates things plenty.

HOUSEKEEPER comes on down left, with a tray full of tea things, which she puts down on a little table near the fireplace.

Housekeeper
(to HOLMES)
Excuse me, sir. Mrs. Holmes said you would like to have tea in here.

Holmes
Thank you, Mary.

Wister
But you can't get away from one thing, Judge. The people all love Roosevelt.

Holmes
(drily)
Yes - but as one of the boys over in the Senate said the other day, what the people really like about T. R. is that - he doesn't really give a hoot in hell for the law.

Wister
Well, I'll leave it to Mary.

HOUSEKEEPER, having put the tea things in place, is about to exit down left when she is stopped by WISTER'S remark.

Wister
(continuing)
Mary, what do you think of Mr. Roosevelt?

HOUSEKEEPER looks over to HOLMES, a little puzzled.

Holmes
(with a chuckle)
It's all right, Mary. Nothing you say here will ever be held against you.

Housekeeper
(to WISTER)
Well, sir - as Mr. Dooley says in the papers - I only know what I know and I don't know very much about Mr. Roosevelt. But I guess he is a great hand for getting things done, though.

HOUSEKEEPER nods brightly and goes out down left.

Wister
(to HOLMES)
There, you see?

Holmes
Yes, he gets things done all right. Only trouble is he doesn't care how.

HOLMES moves down left to inspect tea things.

Holmes
(continuing)
Oh, I'll admit some of them are steps in the right direction. That "square" deal he's always talking about....some of it pretty good stuff. But he ought to remember once in a while that this is the United States of America...not the United States of Theodore Roosevelt.

HOLMES picks up plate of tea sandwiches and starts back to WISTER.

Wister
Oh come, Judge. He's not that pigheaded.

Holmes
Listen, Whiskers. I don't think he knows how pigheaded he really is. Have some sandwiches? They're sure to spoil your dinner....now the President talks a lot about my going back on him. But just where does it say in the Constitution that a Judge has to vote the way the President, who appointed him, wants him to vote?

Wister
(taking sandwich)
Well, I suppose he couldn't help hoping that you might see things his way when the Northern Securities case came up for decision yesterday. After all, you were his first appointee to the Court - -

HOLMES slouches down comfortably in a chair across from WISTER.

Holmes
Sure, I know. When he named me to the Bench, he thought I was a labor judge because I went labor's way in some cases back in Massachusetts.
(then reflectively, not vindictively)
Well, he's all wrong. A good judge isn't anybody's judge in particular. He's for labor when labor is right and against labor when labor is wrong. He's for capital when capital is right and he's against capital when capital is wrong.

Now however HOLMES lifts his sights and fires a salvo square at WISTER.

Holmes
(vigorously)
But, win or lose, a good judge is not something that a President carries around in his vest pocket like a well sharpened pencil.

Now the issue is joined. WISTER leans eagerly across the table.

Wister
Just the same, it does make for a greater sense of stability if the Court, like the Congress, happens to have a certain Party loyalty to the President.

Holmes
(quickly)
The hell it does - -

Wister
(a trifle stiffly)
In the higher sense of the word, I mean.

Holmes
(getting up)
High or low, a party judge is a party hack and nothing more. I tell you, boy -
(moving to windows down right)
the reason we have a Congress, a President and a Court, each with different responsibilities, is so they can all be different if the people want it that way. Now it may not make for harmony but it sure adds up to free trade in ideas. And I'm for free trade as against harmony any day.

Wister
(getting up angrily)
I see. But what it comes down to is really this: T. R. is out to smash the trusts and give the little fellow a break for once. But you'd rather stand with the big boys like J. P. Morgan and Hill. You'd rather - -

Holmes
(facing him firmly)
Whiskers - I wouldn't take that from many people.

Wister
(with likeable stubbornness)
I'm sorry, Judge. You're either with T. R. or against him.

Holmes
(grimly)
That wasn't what it said in the good book the day I took my oath of office.
(then more kindly)

(Continued)

Holmes (Cont'd)
Ah look here, Whiskers - I know it was a hard case but hard cases make bad law. If the President wants to crack down on the big railroad mergers, let him go ahead and crack. But damn it to hell, let him get something stronger than the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

(moving down left)
It won't wash - not with me anyway. Why, it's ridiculous. Think of saying in a law that it's all right for railroads to compete - so long as none of them win the competition. It doesn't make sense.

Wister
(still angry)
Maybe it doesn't. But right now the President can't be particular. Time is running short. And any stick to beat a dog is a good stick.

Holmes
(holding his ground at fireplace)
Sure. That's what every strong man thinks when he starts to swing the big stick for the sheer joy of swinging it. He can't wait to be legal in the way he swings it. He has to swing it every day and he has to hit a new head with it every day. Well, that's not democracy, my boy. Oh, I grant you, it's an executive's job to get things done as best he can and as fast as he can. To that extent, I don't blame him too much.

HOLMES starts to reach for some tea, then puts it down quickly.

Holmes
(continuing)
But it's also a judge's job to see that things are done according to law....because it makes all the difference in the world just <u>how</u> a thing is done. After all, there are times when the only way to tell the good men from the scoundrels is to look at <u>how</u> each group proposes to do a certain job. But you can bet your bottom dollar on this: free men are inclined to be a bit particular about <u>how</u> they do a job. The tyrants don't give a <u>damn</u>!

Wister
(starting to go)
Very well, sir. If that's the way you feel about it, I guess there isn't anything anybody can do to bring you and the President together.

Holmes
Hold on, you fire eater - this isn't going to make any difference as between you and me, is it?

Wister
I don't know, sir. That all depends on you.

WISTER starts out up back. He opens door into hall briskly and steps back in surprise as FANNY comes in, radiant in a beautiful new evening dress of the period.

Wister
Why, cara mia -

Holmes
(admiringly)
Well, I'll be damned!

There's no doubt about it: FANNY is enchanting. She turns around archly, so that the men can admire the gown from every angle.

Fanny
(demurely)
Do you think Mr. Roosevelt will like it?

Even at 62, FANNY doesn't look a day over 40 - and the evening dress of the Gibson girl period sets her off perfectly. Her waist is as slim as a girl's: the bare shoulders are a thing of grace and beauty - but above all there is the fire which is so completely captivating. Little wonder that T. R. wanted her to sit next him at dinner. She had become one of the most charming women in Washington.

Holmes
But my dear, what made you change your mind?

Fanny
(blithely)
That's hard to say. Maybe it was the dress - I had ordered it just for the occasion - and I felt I had to try it on just once more --
(wheeling down to tea table at fireplace)
Or maybe it was poor dear Mr. Roosevelt. After all, men are so easily misunderstood -
(to HOLMES)
aren't they, darling?

HOLMES eyes her suspiciously. He's beginning to catch on.

Fanny
(pouring tea)
Well, Owen - one lump or two. Oh, I forgot - you take it straight. That must be the Philadelphian in you.
(then bringing tea to WISTER)
Tell me, Owen, how is everything in Philadelphia?

Wister
(puzzled)
Why, everything is fine in Philadelphia.

Holmes
(quickly)
My dear, please - -

Fanny
Now isn't that nice. And how is everything in Hagerstown?

Wister
(baffled)
Hagerstown?

Fanny
Yes. Hagerstown. Charming old place, when you get to know it....

In the distance there is the clang of bells, as a fire wagon goes rolling down the street to a fire.

Fanny
(continuing)
Especially the people who used to live there.

Holmes
(with a grin)
I give up, woman. If Teddy Roosevelt wants you to sit next to him, it serves him right. He'll get as good as he sends.
(tenderly)
You are the devil of devils - and lovely to boot. Just tell me what you want to do with my life....and it's yours to command.

Funny
(purring)
Why, darling - how sweet of you?

The fire wagon is just passing the house now with quite a clanging of bells

Wister
Would it be permissible for an innocent bystander to ask just what this is all about?

Fanny
Why, Mr. Ambassador, it's just life - that's what it is. Some of us suddenly acquire a great passion for dining with Mr. Roosevelt...others for dining with old flames from Philadelphia. But it's a free country, thank God and - -

Holmes
(explosively - when FANNY doesn't let him off too easily)
Damn it, woman - I've had enough. Why, being married to you is like being married to a three-alarm fire. Being married to you - -

HOLMES looks up keenly. Whistles and bells over scene.

Holmes
(to WISTER)
I say - that sounds like a big one rolling now. Come on, boy. Let's go.

The two men start out together. FANNY rushes after them.

Fanny
Oh no you don't. If you can still go rooting to fire, so can I - -

Wister
But what about your new dress?

Holmes
And what about the man you're wearing it for tonight - that man in the White House?

Fanny
(moving past them)
The man in the White House will wait... and so will you. Come on, old man - I'll change this dress before you can say Henry Adams. Then we'll start even - and the last man to the fire is a mugwump!

FANNY runs out quickly, followed by WISTER and HOLMES.

Sound of whistle and bells continues faintly over scene.

CURTAIN

## Footnotes to Act One:

### Scene 1:

Did the Holmeses first look over their new home in Washington with a real estate broker? In real life, probably not -- or at least not together. For they probably arrived in Washington on different days. However, the time must have come when the Judge and Fanny did meet someone representing the former owner or landlord of the premises - and a scene not unlike the one dramatized could easily have taken place.

Yes, Henry Adams was a neighbor to Holmes most of his Washington years - and the mutual attitudes of Holmes and Adams are substantially as here represented.

Most commentators are agreed that the lack of children was a great blow to the Holmeses. But few observers have made any detailed comment on this point, which is the main key to these two lives in this play.

It seems no undue trespass on the privacy of the Holmeses at this time to face clearly the loss that they felt in having no children of their own - and the corresponding joy which they must have felt in welcoming a new secretary from the Harvard Law School each year.

It is quite possible that Holmes might not have initiated this practice immediately upon his arrival in Washington. But for purposes of theatre, it is imperative that he should. Hence, the introduction of the secretary in the very first scene.

### Scene 2:

The basic attitudes of Holmes and President Theodore Roosevelt in the Northern Securities case are substantially in accord with the known attitudes as they have come down to us.

It is true that Fanny charmed President Roosevelt on many occasions - and it is also true that he often wanted her to sit on his right at state dinners.

In real life, the state dinner probably did not come on the day after the Northern Securities decision. Nor did the episode of the Southern belle come at precisely this time. But, making due allowance for the inevitable compression of time on the stage, it is not out of line to counterpoint the episode of the Southern belle against the excitement over the Northern Securities decision.

No one pretends that Theodore Roosevelt actually sent Owen Wister as an emissary to the Holmeses -- but he might have, for Wister was as good a friend to T. R. as he was to Holmes.

The incident of the gentleman from the Transcript is sheer improvisation but it has some foundation in fact. The change in Fanny Dixwell Holmes was so sweeping, there were one or two stories in circulation to the effect that people had taken her "for the Judge's second wife."

The three-alarm fire episode at the final curtain of Act One is squarely in character with all the persons concerned, especially as a reflection of the life in Boston which we can only suggest in this play.

* * * * *

# The Magnificent Yankee

## Act 3 - Scene 1

SETTING: The library of Justice Holmes on an evening in March 1911.

The room has not changed much. There are new curtain on the windows. A print or two on the wall has been added.

There is a mellow glow upon the room: from a lamp on the Judge's desk; from the chandelier overhead center, and from a cheerful coal fire in the fireplace.

In contrast to the rapid climax of the first act, there is a leisurely, restful quality to this scene -- at least for the first few minutes!

FANNY is seated in the rocker near the fireplace, reading aloud to HOLMES, who is hunched down comfortably in a chair beside the big table center, his eyes closed.

Fanny
(reading from Longfellow)

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

FANNY looks over at HOLMES - he gives no sign that he has heard.

Fanny
Wendell - are you asleep?

Holmes
(without stirring)
Certainly not, my dear. Not a bit of it.

Fanny
Then what was I reading to you just now?

Holmes
(without stirring)
"And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

Fanny
(with a sigh)
I declare - I don't know how you do it. Mind you, I have no objection to reading you to sleep -- but I refuse to read to a man while he sleeps.

Holmes
(getting up)
It's no use, my dear...a boy's thoughts are long thoughts and so are those of Mr. Longfellow...oh well, nothing reads like it ought to any more...including Mr. Longfellow.

HOLMES moves over to windows down right. He's more than a little restless - yet it is a quiet kind of uneasiness. No roar to it.

Holmes
The trouble is no author can ever be quite the same after you have known him twenty-five...fifty years...Emerson maybe but not many of the others. The things that struck sparks for you as a boy have a way of fizzling out....when you're an old man.

FANNY puts down book and picks up some embroidery.

Fanny
Humph. You've been saying you were an old man ever since you were forty.

Holmes
(peering out at evening sky)
Odd too...the words you used to like... they're still the same words but they just don't say the same things any more.

Fanny
It's probably your liver.

Holmes
(mildly)
Woman, I'll have you know I resent that. My liver is in admirable condition. My liver - -
(turning back from windows)
You know, I would have sworn I saw bloodroot in the park today I think we'll have an early spring.

Fanny
(shivering)
It certainly doesn't feel like it tonight. You might put a little more coal on the fire.

Holmes
(rather meekly - as he crosses to fire)
Very well, my dear.

Fanny
(embroidering briskly)
Now it isn't going to be an early spring this year and you might just as well reconcile yourself to it. There isn't anything <u>you</u> can do about it.

Holmes
(still meek)
I'll try to remember that, my dear.

HOLMES puts some coal on the fire. FANNY looks at him shrewdly, then smiles at him. Neither of them look a day older than when we saw them last but there is something about the Judge tonight that is a little different - a little diffident almost.

Fanny
Wendell, what <u>is</u> the matter with you tonight?

Holmes
Oh, nothing - nothing at all, my dear.
(then taking out watch)
Didn't that scamp of a secretary say he'd be back at eight-thirty sharp?

Fanny
It isn't like you to be this meek and humble. I'm worried!

Holmes
(with a grin)
Nothing to be worried about - it's nothing that a little Rabelais or Dante won't fix.

Fanny
So, that's it. Well, I'm not sure I approve of Dante - and as for Rabelais! Humph - you'd be better off with Shakespeare.

Holmes
(standing with back to fireplace, warming his hands)
Hmmm. No - no Shakespeare tonight. He's a good drink when the wind is right.... but sometimes it's a long time between drinks. But Dante - ah, there's a man can sing you to paradise at least once in every twenty lines. Aye, and to hell too.

Fanny
(biting off a thread)
You're a fine one to talk about heaven and hell. You don't believe in either.

Holmes
(slyly)
No - only when I read Dante!

HOLMES moves back center, his spirits rising a little as he jaws over his favorite themes.

Holmes
(continuing)
Ah, but you ought to give Rabelais a chance, Fanny. What temperament - what gusto. Everything on the hum - like culture in Chicago.

Fanny
Stop your wheedling, Wendell. I won't read Rabelais and I won't read any of those silly French novels for you either.

Holmes
What a thing is woman!
(then with a flourish)
You know, if I didn't have to be such a respectable old codger, I'd enjoy going out on a rip-roaring, old-fashioned, glorified toot.

Fanny
(sweetly)
Well, why don't you? Maybe you could get a few of the brethren to join you!

Holmes
Enough, woman. When I set out to cut a caper, it will not be with my brother justices of the United States Supreme Court.

HOLMES sits down center, draws some paper to him and begins to make notes. FANNY looks up curiously: he is in a more cheerful humor and the sudden spurt of energy spurs her curiosity. A clock begins to strike the hour of nine. FANNY gets up and moves over to HOLMES.

Fanny
Who is she, Wendell?

Holmes
(looking up with a grin)
If only it were a she!

Fanny
You're being mighty secretive about it.

Holmes
I have to be - I'm not sure you would approve.

Fanny
Well, what is it?

Holmes
It's a speech, my love.

Fanny
But you don't make speeches.

Holmes
I told you that you wouldn't approve.

Fanny
Well, what's it about?

Holmes
I'm not sure what it's about. That's just the trouble.

Fanny
I mean - whom is it for?

Holmes
(drily)
It's for a lot of rah-rah college boys. Going to get together and paint the town red some June. Somebody thought they ought to be held down a little and since my hair seems to be a bit whiter than that of most of the duffers around - -

Fanny
The very idea - why, they ought to know better.

Holmes
That's what I told them. But the Class of 1861 was a pretty obstinate bunch, even when it was in Harvard and - -

Fanny
(putting her hand across his mouth tenderly)
Wendell - you're a beast.

Holmes
(kissing her hand lightly)
Beauty and the beast - a pretty picture - but I can't make a speech about it.

HOLMES gets up and moves back down left toward fireplace, leaving FANNY at table center.

Holmes
(continuing)
What am I going to tell them, Fanny? What can I tell them? Fifty years we've been out of Harvard now - and fifty years ought to add up to something, but do they - and if so, how much? I've been a judge nearly thirty years now.....

(Continued)

Holmes (Cont'd)
twenty of them in Massachusetts,...nine down here,... I may have a few hunches about this or that but can I pass them off as universal gospel just because they happen to be what I can't help but believe? I could put all I know about life on one small piece of white paper but on the other side I'd have to write "but I'm not sure" - or at least, "not proved."

FANNY looks at him shrewdly. She's impressed by what he says but she's not going to let him moon around too much.

Fanny
(briskly)
Now I know it's your liver.

Holmes
(wryly)
Even if it were, it wouldn't help. As livers go, I suppose it's as fascinating as the next. But nothing to make a speech about.

Fanny
(going to him)
Oh no you don't, Wendell. It's right pretty talk but it doesn't take me in a bit.

Holmes
Woman - I haven't the least notion what you're driving at.

Fanny
Oh yes, you have. When you're in a tight spot, I notice you always begin to twist the tail of the cosmos a bit. And do you know why? Well, I'll tell you.

Holmes
Now - now - Fanny. Leave me something. Don't take all my defenses away.

Fanny
You cover up pretty well, old man. But I'm on to you now. The trouble with you is you pretend to be a fire eating cynic. But deep down inside, you're a shameless, unmitigated believer. Of course you're not too sure just what it is you believe in --

Holmes
Woman - I protest.

Fanny
(rushing on)
But whatever it is, you're awfully scared somebody may find out about it some day. So you retire behind those beautiful white whiskers of yours and mutter "ah me, ah me, what is life." Why don't you come out in the open just once and let us all in on the secret? Why - -

There is a discreet knock on the door up back. HOLMES, with some relief, looks up eagerly.

Holmes
Yes. Come in.

The door opens and another new SECRETARY comes in. He's very much like the others who have preceded him - a shade handsomer perhaps but about the same age, 24 or 25. He is wearing the smartest linen duster of the period (for motor driving) and he is quite uneasy. In his hand is a very dashing motor cap with goggles attached.

Secretary
I'm awfully sorry I'm late, sir. But -

Holmes
(eagerly)
Well, Northrop - we won't go into that now. But as long as you're here, let's get to work.

HOLMES is anxious not to continue the duel with FANNY and she senses this instantly. It amuses her and she chooses to hold her fire.

Secretary
(not taking off coat)
You understand, I didn't intend to be late, sir. It was just that - -

Holmes
All right - all right, Northrop. Forget it.

HOLMES crosses to desk at windows right. He is oblivious of the fact noticed by FANNY: the SECRETARY has important news but does not know how to break it.

Secretary
I thought I had allowed myself plenty of time, sir. But we went for a drive as far as Mt. Vernon - and the machine broke down - and -

Holmes
(looking up)
Eh? Do you mean to say you own one of those contraptions that uses gasoline instead of a horse?

Fanny
Why, Mr. Northrop - how exciting.

Secretary
(uneasily)
Yes, ma'am. The auto is a very exciting vehicle. But - -

Holmes
All right. All right. I can read all about it in a catalogue some day.
(then to FANNY)
Now, my dear, if you don't mind leaving us alone? Take off your coat, Northrop, and stay a while. We have a big evening ahead of us.

FANNY starts to protest but once more decides to hold her fire, especially as the SECRETARY speaks up quickly.

Secretary
I'm sorry, sir. I can't stay. In fact, I'll have to resign. You see, sir - -

Holmes
Resign? Why, that's ridiculous. You can't resign.

Secretary
Just the same, I have to, sir. The fact is I - I'm going to be married!

Holmes
(with something of a burr)
Married? That's preposterous. Why, you promised you wouldn't. You - -

FANNY is intrigued but can't get a word in.

Secretary
I realize that, sir. But you know how these things are.

Holmes
I know nothing of the sort. Why, Northrop, this is amazing. This is unprecedented. This is --

Fanny
(moving in)
Nonsense, Wendell. Secretaries are getting married every day.

Holmes
Not my secretaries.

Fanny
(to SECRETARY)
May I offer my congratulations, Mr. Northrop, to you - and the lucky girl?

Secretary
(overcome)
Why - why - thank you - thank you very much, Mrs. Holmes. Thank you very much indeed.

Holmes
Fanny - you keep out of this. Northrop, I want you to know.

Fanny
Hush, Wendell.

FANNY feels very kindly to the young SECRETARY: it isn't every day that young love comes riding into this library and she's determined to help as best she can.

Fanny
(to SECRETARY)
I'm really very happy for you, Mr. Northrop. Is it permitted to ask - was this all a little sudden?

Secretary
(eagerly)
Well, it was - and it wasn't ma'am. We've been going together for nearly a year. And although I have asked her to marry me many times before - -

Holmes
Oh you have, have you?

Secretary
(gulping)
Yes, sir. But she only laughed and put me off before. Only this time -

Fanny
What was different about this time, Mr. Northrop?

Secretary
Well, when the car broke down - there was nothing to do except to wait for the horses to come and tow us back into town.... well, they were a long time coming....and there wasn't much to do....so I proposed again....and well, maybe it was because this time she had lots of time to think it over....well, she accepted me - -
(then with mixed emotions)
and now - now I'm the happiest man in the world....or would be, sir - if it weren't for the fact that I have to be leaving you.

Fanny
Nonsense. Who said anything about leaving us?

Secretary
(incredulous)
But, Mrs. Holmes -

Holmes
(a little angry)
Now, Fanny -

Fanny
(to HOLMES)
I know, dear. A rule is a rule - but you only made up the rule for your secretaries. You can't possibly expect it to be binding on the girls they may be in love with. Besides, when a young man is in love with a young woman - why, he isn't any more responsible for what happens than a young soldier is when he meets a girl like....Ellen Jones. Sometimes things just happen. Sometimes -

HOLMES looks at her with fire in his eye. But she holds all the cards and she has him trumped.

Holmes
Now just a minute. What has Ellen Jones to do with all this? I'll have you know -

Fanny
(now very simply - to HOLMES)
Darling, please. Why can't we forget the rule just for this once?

Secretary
(eagerly)
Mrs. Holmes -

Fanny
Why don't we really go on that spree you were talking about? Why don't we kick up our heels and give Mr. Northrop and his bride-to-be a real party? We haven't had a real party in ages...not with young people, I mean....and...

Holmes
(with a grimace)
All right, Northrop. I know when I'm licked. Consider your resignation refused.

Secretary
(starting to take off linen duster)
Why, Mr. Justice - this is wonderful. I'll never forget it, I assure you, sir. I'll work as I've never worked before, sir. I'll - -

Holmes
There - there. Take it easy, Northrop. As a matter of fact, you might as well take the evening while you're about it. Get out of here as fast as you can but make sure you're on time in the morning.

Secretary
(beaming)
Mr. Justice -

Holmes
(nicely)
Is she pretty, boy?

Secretary
(putting duster back on)
She's a peach, sir.

Holmes
Hmm. Well, then you might kiss her once for me. Or, better yet, bring her around some day - and I'll do the needful myself.

Secretary
(starting out)
Yes, sir. Anything you like, sir. I mean - well, goodnight, sir.
(then to FANNY)
Goodnight, Mrs. Holmes. It's nice to know that there are still people left in the world who....who know what it's like to be in love.

With a nice impulsive gesture the SECRETARY kisses FANNY'S hand and goes out quickly. FANNY stands watching him off, smiling softly. HOLMES eyes her sardonically.

Holmes
Now as for you, my good woman - -

Fanny
(hardly hearing him)
Did you notice his eyes, Wendell? Did you ever see anything so shining bright? No wonder folks say some people carry their heart in their eyes. They do, you know - and sometimes it's just a little dazzling. You want to look closer and closer...and then suddenly you feel like a trespasser. You want to look away. You want -

Holmes
(with a sneer)
Very pretty. But let's face the facts, woman. You tried to blackmail me just now!

FANNY moves down to fireplace and takes the commanding position once held by HOLMES there.

Fanny
Oh, did I? I thought I not only tried but got away with it rather well. Besides, milord, as I understand the law - it's only blackmail if there was anything black to back up the threat with. And surely there wasn't anything that wasn't pure white as between you and Ellen Jones - except that she was a little fat when you finally caught up with her forty years later. Remember?

Holmes
That's not so. She wasn't fat at all. Well, maybe she was a little plump but --

Fanny
(suddenly very direct
and again very simple)
Oh, Wendell - Wendell - what difference does it make? This boy is our son - just like all the others.

Holmes
(obstinately)
That's neither here or there. And if you ever say anything like that to any of them - I'll disown you - and them too.

Fanny
But what did he do that was so awful? - except put his girl above everything else in the world....including the great Mr. Holmes.

Holmes
That's not the issue at all. The issue is - -

Fanny
(softly)
But he's so young....and it's so wonderful to be young. Remember?

Holmes
(grimly)
Woman - you're not fighting fair.

Fanny
(moving down right)
Remember the day you came home from the Civil War...the night you went out to call on Emerson at Concord....you were on fire then too....just like this boy... life was a passionate and a profound thing, you said, or it was nothing.... you said...

Holmes
That wasn't the same at all....sure I said all that and I meant every word of it...but I had to work for one thing at a time....remember? First, the law - and then the girl I loved.

But these young whippersnappers....they think they can have their cake and eat it too...they don't know what it's like to plunge deep down into a real piece of work....to strike out for the unknown seas and feel the ice close in behind you in the darkness of the Arctic night... above all, to go it alone, when you have to....but, by heaven, they'd better learn....any man who wants to do a little original work in this life has got to reconcile himself to a certain amount of loneliness...any man....

Fanny
(quickly)
Fiddlesticks, so has any woman....who waits for any man like that.

FANNY moves across room down left. HOLMES stops her and she turns back toward him, for an instant.

Fanny
(continuing)
Oh yes she has - and I ought to know. I did my share of waiting, while you charted those unknown seas. But I can't say I liked it.

Holmes
(amazed - and a little hurt)

Fanny -

Fanny
Oh, I'm not complaining, mind you. It worked out all right for you and me, but I'm not so sure that a lonely heart is the best heart to serve the law with ....especially when you're young. After all, we're not running a monastery here. They don't have to be celibate, do they? Why isn't it all right just once to - oh stop being such an eternal Yankee, Mr. Holmes. Do a little thinking with your heart instead of your head. This isn't the Common Law we're talking about. This is love - and I think it's wonderful.

FANNY starts out down left. Before she is off, the door up back opens and the HOUSEKEEPER steps in.

Housekeeper
I beg your pardon, sir - but Mr. Henry Adams is downstairs asking to see you.

Holmes
What? At this hour of night? Oh no - this is too much. Fanny - help me out of this like a good girl.

Fanny
(at door down left)
But I'm not a good girl and I'm not at all sure I'd say the right thing. Just what is on Mr. Adams' mind, Mary?

Housekeeper
I can't make out exactly, ma'am. But he seems to be worried about something. President Taft, I think - -

Holmes
(explosively)
Well, I'll be - each year it's something different. You know, Fanny, when that man was born, something was left out. A little thing called faith -
(then softly)
faith - that's it, of course -

(Continued)

Holmes (Cont'd)
(then quickly to HOUSEKEEPER)
Mary, my apologies to Mr. Adams. Tell him I'm sorry that I'm in conference... I can't be disturbed....but Mrs. Holmes will be down in just a few minutes. Tell him -

Fanny
Well, I like that -

Holmes
(blithely)
I thought you would. All right, Mary, Start calming Mr. Adams. And as for you, my dear --
(to FANNY)
start taking a few notes.

HOUSEKEEPER goes out. FANNY starts for table center. She is intrigued by the swift change in HOLMES' manner but inclined to be a trifle rebellious.

Fanny
Oh, so I'm your secretary now, is that it?

Holmes
Well, my dear - if you're going to bat for Cupid, you might as well bat all the way.

There's something about HOLMES now that is electric and exciting - exciting because he knows where he is heading and his enthusiasm is contagious.

Holmes
Ah, don't you see, Fanny - the trouble was I was looking for the easy answer. I was trying to add up the years the way Henry Adams would add them up. But life isn't doing a sum. It's painting a picture...and sometimes you have to have a little faith that the canvas will fill out as you go along.

HOLMES moves away from FANNY with the easy air of a lawyer addressing a friendly jury - she starts to make a few critical notes -- then responds to his own enthusiasm.

Holmes
(continuing)
What difference does it make if I haven't solved the human puzzle? Neither has anyone else. The great thing is to keep working at it all the time....because the only dreams that come true are the dreams you work for. What difference does it make that I haven't reached all my objectives in my nine years down here? No man ever can - we are lucky enough if we can give a sample of our best and if in our hearts we can feel it was nobly done. Well, at least I've made them see that the Constitution is a living thing.... and a broad thing too....nearly as broad in fact as some people are narrow in trying to interpret it....I've made them see that the personal views of judges ought not to determine what is allowed and what is not allowed under the Constitution....that it takes a lot of live and let live to put a republic together and keep it going....and that we ought to give the individual states as much leeway as we can when it comes to social experiments for the common good....and that's something...even if it isn't everything.

HOLMES pauses and FANNY looks up at him with a smile.

Holmes
Well, you were right, Fanny. I <u>am</u> a believer in spite of everything. I believe in my country. I believe in the people in it. I even at times believe in myself - and the universe I'm a part of, though I'm damned if I know yet just what it is that holds us both together from one day to the next.

HOLMES starts on another turn about the room.

Holmes
(continuing)
Oh, I know - I don't have evidence to back all this up. But shucks, life isn't a matter of how much evidence you have....because you never will have enough....you never could have. It's a matter of how much faith you have.... faith in a universe not measured by our fears. Ah, there's the trick, Fanny, the real trick. Not to measure things by our fears but by our hopes. Why, when you come right down to it, the only trouble with Henry Adams is he has no fire in the belly. And where there's no fire, there's no hope. There's no --

Fanny
(firmly)
Now, Wendell - belly is not a nice word.

Holmes
(explosively)
Well, I'll be damned. Here I go pouring out my very soul to you and all you can say is "belly is not a nice word."

Fanny
Well, it isn't....to some people.

Holmes
Very well. If the word belly will shock the delicate sensibilities of the old boys at Harvard, we won't use it. But belly was what I said and belly, by God, is what I mean....it's the thing you crawl on when the bullets get too thick overhead....it's the thing you march on, by heaven, when everything else fails you. A belly, my good woman, is --

The door opens up back and the HOUSEKEEPER enters.

Housekeeper
Excuse me, sir - but --

Holmes
(impatiently)
Well, Mary - what is it?

Housekeeper
I just wanted to tell you - Mr. Adams said he couldn't wait.

Fanny
(drily)
How isn't that too bad.

Housekeeper
But he said to be sure to tell you he'll be back tomorrow.

HOUSEKEEPER goes out. FANNY, near laughter, turns to HOLMES.

Fanny
Yes, Mr. Holmes - you were saying?

Holmes
I was about to say, my good woman - that a belly is the place where a soldier's faith is born....a belly -

FANNY gives way to laughter and can't stop.

Holmes
(severly)
Well, what's so funny about that?

Fanny
(getting up)
I'm sorry, Wendell. I didn't mean to laugh. Really, I didn't....but suddenly I got to thinking....I guess I need a glass of water....

FANNY moves down left.

Fanny
(still laughing)
I got to thinking about poor Mr. Adams.... I'm sure he never even thought of the word belly in his whole life....and if he did...if he did just once....I'm sure he wouldn't have the stomach for it.

FANNY goes out down left, convulsed with laughter. HOLMES, puzzled and a little frustrated, looks after her helplessly - he starts to table to finish his own notes. The laughter of FANNY continues over the scene.

CURTAIN

# The Magnificent Yankee

## Act 2 - Scene 2

SETTING: The library of Justice Holmes on an afternoon in June 1916.

The windows are open - fresh flowers are in place. Summer is in the air.

HOLMES, a little older now, but great as ever, is working quickly at his desk, impatient to be up and out.

There's a cheerful, decisive air about him as he scans some texts of his brother justices. He puts the last one down with a sigh of relief, as his SECRETARY (another young man from Harvard) comes in up back.

Holmes
Well, Hamilton, are we cleaned up for a while? Is this the last of those certioraris?

Secretary
Yes, sir. I believe that is all.

Holmes
(getting up eagerly)
Well, let's get out of here. Too nice a day to be bottled up with a lot of printer's ink.
(passing notes to SECRETARY)
You might look this over before we go.

Secretary
I'd be honored, sir.

Holmes
Not very long - just a few lines - but if a man knows what he wants to say, he doesn't have to write a book about it. The trouble with my brethren is, young man, most of them aren't exactly sure what they want to say in their opinions, which is why they cover it up with an avalanche of words.

SECRETARY is scanning the opinion as HOLMES crosses the room, well pleased with himself.

Holmes
Well, what do you think? Do you concur?

Secretary
Oh, it's brilliant, Mr. Justice - really brilliant. But -

Holmes
But what?

Secretary
It's a very fine point, sir - but only one man in a hundred will know what you're hitting at.

Holmes
(wryly)
Young fellow, that's the man I'm writing for...that man in a hundred. Now if you're ready -

The door up back opens and HOUSEKEEPER comes in with some folders, containing legal papers.

Housekeeper
A messenger from the Court just arrived with these, sir.

HOUSEKEEPER brings down folders to HOLMES, who looks at them as if they were poison.

Holmes
(with a sigh)
Very well, Mary.

HOLMES thumbs through the papers quickly as HOUSEKEEPER goes out, then looks up at SECRETARY.

Holmes
(continuing)
You know, the sensational fertility on the part of my colleagues will be the death of me yet...time was when a Judge could sneak away on a nice afternoon and commune with nature...or whatever his luck turned up. But now -- it's as I said to Bill James once....life is like an artichoke...you pull out a leaf, only the tip is edible....you pull out a day, only an hour or two is your own...for the things you really want to do....

(then gaily, as he throws papers to SECRETARY)
Well, son - you try your teeth on these. And I'll see how things are coming on along the Potomac.

HOLMES moves out up back, pauses at the door.

Holmes
(continuing)
Oh yes, if Mrs. Holmes wants to know where I am....tell her I've gone out to dig up a few worms for her bird....

HOLMES goes out smartly. Bird in the cage over in one corner twitters. SECRETARY picks up papers and starts to sort them. Doors down left open and FANNY comes in. At 75 she still doesn't look a day over sixty: she is slim, striking and as indomitable as ever.

Fanny
Oh, Mr. Hamilton - -

Secretary
Yes, Mrs. Holmes?

Fanny
Has the Judge ordered our reservations to New York and the Cape yet?

Secretary
Not yet, Mrs. Holmes.

Fanny
How isn't that just like a man.

Secretary
Well, of course we don't know yet... just when the Court will adjourn.

Fanny
No, but as soon as it does, he'll want to traipse off to Beverly Farms...just like that. He won't stop to realize that I have a trunk to pack....a house to close up here and....Mr. Hamilton, if you were to make a guess, when would you say the Court might adjourn?

Secretary
I'm sure I don't know - but if the Senate keeps putting off a vote on the appointment of Mr. Brandeis, I suppose we could be here most of the summer.

Fanny
Hmm. That's what I thought too but I can't get the Judge to admit it.

Secretary
Oh, please - I'm only guessing. The Judge hasn't said anything to me. But I gather that some members of the Court would rather, as a matter of courtesy, stay in session until the appointment is decided one way or the other....then there are some others who would just as soon snub Mr. Brandeis by an immediate adjournment. So - -

Fanny
(softly)
Well, I wouldn't wait too long about those reservations, Mr. Hamilton. Just to be on the safe side, you might ask what they have for a week from today.

Secretary
(amazed)
A week from today?

Fanny
Yes. I think a week should be just about enough time to get us all packed.... that is, if the Court should suddenly decide to adjourn.

Secretary
Mrs. Holmes! - do you mean that the Brandeis appointment is coming up for a vote today?

Fanny
Why, Mr. Hamilton...did I say anything like that? I only said - let us be prepared....in case anything should happen today.

FANNY starts out down left. The door up back opens and HOLMES comes in gaily, followed by OWEN WISTER.

Holmes
Fanny - Fanny - look what I found on the doorstep!

Wister
(moving down to FANNY)
You remember me, madame. The bad penny - from Philadelphia.

Fanny
Why, Owen - how nice.

Holmes
Sit down, my boy "and let us tell sad stories of the death of kings." How goes everything at Monte Carlo. What news of the Riviera, eh?

Fanny
Now, Wendell - behave yourself.
(then to WISTER)
You'll stay for tea, of course.

Holmes
Of course he'll stay. But I wish you'd stop offering people tea all the time, Fanny. Bound to ruin their dinners.

Fanny
Nonsense. A good cup of tea....if it's made right...is even better than a good glass of wine.

FANNY goes out down left. HOLMES turns to WISTER.

Holmes
(slyly)
Well, everybody to his taste, said the old lady - as she reached for a bottle of champagne.
(then to SECRETARY)
Hamilton, meet Mr. Wister.

SECRETARY and WISTER shake hands.

Holmes
(to WISTER)
Whiskers, this is the fourteenth secretary I've had since I began to come out down here. Wasn't sure I was going to be too keen for the idea when I first started out - but it has its points. At least none of these bright boys from Harvard ever work with me long enough to catch on to me, eh Hamilton?

Secretary
Please, sir - I assure you - -

Holmes
All right - all right. Now run along, sonand stand my trick on the Potomac. If you see anything interesting, send up a smoke signal and I'll see what I can do about it.

Secretary
But what about all these certioraris that just came over, sir?

Holmes
(blandly)
What do you mean - just came over? Why, the messenger never got here at all. Fact. Wasn't able to make delivery before morning. Understand? You'd better. Now get along out of here.

HOLMES waves SECRETARY toward door. SECRETARY goes out.

Wister
(laughing)
What are you going to do when they finally catch on that you're really rather fond of them?

Holmes
(airily)
Simple. I'll just start to abuse them all over again.
(offering cigar)
Well, boy - what brings you to Washington?

Wister
Nothing. I'm just passing through. But I hardly hoped to find you still here... in the middle of June...and all this heat.

Holmes
(evasively)
Oh, this isn't bad. As June goes here, this is a pretty nice day.

Wister
You know what I mean. Usually you're champing at the bit to get away.

Holmes
(suddenly quite frank)
I know - but big things are happening, boy - and a lot of little ones too. And, as long as I happen to have a good seat, well - I don't want to miss any of the show.

Wister
(tensely)
And what a show it's turning out to be... Judge, do you think we're going to be able to keep out of the war in Europe?

Holmes
(softly)
No, I don't think we can, boy. Oh, I know - people say it isn't our fight - and maybe it isn't....yet. But I had a commander-in-chief once who said a country couldn't endure half slave and half free. I guess it's just as true .....about a world.

Wister
What about Justice Hughes? Think he has a chance in November against President Wilson?

Holmes
Hard to say. Both good men. But I was sorry to see Hughes resign from our bench. Now there's a man with a real sense of humor and a neat turn of mind.

HOLMES joins WISTER at the big table center.

Wister
From all accounts, Hughes isn't the only one you're likely to lose. Is it true White may step down as Chief Justice?

Holmes
(wryly)
My boy, you've been reading too many newspapers.

Wister
Maybe. But people are already talking about who's going to succeed him. Suppose Mr. Wilson should name Mr. Taft -

Holmes
(teasingly)
Whiskers, you ought to stick to stories about the great outdoors.

Wister
I'm not saying Taft would be a bad choice, mind you. But it's bound to be a little confusing. First, you see a man on the Bench, then he's heading for the White House. Then you see a man in the White House - and next thing you know, he's heading for the Bench.

Holmes
(with a chuckle)
Yes, we're quite the cradle for statesmen... we catch them going and we catch them coming. But, if you ask me, I think they're better off with us. Nine times out of ten, the Court does something to a man. Now you take Taft. He wasn't a very good President but he'd make a wonderful Chief Justice. Or take --

Wister
No, I'll take a man named Holmes. When White resigns some day, why shouldn't the President name you to be Chief?

The question embarrasses HOLMES. He has a ready answer but it is not a complete answer.

Holmes
(uneasily)
Easy, Whiskers. I'm getting to be an old man - well, seventy-five anyway.

HOLMES gets up and prowls about. We see fleetingly that the honor would mean much to him. He will always pretend that it did not matter but the truth is: it did. After all, he was a fine C.J. in Massachusetts and an excellent administrator, though in his Washington years he pretended not to be. In fact, he was a much better administrator than White and he admitted as much once in a letter to Pollock in England.

Holmes
(continuing)
And I'm only what we call a side judge - a fellow who sits on the side. They never name a side judge to be Chief. It's much easier to designate someone who isn't already on the Court.
(then breaking off abruptly)
Besides, I'm fond of White....even if he was a Johnny Reb in his day....not bad fellows the Johnny Rebs....they had to be licked of course but they fought like gentlemen....
(then coming out of reverie)
Well, I have a feeling that the Chief has a good many years ahead of him. You see, my boy, we old soldiers don't kick off so early. Once we set out to hold a line, we keep on holding it. We -

SECRETARY comes in up back.

Secretary
I'm sorry, sir. But Mr. Adams is downstairs - Mr. Henry Adams - and he insists on seeing you, if it is at all possible.

Wister
(with alacrity)
I'd better be going. I can look in on you tomorrow.

Holmes
Oh no you don't. If I have to listen to Henry Adams, I'm going to have company.
(to SECRETARY)
What seems to be on his mind this time, Hamilton?

Secretary
I'm not sure, sir. But I think it's President Wilson!

Holmes
Very well - have him come up.

SECRETARY goes out up back.

Holmes
(continuing)
You know when I first came down here, it was T. R. that Adams was grousing about. Then it was Taft - and now it's Wilson. Well, I'll say this for him. He has no favorites. He plays the field.

Wister
I think he's just a plain bore. Why do you keep on seeing him?

Holmes
I don't know. Sorry for him, I guess. Besides, I think the poor bloke is fond of me...in a way. Don't know why. Fascinating kind of bird though, when you stop to think of it. He's like a hen that's always brooding and never hatching anything. Just stand by and maybe he won't stay very long. Maybe - -

SECRETARY opens door up back and shows in ADAMS.

Secretary
Mr. Adams - sir.

ADAMS is wearing a darkish pale beach suit which is very neat but very faded. Alongside the spruce WISTER, who is very dapper in a light palm beach suit and HOLMES, who is immaculate in a light tweed, ADAMS looks a shade on the wispy side. ADAMS is perspiring a bit and mopping his forehead as the scene moves ahead, in between times fanning himself with a floppy Panama hat.

Adams
Hello, Holmes. Very good of you to see me on such short notice. But this is urgent - really urgent.

SECRETARY goes out up back. HOLMES greets ADAMS and presents him and WISTER to each other.

Holmes
Hello, Henry. You remember Owen Wister, don't you?

Adams
Eh? Oh yes - of course.
(vaguely)
Harvard, weren't you?

Wister
Now and then.

Holmes
You can speak freely, Henry. I have no confidences from Wister.

Adams
Well, the fact is -

FANNY opens doors down left and comes in with HOUSEKEEPER who is bringing tea and cakes.

Fanny
Why, Henry - how nice to see you again. You will stay for tea, won't you?

HOLMES and WISTER look at each other in alarm. ADAMS fools them by accepting.

Adams
Why, thank you - thank you very much. I - I'd be glad to.

Fanny
Good. I've made some special cookies - and somebody just has to eat them.
(with a look at HOLMES)
Somebody who isn't afraid for his figure.

HOUSEKEEPER leaves tea for FANNY to pour and goes out down left. WISTER reaches for a cookie.

Holmes
Touche, my dear. But Mr. Adams didn't come over to talk about my figure....or your cooking.

FANNY starts to pour tea, passing it to ADAMS and WISTER as the scene moves forward.

Wister
Hold on - if no one wants to talk about the cookies, I will. They're wonderful.

Fanny
Nice man -

Holmes
Well, Henry - what's on your mind?

Adams
It's Mr. Wilson - that's what it is. I tell you -

FANNY gives him tea.

Adams
(continuing)
Oh, thank you - thank you very much.
(then to HOLMES)
I tell you, if the President keeps on dividing the country the way he has so far, there won't be any country left. With him tearing it one way and the Senate tearing it another - -

Holmes
Oh, I don't know, Henry. Seems to me a lot of Presidents have fought with a lot of Senates - - and the country has been none the worse for it.

Adams
But this is different. This is going to split the country so wide open, the breach will never be healed.
(then abruptly)
Why doesn't the President withdraw the nomination of Louis Brandeis?

HOLMES gets up and moves over to windows down right.

Holmes
Sorry, Henry. That's none of my business and I would prefer not to discuss it. If I had known that was what you wanted to talk about, I would have declined to see you.

Adams
Please - don't misunderstand me, Holmes. Nobody asked me to come here...I realize that the Court could not possibly take a hand in this....one way or the other. But somebody had better take a hand soon or - -

Wister
(to ADAMS)
But what's it all about? I always liked Louis Brandeis. So did anybody who ever really knew him.

Fanny
And why would it be so awful if the Senate suddenly did decide to confirm him for the Court?

FANNY'S manner, in asking the question, implies more knowledge than she is willing to share with anyone for the moment.

Adams
(to FANNY and WISTER)
Please - I have nothing against Mr. Brandeis. He is a very able lawyer - and a very fine man. If the Senate would confirm him promptly - all well and good. But the Senate won't.

Fanny
But, Henry, if the President made a good choice, he ought to stand in back of it, shouldn't he? Just what is it you're concerned about?

Adams
(simply)
The country - ma'am - the country. I'm not thinking of Mr. Wilson. I'm not thinking of Mr. Brandeis. I'm only thinking of the country...and it isn't good for the country to prolong a fight like this.

HOLMES, still down at winiows right turns back to the group.

Holmes
(softly)
No. You're right there, Henry. It isn't very good to keep a fight like this going too long...but it isn't any good to surrender a fight like this either.

Adams
But can't you see what's going to happen? This will make for the worst split in the country since the Civil War. Jew will be lined up against non-Jew and -

Holmes
Poppycock. This isn't a Jewish issue at all.

Adams
People think it is - and already they're saying even the Court itself wouldn't be too disappointed if - -

Holmes
Nonsense. A few of the brethren may not be exactly keen for Brandeis but there's only one who's really against him. That's McReynolds - and I'll say this for him. When McReynolds says he's against Brandeis, because Louis is a Jew, he's telling the truth. But with the rest of the pack in this town, it's just a dodge. Now the die-hards in the Senate, the ambassadors from Big Business - and some of the trained seals from the American Bar Association - they all have lots of scores to settle with Brandeis. But they're not against Brandeis because he's a Jew. They're against him because as a lawyer he always fought for the under dog.....

(Continued)

Holmes (Cont'd)
and because he usually come out on top. When you come right down to it, Henry, very few people are against the Jews because they are Jews. The real reason is always something else but they're not honest enough to admit it. Well, I'll take my chances with the Jews any day - and if I were Wilson, I'd hang on until hell freezes over and there's skating on the Potomac. I'd see it through if it was the last thing I did. And do you know why? Well, I'll tell you, Henry - there's one thing that's always worth fighting for and that's the truth....and if it's the truth, it isn't something a man can make compromises about. Well, the truth as I see it is...Louis Brandeis is one of the finest men a President ever nominated for the Court...I should deem it a great honor to serve with him.

The door up back opens and the HOUSEKEEPER comes in, quite excited.

Housekeeper
(to FANNY)
Your pardon, ma'am - Mr. and Mrs. Brandeis have just arrived.

Holmes
Eh? What's that?

Housekeeper
Shall I show them up?

FANNY nods "yes" and HOUSEKEEPER starts out.

Adams
(getting up)
I think maybe I should be going.

Holmes
Now just a moment, my dear. I'm always glad to see Brandeis and his wife, but --

Fanny
(brightly)
That's what I thought, darling - so I asked them to stop by for tea.

Holmes
But I've been most scrupulous about not entertaining for them while the nomination is still before the Senate.

Fanny
(drily)
I know, dear - but today is a little different, isn't it? You see, the Administration is calling the appointment up this afternoon and if they call it up, that means they have the votes to put it over. It means -

Wistar
Fanny - you're wonderful. How do you do it? Do you have a Secret Service all your own or -

Holmes
(to FANNY)
But if what you say is true, surely I would have heard of it?

Fanny
Darling, the justices of the Supreme Court are the last people in the world to hear anything about anything. And that's as it should be. You are sweet old darlings who live in a cloister...and try not to see too much of the wicked world outside. But Senators and the wives of Senators are something else again...especially the wives. What a pity you never let Henry Cabot Lodge run you for Senator!
(then with nice emphasis)
I think I should have liked to be the wife of a Senator.

The door up back opens and HOUSEKEEPER ushers in BRANDEIS and MRS. BRANDEIS.

Housekeeper
Mr. and Mrs. Brandeis - -

Holmes
(moving up to them)
Well, young feller - -

Fanny
Is it too early to offer congratulations?

Brandeis
Please - it is not over yet. I think they are only voting on me now - -
(then to HOLMES)
and I am not at all sure of the proprieties at a moment like this.

Holmes
To hell with the proprieties!

HOLMES brings BRANDEIS and MRS. BRANDEIS down to meet WISTER and ADAMS. FANNY moves toward the tea table.

Holmes
(to MRS. BRANDEIS)
You remember Henry Adams?

Mrs. Brandeis
Yes indeed. Why, I heard you lecture once at Harvard - many years ago. I have never forgotten it.

Adams
(pleased)
Thank you, ma'am.

Holmes
And Owen Wister -

Brandeis
(shaking hands)
How are you, Owen?

Wister
I'm very proud to be here, sir. When a Brandeis joins forces with a Holmes again, it's like old times in Boston. It's a great moment, that's what it is.

Holmes
Well, it's a new firing line anyway, eh Louis?

FANNY sits down at tea table and starts to pour. WISTER moves to help FANNY. MRS. BRANDEIS talks with ADAMS.

Holmes
(continuing)
- look here - Fanny - this calls for something a little stronger than tea, doesn't it?

Fanny
Now, Wendell, a good cup of tea - -

Holmes
I know - a good cup of tea is better than a good cup of wine....if you can't find the cup of wine....but I can...

HOLMES starts out town left, is stopped by BRANDEIS.

Brandeis
Please, my dear Holmes - considering that this isn't at all official yet, I think that tea will be quite adequate.

Holmes
Very well. But between you and me, Louis - that's the trouble with tea. It is adequate. Adequate - but nothing more. Now if I had been planning this little party - -

HOUSEKEEPER enters up back and moves down to FANNY. WISTER is serving tea.

Housekeeper
A message for Mr. Brandeis....a Senate messenger just delivered it.

Mrs. Brandeis
(anxiously)
Louis -

Brandeis
(taking message)
Now - now, my dear. If it's come to a vote at last, there's nothing to worry about.

Mrs. Brandeis
(as BRANDEIS opens message)
But suppose -

Holmes
(taking MRS. BRANDEIS aside)
You know, you women are all the same. If you want to imagine something, you always imagine the bad. Now I always make it a rule to suppose only that which is good. I make it a rule - -

HOLMES looks up and finds ADAMS, WISTER and FANNY watching BRANDEIS intently.

Holmes
(continuing)
Louis - will you please tell us what the hell that damned thing says - and end all this suspense?

Brandeis
(looking up with smile)
It's all right. They've confirmed my appointment. And there were only 22 votes against me!

Fanny
Twenty-two - why, the very idea. They ought to be ashamed of themselves. They - -

Holmes
Hush - hush, my love. Who cares about the size of a majority - especially if you've won?
(lifting tea cup)
My friends, I give you Mr. Justice Brandeis -- in tea, or in wine -- a Daniel come to judgment!

CURTAIN

# The Magnificent Yankee

## Act 2 - Scene 3

SETTING: The library of Justice Holmes on a Sunday evening in March 1921, two days before his eightieth birthday. A clock is striking the hour of seven.

HOLMES, immaculate in full evening attire, is standing before a bull's eye mirror trying to give his white tie the right debonair angle.

FANNY comes in up back. She is as charming at 80 as she was at 60. She is wearing an appropriate dressing gown of the period. Her hair has been done especially for the occasion and there is an air of suppressed excitement about her.

Fanny
Well, darling - are you nearly ready?

Holmes
(his back to her)
Of course, I'm ready. But the man who invented bull's eye mirrors never intended a man should tie a tie in front of one of them.

Fanny
(going to him)
Here, let me help you.

Holmes
(turning around)
You're a fine one to talk. You aren't even ready yet yourself.

Fanny
Oh, yes I am. I only have to change into my dress....it's a brand new one...I got it just for tonight and I expect you to be properly dazzled.

Holmes
Woman, what's this all about anyway? We've been dining out at the New Willard on Sunday evening for a good many years... without all this fuss and feathers. Why all the glad rags tonight?

FANNY eyes him as one having a secret which she will not share. She puts his tie and stands back to admire him.

Fanny
Because, my love - you're eighty years young.

Holmes
Not till Tuesday, I'm not.

Fanny
And I intend to show you off....before someone else thinks of it first.

Holmes
(fixing flower in buttonhole of coat)
Humph. Lot of foolishness, if you ask me. Getting dressed up like Mrs. Astor's pet horse.

Fanny
You're not fooling me, old man. You love to step out in your best bib and tucker, and you know it.

HOLMES takes one of her hands in his and kisses it softly.

Holmes
Woman, you are a dangerous - and beautiful creature.

Fanny
Humph. That's what you say to every pretty woman you meet.

Holmes
True...but I never mean it with the rest of 'em!

Fanny
Thank you, my love...I've really begun to believe that, I think.

FANNY, who usually conceals her emotions, kisses him swiftly and starts out up back.

Holmes
Just a moment, young woman - -

Fanny
(stopping at door)
Yes, milord?

Holmes
I don't want to take you out under any false pretenses, you understand?

Fanny
Naturally, milord.

Holmes
I just want you to know I don't feel eighty.

Fanny
Well, I should hope so, milord. I should certainly hope so!

FANNY goes out up back. HOLMES chuckles, starts back to his desk, whistling softly.

The wonderful thing about FANNY and HOLMES at this point is that they are exactly their age: but it's a wonderful 80, an 80 with a buoyancy that many people half this age have never known.

HOLMES opens a box of cigars on his desk and picks one out. He's starting to light it when door opens up back and SECRETARY (vintage '21) comes in.

SECRETARY is wearing full evening dress but it is concealed by his dark overcoat and white muffler. He is properly dapper, complete with homburgh hat and gloves - and his manner suggests that he has merely stopped by on routine detail. Actually, for the purposes of the play, he is an advance guard from secretaries who are already gathered below.

Secretary
Excuse me, Mr. Justice -

Holmes
Hello, Miles. What brings you back at this hour?

Secretary
Oh, I was just passing by - and I suddenly remembered these papers.
(takes out thick envelope)
I should have stopped over with them this afternoon.

Holmes
That's all right, boy. Everything in order?

Secretary
Yes, sir. There's only one thing if you don't mind my saying so?

Holmes
(tolerantly)
Well, what is it?

Secretary
Your income tax seems a little high, sir. But no matter how I figured it, sir - it comes out just about the same.

Holmes
(with wave of cigar)
Forget it, my boy. What difference does it make if the government does get a few more dollars from me? I like to pay taxes - it's the way I buy civilization.

Secretary
Yes, sir. I guess I never thought of it that way before. Well, goodnight, sir.

Holmes
Hold on - where you going, all togged out like this? Some woman got you in tow too?

Secretary
Oh no, sir. I'm just on my way to a little party with some of the boys.

Holmes
Lucky dog.

Secretary
(with a smile)
Yes, sir!

SECRETARY is starting out up back as HOUSEKEEPER comes in.

Housekeeper
Mr. Justice Brandeis, sir.

BRANDEIS comes in quickly, with a small neat package under his arm.

Brandeis
Hello, Mayes --
(then to HOLMES)
I hope I don't intrude. I'll only stay a minute.

Holmes
(amiably)
Now that's a nice way to break into a man's house. "I'll only stay a minute," the fellow remarks. What's the matter? Don't you like to be seen with me when I'm all rigged out like a bloomin' swell?

SECRETARY grins and goes out up back, followed by HOUSEKEEPER.

Brandeis
(smiling)
I know you're going out to dinner with your wife but...
(undoing package)
I came across these this afternoon....and I thought you might like to have them for your birthday.

HOLMES is pleased as punch but a little bit diffident too.

Holmes
Now, Louis - you didn't have to do that. Say, what is this anyway? Aren't you all rushing the season a bit? I'm not 80 for another two days, you know.

Brandeis
Yes, I know - but if you find something you like, you can't wait too whole days to share it with somebody. There...what do you think?

BRANDEIS uncovers two small prints and gives them to HOLMES. The Judge eyes them with the air of a real connoisseur.

Holmes
Say, these are all right.

Brandeis
Of course, they're a little on the modern side but - -

Holmes
As a matter of fact, they're superb, Louis. I didn't know you had such a fine eye for good prints.

Brandeis
I don't....but I knew you did.

Holmes
(softly)
You'll laugh at me...but when I was a boy... I used to sketch a little....I even thought I might become an artist....some day.

Brandeis
We found them when we were out driving in the country this afternoon. Are they really very good.

Holmes
Uhuh. No doubt about it, Louis. Each one is a beauty.
(holding up one, then the other)
But it's funny....sometimes prints are like human beings...now this one is good... but this one...ah, this one has the final wiggle which is genius!

Brandeis
Well, I'm delighted that you like them. I must run along - and, of yes, many happy returns of the day.

BRANDEIS starts out up back. HOLMES looks up and stops him with a question.

Holmes
Hold on, I didn't thank you, did I?

Brandeis
Does one have to thank a friend for thinking of him?

Holmes
(with a nice growl)
You know what I mean. It isn't just the prints. I mean - thanks for being around....the last five years. I used to think there was no one....except Pollock in England...or Canon Sheehan in Ireland... who really knew or cared what I was driving for. But it's been a little different now with you in there beside me.

Brandeis
It's good of you to say so - but we really haven't changed anything with our dissenting opinions.

Holmes
No. Not yet maybe - but we will in time, Louis. The Court overruled us on our stand against child labor but our decision in Hammer v. Degenhart will be the law of the land some day, you mark my word.

Brandeis
I hope so. But a dissenting opinion is only a dissenting opinion....and the Court went against us on most of the free speech cases.

Holmes
Yes...but what we wrote in Abrams v. United States will still be cutting ice when the majority opinion is gone and forgotten. Oh, I don't like being a dissenter any more than you do but if that's the way to make people think, Louis - let's keep on kicking - kicking like a pair of Army mules!

HOLMES claps BRANDEIS warmly on shoulder and BRANDEIS goes out up back. HOLMES comes down center, humming softly to himself, picks up the two prints and examines them with a pleased air.

FANNY, a charming figure in evening dress and cloak, peeks out through the double doors down left. She gestures back into the darkened room beyond for silence, then tip-toes into the library, shutting the doors behind her.

HOLMES has not heard her come in.

Fanny
Ready, my dear?

Holmes
(jumping)
Good heavens, woman - how did you get in here without my hearing you?

Fanny
Oh, it's nothing - just a little trick I've been saving up for your birthday. All the New England witches knew how to do it. You just sail right through a wall....and there you are!

Holmes
(going to her)
You are a witch - one of the loveliest that ever was.

Fanny
(demurely)
Thank you, sir. Do I please you, sir?

Holmes
You have me tied up in sixteen knots twenty-four hours a day and you know it. Come on, let's get out of here - before I make a fool of myself with a witch - and in my own home too!

HOLMES starts out gaily with FANNY, as we hear the faint hum of male voices from the room off left. Some twenty male voices are starting to chant "Happy Birthday to You" -

Holmes
(continuing)
Wait a minute - am I hearing things - or is that someone singing?

Doors down left are thrown open and some twenty (fifteen would do) SECRETARIES come crowding in. All are in evening dress. Their ages range from 25 to 45 and they are an impressive group of men.

Young MAPES, the latest SECRETARY, is carrying a champagne bottle. He comes up to HOLMES and MRS. HOLMES with a glass for each. Each SECRETARY already has a glass in hand.

Holmes
(as singing steps)
Well, I'll be damned - the whole gang - all of them.

HOLMES is touched and pleased. There are cries of "speech" and "hear." SECRETARIES are standing in a half circle flanking out from doors down left. HOLMES and FANNY are down a bit right.

Holmes
Boys, you've got me - I don't know what to say.

There are more cries of "speech" and HOLMES turns to FANNY.

Holmes
Fanny, you're to blame for this.

Fanny
Pshaw - is that all you can say on an occasion like this?

The group laughs. HOLMES gives his mustache a twirl, reaches for a glass of champagne.

Holmes
Well - all right. But if I don't come up to expectations, remember you asked for it...
(softly)
When I was a boy, I was a lot better at this sort of thing...I had to be whether I liked it or not...my father liked to have witty people about him....especially at the breakfast table...so if I said anything good, the Governor...my father...made sure I got an extra helping of marmalade.... somehow I haven't been quite able to face the damned stuff ever since....

The group laughs. HOLMES moves on more firmly.

Holmes
(continuing)
But if ever a man wanted to earn that bit of marmalade, I do tonight. You've been pretty good boys - some of you have turned out to be pretty important pumpkins. I couldn't be prouder of you if you were my own sons - and yet you are in a way - sons-at-law, I guess you'd call it.

There's a small ripple of laughter and HOLMES gives a wry grin.

Holmes
(continuing)
Sorry. Even the Governor never pulled a worse pun than that. Well, I wish I had something special to pass on to you boys at a time like this. But you know how I feel about hunches. Any one of yours is just as good as any one of mine. I will say this, though - I always had the idea that, when I got to be forescore, I could wrap up my life in a scroll, tie a pink ribbon around it, put it away in a drawer and go around doing the things I wanted to do. But I'm just beginning to see once more that the good fight is never over...for folks who like a good fight... when you have taken one trench, there's always a new firing line just beyond... and that is as it should be...
(lifting glass)
Gentlemen, to the United States of America... and a new firing line.

The group lifts its glasses in the toast. As the glasses start to come down, an exuberant young ex-SECRETARY proposes another toast.

Ex-Secretary
To the Supreme Court of the United States - and its next Chief Justice, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

There's a sharp intake of breath that circles the SECRETARIES in a flash: the brash young man has had the wrong information and is quickly silenced. FANNY moves closer to HOLMES, who gives a wry smile, as he moves quickly to save the situation.

Holmes
Sorry to disappoint you, boys. The toast is all right - but the dope is a little mixed. White is retiring soon but, shucks, I'm too old for that kind of goings-on.... and besides, I never was what you'd call a Harding man. If I were you, I'd put my money on Taft.
(then lifting glass)
To the Court - and to its brethren.

The group drinks the toast quietly. HOLMES turns to FANNY with a teasing smile.

Holmes
(continuing)
And now, my dear, may a grateful but surprised host inquire where the devil these boys got this delightful nectar, now that Mr. Volstead's prohibitions have become the law of the land?

SECRETARIES laugh and start to explain but it's FANNY'S voice that comes through.

Fanny
(to HOLMES)
It's perfectly all right, darling. It's our own champagne and we've had it for years. All very legal!

Holmes
Oh, well in that event, let's have a little bit more - and while I think of it - do we get anything to go with this or do we just go foraging in the neighborhood for our dinner?

Fanny
(to HOLMES)
Silly...we have a wonderful dinner all ready downstairs...and a wonderful cake too...with eighty-one candles.

Holmes
Eighty-one? What's the extra one for?

Fanny
(blowing him a kiss)
That, my dear, is to grow on. Come on, children - I'm hungry.

FANNY starts out up back, followed by SECRETARIES. There is much laughing and good natured joshing. HOLMES brings up the rear and is the last man out. Suddenly he stops and turns back into the library, shutting doors behind him. He's forgotten his cigar and glad of the excuse to be alone for a moment.

HOLMES comes down to his desk, picks up cigar which has gone out and starts to light it again. Over scene, we hear the strains of a college song from downstairs.

As HOLMES draws the first puff, he pauses to think over a few of the things which have been said in the last few minutes. He looks just a trifle wistful.

Door up back opens and FANNY looks in - comes in quickly and shuts the door behind her.

Fanny
(with some concern)
Wendell -

Holmes
(looking up)
Eh? Oh coming, my dear - coming.

Fanny
Wendell - it doesn't really matter, does it, about the Chief Justiceship?

Holmes
No. Not really.

Fanny
Sure?

Holmes
Of course. It's only -

Fanny
Only what?

Holmes
For a moment - just for a moment - I had the strange idea that it might have mattered to some of the boys.

Downstairs a few of the boys from Harvard are chanting "gaudeamus igitur" - "let us rejoice while we are young."

Holmes
(continuing)
I caught something in their eyes....as if they might have liked it....why, damn it, I felt just like a father who's let his children down somehow....and they're not my children...they're...they're just a lot of fresh young rascals from Harvard... listen to them now....drinking my champagne and singing about how good it is to rejoice when you are young...that's all they know about it...the real trick is to rejoice when you're eighty...the real trick.... Fanny, what the hell am I talking about anyway?

Fanny
(fondly)
I'm sure I don't know, Wendell - and if I did, I wouldn't tell you.

FANNY touches her head to his shoulder lightly, grips him by the arm and they start out up back together. Soft chant of college song comes up over the scene.

CURTAIN

# Footnotes to Act Two

## Scene 1:

The "revolt" of the Secretary is something that actually happened. The year was not the year 1911 but, for purposes of theatre, it might just as well be 1911 as any other year.

There is no certainty that Henry Adams did actually serve as the unconscious springboard to the speech that Holmes made at his class reunion. But Adams was still a neighbor to Holmes and his uncertainty about life would seem, in the theatre at least, to be a legitimate foil for Holmes at several points in the story.

## Scene 2:

So far as is known, the Holmeses did not entertain Mr. Brandeis and his wife at tea on the day that Brandeis' nomination was confirmed by the Senate - but it was the kind of thing that Fanny would have done, if the spirit had moved her. The device, for the theatre, does reveal the general attitudes of all the parties concerned.

Once more Adams is used as a foil. Not all that he says or does here can be found in so many words in the basic records. But he does reveal the attitude of the times.

## Scene 3:

The mechanics of the famous 80th birthday dinner were a little different than shown here. For one thing, the secretaries were gathered in the dining room downstairs and surprised the Judge and his wife in the drawing room or parlor. But it seems reasonable, for stage purposes, to play part of the scene in the study.

The climax about the Chief Justiceship is a legitimate one, although most commentators walk around the point. It is in fact as legitimate here as it is in Scene 2, for as early as 1916 there had been talk of White retiring and Pollock in England had once asked whether Holmes might succeed to White's place.

Scene 5: (Continued)

We have no evidence that any of the Secretaries proposed the particular toast used but this is the theatre, after all - and the only way in the theatre to show what is on people's minds is to have them do something about it. The question of who was to succeed White must have been on the minds of many of the Secretaries that night -- here we simply choose to bring it out in the open.

The truth of the matter is that Holmes would have been less than human had he not thought about the Chief Justiceship once or twice - and he was human above everything else.

But it seems fair to suggest, as is done here, that any fleeting sense of disappointment he might have felt was not so much for himself, as it was for the people who admired his work.

* * * * *

# The Magnificent Yankee

## Act 3 - Scene 1

SETTING: The library of Justice Holmes on an afternoon in late January 1929. (Or even February) It is about 4 P. M.

HOLMES is alone at his desk, as the curtain goes up, and for once he is a little on the ancient side of things. He is feeling his years and he is facing certain sorrow.

Outside it is a beautiful day: an unexpected foretaste of spring. In one corner the bird is chirping her heart out but HOLMES devotes himself to the papers before him with grim determination.

It isn't an easy concentration: it's a deliberate thing and hard to sustain. HOLMES looks up distracted, as the bird twitters insistently.

HOLMES turns back to his papers, as the door opens up back and SECRETARY (Harvard Law '28) comes in.

Secretary
(eagerly)
I think we're all caught up now, sir.

Holmes
Very well, Rogers. You can run along.

Secretary
Oh, thank you - sir. Thank you very much. But wouldn't you like to come too?

Holmes
Come? Come where?

Secretary
I've just bought a new car - it's really smooth - and I thought you might like to help me try it out.

Holmes
(with fleeting smile)
Thanks, boy. My racing days are behind me.

Secretary
Oh, it isn't that kind of a car, sir. Besides, I'm not supposed to drive it more than 25 miles an hour for the first 500 miles.

Holmes
Another time maybe.

SECRETARY starts to go out but returns for another try. It is unusual for the Judge to resist such an appeal and he is concerned.

Secretary
It's a wonderful day out, sir.

Holmes
Go away, you tempter.

Secretary
...and I thought I saw crocuses over in the park this morning...and bloodroot too.

This really catches the old man and he raises his head eagerly.

Holmes
What? In January?
(then flatly)
Impossible.

Secretary
Well, I could be mistaken, sir....about the crocuses and the bloodroot....but there's no denying it certainly feels like spring.

Holmes
(with some of his old spirit)
Feels like spring? My boy, I'm surprised at you. Where's your sense of evidence? Surely you're not taken in by a little sun in January. Why, a day like this doesn't mean a thing. It's a cheat and a fraud... a snare and a delusion. You mark my word - there's a frost behind this touch of spring somewhere. There's - -

Suddenly the Judge stops showing off. He looks up at his SECRETARY with a rueful grin.

Holmes
(continuing)
Why don't you tell me to shut my trap? Even if it were spring...I wouldn't give a damn...not this particular minute anyway. Will you forgive me if I tell you to get the hell out of here and be quick about it?

Secretary
(nicely)
Of course, sir. Right away, sir.

SECRETARY, still concerned, goes out up back. HOLMES returns to his papers but finds it difficult to continue. He gets up restlessly, looks at his watch, moves down to windows at right.

As HOLMES stands looking out the windows, he slumps just a bit. The shoulders seem to sag for the first time. At 88 he is still a gallant and a dominating figure but now he has the look of a man who is fighting an enemy who can not be defeated. His wife has been in poor health for three years and, while she has not yet had the final accident which will hasten her end, he is beginning to face the parting of the ways.

The door up back opens and HOUSEKEEPER enters, followed quickly by BRANDEIS, who is now 72.

Housekeeper
Mr. Justice Brandeis -

HOLMES turns around with a determined effort to keep up a day front.

Holmes
Hello, young fellow -

Brandeis
I hardly expected to find you home.

HOUSEKEEPER goes out

Brandeis
(continuing)
Oh a day like this I thought you'd be out on the towpath with Rogers.

Holmes
(lightly)
So did Rogers. Only he wanted to make it a ride instead of a walk - and I wouldn't have it. I tell you, Louis, I'm not so old that I have to be carried around in a motorized perambulator. I -

Quite abruptly HOLMES abandons his pretense and slumps down in a chair.

Holmes
Sorry, Louis. No use trying to fool you. I am feeling a little old today....and I don't like it....I don't like it the least damned bit!

Brandeis
How is your wife today?

HOLMES is not quite ready to admit that the prolonged poor health of FANNY is causing him increasing concern.

Holmes
Oh, she's getting better all the time. Just won't admit the possibility of a Yankee being an invalid.

Brandeis
Well, what seems to be the trouble then?

Holmes
(with a grin)
Maybe I'm just spoiling for a good fight.

HOLMES gets up and moves over to his desk for some papers.

Holmes
(continuing)
If I am, that's easily remedied. Louis, I think they're going to lick us on this Rosika Schwimmer decision.

Brandeis
Oh, I don't know about that. It won't come to a final vote for several months yet and who knows - in the meantime -

Holmes
(fondly)
Louis, you are a poor benighted optimist. But then I guess all crusaders are....or they wouldn't be crusaders.

Brandeis
Well, let's see now - there's McReynolds - he'll vote with us.

Holmes
Yes, I think he will - though I'll be damned if I know why.

Brandeis
And then there's - there's - well, there's always you and I.

Holmes
(bringing some notes to BRANDEIS)
Humph. How do you know I'll stick with you all the way?

Brandeis
(spiritedly)
You know, Wendell - if I did not esteem you as much as I do, I would get mad at you a lot more often than I do. You are so - so eternally impartial about everything. Why, you - you doubt your own position even while you are advancing it.

Holmes
(amiably)
Sometimes to doubt a little....is to advance a little.

Brandeis
But if you believe a certain thing is right....you have to fight for it just as hard as anyone else....even if you are a judge.

Holmes
(sitting down across from BRANDEIS)
Well, that's one way of looking at it, Louis...even if it's not my way.

Brandeis
Very well - are you with me or against me on this?

Holmes
(slyly)
Why, I'm with you of course.

Brandeis
Well then, what is all the argument about?

Holmes
Who said there was an argument?

Brandeis
I give up. I should know better. Only the next time, permit me to be the impartial one, for a change, eh? And you be the crusader. You ought to try it just once, you know.

Holmes
(softly)
Maybe I should. By heaven, I'd like to win one of these big fights just once....and this is a big fight. This isn't just a matter of denying citizenship to a sincere woman pacifist. It's a matter of denying to ourselves just what that citizenship means...freedom of opinion doesn't mean merely freedom for the ideas we happen to like...it means just as much freedom for the ideas we happen to dislike. For either this country of ours is a country where each man's right to his own point of view is respected and protected by every other man or - or -

HOLMES stops and seems unable to go on. He passes his hand across his forehead wearily.

Holmes
I'm sorry, Louis. My heart's with you but I can't seem to make my mind behave. I'm worried...I'm worried about Fanny.

Brandeis
Surely, there is no special cause for alarm.

Holmes
(getting up restlessly)
No special cause for rejoicing either.

Brandeis
But if she can still be about - and her condition has taken no turn for the worse - -

Holmes
I know. She's no worse than she was... but she's no better either...and it's been all of three years now....I might as well face it...everything comes to an end sometime...even the Holmeses.

Brandeis
You're just tired. You've had a hard day. You'll feel better tomorrow.

Holmes
(now down near fire-place)
The trouble is it's not the kind of fight I have a liking for...to storm across an open field, with the shells and bullets whistling about you, is one thing.... there's a desperate joy of battle there... and in the fury of the fighting there's no time for the doubts and uncertainties that sometimes assail you later...but this...this quiet waiting for an enemy to whom you must bow in the end....it baffles me...I wouldn't mind half so much if it were I...I think for myself I could face the unknown without a quiver....but to stand by and watch it strike down the woman you have been married to for fifty-seven years....it breaks you up in little pieces, Louis.

Brandeis
But none of us is eternal....

Holmes
I know...I know...but people in love like to think they are...oh, it's a good joke on me in a way...a fine bitter jest from whatever gods there be...all my life I have shouted that I didn't believe in heaven and I didn't believe in hell....and I had a lot of fun doing the shouting...felt pretty smart about it too...I was so all-fired legal about it..."not proved" I shouted at the universe and the universe echoed back "not proved"....or so I thought ....but now...maybe I wouldn't be so finicky about the proof if anybody thought he could prove it....

Brandeis
(amazed)
My dear Holmes -

Holmes
(wryly)
Steady, Louis. I'll deny I ever said these things tomorrow...or the next day... so not a word to Fanny....ah, the trouble is there are moments when a man has a hankering for immortality...and this is one of them.
(then with a flash of fire)
By Jupiter, I don't want things to wind up on me forever...oh, I know, I've bragged that I was just a cosmic ganglion who came out of nothing and who would in time dissolve into nothing...but those are words, Louis...just bright, tingling little words...and I've always urged people to think things instead of words....well, I am thinking things now for just one split second...and I say to hell with the ganglions....I wish to heaven I had one of those souls Dante is always talking about. I wish - -

The door up back opens and FANNY comes in quietly. At 88 she is still an indomitable spirit - but there is an almost transparent air about her now. She has the look

of one who has suffered much but been very quiet about it. She is accompanied for the moment by the HOUSEKEEPER.

Fanny
(brightly)
Good heavens, Wendell - what are you shouting about.

HOLMES and BRANDEIS get up quickly and move to her.

Holmes
My dear - -

Fanny
I could hear you clear upstairs - hello, Louis.

Holmes
You know you shouldn't have come down.

Fanny
Mercy, Wendell - what's the matter with you today? I'm not a China doll.
(then to HOUSEKEEPER)
Thank you, Mary. I think I have everything I want.
(then to BRANDEIS, as she takes chair)
Louis, it's always good to see you. How's your wife?

HOUSEKEEPER goes out up back. HOLMES and BRANDEIS hover about FANNY.

Brandeis
Oh, she is fine - very fine. How are you?

Fanny
Well, for an old lady who never has quite got used to the idea of an electric elevator, I'm doing as well as can be expected.

Holmes
Nonsense. She insists she put it in for me - but the truth is it's become her toy. I never get a chance to play with it!

Fanny
(picking up sewing)
Well, gentlemen, don't let me interrupt... From upstairs it sounded like a most interesting argument. Pray, do go on --

Holmes
Eh? What's that?

Fanny
Now, Wendell, don't look at me with that innocent stare. It may impress your brethren but I've lived with you too long to be taken in by it any more.

Holmes
(lamely)
Well, the truth is, my dear - -

Brandeis
(to the rescue)
We were discussing the Rosika Schwimmer case.

Holmes
(eagerly)
Yes, but we weren't getting very far. Maybe - maybe we need a woman's angle.
(then to FANNY)
My dear, do you mind pretending that you are one of the brethren for a moment or two? Louis, let me get you a good cigar.

HOLMES starts out down left.

Fanny
(quizzically)
But Louis doesn't smoke.

Holmes
(gaily)
Did I ask whether he did or not?

Fanny
On that basis, you might just as well bring one for me too!

Holmes
(with a grin)
With pleasure, my dear.

HOLMES goes out gaily down left. FANNY watches him off then turns to BRANDEIS.

Fanny
You know, I'm worried about that man.

Brandeis
(with a start)
You are?

Fanny
Yes. He's smoking altogether too many cigars!

Brandeis
(relieved)
Oh, I wouldn't worry about an extra cigar or two.

Fanny
(quite simply)
It isn't just the cigars. If I tell you something, Louis, promise you won't say a word to Wendell?

Brandeis
Of course - -

Fanny
Sometimes lately I have the feeling.... I haven't very much more time.

Brandeis
Nonsense. You are just imagining things. Why, just look at you - you're looking wonderful today.

Fanny
Thank you, Louis. I do feel good today... but the end of the road is in sight just the same....it's bound to be when you've just turned 89.

Brandeis
You don't leave me very much to say.

Fanny
There isn't very much to say except.... I don't mind going when I have to,...but I would wish he were the first to go,.. he'll be so lonely without me,..and women are so much better at waiting than men,.. especially when you're not too sure just what it is you're waiting for...

Brandeis
(gently)
Please - it isn't good to think too soon about things like that...

Fanny
I know,..life is for the living....and death is for the dying,..but we Yankees were always ones for putting our houses in order...before times.

Brandeis
Is there anything I can do?

Fanny
No. But I often wonder...tell me, Louis, do you think there <u>is</u> anything that survives after everything is over....here?

Brandeis
My dear, who can say for sure. - but I do believe this: nothing good is ever lost. It renews itself constantly. As the prophets of old used to say, the memory of virtue is immortal. The -

Fanny
(with a wry smile)
Sorry, Louis. The memory of virtue isn't enough. Oh, I don't mean to be greedy but if there is anything that survives, I want something more than a memory. I want - the trouble is I don't know what I want...I've had everything a woman could want, I guess...and it rather spoils you... even for a thing called heaven. It -

HOLMES comes in gaily from down left. He has two cigars in one hand and a small nosegay in the other, held behind his back.

Holmes
(blithely)
Well, milords, have you reached a decision?

Brandeis
(blankly)
Decision?

Holmes
(offering him cigar)
Yes. The little matter of Rosika Schwimmer...Remember?

Brandeis
Oh yes - of course....Hmm. Well, the fact is -

Holmes
(taking back cigar)
Hmmm. No work - no cigar.
(moving on to FANNY)
And as for you, my dear lady - -

Fanny
It's no use, old man. You can't bribe me to do your work for you....not even with a Havana perfecto!

Holmes
(bringing forth flowers)
How about violets?

Fanny
Wendell...violets in January?

Holmes
Of course they're only hothouse stuff, ma'am....but I understand they bespeak a loving heart.

FANNY lifts his hand and kisses it quickly.

Fanny
Silly - -

Brandeis
(getting up)
Well, I must be going. My wife has tickets for a concert tonight and - -

Holmes
Careful, my boy. First thing you know, you'll be knee deep in culture.

Brandeis
Why don't you come along?

Holmes
No, thanks. I paid $10 once to hear Chaliapin sing...and if you ask me, I don't think it was worth the price... not that he didn't sing nice and loud, mind you, but - -

Fanny
(softly - to BRANDEIS)
Goodbye, Louis. You will come again soon, won't you?

Brandeis
Why, of course - of course.

HOLMES looks up sharply: is this an overtone he's missing? - - he dismisses it as accidental. He moves up back to show BRANDEIS out.

Holmes
Take care of yourself, young fellow.

Brandeis
I'll try, sir - I'll try.

HOLMES comes back down to FANNY, who has forgotten her embroidery and is staring off into space.

Holmes
You know, there's something wonderful about Louis Brandeis. I never see him without feeling a little better about everything.

Fanny
(resuming embroidery)
I know -

HOLMES moves over cheerfully to desk and picks up notes on the Rosika Schwimmer case.

Fanny
(hesitantly)
Wendell -

Holmes
Yes?

For a moment it looks as if FANNY is going to break down and tell HOLMES something of what she told BRANDEIS. But she recovers quickly.

Fanny
Is - is the Rosika Schwimmer decision so difficult?

Holmes
Eh? No - of course not. It's just that - oh, I'm a little stale, I guess. The right words don't seem to come.

We see that FANNY is only talking to make conversation but we also see that HOLMES soon fires up, on the stimulus of FANNY'S interest.

Fanny
What seems to be the trouble?

Holmes
(moving around)
Oh the real trouble is I don't agree with the dear lady's ideas at all.

Fanny
But whether you agree with them or not has nothing to do with whether she will make a good citizen, has it?

Holmes
Of course not. That's exactly what the case is about. But the fact that I don't have much personal enthusiasm for the lady's slant on things is likely to make for a pretty flat opinion....when I come to defend her point of view.

Fanny
(now very interested)
Just what's wrong with her point of view?

Holmes
(in his old stride again)
Now isn't that just like a woman? The trouble with her is...she thinks like a woman. She thinks the future of the world depends on peaceful leagues and alliances. She - -

Fanny
Would that be so bad?

Holmes
(rushing on)
And as a consequence she will not promise to bear arms for her country in time of trouble. Well, considering the fact that Rosika Schwimmer is well past 50 now, I don't think the promise would mean much one way or the other. So - -

Fanny
I suppose it's odd of me, Wendell, but everything you say about her sounds most attractive.

Holmes
Now isn't that just like a woman? Look, Fanny - I know what war is. When you're at it, it's a messy and a dirty business... as well as being an organized bore. But out of it sometimes comes heroism....and a faith in heroism. Call it a soldier's faith if you like but there it is. Now I'm not saying it's the only kind of faith there is, but -

Fanny
(with deep intensity)
No. After all, there's the faith that takes the Sermon on the Mount as gospel truth.

Holmes
Eh? What's that?

Fanny
And I suppose we've never held it against the Quakers because they seemed to take the Sermon on the Mount a little more seriously than some of us do...or can...

There's an undercut to the phrase "than some of us do" but HOLMES misses it, he is so intent on the case itself.

FANNY is thinking what a consolation it must be to people who can believe the Sermon on the Mount - completely aside from its implications in the Rosika Schwimmer case.

Holmes
(with excitement)
Fanny, my dear - that's it. You've hit it right on the head.

HOLMES moves over to his desk to scratch a note on a pad of paper.

Holmes
(continuing)
That's exactly the angle I want. People don't agree with the Quakers but, by heaven, they respect them for the sincerity of their belief.
(then turning back to FANNY)
Old girl, you're worth two of me any day. I don't know what I'd do without you. I - -

Suddenly the full force of his casual line hits them both. They eye each other searchingly.

Holmes
(continuing)
I mean - well -

For a flashing second they read each other's hearts - then promptly pretend they haven't.

Fanny
(softly)
Yes, Wendell?

Holmes
(trying to generalize lightly)
Shucks, woman - it's as the minister said the day we were married....remember?

Fanny
Yes, I remember....it was the biggest church in Boston...

For a moment they suggest the eagerness of their youth: they are not two old people....they are two people who are young.... eternally young.

Fanny
(continuing)
...it had to be if it was to hold all your old girls.

Holmes
That for all my old girls....when he read that part about two people becoming one... well, he was right...two people did become one....only trouble was...
(with mock gruffness)
...you were the one.

HOLMES kisses FANNY lightly and moves over to his desk. The door up back opens and HOUSEKEEPER comes in.

Housekeeper
I'm sorry to bother you, sir - but Mr. Adams is downstairs to see you!

Holmes
(with a start)
Adams? My God, I thought he was dead.

Housekeeper
(with a smile)
Mr. Charles Francis Adams, sir.

Holmes
What did I tell you, Fanny - there's always an Adams somewhere....especially in Washington. You can't get away from them. All right, Mary. Tell him I'll be right down.

HOUSEKEEPER goes out. FANNY looks over at HOLMES with a tender smile.

Fanny
Now, darling - do be nice to him. He's quite different from his uncle - and besides, you don't have to be jealous of the Adamses any more.

Holmes
Oh, I don't - don't I?

Fanny
No, you have twenty-seven boys all your own now....remember?

Holmes
(presenting himself)
By jove, that's right....a new secretary
each year...why by now they outnumber all
the Adamses put together....and they'll
be around a long time after...

HOLMES was about to say "after you
and I are gone" but he corrects
himself quickly.

Holmes
(continuing)
....after the people who hound Rosika
Schwimmer are gone and forgotten. Cheer
up, old girl, if a man has enough secre-
taries, a good cause is never lost....
there's always somebody left to carry
the battle to the enemy....another day.

HOLMES blows her a kiss and goes
out briskly up back. FANNY gets
up slowly and moves toward the
Judge's desk. She holds the
flowers he gave her in her hand and
moves toward window. She looks out
as one might who is taking a last
look at many things.

Fanny
(softly)
Another day...

FANNY lifts the Judge's flowers to
her lips.

CURTAIN

# The Magnificent Yankees

## Act 3 - Scene 2

SETTING: The library of Justice Holmes early on the afternoon of March 5, 1933 -- the day that President Franklin D. Roosevelt has just taken the oath of office.

The room has changed just a little. FANNY'S bird has gone and there is a small radio over in one corner, something that she would never have tolerated. A fire is burning in the fireplace. The day outside is cold but clear, with a brisk wind blowing.

At curtain HOUSEKEEPER is dusting the room, although obviously it needs very little dusting. She gives it a few whisks with a cloth, stops in front of the radio, debates with herself over the proprieties, then turns it on quickly.

A fanfare of military music swells up over the scene and a radio announcer's voice comes in briskly.

Radio Voice
And so, ladies and gentlemen, Franklin Delano Roosevelt has just become the thirty-second President of these United States. The band is playing Hail to the Chief and in a few moments the President's party will leave the Capitol for -

There's a rap on the door up back and HOUSEKEEPER turns around guiltily, shutting off radio as she does so.

The door opens and OWEN WISTER comes in. He's all of 75 now but it's a trim 75, with just the proper suggestion of jauntiness that HOLMES always loved.

Wister

Hello, Mary -

Housekeeper

Why, Mr. Wister, where did you come from?

Wister

F-s-s-sh. I'm just a ghost - down from Philadelphia for the day. Where's the Judge? Did he go over to the inauguration?

Housekeeper

Oh no, sir. I think he went out to....to the cemetery at Arlington....he goes there nearly every day, sir.

Wister

Oh....I see. Well, in that event I had better drop by later.

Housekeeper

Please, sir....I'm sure he'll be back quite soon....and he'll be quite mad with me if he should miss you.

Wister

(lightly)

Very well, Mary. I wouldn't have him mad with you for anything in the world.

Housekeeper

Oh, thank you - sir.

WISTER takes off coat, which he gives to HOUSEKEEPER, and then sits down at big desk center.

Wister

Tell me, Mary - how is the Judge these days?

Housekeeper

Oh, he's wonderful, sir....wonderful. But -

Wister

Yes?

Housekeeper

(simply)

I don't think he's ever been quite the same since Mrs. Holmes died, sir. It isn't anything you can put your finger on exactly. It's just - well it's as if someone had taken away the light from inside a lamp. But he never lets on, sir - he never lets on.

HOUSEKEEPER hears a car drive up outside and moves over to the windows down right.

Housekeeper
(continuing)
I think that's the Judge now, sir. Yes, it is -
(then turning back to WISTER)
Now aren't you glad I made you wait?

Wister
Yes, I certainly am.

HOUSEKEEPER starts out but WISTER stops her again.

Wister
(continuing)
Oh, Mary -

Housekeeper
Yes, Mr. Wister.

Wister
Just one thing more. I shouldn't be asking you this, but I wouldn't dare ask him. What does he do with himself now that he has resigned from the Court? Does time hang heavy on his hands or -

Housekeeper
Oh no, sir. He's quite busy and quite happy, sir...after a fashion. If you ask me, I don't think he needed to resign at all, sir. I'm sure no one else wanted him to.

Wister
Then why did he?

Housekeeper
I suppose he was a little tired.....I suppose anyone gets a little tired once they pass ninety...but, most of all, I think he wanted to stop while he was still as good as ever he was...and sometimes I think....

Wister
Yes, Mary?

Housekeeper
(softly)
Sometimes I think...he just wanted time to face...the end of things. Anybody else would rather things just caught up with them at the end...quite suddenly... without time for facing anything....but not the Judge. He has to look everything square in the eye...including the very devil himself!

HOUSEKEEPER is near tears. She sniffs once or twice and starts out up back. As she opens the door into hall, we hear HOLMES talking to SECRETARY as they approach library.

Holmes
(offscene)
No question about it, my boy - this man Spengler is a dog - a clever dog, I grant you, but a dog all the same.

HOUSEKEEPER starts to announce that WISTER is here, then drops back with a smile, choosing to let HOLMES discover WISTER for himself.

HOLMES comes through the door, still talking, accompanied by one of his earlier SECRETARIES, now a man of 40 or so.

Holmes
(to SECRETARY)
What's he mean - Decline of the West? I tell you, boy, there's a lot of fire left in the West yet and, as far as I can see -

HOLMES and SECRETARY pause as they come into room. Neither has yet seen WISTER.

Holmes
(continuing)
- - the only thing that's declining in the West is Mr. Spengler's opinion of it. As far as I can see -
(looks up and discovers WISTER)
Whiskers, my boy! Well, I'll be damned -

HOLMES moves over eagerly to shake WISTER'S hand. The old man is in wonderful form but for once there is a bit of stoop to the shoulders - yet at 91 he is an impressive figure. He carries himself with the alertness of the eternal soldier. His hair is snow white and his mustache too, but both are trimmed with the same precision that a young captain might have permitted himself.

HOUSEKEEPER moves out up back, during greeting of HOLMES and WISTER.

Wister
(to HOLMES)
I wouldn't count on it somehow!

Holmes
(with a chuckle)
Always the optimist, eh? Well, that's what comes from living in Philadelphia. My boy -
(introducing WISTER and SECRETARY)
You remember Jackson, don't you?

Secretary
(shaking hands with WISTER)
I'm honored to meet you again, Mr. Wister.

Wister
Of course. We met back in - back in - -

Secretary
I think it was 1912, sir.

Wister
You'll have to forgive me, Jackson. But there have been <u>quite</u> a few of you and - -

Holmes
You don't know the half of it. There not only <u>were</u> - there still <u>are</u>. They keep coming back all the time...turning up all over the place...taking turns, by gad, in watching over the old man, just to make sure he doesn't cut a few capers in the wrong places, eh Jackson?

Jackson
Oh, I assure you, sir - -

Holmes
Now - now - run along and tell Mary -
(then to WISTER)
Stay for lunch?

Wister
No. But I'll take a rain check for dinner.

Holmes
Attaboy!
(then to SECRETARY)
Tell Mary to forget about lunch but to spread herself for dinner. And, oh yes, I'd take a little sherry and a cracker right now, if she urged me to. So would Mr. Wister.

Secretary
(going out)
Right away, sir.

HOLMES turns to WISTER, as SECRETARY goes out. The old man is keeping up a pretty good front but it isn't easy going. WISTER is an old friend and old friends have a way of seeing deep....at times.

Holmes
You know, except that they're beginning to treat me as some kind of foxy grandpa - they're not bad boys at all....and if they keep at it, by gad, they'll make a real educated feller out of me before I kick off.
(lifts up a book with mock impressiveness)
Thucyddides!

Wister
(whistling softly)
Now don't tell me you read that stuff in the original.

Holmes
(with a sly grin)
Only the purple passages!

Wister
(looking over books on table)
Going pretty heavy on the classics, aren't you?

Holmes
Oh, we're practically surrounded by culture. It's all I can do to squeeze in a good detective story or a spicy French novel any more. I'll have you know we even have a radio now....which one of the boys brought down....and nothing but long hair music... especially Brahms.
(then with a chuckle)
You know, Fanny would never stand for a radio, Brahms or no Brahms. Fanny -

The casual mention of FANNY'S name brings HOLMES up short. It's hard to go on.

Holmes
(softly)
Sorry, old boy - you've caught me with my guard down.

Wister
Would you rather I go?

Holmes
No - no - of course not. Please don't.

Wister
But if you'd rather be alone.

Holmes
That's just it, boy. I am alone now.... and somehow I can't quite get used to it. I try to carry on as best I can but - -

Wister
Perhaps you try too much...

Holmes
(getting up restlessly)
No. A man has to keep on trying...no matter how alone he may be...no matter how little time he may have left...it's as I said on the radio....the day I was ninety...

HOLMES moves over to windows and looks out at Washington.

Holmes
(continuing)
The riders in a race don't stop short when they reach the goal. There's a little finishing canter...just before the end...there's time to hear the kind voice of friends and to say to one's self...'the work is done'...but just as you say that, the answer comes back 'the race is over but the work is never done while the power to work remains'... and so the canter that brings you to a pause need not be the end. It cannot be while you still live. For to live is to function. To live - -

This is HOLMES' basic creed and as he recites it, the fires burn in him brightly. He raises his head proudly...eagerly.

At this moment the door up back opens and HOUSEKEEPER comes in with sherry and biscuits.

Housekeeper
Your sherry, sir.

HOLMES laughs at the way his deep moment is broken.

Holmes
(to WISTER)
You see what I mean, boy? To live is to function -- to reach for a bottle of sherry when you can...and to leave your mind alone.
(then kindly to HOUSEKEEPER)
Put it down on the table there, Mary.

Housekeeper
They telephoned again, sir - about sitting for another portrait.

Holmes
Oh no, Mary. I've done enough posing to last me a lifetime...well, as much time as I have left anyway. Tell them I've run out of poses.

HOUSEKEEPER starts out. HOLMES and WISTER sit down at desk center. HOLMES pours WISTER a glass of sherry.

Holmes
(to WISTER)
Now what about you, young feller? What brings you back to Washington....today of all days?

Wister
(drily)
How could I stay away - with another Roosevelt being inaugurated!

Holmes
(slyly)
By the great hornspoon, you're getting old too, boy. Positively ancient, now I stop to look at you. Must be all of 75, eh?

Wister
Just about...

Holmes
Well, you know what I say every time I see a pretty girl - oh, to be 80 again!

Wister
We've had some good times together.... remember our first big argument about T. R.?

Holmes
(softly)
Will I ever forget it....that was the day Fanny set out to charm the President.

Wister
But took time out for a three alarm fire along the way.

Holmes
Well, Fanny did charm him....but I was never quite sure the old boy ever forgave me.

Wister
Judge, you'll laugh at me for saying so - but I'm just as worried about this Roosevelt as you were about the other one.

Holmes
Eh? You're joking.

Wister
Never more serious in my life.

Holmes
(reaching for cracker)
Oh come now, Whiskers. For a second you sounded just like Henry Adams.

Wister
I can't help how I sound. I'm worried. All kinds of things are in the wind now.
(getting up and moving around)
Do you know the newest - they say that the President is going to declare a bank holiday before the day is over.

Holmes
(casually)
About time, isn't it? Only way to save the banks.

Wister
And after that -

Holmes
Easy, boy. This country was a long time aborning and it will be a longer time a-dying. Now, I don't know much more about F.D.R. than I did about T.R. Maybe, if I were still on the Court, I wouldn't agree with Cousin Franklin any more than I did with Cousin Theodore. But I do know this - no one President ever wrecked this country yet and no one President ever will.

Wister
(stiffly)
Very well - if that's the way you feel about it - -

Holmes
Hold on, you fire eater. This is 1932 - not 1902.
(getting up)
And I, heaven help me, an defending a Roosevelt while you're attacking one. Come on, Whiskers - where's your sense of humor?

Wister
(still unyielding)
Sorry, Judge. I guess I lost my sense of humor the day this new Roosevelt was elected to office.

The door at back opens and another SECRETARY comes in. This one is of a more recent vintage than the preceding one and there is something of a Celtic lilt to his talk.

Secretary
I have the day's mail sorted, sir, but I think there are one or two that -
(then seeing WISTER)
Oh, I'm sorry, Judge. I didn't know you were in conference.

Wister
It's all right. I was just going.

Holmes
(rather anxiously)
See here - you're not mad, are you?

Wister
(with a nice grin)
No. I'm not mad.

Holmes
(rather diffidently)
Of course it won't be the most wonderful dinner in the world, you understand.... just a little bit of chicken and a dab of ice cream...
(then hopefully)
but we might dig up a good bottle of wine...say about seven?

Wister
I'll be here...with bells on.

Holmes
Attaboy...oh, by the way, you ought to know Halloran...
(waving to SECRETARY)
another one of the nursing corps.... afternoon trick.

Secretary
(with spirit)
If I may be allowed to say so, sir - it's quite the other way around. The truth is it's the Judge who's looking out for us.

Wister
Well, be sure you take good care of each other, anyway.
(to HOLMES)
See you at seven.

WISTER goes out up back. HOLMES eyes SECRETARY with mock severity.

Holmes
Humph. Getting to be quite a rebel, aren't you?

SECRETARY, not at all perturbed, moves over to HOLMES' desk with some papers.

Secretary
That may be, sir.

Holmes
As a matter of fact, almost insubordinate, wouldn't you say?

Secretary
Quite possibly, sir.

Holmes
Hmm. The Irish in you, of course.

Secretary
Undoubtedly, sir.

Holmes
(with a grin)
Humph. Well, whatever it is - don't lose it, boy. Not many people left any more with real fire in the belly....including me.
(moving to desk)
Must be getting old, I guess...got into the damndest argument with Wister just now...and I can't seem to remember what the hell it was all about...well, what have we here?

HOLMES sits down at his desk and looks over some letters that SECRETARY has brought for his signature.

Secretary
Just a few letters for you to sign. I answered them the way I thought you might like to have them go out.

Holmes
(reaching for pen)
Hmm. Even starting to steal the old man's style, eh?

Secretary
I did my best, sir.

Holmes
(starting to sign)
You're all right, boy.

Secretary
I didn't know what you'd want to do with this one....it's just another request to serve on a committee but - -

Holmes
(busy signing letters)
Sorry. You know my rule. I've kept off committees for ninety years and I'm not going to wind up on one now.

Secretary
Still, this is a little different, sir - and you did ask me to hold it out for a while.

Holmes
(looking up vaguely)
Eh? I did - what for - what's it about?

Secretary
It's a committee from a school in New York - a committee to help refugee scholars who have had to leave Germany on account of Hitler.

Holmes
(quickly)
Hitler? Eh - of course - of course. I remember now.
(getting up and moving down left)

(Continued)

Holmes (Cont'd)
Well, I guess this is as good a time as any to break a few rules. Tell them I accept, boy - - and send them a check too. This fellow Hitler doesn't smell good to me...and believe me, boy, I can smell the fire of battle from a long way off...why only last night I drove out to Spottsylvania...to the Bloody Angle where we fought when I was twenty-one...I got out of the car and I walked along the ridge just as night was coming in....and you know, I would have sworn I heard rifle fire in the distance....I would have sworn...

The old man has literally drifted off into a day dream and suddenly becomes aware of it...is a little embarrassed even.

Holmes
(owlishly)
Humph. Why don't you tell me to shut my trap, boy? I'm just daydreaming again.
(yawns and stretches)
Oh, well, I suppose even the strongest clock has got to unwind once in a while.

HOLMES slouches down comfortably in chair, obviously preparing for a nap.

Secretary
Would you like me to read to you, sir?

Holmes
(slyly)
Fine. That ought to put me to sleep without any trouble at all.

Secretary
(with a grin)
I'll do my best, sir. Would you like a little Brahms too?

Holmes
Suit yourself, boy...but if we must have music...get something with a good hair-cut...you know, neither too long...nor too short.

SECRETARY moves over and starts to dial for a concert program on the radio which he brings in shortly.

Secretary
As you wish, sir.

Holmes
(drowsily)
Oh yes...one thing more...you'll find a copy of my will in the desk over there... make a note on it that the original is with John Palfrey...up in Boston.

Secretary
(looking up from radio)
I say, sir - are you feeling all right?

Holmes
(opening one eye)
Easy, boy...can't an old soldier prepare for his final marching orders without a young whippersnapper like you getting all excited?

Secretary
(crossing room to desk)
Of course, sir - but -

Holmes
When you get to be my age, boy, you'll understand that death isn't the same to an old man....as it is to a young one... no, sir...not quite the same.

HOLMES starts to doze a bit, as music from radio comes up softly over scene. SECRETARY takes out will at desk, as directed, scribbles the notation on it - then looks down speculatively at the envelope enclosing the will.

Holmes
(opening one eye)
If you're wondering what I've done with all my ill-gotten gains, I'll be glad to tell you.

Secretary
Sorry, sir. I was curious but it's none of my business. Please forgive me.
(puts will back in desk)

Holmes
Oh, it's no secret...but I don't go around telling people...they might think I was a little touched in the head...

Secretary
What would you like me to read, sir?

Holmes
(drowsily....almost as if dictating the will)
...to my nephew Edward...my personal things...to the Library of Congress my library...to Harvard Law School and Boston Museum $25,000 each....to my servants a few gifts in cash...and the rest...all the rest I give and bequeath to the United States of America....as my next of kin.

Secretary
(softly)
Mr. Justice - !

Holmes
(drowsily)
It isn't much, boy...a quarter million maybe...once the taxes are paid....it would have gone to my wife if she had lived...but after she went...I changed the residuary legatee...and I decided... I decided to leave everything to the country that has given me everything I have...

Secretary
I think I understand, sir....

Holmes
Attaboy...

RADIO MUSIC continues softly over the scene.

Holmes
(continuing)
...but don't get me wrong...I'm not shuffling off yet...remember there's always a little canter just before the finish....always a little canter...now read me that stuff about Roland and the Saracens again...you know...where they left him for dead just as Charlemagne's men came back...

SECRETARY picks up a well thumbed book and turns easily to a page that has been read many times before. RADIO MUSIC continues softly over scene.

Secretary
(reading)
"Roland came back to consciousness on feeling a Saracen marauder tugging at his sword Durendal. With a blow of his ivory horn he killed the pagan, then feeling death near, he prepared for it..."

HOLMES begins to doze off, under the spell of the familiar words and the soothing music.

Secretary
(continuing)
"His first thought was for Durendal, his sword, which he could not leave to the infidels...three times he struck with all his force against the rock; each time the sword rebounded without breaking..."

SECRETARY looks up at HOLMES: the old man is almost asleep now.

Secretary
(continuing)
"The third time - - "

Suddenly the door up back opens and the HOUSEKEEPER comes in. She is highly excited and completely unnerved.

Housekeeper
Oh, Mr. Justice - Mr. Justice - you'll have to do something right away - right away - -

Holmes
(coming to slowly)
Eh? What's that?

Secretary
Mary - whatever is the matter? Can't you see the Judge was having a nap?

Housekeeper

Nap, is it? Well, he better pick another time for it! Do you know who's downstairs at this very minute - -

(then to HOLMES)

It's President Roosevelt - that's who it is and he's driven over just to see you, sir!

Holmes

(springing to feet)

What? Teddy Roosevelt in my house? What's he want now?

Housekeeper

Oh no, sir. It's not Theodore Roosevelt - it's Franklin Roosevelt and he's on his way up here in the elevator right now.

Holmes

(preening himself)

Well - well, this is like old times. Show him in! Show him in!

Suddenly HOLMES seems years younger. He starts to straighten his tie. The HOUSEKEEPER goes out quickly. Even the SECRETARY begins to show some excitement.

Secretary

I can't make it out - the President here - what can he possibly want with you, sir?

Holmes

(beaming)

I don't know, my boy. I'm still a Republican and he's still a Democrat. But he's my commander-in-chief, by God, and we'll receive him accordingly.

Secretary

But there's no precedent for a thing like this...the White House never does the calling...it's the other way around...and besides, he's only been in office an hour...

Holmes

Now, my boy - don't you worry about all this. It's just that last canter before the finish I was telling you about...and I'm going to enjoy every moment of it. Now, let me see - you stand over there - and I'll stand over here. No, you'd better go out and meet him at the elevator - hurry - and I'll --

SECRETARY starts up back and hurriedly shuts off the radio on the way. But he is so excited, he doesn't dim the music out entirely -- and it continues softly under the scene.

Secretary
(at doorway)
But, Mr. Justice, what will you say to the President? What can you say to him on a day like this?

Holmes
(with a nice drawl)
Easy, son. When you bring my commander-in-chief in, I'll tell him what any good soldier could tell him on a day like this. I'll simply look him in the eye and say "Young fellow, you're in the middle of a war...fight like hell!"

SECRETARY exits quickly into hall, leaving door open behind him.

HOLMES draws himself to a soldier's salute, waiting for the President to appear in the doorway.

And for a flashing second he is as straight and as erect as ever. This is a soldier with a soldier's faith...first...last...always.

CURTAIN

## Footnotes to Act Three

Scene 1:

The Rosika Schwimmer case was in the foreground during the last several months of Fanny's illness. For practical reasons - the immobility of the patient particularly - it is not desirable to play the scene as of the moment when Fanny has broken her hip. In fact the scene gains in strength by having the couple face the inevitability of parting before the final accident.

The decision in the Rosika Schwimmer case was handed down about ten days after Fanny's death. It is almost certain that he must have discussed it with her many times.

No one can say for sure whether Fanny suggested the Sermon on the Mount metaphor to him...but it is the kind of suggestion any wife might have made...

Scene 2:

Various commentators give various dates for the memorable meeting between President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mr. Justice Holmes. Some place it a few days after the inauguration. Some place it only a few hours after the inauguration. Some even go so far as to say that the visit was suggested by Mrs. Roosevelt, when the outgoing Hoovers reminded the incoming Roosevelts that "the White House never calls on anyone in Washington."

Whatever the actual time of the meeting may have been, it seems best for stage purposes to place the meeting on the day of the inauguration.... Only in this way, on the stage, can we get the full impact of Holmes' faith...at the moment of greatest uncertainty for the country, he was never surer of its destiny.

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SYNOPSIS OF "THE MIRACLE AT THE CATHEDRAL OF LOURDES"
The Biography of a Soul

The story is laid in France, in the village where is the Cathedral of Lourdes - the Cathedral of Miracles. As our story opens we discover walking along a street of this village, two young girls, Marie and Janey. They have just returned from the school at which they have recently completed their education. They stand on the threshold of life and are eager to cross it.

As they walk down the street they chatter of what they expect to do with their lives. They pause at a church where a crowd has gathered to watch for the coming of a bridal party. The two girls observe the young bride go into the church to be married. They chatter to each other about the possibilities of themselves being brides. With much giggling they discuss what it would be like to be married, and what kind of husbands they would like, and with more giggles and blushes they even decide what kind of children they want and how many. They talk at great length about the marvelous homes they are going to have.

They wander slowly on, pausing before a newsstand, and read the head lines of a paper displayed there. Headlines of a glamorous moving picture star who is visiting France. They discuss the possiblities of becoming actresses themselves. Marie is very certain that this will be her life. "Everyone tells me I am prettier than most of the screen stars" Janey agrees to this, and Marie, drawing into a dark corner, pulls her skirt to a lettle above the knee "My knees are as pretty as Marlene Deitrick's too, don't you think so?"

They drop down on a bench in the park, intimately gushing about all the things young girls hold important. They observe a woman of the streets and they gossip about her, wispering in each others ears different things they have heard about such a life. In the gathering twilight they watch a flirtation between the woman and a strange man. They chatter about her beautiful clothes. Janey tells Marie that one of the richest men in the community is mad about the woman; that he buys her expensive furs and a luxurious apartment and a car. Marie opines "Not so bad". They think that would be quite an exciting life. Then they agree that after they had obtained riches and security then they could go to church and repent and become saintly, and be forgiven and lovedby all the world - just like Sarah Bernhardt.

Marie has several suitors in the village. The young barber - a butcher, a farmer just outside the village. Her Father and Mother aprove of the farmer and the butcher, each in his own way, a pushing ambitious peasant. But Marie's thought go back to a sweetheart of her childhood - her idol - Gene.

Later in our story Gene appears in the village. He is studying for the priesthood, and has put out of his mind all earthly ambitions, devoting himself to preparation for the priesthood. When he meets Marie, he is overwhelmed by her budding beauty. A great love blossoms between them. So swept away is Gene by this emotion that he tells

Marie he is going to give up his idea of becoming a Priest. They plan to be married, and in their minds they build their home, and surround it with a garden of flowers such as never seen before. And their vegetable garden will have every kind of vegetable possible. They plan to live lives of devotion and uprightness so as to be a wonderful example to everyone. Their lives shall be a holy calling - an example by which the whole world shall be lead to the true path of righteousness.

When the Priest under whom Gene has been studying learns of his plans to marry, he takes Gene into his study adjourning the Cathedral, and talks to him long and earnestly, beseeching him not to ignore Gods calling. He tells him that very few have the talent and power Gene has, and that for him to make his own personal happiness his chief aim in life is sheer wickedness, that God has called on him to sacrifice his own happiness for the good and happiness he can bring into the lives of those living in darkness. As the old Priest talks the music from the Cathedral can be heard, and dimly the prayers from the church - the prayers of the other Priests. The Holy odour of the insence drifts into the little room, and transfigured with a spiritual enthusiasm Gene writes to Marie and tells her that their love was a temptation put upon them by the devil. He tells her they must part, that he must give his life to the merciful God, to the Glorious Saviour who sacrificed his own life for man.

Marie receives this letter and is overwhelmed with grief. Shaken with her great passion for Gene , she runs tempestuously through the night searching for him. She discovers in the old familiar woods where they so often walked together . In a mad burst of love and passion she tries to make him see how useless her life will be without him. He tries to tell her that she too should realize that his life is not his own to do with as he likes but that because of the talents he has he must make use of them, and must give his life to the church. But his own love for her is strong in his heart. her nearness to him in the darkness of the night brings back to him his feelings of passion that he has tried so hard to fight, and he feels that perhaps the Priest was wrong, perhaps he is not meant for the church, or why should he have these feelings?

Once again they plight their troth, and all else is forgotten. Marie delirious with joy breaks away from him and runs through the woods, singing as she goes. They are both in an ecstacy of happiness in their youthful love. Quickly she goes up to the style-box, with loves's light-stepping feet she steps upong the dew-wet boasrds, and falls down the other side, out of sight. She cries out in a voice racked with agony "My back! My back !" Gene runs to her as she cries out again "Help me! My back !" Gene lifts her in his arms and carries her to her home.

Marie is a helpless invalid, her body paralized. Gene takes this as God's answer. There is a tearful final farewell and Gene goes back to the old Priest to renew his studies for the priesthood.

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# THE MIRACLE

# THE MIRACLE

## ACT I

Scene 1

Int: Middle class house in a village in France, on the road to the Cathedral Lourdes. Rather a large room. The old grandfather is seated in an easy chair, back-stage. He is in the middle seventies. To the right is seated the father. He wears a dark blue blouse, and corduroy trousers. He is a fairly prosperous farmer. Near him is the mother. She is a practical woman. Her hair is pulled back tightly, and she is dressed in a dark cloth dress with a voluminous skirt. She is knitting with a steady practical movement. On the wall are a few pictures mostly religious. At the window, right is seated Marie, the daughter. A slim young girl, with a spiritual, imaginative face. Above her, dimly lit is a picture of the Virgin Mary.

Father: I don't care what you say, I don't like holidays I ought to be outside this minute taking care of that field.

Mother: Well one day off wont hurt you.

Father: I guess that's right. I will make up for it tomorrow.

G.father: Well I guess we all go communistic. This man who writes in the paper is writing what Clemencau would do if he were here.

everyone looks bored, as though listening to an oft told story.

G.Father: There was a man for you. After the war was over and it was sort of a cold winter, I remember there was a cold wind blowing, and he shook hands with me, and he laughed like anything, when I told him how I got by the enlisting office. I was sixty-two and fifty was the limit. I blackened my hair, and stuck out my chest, and I looked like a young man. I had been to the wars before. I could fight as well as any fo them. Clemenceau himself was in his seventies! and nobody said he couldn't do any fighting.

Marie: (At the window looks up from her sewing and out the window. In a subdued rather tremulous voice, speaking not to any one in particular. Rather as one speaking her inner thoughts.) There is the most beautiful cloud in the west, It's purple and red, and the sun is shining on it in rays of gold. It's a strange thing, there is a little cloud above the big one, that looks an angel with wings outspread.

G.Father: And they say Clemenceau had two gals at his camp Only twenty years old they were.

Father: That's just like the weather, sure as anything if there is a red cloud tonight there will be rain tomorrow. I want to get that field planted.

Three [illegible] conversations overlap each other. One paying no attention to the other.

In the [illegible] a hefty looking youth now comes. He is dressed for the holiday. He addresses the old folks respectfully.

Butcher: (To mother) Good evening. (To G. Father) good evening. (To Father) Good evening. (He looks shyly at Marie, who doesn't see him)

(Others say good evening)

Georges: (Attitude of adoration) Good evening Mademoiselle Marie.

Marie: Good evening Georges.

Georges: Good evening.

G.Father: You said that before.

Georges: Yes, er - I know - er - but it is a good evening.

Mother: (Ingratiateinly) I am just delighted Georges to hear that your butcher business is getting on so well. They say you have just about run out that other butcher.

Georges: Well Madame Deauvall, the Good Lord is kind to me and I stick up to the motto I have on my door. "The best goods, at the lowest prices." That's what I tells everybody. I don't mean to be abragging, but I stick by it. (He looks toward Marie, as though for approval) I beleive

in giving everybody the very best, and asking the least in return.

Mother: (with an ambitious tone) Yes Georges, everybody says that about you. That's why your business is so good, and you have that nice little house to live in. I am thinking that you should be getting yourself married soon.

Georges: (Looking at Marie hopefully, but Marie is still busily sewing with an occasional rapt glance out of the window.

Father: That's a good looking suit of clothes you've got on, Georges.

Georges: Do you like it? Well I had that made to order. Of course I only wear it on holidays, but since I have just been elected to the council, I thought I had ought to sort of dress up, on holidays. Well, you know,(Another look at Marie) being a member of the council. I should sort of live up to it.

Mother: Well you certainly do Georges. I was just saying yesterday, that I never saw a steadier going, more dependable looking young man, in all my life!

Georges: (Slightly embarrassed) Well I just try to do the best I can and I do say it myself, I don't think anybody can do better than that. Pausing

[illegible] unobtrusively drawing closer to Madame Renaval) You know that little [illegible] on I mean that rather important matter concerning Mademoiselle Marie - - have you [illegible] arrived at any conclusion?

Mother: Not yet Georges, but don't you bother, everything will come out alright.

Georges: Well it's certainly great to hear that! You know as a member of the council, and my business getting on so good - - well - you know how people are. It would be much better for me if I got married.

Mother: Yes, that's just what I say, there is nothing steadies a man so much as getting married.

Father; Yes there is thruth to that.

Georges: Yes I feel that way myself. Well, it certainly is a pleasant evening.

Mother: Yes that's just what I was saying, It is a lovely evening.

G.Father: The weather has certainly been terrible up to today. I guess it sort of laid off on account of it being a holiday.

Georges: (Still looking at Marie) Yes its the nicest evening I have seen in a long time.

Mother: (Trying to make conversation.) Is there any news from the village?

Georges: Nothing much, I don't think. Oh, our old cat broke all records yesterday. She had twelve kittens.

Mother: You don't mean it! Why I never heard of a cat having so many!

Georges: Well we never either, before. But she had 'em alright.

Mother: Well isn't that wonderful! Imagine! Twelve at one time!

Georges: We were all a little suprised.

G.Father: Well I should think you would be!

Georges: Yes, we've got three other cats around the place and we certainly don't need any more. Well I suppose we will have to drown them.

Mother: Yes that's the best thing to do. Drown them early so they wont feel it much.

Father: That last we did that to our old cat she took on something awful, but she soon got over it.

Georges: Well I guess that's all there is to be done. about it. Oh, I forgot, Gene's back home again.

Marie: (Up to present has been paying no attention to the conversation, turns and becomes instantly alive.) Gone! You say Georges is back? I - I thought - or - that is - Oh, he's back!

Mother: Well what do you know about that. I thought once they got into the monastery they had to stay.

Father: Oh no, they get vacations off and on. He isn't ordained yet, you know.

Georges: I guess he just came back to see the folks. Well I think I will be going along. I'll be seeing you soon. If you'd be liking any lamb for stews, I am going to have a good supply tomorrow. You just let me know and I will save some for you.

Mother: Thank you Georges.

Georges: Well, I am going. Well, good evening.

Father: Good evening Georges.

Mother: Good evening.

G.Father: Good evening

Marie: (Softly, in a far-away voice) Good evening Georges.

Georges: Good evening Marie. (Georges exits awkwardly)

Mother: (In a determined tone and manner) Marie!

Marie: Yes Mother?

Mother: Now we have stood for this just about as long as we are going to. You know you are not getting any younger, and we have got to get to thinking about your getting married.

Marie: (meekly) I have thought same, I have.

Father: Well it don't do no good to just thing, you must do something about it. Why don't you listen to what we tell you? What do you know about getting married?

Mother: You get the silliest ideas in your head. You read the papers, and see all those movies. What do you know about love? That's got nothing to do with marriage. Why when I married your father, I didn't know anyone I liked less, but it turned out alright. That was in the good old days. My mother and father, did they come up to me and say kind and sweet, "Now Janet, who do you want to marry?" They certainly did nothing of the sort. They just came and said, "Now we don't want any nonsense from you, we have got a good man for you and we want you to get married. We have published the bans and three weeks from now it will happen." And

happen it did, and turned out just as good as anybody elses.

Father: Your mother's talking sense, Marie. You wait much longer and nobody will want you.

Marie: (heavily) Now Mother, haven't I done everything you have told me to? Haven't I always been obedient in everything? But marriage seems to me something - something scarey. Something serious.

Mother: Sacred! Serious! What's serious about it? Don't everybody do it? Look all around you, Don't they all get married? Nothing terrible happens to them. We offered you that young clerk at the court, and he wears Sunday clothes every day, and his Father's got one of the best farms around.

Father: Certainly the very pick of the village.

Mother: Yes, just because you have yellow hair and think you look so pretty - Well I am telling you something, you are not always going to be young and pretty, and you will wish to the good God you had taken our advise and ma rried some good reliable man that we picked out for you. I Wish to neavens I had had a boy, then I wouldn't have to worry about him. Well I am telling you you have got to make up your mind and do it

room, or we will make it up for you before the priest, and then she must you will do. You must let the law that the children must obey the parents and you are not going to be any exception. (She fling herself indignantly out of the chair) well I have got to get supper. (Imitating Father) Come on you get me out the sack of charcoal.

G.Father: Well I'll be going with you. May be I can help some.

Mother: That's not a bad idea.

G.Father: I do the best I can to help pay for my board and keep. (They go out upper left. There is silence for a time. From the distance can be heard the musical telling of the church bells. Marie sits looking out the open window as though listening to the bells. There is heard the rattle of a cart disappearing doun the road, Then the distnat barking of dogs. Then in the doorway stands Gene.

Gene: (HE stands in the doorway, alert and vibrant, as though he had come to a moment for which he had long waited, he looks yearningly at Marie.

Marie: (Rises and stand trembling xxx facing him as xxxxxxx sun had gone lower, casting a vivid

crimson light on the room. They stand there for quite a time without a word, as though their eyes were feasting upon one another.

Gene: Marie - - Marie -

Marie: (Her voice sings with yearning) Oh Gene - -It has been so long - so long.

Gene: Marie, I know, I know, so long, so very long.

Marie: Every day has seemed like a year. I thought I had learned to forget, but I just can't! Gene Oh tell me what I must do.

Gene: I whish I could Marie.

Marie: And now they tell me I must marry someone. Gene, I just can't think of marrying anyone. You see how boldly I talk to you. I know it's not right to talk so but I have loved you ever since we were children. I have prayed the good Lord to help me, I have tried and tried,(This wint a helpless outbreak) but it doesn't do any good Gene, Every time I go through the fields and orchard I feel you walking beside me and the nights! They are terrible, Gene. I dream that you are very daring and come into my bedroom. I try to fight you off but I never can Gene, I wake up and find myself wringing wet with swet. I pray and pray to the good Lord. I press myself against the window, I ask him to send my patron saint to help me, but

I suppose I have been a very bad girl for they don't pay any attention to me. I press tight against the window, and wish you would come out into the garden.

Gene: Please, Marie, don't, leave. I have had the same thoughts myself. It's terrible. I have some remorse and you should see my back. I have beaten it with rods and wire whips to get you out of my thoughts. You know how it is Marie. I must have before my eyes only the dear Christ. He alone to whom I have given my all.

Marie: I know, forgive me for speaking Gene.

Gene: You know Father Depres when I confess to him, I tell him these things, but he has but one answer,"YOU have consecrated yourself to the good God. There is nothing byt service to him for you. You are young my boy, all this will soon pass away, and then will come to you the peace that passeth all inderstnnding." He is very gentle with me I must saythat. I asked him only the other day to beat me with a wire whip, he knew it was right, but he hated so to do it he had to hold his hand before his eyes. The flesh must be subdued, that the spirit may live. Even now I am committing a sin by lettin g us inagine this is anly a visitof friendship.

Marie: (Inquiringly) Friendship?

Gene: [illegible] friendship. It's so much better than [illegible] than friendship.

Marie: [illegible] forgive me for speaking Gene, but after all wouldn't we consecrate ourselves to the good Lord side by side? I know I am speaking boldly but , could help, I suppose I am loosing my poor mind such little I have, but I could help one thing what an example we would be. Couldn't we work and give a evies to the Lord side by side, and hand in hand?

Gene: I have asked the good father about this and he says its not to be. "The flesh is powerful , when y u are in her arms you say she is beautiful In the confession I told him about you. That you are slim and tall. That your hair is like wheat yellowing in the sun, that your eyes are like sapnires shining out of the heavens of God and that when you were near me I could hear your heart singing, and it made the air warm about me. He stopped me with a riteous outcry at this, "You see, already its the flesh calling, even in your imagination you don't see the dear Christ, you only see the woman. However young and beautiful she may be that is the smare the devil has put before you to entice you from the holy proffession.

Marie: (Helplessly) I sometimes think that myself. I have such yearning and such turmoil and such

longing for you. I get all warm, I feel a hot breath against my lips . Its the evil one.

Gene: Ha!, Ha! It couldn't be the evil one approaching you, you are too angered. Not even he would dare.

Marie: I have even prayed secretly to Mary to let me die. I have wanted to so much. There is nothing before me and perhaps afterwards in some future place God might forgive me and we might meet again.

Gene: Listen! Its the curfew bell.

Marie: I hate the bells! I hate the church bells! I hate them! They are taking you away from me! I hat them with all my heart!

Gene: (Warningly) Marie! Marie, you must not say such things.

Marie: (Wearily) No, no - I mustn't.

Gene: (Drops on his knees, Marie drops beside him. They bow their heads and slowly they make the sign of the cross (The last rays of the sun coming through the window falls on theri heads as the curfew tolls) then they slowly rise, while the bell is still tolling. They look into each others eyes. Marie's head is thrown back A smile of almost divine love comes upon her face. She slowly raises her arms and goes

slowly towards them, the sounds of the breakfast before the overwhelming pressure.

END OF ACT 1

# ACT 2

Scene 1

Set: A public square. Sort of a general meeting and loafing place for the villagers. To the left there is a wall. An old roman wall with a stile-box leading up and over it. To the right background is seen a corner of the cathedral of Lourdes. There is a small stone fountain right. There is a dogwood tree and one of its branches spreads out over the seats. We discover G.Father with an old crony seated on a bench left. He has a pipe in his hand and occasionally puffs at it.

G.Father: Well I just spoke right out to Clemenceau, I told him -

Crony: (Breaks in as though not paying any attention) It must be getting along about five o'clock.

G.Father: Yes, it was just about this time of the afternoon when Clemencau shook hands with me.

Crony: Oh, to Hell with Clemencau! I'm getting thirsty

G.Father: I've got some new wine up at the house. We might sneak in and if my daughter and her husband aren't around, we might get a little of it.

Crony: I don't like wine.

G.Father: What do you mean, you don't like wine? It was good enough for Clemencau. He had the same kind of wine and he used to serve it to all the

soldiers. I know because I used to know a friend, who was a friend of a soldier at arms.

Crony: Don't bother me about your friends. Down at Koulous' they have got some good beer. Real german beer, right out of Germany.

G.Father: I don't like anything from the Germans.

Crony: Oh you give me a pain. I was in the army of occupation. I had to stay right amongst the Germans. Ain't no difference between us and them. We are all just damn fools.

At this there is heard the sound of string music. Three girls and four boys enter from upper right. They are playing some old bright French song. They are followed by a middle aged motherly woman, who seems to be sort of a chaperone.

First Boy: (To second) You are all off key.

Second Boy: If you are asking me your'e the one who is off key.

First Girl: Oh you are both alright. I just love to here you play.

S.Girl: Oh my goodnes, I should say. It sounds alright to me.

F.Boy: It looks like its going to be a moonlight

night. Wont that be grand?

S. Girl: Well, moonlight or not, ain't going to do us no good. We have to be home as soon as curfew sounds.

S. Boy: May be you could slip out after the old folks get to bed.

S. Girl: We are not those kind of girls. You have the wrong girls. There is no slipping out in our house.

S. Boy: Oh don't be like that. Nobody will see you. You can sneak out after the old folks get to sleep. I have something I want to tell you.

S. Girl: What have you got to tell me? Why can't you tell me now?

S. Boy: No, if you wont take a chance to see me, then I ain't going to tell you.

S. Girl: Oh forget it. Lets go on down by the river. The lillies are coming out. I saw them this morning when I was leading the cows out.

Crony: Well, I have stood it as long as I can. Its after five o'clock. I am going to get my beer.

G.Father: I think I could stand a drink myself.

Crony: Well you will stand a drink on yourself. I'M not going to buy you nothing.

Greg: (As this he gets up and goes towards the stile box.)

G.Father: Who's asking you to buy me anything? I've got enough to buy myself a drink I guess.(Getting up and following the other men. They go slowly up and over the stile box. The young fellas listlessly casually singing and playing follow them across the stage, having paused for a moment by the fountain. The last of the little group step on left of stage by the side of the stile box. One of them sings softly, every word distinctly heard but must by no means have the effect of trained singing. He comes to the end of this and another voice, a high baritone, in the same careless off-hand manner sings "Thine eyes so blue and tender, Like to a star-lit glow, and ever around my spirit, the blue waves wander and flow." At the beginning of this song Marie slowly enters right. She is dressed in white. She walks as one in a dream, and sits herself on the bench right. The singers rise slowly from the stile-box, the words of the song are distinctly heard "Thine eyes so blue and tender, continuing as Jean enters quickly from left. He crosses to Marie.

Marie: (Looks up in surprise) Gene, Gene - I thought we were never to meet again, You shoudn't have come.

Gene: No, everything is changed now. I prayed and fought and struggled all night, and I have just left the good Priest, Marie.

Marie: You mean - you mean - -

Gene: We prayed together, and talked together, and I finally convinced him.

Marie: Convinced him?

Gene: Yes. Convinced him that the priesthood - that I was not for the priesthood. I shall not take my vows Marie, but I shall take vows in my heart that I think will be equally as sacred. My vows to you, Marie.

Marie: (Protesting) Gene I wont let you do this. Your life work! I will not stand in your way.

Gene: Too late Marie. It is already done. (Trembling excited, words tumbling over each other) Don't you see Marie, how much better this will be. I shall still work for the Lord. I shall still do him service, but I shall have you by my side We shall work togetner Marie.

Marie: (A great joy breaking over her) You mean the good Father thinks this best?

Gene: Its all settled. I have resigned. And imagine meeting here! To have everything settled in this place where we used to meet in our child-

good days. Love Marie, look I stopped on the way. I brought you something.

Marie: What Gene? What have you got?

Gene: Look Marie, Imagine, just imagine.

Marie: What. I can't imagine. What are you talking about? (Her new happiness seems to flood her)

Gene: (Sits close beside her, and unwraps a small package.)

Marie: What is it?

Gene: (Slowly opens the little box) See Marie, its our betrothal ring.

Marie: Ah, Jean, Jean.

Gene: You see its a very inespensive one but it has the same meaning as though it cost ten thousand francs. Which finger does it go on Marie.

Marie: No, we shouldn't do this.

G ene: Yes we should. We will, See its already done. Now just you and I together for ever and ever

Marie: (She slowly holds out her left hand, her face radiant with love and happiness.) Ah Gene, It will be for ever and ever.

Gene: To me it is as though it were already accomplished (Slowly places the ring upon her finger) I can

[illegible] these beautiful words [illegible], my Marie. [illegible] this ring I thee wed. Until death do us part.

Marie: (repeats) Till death do us part. (As they slowly and reverently embrace the voices of the singers off stage are heard "Thine eyes so blue and tender, cast me the magic spell, and ever and ever around me, thy blue waves sparkle and flow. They hold close to each other as they listen.

Gene: It's like they were singing about you. "Ever around my spirit thy blue waves would fasten and flow." Let me look at you again darling, I can see the reflection of one of Gods very dearest angels. He is lighting an altar lamp and a sacred blue wave is growing. I know now He has set His approval upon this.

Marie: Oh Gene, I am so happy. I feel too that everything is cleared away. I shall spend all night thanking the good God and telling him how unworthy I am. For I am Gene, you don't really me. I am unworthy of all this happiness.

Gene: Look at the foutain! What's happened to it?

Marie: Why, what do you mean?

Gene: I never noticed before how beautiful it is.

Marie: Look how radiant the light is on the wall of

the gathering.

Gene: It's true. Everything seems changed now, the hawthorne tree, look its dropping its white blossoms. It wasn't the wind that did that, it was some sweet understanding spirit, who just had to drape you with white hawthorne blossoms and each little blossom seems to be a happy tear sparkling. Just imagine Marie - -

Marie: -ly I can hardly believe it yet, we're going to live together in the little old house.

Gene: It has a good vineyard too. Plenty of room for a garden, and you know what I would like?

Marie: What Gene?

Gene: I went by Georges butcher shop on my way over. You know Georges is such a sweet soul, he was worrying so about having to drown his twelve kittens.

Marie: I know. He must feel terribly about it.

Gene: So I adopted two of themmot and told him if he couldn't get rid of the other ten, we would get someone to take them, or we would build a corral for them.

Marie: Oh that would be lovely. I like cats around the house. Oh look, that's your orchard, isn't it?

Gene: Yes, what there is of it is mine.

Marie: My its just navy with bluenoms. You can smell them from here.

Gene: Yes, and that big tree is the one I fell out of when we used to play in the orchard.

Marie: You and right against that wall, you remember when we were running that race, oh it was years ago, and I tripped and fell?

Gene: And I picked you up, and was scared to death. I thought you had sprained your ankle.

Marie: I was always tripping and falling. That was one of my worst faults. I get so excited and go jumping impetuously around. Its a wonder I didn't break my neck.

Gene: (Looking at her with a lovers great tenderness) Imagine such a thing as that. Its like a pillar of ivory , no that doesn't say it. I wish I had a lot of words to tell you how sweet and white it is. Listen to the doves. How white they are. Almost as white as your neck. I don't like that coo, his voice sounds a little troubled. His little eyes are fastened right on you. Oh Marie, Marie, little dear one. So long, so long I have waited. The doves are jealous of your fair white skin. Say when we get started with our farm I am going to grow something besides wine. I am going to

grow potatoes. There is plenty of wine in France, but we need more potatoes.

Marie: I can only grow in the garden.

Gene: We must have some roses, you would look lovely among them.

Marie: Yes we must have flowers, but I just love the green green vegetables. The red radishes that spring up after a spring shower, and peas beans in a row. Wont it be wonderful? And every garden we plant we must plant enough so that we can give at least half of it away to people not so fortunate as we.

Gene: That's a beautiful idea. You will be such an example to all the wives in all the world. We will try to prove how beautiful marriage can be.

Marie: I am so happy I could run and run and run. I feel I could fly even without wings(The lights are changing, a warm reddish glow is coming over the stage, it gets noticably darker.) The world is filled with radiance. I never dreamed anyone could be so happy.(At this there is a low rumble of thunder.

Gene: There is a storm cloud gathering. It looks like there isn't going to be a moonlight night after all.

Marie: Oh Gene, I must be going home, the curfew will soon be ringing.

Gene: Yes, we must go home and tell the news to the family. After all I have gone through the ordeal of asking for your hand - - but it doesn't make any difference for I already have it. Lets go, we must tell them. The bans will be posted tomorrow.

Marie: (There is a louder roll of thunder, Marie looks apprehensively at the sky) I know everything is going to be alrighht, I just want to tell my family - I want to tell the whole world.

Gene: (The stage is darkening) That cloud is coming up quickly. Look what a big black one it is.

Marie: Yes lets go quickly. You know I have always been afraid of thunder.

Gene: Well I am with you Marie. It can't hurt you. (They run towards the stile box.

Marie: (In ecstatic voice as they run) With you near I am not afraid of all the thunder in all the world.(Marie runs quickly up the steps of the stile box, there is a flash of brilliant lightening, and crash of thunder, that despite her words make Marie turn quickly at the top of the steps. She trips on the top step, and falls to the ground.

Gene: (Runs wildly toward her, says compassionately) Muriel! Muriel! (He puts his arms around her)

Muriel: (As Gene puts his arms around her, and cries out in agony) Oh don't! Don't! Oh my God! My back! My back! It hurts so.

Gene: (Bending over her, as the thunder continues) Muriel! Muriel! Muriel! (The curtain falls.)

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# MINNIE THE WHALE

I realize there are some unusual elements in the story I am about to tell. The reader might perchance, even doubt the truth of it, and so it is for these sceptics that I give the names of several responsible citizens of Fort Lauderdale, whom I am sure will be glad to vouch for the veracity of this tale.

First, the navigator of the little boat in which we adventured - Mr. Thomas Williams, better known as Red-Eye Tom. He is at present, Captain of one of the pleasure boats that ply the New River, and its tributaries. Then there is Mr. Joshua Whitcomb, now manager of the River Hotel, and of course, Frankie Conners, bar-tender at the Flamingo Fete Shoppe. Any one of these gentlemen can tell you how true this story is.

This is a story of loyalty and gratitude. These two virtues, I believe, are among the greatest. I realize we seldom meet true gratitude in this world, but I am quite sure that this story will convince you that they do exist. As you recall, keep in mind the lines of the immortal Shakespeare, "There are stranger things in Heaven and earth Horatio, than are dreamed of in youre Philosophy".

It happened some years ago, on one of the islands in the Caribean Sea. In those days I was quite ambitious and a really hard worker. I have since become cured of that disease however. I was hunting for a suitable location for a love-scene of a motion picture drama. It was just after one of those terrific storms common to the Caribean Sea. All the palm trees along the shore leen toward the land, for the wind there, is always from the sea.

While strolling along the beach, I came upon a sight very common in these parts, for the terrific force of the wind and waves often drives the fish out of the water, and leaves them stranded on the sands. Near a stagnant pool on the beach by the water's edge, I came upon a pitiful sight. There, right before my eyes, was a young lady whale - stranded on the sand. The poor little darling was in a dreadful plight. I use the adjective - 'little', for according to whale standards she was quite diminutive, being only about fifteen feet long, and weighing, I imagine, only a few tons.

The dear little baby was lying on her side gasping for air and water, while making pitiful attempts to get back into the ocean. She made a hit with me right at the start. Of course this may seem a bit far-fetched, but she reminded me of a little blond girl I had known as a boy, in Louisville, Kentucky. This young lady had pale blue eyes, and was very poorly equipped with eyelashes, but I was nutty about her just the same. Her name was Minnie, and as this little whale reminded me so much of her,

I immediately named her Minnie.

Poor little Minnie seemed to realize she was going to die if she didn't get back into the water. Anyone could see she was the smallest little whale imaginable. She probably never did a wrong in her life. For some time I watched her gasping, she struggling desperately to get back into the water. I have a fairly cold heart, but this sight moved me deeply.

It seemed hopeless to do anything for her. As I stood watching her, she looked up at me with the saddest, sweetest expression in her eyes, and I knew I would never, never forget that face.

This evidently was not one of my bright days for I actually attempted to push her head toward the water. You might just as well try to push a brick house, for despite her ingenious suppression, she was a whale and whales do grow hefty! Then I happened to see a small log lying on the sand, nearby. A flash of thought brightened up the darkness inside the old dome - leverage!

I grabbed the log and using it as a lever, worked desperately trying to roll Minnie back into the water. Meantime, I could see she was getting pale around the gills for lack of water. I filled my hat with water from the nearby pool, and eased this aqua-pura down her throat. How she loved it! No sophisticated "gal" hanging over a bar, ever loved her drink more than Minnie loved that water.

I pried and groaned - and Minnie struggled and snorted - and with our combined efforts, managed to get her turned over two or three times in the direction of the ocean. What with the repeated turnings and pryings, and the rushing of drinks to her, I had one of the busiest mornings of my life. Finally our efforts were rewarded, and plunk - Minnie fell into the water - and was she happy!

In soft twilights I have seen the meetings of lovers. I have witnessed the meetings of families, at trains and boats. When love lights the faces of these reunited ones, it is a beautiful thing to see. But I must confess, I have never seen such an expression of love and gratitude as that on Minnie's face after she hit the welcome old briny.

She ploughed happily around in the water for some time, then swam back to me. She lifted her little face and gave me such a smile of gratitude and pure adoration as I have never before seen. There were tears in my eyes and I believe there were tears in Minnie's eyes too. I just hated to leave that spot, she looked so sweet as she played happily around. It is possible that we would be there yet, for Minnie showed no intentions of leaving the best two-legged friend she had ever had, I had already wasted too much time away from my work. So I said "goodbye Minnie" and she spouted out a silver stream of water that looked to me very much

like a fountain of grateful tears. I made my way back to the hotel stopped, and looked back - there was Minnie still waving after me I went on my way treasuring the feeling of having done a good deed; but it was with a sad heart, for I believed I would never see Minnie again - she certainly did a great deal.

* * * * * * * * * *

Some years later I was taking pictures at Fort Lauderdale, on the New River, Florida. We had just finished taking the last scene of the day. In this scene was Maynard Berthiaume and one of the funniest comedians ever seen on the screen, Portenhuis by name. He got this name while working as a singing waiter in a famous steak-house in Chicago. Al Jolson is alleged to have worked in this same place.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and we three decided to take a boat ride on the New River. There is no air so soft and delicate - so refreshing - as that on this river. Incidentally, I have a few lots down there. Any one interested can get in touch with me any time. Of course, since the hurricane of 1926, they have been some eight or ten feet under water, but who knows, they might come up again some time and be very valuable.

Gettin back to our story, we enjoyed the ride down to the mouth of the river very much indeed. I personally was slightly depressed for a few moments when we were plowing over my sunken lots, but the beautiful sight of the white-capped sea before us, soon lifted my spirits again.

The ocean lay invitingly before us, and in a rash moment, we decided to go on out to sea. We asked the chap who was running the boat if it would be safe to go out through the breakers in this small river boat. He was a bored noncommittal sort of a fellow. He had been running this old craft up and down the river for years. He drank down a large glass of water (?) colored by the glorious sunset into a beautiful whiskey red, and said with magnificent courage, "Sure, why not?". So out we went.

It was lots of fun riding over the crested waves. The tide was an out-going one, which made the decrepit boat go in a most lively manner. Suddenly - we heard a disastrous sound from the motor. The pilot fussed around with it for a long while and then remarked, "She's stopped on us. The motor's gone wrong - she's stopped. I wish to hell I had brought a couple of oars along".

Panic overcame us. Of course you understand we were all possessed of great courage, but the best of heroes occasionally gets his wind up. I don't care how brave you are, it is most

unpleasant to feel yourself heading out to sea, and to realize that you are drifting slowly but surely, to the mercy of Africa, some three-thousand miles away. We were absolutely helpless. Nothing to do but just float and float, and pray for a passing [illegible] to pick us up. We thought about all night long - perhaps the most pitiful sight on the Atlantic Ocean that night.

You may read all sorts of poems about the beautiful sea, but all ideas of poetry fade away when you are rolling helplessly about on its tumultuous bosom, in a small river boat. We had anything drawn to the empty water - of the steamer and ships - perhaps even a glass of beer - all getting further and further away as we, finally were spotted. We realized with horror that we had drifted far in shore. It was just barely visible [illegible] back in sight. Fortunately agreed that there must be a boat during [illegible] sometime, but we all knew it didn't come soon, it wouldn't be by then when it did appear.

Never in my life did I dream that I should [illegible] as on that [illegible] morning. We moaned and prayed and moaned. We had given up all hope, when suddenly - I saw straight across at us - a fin cutting the water with clear decision. I first thought it was a shark, as this was a shark-infested district and through my mind flashed the question "how long would it take us to be digested by the shark, after he had overturned the boat?"

It came nearer and nearer, with the curiosity common to the finny tribe. (They often follow a boat for days.) It lifted up in the air and went down again - splashing and sailing about. Then came closer - and spurted out a clear stream of water, and I knew it was a whale. Outside of the danger of it overturning the boat, there was nothing to fear, as whales are not man-eaters. On the next turn it came quite near, lifted its head and looked me square in the eye.

I could hardly believe my senses - it was Minnie - I recognized her immediately. I know you will say that all whales look alike, but then you haven't seen Minnie. There was something different about Minnie. She dived down - came up and took another look. I know it is hard to believe, but just as sure as anything, a look of recognition came over her face. This was followed by a spasm of joy. My, how she splashed and spurted around and around that boat! It was a sight to see.

A bright idea flashed through my mind. Seals had been trained to do the most astounding tricks. I didn't remember ever having seen a trained whale, but perhaps it had just never occurred to anyone to try to train one. It might be pretty difficult, because of their heft, where would one find a tank large enough to keep it in.

I decided if a seal could do tricks the dickens were a whale could too. If she could just be persuaded to take hold of the chain that was attached to the prow of the boat, and then could be guided, she might be able to tow us in to safety. Well anyway, you can't hang a guy for trying!

After hours of attempting to get in communication with her alleged intelligence, I got her up to the prow of the boat and dangled the chain before her eyes. She seemed to think I wanted her to play with it. She took a nibble at it, and then splashed playfully away, showing off all her tricks of swimming. By, the tricks that little whale pulled would make even Hiawatha turn green with envy! Of course, I know Minnie was just showing off for my benefit, but I wasn't amused, we were getting nowhere fast.

After this marvelous exhibition, she came back and nibbled at the chain again. I must admit that despite my deep affection for her, her pranks were beginning to get on my nerves, and I gave her a smart slap on the nose - hoping to shock some sense into that bony head.

Then the old bean had another brilliant idea. The next time she got the chain into her mouth, I shut her jaws down tight on it. She let go again, seeming to think I was playing a game with her. After much strenuous endeavor, Minnie finally got it into her head that she was to hang onto the chain. Then more hours of patience and perserverance, and she understood that she was to pull on the chain. Minnie was tickled to death - she was as proud as proud could be. I am afraid Minnie had one little fault, she was a bit fond of showing off. Of course I may be wrong, perhaps she just thought we wanted a ride - so she gave us one.

Sixty miles an hour - round and round - she towed us. The boat half out of the water on one side - then swirling around - and out of the water on the other side. Once she took a downward dive and the boat practically stood on its head - all the passengers emitting Homeric yells as they grabbed desperately at anything they could get hold of. To our great relief she soon came up again - and her face - well if ever a whal laughed, Minnie did most joyously!

At last by slapping her when she went in the wrong direction, and gently patting her when she went in the right - we got her started toward the harbor. Once she got the hang of the idea, boy, how she went! When she got in high - her top speed - the boat fairly turned into a hydroplane, and was more on top of the water than in it.

We went thrillingly skipping from billow to billow. Man I am telling you that every citizen fortunate enough to be around the New River when we came tearing up to the landing wharf, swore they would never to their dying day forget the scene we presented and quite a few vowed most vehemtly, to leave off drinking forever! Imagine their astonishment to see that tired old motor boat, which they well knew had a top speed of only five miles an hour, come zooming through, or rather over, the water at a good seventy-five, or eighty miles an hour.

We were now confronted with another peril. The wharf was close beside a bridge which was too low to pass under when the tide was in, as it was now. We knew if we hit that bridge, at our present rate of speed, there would be nothing left but flying splinters. As we approached the bridge at this supernatural rate of speed, two darkies who had been dozing over their fishing, came to with a tremendous start, and fell off the bridge, fishing-lines and all. Three others, whom I imagine, had a bit too much gin the night before, leaped into the air, eyes bulging, and started running. Report has it that they are still running.

To our immense releif Minnie made a beautiful slow-down and as she edged up against the wharf, I motioned to her that it was time to loose the chain, and warned her in Heaven's name not to try any more of her show-off tricks. We disembarked, wet and hungry, but beleife me, very happy.

As for Minnie, she was such a grateful, sweet soul, she apparently wanted to do something more for us. She grabbed hold of the chain and started swirling the boat round and round again, but when she perceived there was no one in it, she decided to drop the matter.

She actually seemed to sense she had done something unusual, as indeed she had. She flapped her silver tail in the water, made a graceful turn or two, and lifting her face toward us as if to say "goodye" went hell-bent-for-election back into the water.

Strangely enough, despite our great releif, and the potent fact that we had been landed right at the door of a restaurant where there was plenty of food and drink to be had, we felt a tinge of regret to see Minnie go. I felt in my heart that I would never see her again.

THE END

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY
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# ONE EXCITING NIGHT

by

Irene Sinclair

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D. W. Griffith
Roosevelt Hotel
Hollywood, 28, California

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D. W. Griffith

ONE EXCITING NIGHT

A Mystery Comedy Drama

One Exciting Night was made as a silent film in 1922 and grossed over seven times its cost. The storm sequence represented one half of the total cost of the picture. This storm scene is still in excellent condition and could easily be used in a new production of the picture, as the most effective scenes are long-shots showing huge trees being blown down, branches flying, etc. It would only be necessary to insert close shots of the new actors.

In this script no attempt has been made to write finished dialogue. Such dialogue as appears is intended only as a means of telling the story of the original silent film.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|---|---|
| AGNES HARRINGTON | MR. OGLE |
| MRS. HARRINGTON | PARKER |
| JOHN FAIRFAX | JONES |
| AMELIA FAIRFAX | PETUNIA |
| ROMEO WASHINGTON | CLEARY JOHNSON |
| J. WILSON ROCKMAIN | WAKEFIELD |

BRUCE DOUGLAS

A story of greed - of fear - of mystery. It opens in sombre Africa. On the Veldt, off the road to the great gold country, is a makeshift camp, at one side of which is a large carryall wagon. Overhead a lowering sky. We see in the background the dried-out foliage of the desert shrub and scarce dry grass stirring uneasily, resembling a plaintive human voice. Above this we hear the voice of the Narrator, to this effect -

NARRATOR

By the side of the road leading to the great gold country, an entire district has been stricken with a tropical fever. A fever that has taken its toll in the death of innumerable victims, among them the Honorable Stuart Douglas and his wife. They were accompanied in their journey by Bruce, younger brother of Stuart, and Marie Barton, woman companion of Stuart's wife. Before his death, Stuart had had great success in his search for gold. Their baby and heir has been spared."

Through the Narrator's speach, we see in the foreground, a roughly made couch. Marie Barton the woman companion, is standing, looking down on the covered figure on the couch. In the background we see a rounded mound of earth. Looking down broodingly at the mound is a Caffir- physically magnificent, but ignorant of all the world save the half savage one of his own.

To the right, leaning against the wheels of the desert ark, is the younger brother, Bruce Douglas. Near the rude couch that is now acting as a bier, is a cradle in which is a sleeping baby. It wakes and emits a weak cry. At this the Caffir comes slowly toward the couch in the foreground over which the woman is leaning. In her seeming agitation, she is swinging back and forth, like a pendulum, an antique gold chain, on which is a locket of unusual design.

We go to a closer view of Bruce Douglas. We see flecks of powdery dust dropping upon his shoulders, his body, his face. He seems to look into the wind, peering intently, as he mutters slowly -

BRUCE

"And so - - that - is that."

We go again to the woman at the couch, still swinging the chain in pendulum-like movement. She turns quickly, impulsively toward Bruce. As she does so, the locket attached to the chain, she is swinging, catches on the edge of the couch. She pulls at it in nervous haste. The inner part of the locket drops to the ground. The woman recovers the chain as the voice of Bruce calls imperitively.

BRUCE

"Marie, come here, I want to talk to you!"

The woman's body stiffens with apprehension as she goes toward Bruce. We see her from the back only. She seems to be a fairly young woman and her voice when she speaks is attractive, but with a certain hardness.

MARIE

"It has a very weak voice - the baby. Strange, isn't it? Such a little thing - futile - nothing! Yet it stands between you and great fortune."

On Bruce's face is the excitement of greed. He makes a little movement forward, as though to execute a terrible deed - stops, and speaks.

BRUCE

"No. No. I can't do that! But if - (he hesitates) (and looks down as though struggling with his thoughts)

We hold the man and woman in this attitude, then go to the Caffir who is looking down at the inner portion of the locket that contains the pictures of the dead woman and her husband Stuart Douglas. He seems fascinated by this 'white man's magic'. He hesitates, then with an air of superstition, picks it up, looking around cautiously as he does so and hides it in the cloth belt around his waist. Through this scene is heard the murmur of the voices of

Marie and Bruce, although their words are not distinguishable.

We go to a close view of the two and their voices become intelligible. At no time do we see the face of the woman.

BRUCE

"You shall have your money immediately. No harm must come to the child - you understand?"

MARIE

"You know you can trust me - but the Caffir - he loved your brother so -"

BRUCE

"Love? It was the devotion of a dog, and no more intelligent. He can do nothing."

We go to a distant view of the camp. The Caffir is standing in a mournful attitude, looking toward the rude couch. The woman goes quietly to the cradle, takes the baby up in her arms, and returns toward the wagon. This action goes on as the voice of the Narrator continues, accompanied by the sound of wind, rising and falling sighingly. The gathering gloom of the falling twilight gives a feeling of strangeness.

NARRATOR

"So the matter is arranged. The woman, for a large sum of money is to take care of the child, so that the brother may inherit the estate. As the ignorant Caffir has no power to do anything about it even if he desired, and no one else is aware of the business, the matter goes off smoothly enough. The brother to inherit the estate, and the woman and child to disappear into the world."

VIEW CHANGES. We perceive a long line of tall dusty grass stretching toward the darkness of the horizon. The desert wind is blowing dust upon them and bows their heads down with rythmic bending. They seem to dissolve slowly into brown waves flowing, then brightening into clear sea-waves of the Atlantic, washing the American shore at a fashionable beach resort, where we stop before a large hotel.

In the small but smartly furnished living-room of what is evidently one of the less-expensive apartments of this hotel, we discover

a pretty girl of about seventeen. She is seated at a table near the window with another girl of similar age, though of plain appearance dressed in a coat which is rather old wearing glasses and a studious expression. The two girls are at work on their lessons.

We go to a close view of a three month's old kitten, a silver persian. The kitten is ensconsed in Agnes' arms, above the level of the table and alternately divides its attention between toying with a discarded flower on the table and chewing on the pages of the open book. We are attracted by the antics of the kitten for a short time and then bring the face of Agnes into view.

AGNES

"Now, now, now, Mr. Whiskers! For goodness sake behave yourself. Quit chewing up my books! (As she administers this playful scolding she cuddles it with great affection) "Oh, you're a naughty little sweetums!"

MARY

"You know really why you pay so much attention to that ratty kitten?"

AGNES

"Sure. I just love him. (Giving the kitten a playful little shake) "Don't I love you, Mr. Whiskers?"

MARY

(with great importance)
"You betray that you are love-starved!"

AGNES

"Oh I see, you <u>listened</u> to that lecture on Proust or Freud, or whichever it was."

MARY

"With my looks, I have to have something to take the stage with. I haven't your face - not to mention your gams."

AGNES

"Thank you, Mr. Whiskers, don't listen to that woman."

MARY

(is chewing gum with intensity, matching her desire to show off youth's new-found wisdom. Absent-mindedly she puts a chocolate into her mouth, forgetting that that member is already busy with the gum)

"Oops! Got my chews mixed again!"

(she quickly extracts the gum, gestures with it in her hand, as she continues to demolish the chocolate)

"It definately declaims you as a woman hungry for love!"

(the chocolate disposed of with a gulp, she restores the gum and continues chewing violently)

"And that's also nature's malarchy number one."

AGNES

"Oh you always call it malarchy - love songs and poetry - and stuff."

MARY

"Why its just a lot of sex hooey to flatter silly women! Jiminetty! Look at the time. I've got to beat it. See you soon."

(As she exits)

"Kiss Mr. Whiskers for me."

During this scene Agnes is holding a pencil which she waves slowly back and forth in front of the kitten's face, and the kitten very seriously moves its head from side to side following the movement of the pencil, occasionally patting at it as it goes by.

AGNES

"Goodby-y-y-y-"

(continuing her play with the kitten)

"Well, there is something wrong with us, Mr. Whiskers, or Mother would - - "

(She rises and goes to the nearby window. As she opens it, there is heard the distant murmur of the waves blended with the equally distant music of the hotel orchestra. She looks out thoughtfully for a moment, then moves away from the window and comes to

a pause before a mirror. As she studies herself she murmurs reflectively)

"There must be something wrong with us, Mr. Whiskers, because Mother doesn't - -"

(She doesn't finish the sentence, as with a curt gesture she smoothes some arrangement of her hair that meets with her disapproval, then turns to the table and sits down again to her lessons.)

Then enters a smartly dressed and well preserved woman of forty or forty-five. A certain brightness and verve of her manner gives the impression of one pleasantly lilted with several cocktails, though not suggesting intoxication. She comes to an abrupt stop and looks at the young girl with an air of decided displeasure.

MRS. HARRINGTON

"Agnes Harrington, what on earth have you done to your hair?"

(Agnes looks up questioningly)
"Haven't I told you not to do your lessons in this room?"

AGNES

"Oh Mother, please don't scold. The other room is so gloomy. Its brighter here."

MRS. HARRINGTON

"Well for goodness sake, fix your hair - and just look at your fingers - ink spots! Mr. Rockmain will be here any minute. Mr. Rockmain, did you hear me?"

(She speaks rapidly and as though very much impressed with Mr. Rockmain)

"Such a man! All the women crazy about him and he has eyes only for you."

(She busies herself, fussing with the girl and straightening the room.)

We go to the verandah of the Fairfaxville Inn. There is a small cocktail lounge set up at one end of the verandah. It is the cocktail hour, and in the cocktailish air that pervades the little lounge, many people are seated, chatting with friends. At a table near the head of the stairs leading down toward the sea, are two well-dressed middle aged men.

FIRST MAN

(Reading aloud from newspaper)
"Counterfiet gas coupons, robbing the people of three million gallons of gas every day. Black market meat with regular packing houses, doing millions of dollars worth of business."
(Looking up from newspaper)

"That beats your real estate business, eh Johnson?"

CLEARY JOHNSON

(emits a rather loud and peculiar laugh)
"You said a mouthful!"

FIRST MAN

"Just like the old bootleg days. Just imagine, three million gallons of gas a day!"

A suspicious inquiring look appears on Johnson's face. He is about to speak when he sees from the walk at one side the approach of a dapper looking middle-aged man, swinging a swagger stick. The man starts with exaggerated quickness up the steps two at a time, bound on making a youthful entrance, but at the top step he slows down to a more leisurely pace. Finding himself a little short of breath, inadvertantly his hand drops to his side as though to ease something.

JOHNSON

(laughingly)
"What's the matter, Rockmain -"
(indicating Rockmain's waist, and imagining a corset)
"does it pinch?"

ROCKMAIN

(smiles suavely)
"Its a new one."

FIRST MAN

"Your's just in time. Mrs. Burlingham has been asking

FIRST MAN (cont.)

"about you."

ROCKMAIN

"Oh, that so? Ah yes, I remember."

FIRST MAN

(with teasing innuendo)
"I rather gathered you would - that is, from her conversation. She is at that table in the far corner."

ROCKMAIN

"I shall certainly drop by - later, but now, I'm late. Appointment, you know."

FIRST MAN

"Oh I see, some ageing lady of twenty?"

ROCKMAIN

"Oh no. Not that bad. This is a young person."
(he goes off jauntily)

JOHNSON

"Oh to have his money!"

We go to the Harrington Apartment. At a table near the window a waiter is just setting down a tray on which there is whiskey and soda, cocktail makings, etc. Mrs. Harrington is signing the check when the doorbell is heard.

MRS. HARRINGTON

"Open that, will you please Malcolm."

The waiter opens the door and Mr. Rockmain enters.

MRS. HARRINGTON

(gushingly)
"Oh Mr. Rockmain, do come in!"

ROCKMAIN

"Forgive me, I'm afraid I am a bit late."

MRS. HARRINGTON

"No, no not at all, but I'm sure dear Agnes was getting

MRS. HARRINGTON (cont.)

"anxious".

ROCKMAIN

(Going toward Agnes. Takes her hand, bows over it, and still holding her hand -)
"I must say, she doesn't look very much concerned."

MRS. HARRINGTON

(Going toward the cocktail table)
"What will you have?"

ROCKMAIN

(crosses to table and fixes himself a drink)
"This will do nicely thank you."
(Sets his drink down and very gallantly holds a chair for Agnes, then for Mrs. Harrington)

MRS. HARRINGTON

(seated near the table, pours coca cola for Agnes)
"Here dear, hear's your coca cola. Look's so refreshing doesn't it?"

Mrs. Harrington takes up her cocktail. Rockmain finishes his and pours another. He poses by the window in what he feels is an attractive manner. He is still slim and good looking, and has plenty of virility despite the evident fact that he has dissipated away a great deal of this charming quality.

ROCKMAIN

(as he gazes out the window)
"Hasn't it been a delightful day? The air of spring still holdson. Ah spring, with the flowers blooming - the wind gently stirring through the newly budded trees -"

We show from his view, the porch outside. A fluffy sacheting female pomeranium, cream-colored, with a jsunty red bow at its neck, comes into view. It seems for a moment to look around expectnatly, then there enters a virile looking police dog - vivid, tail erect, wolf-like attitude. He approaches the pomeranium

confidently. She moves away. He follows with effusive eagerness. She pittipats away in trepidation. The police dog follows. She turns to the other side, again he follows.

We cross to an intimate view of Rocksain who is dreamily murmuring -

ROCKSAIN

"Spring, ah spring -"

We go again to the police dog as he approaches the little pomeranian. She beats a belligerative retreat scampering about the lawn. The police dog with a suave, yet determined air of "I'll get you yet" starts after her. The pomeranian circles madly around the lawn, followed by her admirer. She flees to the porch, and disappears under it. The police dog following, comes to a stop at the edge of the porch. Then we see him closely in all his wolfish beauty - advancing conqueringly.

CLOSE VIEW of Rocksain as he turns his eager eyes upon Agnes. His long face, the preditory nose, the gleaming eyes - a brotherly suggestion to the wolf-dog outside, as he goes toward the young girl.

FADE TO

A very British looking office. In plain evidence a picture of the King, flanked by two other pictures of uniformed guardsmen. A distinguished looking solicitor is reading a letter.

INSERT of letter. "---the estate. And so I wronged my brother's child. I furnished a large sum of money to Marie Barton, to raise this child and took means that our paths should never cross. My dying wish is that this estate be restored to the child, if now living, and can be found. Signed - Bruce Duncan"

SOLICITOR

(turning to his secretary)
"Poor Bruce. Dear, dear!"
(then with change of attitude he hands the letter to the secretary)

SOLICITOR (cont.)

"We must get to work on this. It occurred many years ago in South Africa. Well - I will give you all the information I have - but we must get right to it, I'm afraid it will take a bit of doing."

VIEW CHANGING to Fairfaxville. Near the village we show the large estate of the Fairfaxes, long unoccupied, the young heir having until the war, been abroad, pursueing his studies. We go to the rear entrance of the great house. It is night time. Near the doorway the caretaker is discovered. Cleary Johnson enters, speaks.

JOHNSON

"Have they come yet?"

CARETAKER

"Yes sir, I think they are all inside."

JOHNSON

(as he exits, into house)
"O.K."

We follow Johnson through a dimly lit hall and into a room of the old house. There is a large table in the center upon which is a lighted lantern. Two figures only partly illumined, are seated at the table. Tow other figures, their backs toward us, are standing nearby. One, a burly looking negro - Black Sam; by his side a powerful white man.

JOHNSON

(as he enters)
"Where's the rest of them?"

FIRST WHITE MAN

"They'll be here. It's not easy, you know."

JOHNSON

"Well, the Boss thinks we ought to get out of the liquor business. He's got something bigger."

SECOND SUITS MAN

"We got over a thousand cases of Champagne and hard-stuff - a l' ..sported!"

BLACK HAT

"Two hundred percent profit!"

JOHNSON

"Never mind. Wait'll I tell you about it - the Bosses new idea! You'll get that stuff out of here in a hurry!"

VIEW CHANGES It is daytime. Front entrance of the Fairfaxville Inn. Standing by a smart looking car is the Fairfax's butler, an oldish chap. He is talking to John, the chauffeur.

PARKER (the butler)

"He will be down in a minute."

JOHN

"How did Mr. Fairfax get out of the Army?"

PARKER

"Had a crash. They put him out. Italy. Seems to think this is the best place to get back into shape. Most trouble is his eyes - you know for flying they have to be - oh, there he is now."

Young Fairfax enters quickly. He is a vivid looking chap with a rapid fire manner of talking.

JOHN

"Good morning, Mr. Fairfax."

PARKER

"All ready sir."

FARFAX

(rapidly)
"Good morning, good morning. Out to the old house, John! You know where it is."

FADE

"Yes sir."

We cut to the rear of the Fairfax house where Johnson and his associates are busily putting the last of the black market goods into the truck. The truck is in the heavy shadow of the protecting trees, and has a pile of furniture at each end, as camouflage. The action is hurried, secretive. The truck pulls rapidly away.

FLASH LONG SHOT discovering the Fairfax estate in the distance. The house is large, rambling, neglected looking.

CLOSE VIEW of the car before the steps leading up to the long verandah. From this is the main door entering the house. Parker is opening the car door for Fairfax, who steps out quickly.

FAIRFAX

"So the old place has a bad reputation, eh Parker?"
(he looks with interest at the house and around)

PARKER

"That it has, sir. They say its haunted."

(Fairfax starts up the steps, talking rapidly as he goes)

FAIRFAX

"How interesting. Who says all this, Parker?"

PARKER

(as he opens the door into the main hall)
"Mostly a lot of darkies that have moved in near the other end of the estate."

FAIRFAX

"Well, let's go in and catch a ghost."

We follow them into the drawing room of the house.

FAIRFAX

"Things have certainly changed around here, but I imagine Parker, the only ghosts here, are the memories of the past."

PARKER

"Yes sir."

FAIRFAX

"More likely hoboes have been using the old joint for a lodging place since we have been away."

At this the caretaker enters hurriedly. Fairfax starts, slightly surprised.

PARKER

(indicating caretaker)
"This is the caretaker, Mr. Fairfax."

CARETAKER

"Yes sir. That is, I work at it part-time. Days, mostly."

FAIRFAX

"I don't imagine its a very heavy job."
(he goes to the doorway that opens into the other parts of the house.)
"Let's take a look around."

CARETAKER

"Well - er - I guess everythings alright - except the basement - busted pipe - flooded - all the lights out. Have it fixed tomorrow, though."

FAIRFAX

"Parker can attend to the basement tomorrow."
(turns to Parker as he starts down the hall)
"If you think you can find some servants we will open her up. She is plenty musty!"

Negro quarters, back of the town, nearby the Fairfax estate. Houses are small, ramshackly. A cheap lodging house adjoining a small grocery store. A group of negros is idling on the porch of the lodging house. From the center door of the lodging house enters a humorous looking negro of uncertain age. He is known by the moniker of

Romeo Washington, seated on the porch is a very fat old negro woman, by her side an old man feeding his pipe.

WOMAN

"What you smiling so about, Romeo?

ROMEO

"I'se smilin' about the good calendar, woman."

WOMAN

"Calendar?"

ROMEO

"That's what I say. I got the goodest calendar they is!"

WOMAN

"Waht's so good about it?"

ROMEO

"This here calendar jest tel' me I is 33 years old - and lady, that is good!"

WOMAN

"Don' you go believin' no calendars. That man with the whiskers'll get you effen he wants you. He don' pay no 'tention to no calendars."

ROMEO

"I'se also got flat feet and rhumatiz."

WOMAN

"Effen you ain't got no foot at all - he'll give you one. You ain't got no leg - he'll give you a leg. When that gentleman wants you, he's agoin' to git you!"

ROMEO

"Not me. I don' herc'd 'em one war, and that's aplenty!"

WOMAN

(Doubtfully)
"Oh yes?"

AGNES

(as he exits with ambitious enthusiasm)
"I'ss goin' out to find mysif a hard-workin' job."

VIEW CHANGES to Mrs. Harrington's apartment. Rockmain and Agnes are just entering from the balcony. Rockmain in the familiar attitude of pursuit. Agnes appears to be merely enduring his advances.

AGNES

"No, I can't - really, I can't go with you now."

ROCKMAIN

(insistently)
"Well then, tomorrow night?"

AGNES

"Tomorrow? Oh yes, let's make it - tomorrow night.
(they go toward door)

ROCKMAIN

"We will try that new place. They say its very gay. Remember - I'm not going to let you get away from me!"
(he exits)

Agnes starts toward the other room, but is interrupted by Mrs. Harringtons entrance from this room. Her manner is agitated, as she speaks with great seriousness to Agnes.

MRS. HARRINGTON

"Dear, there is something I simply must tell you. Sit down - here. You know Agnes, we are both - well you know my losses after those unfortunate investments - were just terrible! I - "

AGNES

(breaking in impulsively)
"Oh, if I could only help. I am so useless - "

MRS. HARRINGTON

(with rapt expression, suppressed excitement)
"Mr Hackmain - the most wonderful man - the biggest catch - everyone is crazy about him, even all the young girls! Why that silly little Phoebe Wilson is so mad about him its just a scandal!"

AGNES

"Oh yes, I know. Everybody seems to think he is wonderful, but - -"

MRS. HARRINGTON

(breaking in impressively)
"Agnes Harrington, with his money and position - you will never have a better chance in all your life!"

AGNES

(startled)
"Oh Mother, I - I don't - I couldn(t - -"

MRS. HARRINGTON

"And there is something else. Something I can't bear to tell you - - I was - desperate for money - and -(she looks around the room, then draws Agnes close to her) - it was at a card party. It was late - everybody was drinking, and - you know - the excitement - and I was so pressed for money -. A pin - a diamond pin - most valuable. I - took it!"

AGNES

(an expression of horror and surprise comes over her face)
"Oh Mother! Mother, how could you!"

MRS. HARRINGTON

"You don't understand, child." (her voice breaks) I couldn't see you going without things. Oh I was out of

MRS HARRINGTON (cont.)

my mind. But Mr. Rockmain saw this - no one else - no one else noticed. The devil's luck was with me and I got away with the affair." (She pauses a minute) "Afterwards Mr. Rockmain - he seemed to think it his duty to expose me. Agnes, Agnes - it was you I was thinking of. It - well Agnes, it was for your sake alone he didn't expose me!"

AGNES

"Oh Mother, this is - oh this - the whole thing is so - horrible!"

MRS. HARRINGTON

(putting on a magnificent, tearful act)
"I know, I know. Don't scold me - my conscience - it has seared me - "
(Agnes is moved to sympathy)
"So you see, if Mr. Rockmain should so choose, he could ruin us both!"

AGNES

"You think there is still danger?"

MRS. HARRINGTON

"How can we be sure dear, unless -"(change of attitude) "After all he does seem to be a fine man - if you - married him - well then we know everything would be alright." (she throws her arms passionately around Agnes) "Oh Agnes - Agnes -"

AGNES

(seems overpowered, this is the first motherly caress she can remember. She embraces her Mother tenderly)
"Then you would really - things would be different - you would rea lly love me - if I - did this?"

MRS. HARRINGTON

(her relief is obvious)
Oh you darling. You darling child!"

VIEW CHANGES to Hotel grounds where a Tea-Dance is in progress. The orchestra is on a raised platform toward the back of the circular dance-floor. Around the dance-floor, which is reached by a few steps, are small tables under trees, umbrellas, arbors, etc. Still further back are smart and comfortable garden chairs, benches, etc.

At one of the tables we discover Cleary Johnson, with Wakefield, a business associate. Next to Wakefield is a slightly exaggerated blonde. They are drinking highballs, and we guess from their attitude that they have been at this job for some time.

WAKEFIELD

(as he sets down his glass)
"Well Dolly, how goes it?"

DOLLY

"O.K. by me."

WAKEFIELD

(pats her knee approvingly)
"That's fine." (turning to Johnson, who seems to be looking for someone) "How come, Johnson, can't you find one to suit you?"

JOHNSON

(with an effect of lightness)
"Me? I haven't a trouble in the world. Take a gander!

See that lady - second table straight ahead?"

WAKEFIELD

"The old bird with the yound hat?"

JOHNSON

"That's the baby! Amelia Fairfax! That old dame's got

all the dough that Rockerfeller skipped."

We go to the table at which Amelia Fairfax is seated. She is conservatively dressed with the exception of her hat, which she evidently bought in a moment of weakness. She is probably between fifty and sixty. From our view, which embraces

the table at which she is seated, we see young Fairfax approaching from the distance. As he wends his way breezily between the tables, he speaks to different acquaintances. Reaching his Aunt's table, he speaks with laughing affection.

FAIRFAX

"Hello Auntie! How the - how are you?" (he drops into a chair at her side, quickly takes up her drink, polishes it off nicely) "Why Auntie, its good! Let's have a trayful. Oh waiter - please -"

CAMERA MOVES TO the arched entrance leading into the grounds. Mrs. Harrington, Agnes, and an elderly gentleman enter. They stop inside the entrance. Agnes is a little behind Mrs. Harrington and the gentleman. At a sheltered place by a large tree we come to a close view of Agnes. We follow her glance as she looks at a small group of young girls; short skirted, laughing enchantment to two young men in uniform. We return to Agnes, who takes out her compact and looks at herself. She powders her face, muttering disgustedly to herself.

AGNES

"You're just a silly, simpering dope, afraid of your own shadow!"

As she slips her compact back into her bag, she assumes a breezy nonchallant manner, and follows the others down the aisle where they take a table near the Fairfax party.

We go to a close view of the Fairfax table. The waiter has just placed the cocktails Fairfax had ordered. Fairfax is earnestly taking in the crowd.

FAIRFAX

"Quite a little gathering. Its so long since I have seen a pretty girl, just excuse me while I get an eyeful."

As he looks we go to a MOVING SHOT as though that of a wandering eye, stopping first at a group of a half dozen attractive girls. We return to Fairfax.

AMELIA

(watching him quizzically)
"Any victims?"

FAIRFAX

"Yards of them!"

Fairfax is unmistakably of the male type of the human family that since the pleistocene age has pursued the females, seldom giving them the opportunity to do the pursuing. He turns his head slightly; from his angle we perceive his attention is drawn to the Harrington table. We show a close view of Agnes. She still carries her air of nonchalance, as though determined to throw off her usual air of repression. Her knees are crossed and she is humming gayly to the music of the band. We go back to the Fairfax table.

AMELIA

"Anything new?"

FAIRFAX

"As I live and breath, I - I think the gal wears real nylons!"

AMELIA

"My, you have discovered something!"

FAIRFAX

"Have I! And how!"

AMELIA

(nodding toward the Harrington table)
"You mean the table there -?"

FAIRFAX

"That's the one."

AMELIA

"The-lady-with-the-girl-with-the-nylons is a certain Mrs. Harrington. Umm - well - she seems to be received everywhere," (she gives the impression that she doesn't quite know why this should be)

FAIRFAX

"Don't worry Auntie, I am sincere. Just on the make!"

From a view showing both the Fairfax table and that occupied by the Harrington party, we see Mrs. Harrington looking toward Miss Fairfax, then with an air of great interest -

MRS. HARRINGTON

"Why that's Miss Fairfax! Please excuse me, I must speak to her."

(she rises and quickly goes to Fairfax table, and gushes)

"Oh Miss Fairfax, such a pleasure to see you again!"

AMELIA

"Thank you, Mrs. Harrington. This is my nephew, John. John, Mrs. Harrington."

(Fairfax bows)

MRS. HARRINGTON

"So glad - " (looking over the crowd) "It seems as though just everyone is here, doesn't it?"

As Mrs. Harrington looks out at the crowd the camera moves away from her and we DISSOLVE quickly into a view at the edge of the table, to embrace a shadowed recess. At one side is a cypress tree. There is a splash of light between the dark tree near the camera and the other dark trees in the background. After a slight pause on this empty stage slowly and very casually enters a distinguished looking gentleman of middle age, dressed in dark clothes of good but not particularly noticeable cut. He carries a black walking stick with a curved handle. He pauses and looks through the arched entrance into the garden where the guests are gathered.

We show a close view of his left hand and elbow, over which rests the crooked staff. On the third finger of his left hand is a heavy gold ring in which is set an onyx stone with Egyptian heiroglyphics. It is a rather small stone, fastened in a groove so that it revolves. His right hand is casually turning the stone in tis setting.

We go slowly up the man's body to his face, one side of which is in the shadow of the tree. The other side is illumined from a reflected low light, giving the one well-illumined eye a slightly sinister and piercing effect.

VIEW embracing his full figure. Then the camera travels rapidly by the dark trees to a group of elms and a full view of a smooth mannered headwaitor. He is facing the camera. By his side with his back to the camera is a negro of magnificent physique.

CAPTAIN

"No, we can't use anyone at present. Quite filled up, but I understand Mr. Fairfax is opening his old house. With those references you shouldn't have any trouble. Why don't you see Parker, his butler? Can't do any harm." (the giant negro seems to nod a 'thank you')

CAMERA PANS to the bank of the orchestra stand and the entrance to the hotel kitchen and service quarters. At a table in the foreground waiters are piling empty glasses, dishes, etc., that have been brought back from the tables. Other waiters with trays are coming from the kitchen. One waiter is busy superintending the service. By his side in a restful attitude, we discover Romeo.

WAITER

"Well, I think we might be able to use a dishwasher."

ROMEO

(is injured at this remark, but pretends not to understand) "Come again?"

WAITER

(louder)
"I said, we might use a dishwasher."

ROMEO

"Dishwasher? Well - er - a- that's not exactly my line. I'm a highly recommended duster - and - er light-cleaner, but dishwasher, er - NO! Thanks just the same. (he exits) I'll be seein' you."

VIEW CHANGES to the steps leading up to the dance-floor. Fairfa x and Agnes are ascending the steps.

FAIRFAX

(with his usual ebullience)
"It's Johns lucky day. Since my absence Auntie has developed a taste for the right liquor - I have met you - everything's just wonderful. (he draws her aside to a

FAIRFAX (cont.)

(secluded corner) "I want to show you something.

AGNES

"Show me something?"

FAIRFAX

(takes out his wallet, and while opening it)
"Talk about pin-ups! Look! (he shows her the picture he has removed from his wallet.)

AGNES

(in surprise)
"Why, its me! Class Day."

FAIRFAX

"Strangest thing. Talk about luck. Paper was sent to a class of mine - months old - - I looked at it - and looked- and I said 'that's for me'!"

AGNES

(looks up at him quite impressed)
"Why your'e just joking! You don't really mean you carried that old thing around with you all this time?"

FAIRFAX

"Months and months - and look lady, where I carry it."
(he smits the familiar 'wolf-cry' as he taps his breast pocket.)

In spite of his glib, easy manner, we percieve that he is really sincere. At this moment two couples, evidently having just come from the dance floor, move into the nook and Fairfax leads her out to the dance-floor. We follow them enough to show the usual interest manifested between opposite sexes, when they are on the right side of youth.

DISSOLVE TO

Fairfax group, where a waiter has just finished putting several tables together making room for the Harringtons. As they settle into their places the gentleman with Mrs. Harrington speaks.

GENTLEMAN

"Ah, this is more like it."

MRS. HARRINGTON

"Yes, quite cozy." (turning to Miss Fairfax) "You're nephew must be seeking for a few parties - meet everybody - forget his troubles."

VIEW CHANGES. Johnson and Dolly are ascending the steps to the dance-floor. Johnson has had too many highballs and is in an ugly, quarrelsome mood.

DOLLY

"What's the matter with you? For goodness sake stop grouching!"

They join the dancers. SEMI LONG SHOT. Several couples are doing the rhumba. Among them is Fairfax and Agnes. He is guiding her through the most intricate rhumba steps and is evidently having a time for himself. Johnson and Dolly come into the scene doing a very bad imitation of the rhumba. Dolly is watching Fairfax. CLOSE VIEW of Fairfax, then revert to CLOSE VIEW of Johnson and Dolly.

DOLLY

(indicating Fairfax)
"Say, he's good!"

JOHNSON

(with a growl of disgust)
"Good - for what?"

CLOSE VIEW of Fairfax finishing a rhumba turn and bringing Agnes closer to him they go into the more conservative cuban walk. A more distant view of Johnson and Dolly. The floor is now crowded as a new contingent comes in from the side. Closer view embracing Fairfax, with Johnson just behind him. Johnson is doing a lumbering awkward dance. He manages to bump heavily into Fairfax. Fairfax moves slightly away, murmuring -

FAIRFAX

"Harry"

He continues dancing. He and Agnes do another turn and Johnson moves toward them again. Possessed of a Moorish jealousy, aroused by Fairfax's dancing, and particularly Dolly's account on the matter, he seizes the opportunity to give Fairfax a still more violent bump. Fairfax, nettled at this, turns quickly to Johnson, who is grinning tauntingly.

JOHNSON

(in a most insulting manner)
"'Scuse me. Hope no harm done."

FAIRFAX

(his temper flares up; he tries to subdue it, but his voice has an edge to it)
"I'ts alright, but just watch your step please."

They go on down the floor. A general view of the floor. FLASH of the orchestra as they go into a faster number, A Samba. Several couples finding this number too much for them, retire with more or less grace. Johnson refuses to give in and hops about, trying to fit a jitterbug movement to the Samba music. Fairfax is in his glory. He and Agnes come turning brilliantly down the floor toward Johnson, who is lumbering awkwardly on the sideline. As Fairfax whirls by he quickly puts out his foot, catches Fairfaxes ankle; Fairfax attempts to recover, is unsuccessful and does a sprawling fall. This footwork is unobserved by all but Fairfax himself, who felt the jar of Johnson's foot.

Deeply humiliated, his quick temper flares as he rises and starts forward toward Johnson, who in his advantageous position beats him to the punch, driving him back. Before Fairfax can recover, the waiters and bystanders are between them. During this there are simultaneous cries of protest from Agnes and Dolly.

DOLLY

"Say, Cleary, cut it out! Quit it, will you!"

AGNES

"Oh please, don't! Don't!"

There are nine cries from the crowd, some encouraging, some protesting. Fairfax controls himself, tries to laugh it off, but can't resist dropping a quiet but biting threat -

FAIRFAX

"I will see you again, Buddy!"

They continue dancing.

VIEW CHANGES to a dimly lit room in the basement of the Fairfax house. It is night. Several men are gathered there, among them Johnson, who is pacing restlessly up and down.

DISSOLVE TO

Servants entrance. Two men enter hurriedly, and go into the house.

DISSOLVE TO

Basement room. Johnson is still pacing back and forth. The two men enter. Johnson turns.

JOHNSON

"What took you so long?" (he speaks with angry impatience)

"Where have you been?"

FIRST MAN

"We made it as quick as we could. We have been dodging Dicks from here to breakfast!"

JOHNSON

"Why didn't you get in touch with me?"

SECOND MAN

"We couldn't. We thought this was the only place was safe."

JOHNSON

"This place safe? Safe as the hot-seat! The devil's broke loose! We have been getting everything out of here. The owner's moving in here tonight!"

FLASH to basement room. Masked figure impatiently looks around, then exits quickly.

FLASH to foot of back stairway, long, curved, unpainted. Masked figure starts up the stairs.

VIEW CHANGES. Upstairs Den. The walls have queer, old-fashioned angles. There is a built-in bench on one side. In a secluded niche at the end of the long narrow room we discover Johnson. He is on his knees and has just finished opening a safe that was hidden in the panneling of the wall. His movements are hurried, furtive. He lifts out a satchel, hears a sound of footsteps on the stairs, quickly puts the satchel back, closes the door of the safe. As he does this, he suddenly finds himself in the glare of a flash-light from across the room. We hear a hoarse whisper, muffled, so as to disguise the real voice of the masked figure.

MASKED FIGURE

"So that's why you didn't show up! Trying to get away with it."

JOHNSON

(with fear stricken voice)
"I wasn't duckin' Boss, I wasn't duckin'!"

He is crouching by the safe, holding a flash-light. Attempting to conceal his movements, he reaches for his gun. There is a flash from the gun in the hand of the masked figure, and Johnson slumps to the floor. His gun explodes harmlessly as he drops.

FLASH to top of front stairs. Parker and Fairfax stand transfixed.

FAIRFAX

"Jiminy! I thought I was out of the war - they have followed me!"

PARKER

(Very frightened. Quickly but shakily draws a gun)
"Where was it?"

FAIRFAX

(taking the gun from the shaking Parker, and runs up the two remaining steps to the door of the Den)
"In here!"

view of Den. Masked figure is dimly seen holding flashlight before him, his gun ready. He steps cautiously and slowly forward, not sure he has hit his target when from his viewpoint, we see the door to the hall outside, at the other end of the room, near the hidden safe - stealthily open a crack, then wider, and through the opening we see Fairfax, gun in hand and behind him, Parker peering in. The masked figure in the blackness of his end of the room turns quickly and exits as Fairfax and Parker enter from the hall. They advance cautiously to the center of the room.

FAIRFAX

"Where's the light?"

Parker goes back to the door, and turns the light switch. They discover Johnson's body.

PARKER

"Look!"

They advance toward the body. Parker kneels down. Johnson's face is turned down on the rug so that it can't be seen.

FAIRFAX

"Great Scot!"

PARKER

"He's dead Sir! (makes a movement as though to turn the body over)

FAIRFAX

"Better let him alone. Telephone the police."

WE FADE as Parker, moves toward the door, to carry out his order.

VIEW CHANGES. Parker, followed by a detective and his assistant are coming up the stairs, toward the Den. Parker speaks, as though continuing a conversation.

PARKER

"No sir, and we searched everywhere." (they go through the door of the Den) "Who ever did it made a quick get-away. We couldn't find the caretaker either. Empty whiskey bottles all over the basement."

Meanwhile the detective has knelt down to look at the body. The assistant is looking about the room. Fairfax, who on their entrance, had been standing in the shadow, comes toward the group.

FAIRFAX

"Looks like some sort of a gang has been using this place for a hide-away."

DETECTIVE

(At this point the detective slowly turns the body over) "Why its Cleary Johnson!"

FAIRFAX

"Cleary Johnson!"

DETECTIVE

"You know him?"

PARKER

"Oh, this is Mr. Fairfax."

DETECTIVE

"Yes, I know."

FAIRFAX

"Yes, I ran into him - at the Tea-Dance."

DETECTIVE

(rising and turning toward Fairfax)
"Oh yes, I heard something about that. You were the young fellow that had the run-in with him."

FAIRFAX

"Well - we did have a little misadventure on the dance floor."

DETECTIVE

"I understand things got pretty hot. Ended in a fight."

FAIRFAX

"Well - er - hardly that, but sure-the fact is he slugged me. Wasn't important - just one of those things.

(he notices the Detective's steady inquiring look.)

"Great Scot, man, you don't think I killed him, do you?"

DETECTIVE

"I am not thinking at all - yet, but you did threaten him didn't you?"

FAIRFAX

"Why no, or not exactly. I think I did say I would see him later."

DETECTIVE

(knowingly) "Oh yeah?"

PARKER

Mr. Fairfax couldn't possibly have had anything to do with this affair. He was with me when the shots were fired."

DETECTIVE

"You have been with the Fairfax family for a long time, haven't you?"

PARKER

"Yes sir, many years."

DETECTIVE

(nodding knowingly)
"Un-huh."

FAIRFAX

(Indicating Johnson)
"We think this affair must have been the result of some gang feud."

DETECTIVE

(to assistant)
"You stay here." (to Parker) "Come with me, I want to go over the entire house." (as he starts away he sees the gun on the table, the one Fairfax had taken from Parker) "Whose is this?"

PARKER

(quickly)
"Its mine sir, moving in - opening up the house - its been vacant so long - its so big, you know -"
(his voice fades off)

During this speech, the detective has taken out a handkerchief, carefully wraps the gun with it and places it in his pocket and with an ominous look toward the unhappy two, starts toward the door as we FADE.

FADE ON to Breakfast room. It is morning. Amelia is discovered talking volubly to a pretty, snappily dressed colored maid.

AMELIA

"Just imagine a thing like that in Fairfax Hall! Gangsters in our house! Mr. Ogle will attend to them alright. He said he would just scour the country for those scoundrels."

PETUNIA

"Yessum. He will do it too. That Mr. Ogle's a real smart man."

AMELIA

"Do you think you are going to like it here?"

PETUNIA

"Well, I don't care much for murders, but I like's to be with sure nuff nice people like you all."

AMELIA

"Well, that's nice. What did you say your name is?"

PETUNIA

"Petunia Ethelmae Wilhelmington Scott, ma'am."
(Amelia looks slightly stunned)
(Petunia sees that Amelia is a bit appalled at the length of her name. It would be nice if she could possess the honey-dripping voice so often found among the colored folk.)
"Of course folks just call me Pe-tew-nee-a."

AMELIA

(Smiling)
"I see. Pe-tew-nee-a. Isn't that dress a little short?"

PETUNIA

(Nodding her head sadly.)
"Yessum." (then breaking into a beaming smile) "But its the style!"

VIEW CHANGES to medium shot of living room. Near the entrance to the main hall we come upon Parker and Jones, the gigantic negro we saw at the hotel during the dance, inquiring about a possible position.

PARKER

"Yes indeed, you're references are excellent. I am sure we will get along very well."

JONES

"I hope so sir." (he speaks with a deep, well modulated voice, with a slight trace of an English accent, just enough to mark him as an unusual colored servant for this section. He moves with great dignity and must carry a sense of power.)

PARKER

"Now, if you will just straighten things up in the butlers pantry - oh, you will soon get the hang of things here."

JONES

"Yes Sir."

PARKER

"We will soon have things running like clockwork."

JESS

"Yes sir."

Vlas servants entrance. Romeo enters. He stops, looks around appraisingly, then assuming a cheerful attitude, he rings the bell.

FLASH to Fairfax kitchen. Although old-fashioned it is very well equipped. Parker enters busily, hears the bell ringing, turns and calls out -

PARKER

"Come in."

ROMEO

(enters) "Good morning."

PARKER

(looking at him inquiringly) "Good morning."

ROMEO

"I'se lookin' for the gentleman that's hiring the help."

PARKER

"Well, I am your man."

ROMEO

(ingratiatingly, generously spilling the oil)
"Yessir, I just knew you was the big boss, yessir, soon's I seen you."

PARKER

"You have references?"

ROMEO

(produces one letter)
"The agent gentleman give me this."

PARKER

(reading) "Is this all the reference you have?"

ROMEO

"Yessir, jest now - he said my face would do the rest."

At this Romeo turns on his most winning expression and indeed it seems his face does do the rest, for any deception it might show there would be of the most harmless type, fruits of a carefree imagination. Parker looks at Romeo, and continues in his usual bustling manner, with a sigh of resignation.

PARKER

"Well, come on. I suppose you can help tidy up the house."

VIEW CHANGES to hall leading to the Den.

PARKER

"Now first, get to work on these stairs. Vacuum the carpet, and then I want you to wax all the woodwork."

ROMEO

(following optimistically) "Yessir."

PARKER

"I want you to clean it thoroughly"

ROMEO

(cheerfully) "Yes sir. Its practically done."

PARKER

(Indicating place before the fireplace)
"Now these blood spots need some working on."

ROMEO

(looking blank) "Come again?"

PARKER

"These blood spots. Where the man was murdered."

ROMEO

( his expression is a mixture of superstitious awe and fear.)
"Wh-wh-where the m-m-man was WHICH?"

PARKER

"Murdered! Imagine such a thing happening in this house. Unheard of!"

ROMEO

"Yessir, I heard you the first time! Gentleman - fare thee!" (he goes with decision to the doorway.)

PARKER

"Oh there is nothing to be afraid of now. No danger of it happening again."

ROMEO

(going down the steps two at a time)
"That wont make no never minds to me, I wont be here!"

At the foot of the stairs in the Foyer, Romeo comes pounding down the steps followed by a panting Parker.

PARKER

"Well if you change your mind, let me know."

Parker goes on out of view as Romeo goes into the kitchen as though to exit.

VIEW CHANGES to Kitchen. There is a table near the door for stacking dishes brought in from the dining-room. From the side Petunia enters, carrying a trayful of dishes, which she places on the table. As she does this several pieces of cutlery fall to the floor. As she bends over to pick them up, her dress rises and Romeo gets an eyeful of hosiery. The impressionable Romeo is smitten. He emits an involuntary whistle. Petunia keeps on with her work, the noise of the dishes drowning out his whistle.

ROMEO

"'Scuse me, lady."

PETUNIA

(turns quickly) "Why goodness, you scared me."

ROMEO

(at sight of her pretty face, starts to preen like a pouter pidgeon) "I did? Why, I certainly didn't aim to do that."

PETUNIA

"Is you workin' here?"

ROMEO

(shaking his head right and left) "Uh-uh!"
(then taking another look at her, his face lights up with admiration, he shakes his head up and down)
"Uh-huh!" (Then he turns back as though remembering that room upstairs and his head shakes right and left again, violently)
"Uh-uh-uh!"

PETUNIA

(wiping a large dish daintily, does a little coquettish)
"Seems like mighty nice folks - just movin' in."

ROMEO

"Is you stayin'?"

PETUNIA

"I certainly 'spects to."

As Romeo looks around the large cozy kitchen, his hand casually comes up to the arm-pit of his vest in an attempt to draw attention to the medal he wears. (It is one he has found.) Petunia"S eyes turn to the medal. We show a close view of it.

PETUNIA

"My! Just look - now ain't that somethin'!"

ROMEO

"Are you lookin!?"

PETUNIA

"I sure am!"

Romeo

That's a first class A.1. hero medal! Lady, there ain't none any braver than me!"

PETUNIA

"Hoe did all that come about?"

ROMEO

(impressively)
"Lady, that come by catching myself fifteen Germans in one day."

PETUNIA

"They is one thing I sure admire."

ROMEO

"Yeaaaus?"

Petunia

"That is a brave-hearted man."

ROMEO

"I'm telling you lady, its a plain ordinary fact. When it comes to that bravery business, they don't make them no hotter than me."

Petunia, deeply impressed, gives Romeo a look of warm admiration. She turns back to her work with a coquetish wave of her skirt and forms such an alluring picture to Romeo that his agony of indecision melts away. Parker enters, busily talking as he enters.

PARKER

"Petunia, when you finish there"- (he stops, seeing Romeo) "What, you still here?"

ROMEO

"Yessir. Mr. my mind wiggles. I takes the job."

View changes to exterior Fairfax grounds. In the distance we see the lighted windows of the house. Close against the trunk of a tree, two figures are dimly seen. Under the trees are dim eerie splashes of light - the whole atmosphere is steeped with mystery.

FIRST FIGURE

(in subdued tones) "That's it."

SECOND FIGURE

"Fairfax Hall."

FIRST FIGURE

"And five hundred thousand smackers!"

SECOND FIGURE

"How do you know its still there?"

FIRST FIGURE

"Of course its still there! The Boss had to lam. The shot that got Johnson had the whole house on him!"

We pan swiftly across brush, some hedge, high trees, and come to two other figures crouching down behind the hedge. They speak in the same hushed tones.

FIRST MAN

"You fool! They would have heard you a half a mile!"

SECOND MAN

"I thought it was a H'ant!"

FIRST MAN

"You dope, those are the gadgets the Boss had put in to scare the darkies away."

SECOND MAN

"Gee, I thought I was a goner!"

FIRST MAN

"There is a big party going on tonight."

SECOND MAN

"That makes it bad. I'll bet the news of that half-million in there has leeked out all over the place."

FIRST MAN

"Yeah, I suppose Ogles got a Dick behind every tree."

SECOND MAN

"For a half million bucks I would take a chance on all the Dicks on Long Island."

Throughout this scene is heard a low moan of the wind. From the distance the eerie call of a lonely dog barking at the moon. The call is answered by another dog in the distance. This scene and the one following must be played with quick tempo.

VIEW CHANGES to Mrs. Harrington's apartment. She is before the mirror of her dressing-table, putting the finishing touches to her makeup. She is smartly dressed for the Fairfax party. On the dresser by her side is an open newspaper, which she has evidently been reading. From our view we also see Agnes dressing, her body partly hidden by a screen. Only her legs and head are seen, as she bends over in her action of putting on her hose. One stocking is already on, and she is just clasping the other one to her garter.

CLOSE VIEW of Mrs. Harrington

MRS. HARRINGTON

"You know Agnes, Mr. Rockmain is going to be at the Fairfax's tonight."

AGNES

"Yes Mother, I know."

MRS. HARRINGTON

(looking at the paper)
"Why, there is something about him here." (she reads aloud) "'Among others of the smarty set last night at the St. Regis Roof, was J. Wilson Rockmain with the veddy social Haverly's and the Princess De Oxiane. Incidentally, it is rumored, that Mr. Rockmain's rockish batchelor heart has at last melted to a fair and very young deb in L.I.'"
(She looks up from her reading)
"That's you, Agnes, did you get it?"

AGNES

"Don't worry, Mother, I will keep my word."

VIEW CHANGES to Rockmains dressing-room. Rockmain is partly dressed. Stiff shirt, black tie are already adjusted, but he is still in his shorts. His Valet, a man in his sixties is standing nearby, looking gravely at the corset he is holding. With serious dignity he extends the corset to Rockmain, who is studying himself in the mirror

with sinaser approval. He takes the corset, puts it partly around his waist, looks at the effect in the mirror and speaks in a pleased manner.

ROCHAIN

"No thank you Herbert, not needed any more these exercises have done the work."

HERBERT

"So I see, sir."

ROCHAIN

"Muscles of steel, Herbert."

Herbert

"Quite right sir, you will easily be the Beau Brummel of the party, sir."

ROCHAIN

"Not a doubt in the world."

VIEW CHANGES to long shot of the Fairfax Drawing room. Through the arch we see the foyer and the grand staircase leading to the upper part of the house. To the left, a door leading into a playroom and bar. Upper left another door leading toward the kitchen. Some of the guests are assembled having after dinner coffee. At a small table near the entrance to the foyer, is seated Amelia and a woman friend of about the same age.

AMELIA

(talking volubly)
"Oh yes, it was all perfectly dreadful - that horrid man, murdered right here in our house! Of course this old house is so big, you could carry on a war in one wing and the rest of the house never know. That nice Mr. Ogle - when I told him that John has asked all these people tonight - he said it was perfectly alright - to go right ahead with the party."

Camera pans quickly to window of Drawing Room. There are bars outside window (as are on all the windows of the lower floor.) Through the partly closed shutters, we see an eye - peering. In the mysterious light it has a weird effect. This is held for a moment, then we DISSOLVE TO

EXTERIOR. We discover the figure of a man peering through the window. The man is the same

mysterious person seen twisting his ring, at the Fanchonnes. He goes quietly off scene.

DISSOLVE TO

Amelia and her woman friend.

ADRIAN

"Oh, it all sounds so thrilling!"

AMELIA

"But do you know, I think Mr. Ogle is suspicious of John? How isn't that ridiculous!"

CAMERA MOVES to a close view of Fairfax. Jones is just entering.

JONES

"Gentleman to see you sir. A friend of your Father's, he said sir."

Fairfax, slightly puzzled goes through the entrance to the foyer.

VIEW CHANGES to foyer. We discover waiting by the door, the mysterious looking personage just seen peering through the window. He is casually twisting his ring as he waits. Fairfax enters and the gentleman moves to meet him.

WILLOUGHBY

"Pardon me, but I am a neighbor of yours - and - er, was a great friend of your Father."

FAIRFAX

(slightly puzzled)
"Good evening. Naturally I am happy to meet anyone who was a friend of Dad's. Of course as you must know - I have been away so many years - -"

WILLOUGHBY

"The name is Willoughby".

FAIRFAX

"And a most familiar one."

WILLOUGHBY

"I had a letter for you"- (searches through his pockets) "But I seem to have - lost it."

FAIRFAX

"Oh, that's alright. Make yourself at home. Any friend of Dad's - "

WILLOUGHBY

"Thank you." (looking about) "Same old familiar place."

FAIRFAX

"Wont you come in and meet my guests?"

WILLOUGHBY

"Oh, please don't trouble. I was walking by and became quite tired - the old ticker is not what it used to be. If I could just sit here and rest for a bit, I would appreciate it."

FAIRFAX

(with his usual friendly easy air)
"Just rest to your heart's content. What about a little drink?"

WILLOUGHBY

"Why I would like a scotch highball - if its not too much trouble - just a light one."

FAIRFAX

"Certainly, I will get it myself." (he exits)

FLASH to small table at which Mrs. Harrington and Rockmain and other guests are seated. There is heard the usual babel of voices through this scene as the camera moves rapidly to the doorway leading into the service hall. Through the door comes Jones, the gigantic negro. He is an ominous figure as he stands in the shadow. He has the attitude of one who wishes to observe, yet not be observed, as he looks into the room with a fixed intensity.

Willoughby crosses to foyer, Willoughby stops rather quickly, moves forward to the center of the foyer, his eye seems to scan the paintings of the wall, then he goes to the stairway and ascends several steps. He stops, turns quickly and drops down a step as Fairfax returns with a highball. He stops before the great couch against the wall where he has left Willoughby and seems slightly surprised as he turns and discovers him on the steps.

FAIRFAX

"A, there you are."

WILLOUGHBY

"Those paintings above the steps - excellent!"

FAIRFAX

"Oh - yes, we like them." (he gives Willoughby the highball)

WILLOUGHBY

"Thank you. Certainly glad to see the old house opened up again."

FAIRFAX

"Yes, and I suppose you heard - we had quite a shock, the day we arrived. Imagine, a man murdered, right upstairs!"

WILLOUGHBY

"Shocking. Shocking!"

FAIRFAX

"A real estate chap - a Mr. Johnson. No one seems to have the faintest idea of what it was all about."

WILLOUGHBY

"Quite mysterious, eh? Murder mystery - umm - most interesting."

FAIRFAX

"Well, I am not averse to a good murder mystery, but I realy can't say I like to have it take place in my own home."

VIEW CHANGES. Exterior. We see Fairfax Hall in the background. We hear the sound of rising wind. Leaves blow into the foreground. A figure running rapidly, steals from one tree to another, pauses behind a tree, crouching down, and looks toward the house.

FLASH to kitchen. We discover Petunia and Romeo. Petunia is setting down a trayful of glasses and is preparing to wash them. Romeo is eating.

ROMEO

"Yes lady, this world is full of powerful things. Money is powerful - whiskey is powerful, gin is more powerful, but the most powerful of all - is love."

PETUNIA

"Man, now you are tellin' nothin' but the truth!"

ROMEO

(rising to ecstatic heights)
"Love downs the sun and ups the moon. I's so boilin' with it I could fight an earthquake." (with rising inflection) "Love - -"

At this we hear the sound of a sudden mournful shriek of wind. The branch of a tree whips across the shutters. Romeo is frozen in his tracks, his eyes staring.

ROMEO

"Wh-wh-what's that?"

PETUNIA

(slightly awed)
"Jest the wind, ain't it?"

Now they hear a strange soft patting sound from the other side of the swinging door. Romeo's eyes turn, wide open with uneasiness, toward the door.

ROMEO

"There is somethin' at that door a in't no wind!"

To the accompaniment of the moaning wind the slightly shuttered door slowly opens, then closes.

CLOSE VIEW of Romeo, who bats his eyes, then looks again at the door. It opens still wider. In the open crack, at the height of a fairly tall man's head we see a pair of eyes with a gleam in them not possible to any human. Romeo's head rises from out of his collar, to an astounding degree, becoming rigid in petrified fright, then his whole body bends slightly backward so that he stands in an ark of rigidity.

CLOSE VIEW as the door opens completly and a very large black cat leaps from the top of a highbacked chair close to the door, into the room. He plunks down on the floor before Romeo, arches his back into a spiteful curl every hair standing out. His eyes burn and even his whiskers seems to take part in the hiss he bestows upon Romeo before leaping out of the picture. Petunia, who has also been watching in some perturbation, relaxes, exhaling a great sigh of relief.

PETUNIA

"That cat will be the death of me yet!"

Romeo with some effort, gets his neck out of its rigid position and returns almost to normalcy. As Petunia was turned away from him during this scene, she has not been a witness to his fright. Romeo takes advantage of this and quickly resumes his former braggadocio manner.

ROMEO

"Good thing that wasn't no man, cause I surely would have shred him from kiver to kiver!"

PETUNIA

"I likes the Fairfaxes, but I sure don't like Fairfax Hall. Its a han't!"

ROMEO

"You don't need to be afraid baby, I'se here."

VIEW CHANGES to Drawing room. Agnes is seen leaning over the back of the chair watching her mother and the other players at backgammon. Mrs Harrington momentarily forgets her new attitude of assumed affection speaks irritably in an undertone.

MRS. HARRINGTON

"Don't bang over me like that Agnes, its bad luck!"

Agnes draws back, away from the chair. In the background just inside the playroom are Rockmain and Wakefield. We move swiftly to an intimate view of the two men. Rockmain is looking intently toward Agnes.

ROCKMAIN

"Certainly I like them young. That's the time to catch them."

WAKEFIELD

"Like to teach them things, eh?"

ROCKMAIN

(calling to Agnes)
"Oh Agnes, your drink is waiting for you."

Agnes comes into the scene. Rockmain takes a daiquiri from the bar and hands it to her.

AGNES

"Thank you."

ROCKMAIN

(coming close to her as Wakefield turns away)
"You know dear, you look very exciting tonight."

AGNES

"It must be the dress."

ROCKMAIN

"Well - maybe that helps." (with sensuous meaning)
"Its going to be fun to dress you in all sorts of - pretty things."

CAMERA moves rapidly to the table where Amelia and her woman companion are seated. Mr. Willoughby is taking the chair beside them. Fairfax is standing at one side.

FAIRFAX

"Yes! Auntie, I was just telling Mr. Willoughby that you just came up from Virginia to be with me."

AMELIA

"Yes, I've seen too little of my favorite nephew. First school - then the war -"

As Fairfax smilingly pats her shoulder, he turns and looks toward Agnes, catching Rockmain's lover-like attitude, and is not at all happy about it.

FLASH to Rockmain and Agnes. Fairfax enters the scene.

ROCKMAIN

"We were just admiring this old place, Mr. Fairfax. By the way, is the upstairs as interesting as the lower floor?"

FAIRFAX

"Yes, I guess it is, but we haven't had a chance to straighten it up as yet."

ROCKMAIN

"I am very much interested in these old historic houses"

FAIRFAX

"This one is old enough. Part of it was built before the Revolution. Crazy angles, long dark halls, I suppose it even has hidden panels."

ROCKMAIN

"I should certainly like to take a look around - sometime."

FAIRFAX

"Look as much as you please - if you find any pleasure in it."

VIEW CHANGES to foot of staircase in the Foyer. Wakefield with highball in hand appears to be studying the paintings in the Foyer, then turns his attention to those on the wall of the stairway. He finishes his drink, wiping his lips with his handkerchief, strolls casually to the stairway, looks around cautiously, and starts up the

steps. Parker enters from the doorway under the stairway. Wakefield sees him, slows down rather suddenly. Parker looks up at him inquiringly.

WAKEFIELD

"Marvelous paintings," (he looks at them with critical attitude.)

PARKER

(with his usual quiet dignity)
"They are generally admired, sir."

They hold their attitude for a second, then Wakefield, assuming an air of unconcern, comes down. Parker, who has a magazine and several newspapers under his arm, goes on upstairs.

We return to Rockmain, Fairfax and Agnes.

ROCKMAIN

"That staircase fascinates me. Its an imitation of the famous one in the Carter house in Virginia, isn't it?"

AGNES

"I should rather think this is the original and the Carter house the imitation."

ROCKMAIN

"Its very charming. Excuse me, I will be back in a minute - " (he exits)

FAIRFAX

"Certainly." (he turns to Agnes) "I have been waiting hours for this opportunity."

AGNES

(laughing) "We haven't been here that long!"

FAIRFAX

(forcefully)
"Come, there are things we must talk about!"

DISSOLVE

VIEW CHANGES to foot of staircase in Foyer. Rockmain looking casually around starts rather quickly up the steps, when from the curve in the staircase Parker appears. Rockmain comes to an abrupt stop and looks up at the painting on the wall.

ROCKMAIN

(speaking casually) "Beautiful paintings."

PARKER

(dryly) "Yes sir. That's what they all say."

ROCKMAIN

"So? Yes, so I should imagine. I just told Mr. Fairfax that I am so curious to see the upstairs of this quaint old place."

PARKER

( with the attitude of one holding his ground) "Yes sir, as soon as it is put in order, I should be glad to show you through myself."

ROCKMAIN

"I shall take advantage of that offer."
(he turns and goes down the steps. Parker after a slight hesitation, follows)

VIEW CHANGES to the Bay window recess. To the right of the recess is a lowboy. There are two windows, one left and one right. Fairfax and Agnes come on and stop before the right window.

FAIRFAX

"When the moon is working there is a grand view from here."
(he puts his hand in his hip pocket, taking out a gun)
"This damned thing weighs a ton. What with all the excitement around here, I thought I ought to carry it, but its a nuisance. Wait a minute, I'll get rid of it."
(he steps back and drops the gun in the top drawer of the lowboy.)

FLASH to a curtain slightly opened. It closes gently, giving the feeling that someone had been looking through it.

VIEW CHANGES to bay window recess. Fairfax comes back into scene.

FAIRFAX

"Last night there was a thin little baby moon - you and I are going to see a thousand moons together" (he speaks with fervid enthusiasm) "Oh Agnes, I can't get you out of my mind for a moment. You know - I am very much afraid - that I am just madly in love with you."

The camera pans to the other window. In the dim light we see a face move so as to peer into the room. The face is shadowy, foreboding.

The view moves back to Fairfax and Agnes. Fairfax is looking expectantly at Agnes. She is looking away from him.

FAIRFAX

"What are you so troubled about - dear?"

AGNES

(in low dead tones)
"Please, you mustn't talk like that - and I - I mustn't listen."

FAIRFAX

"But why - why?"

AGNES

"There is something - something I must - Well, you see - I am - sort of - I am engaged."

FAIRFAX

(softly)
"You are - what?"

AGNES

"Yes - yes - I am."

DISSOLVE TO

Background moon table. Mrs. Harrington speaks in an casual rather loud voice.

MRS. HARRINGTON

"I never had such bad luck in my life!"

As she continues with the game we see the curtains behind her open a trifle, disclosing James, the black butler. In the dim dress-light, he looks a terrific and menacing figure. We come to a close view. He is staring steadily ahead, his eyes gleaming like some jungle cat's. We hold this menace for a minute, then come back to a different angle of Mrs. Harrington that eliminates James's figure. Jacksmain enters; Mrs. Harrington looks up at him.

MRS. HARRINGTON

"Ah, its you. Come over, maybe you can give me some luck. I certainly need it."

JACKSMAIN

"Why Mrs. Harrington, I always imagined you as a most lucky person."
(he draws close to her and with a change of tone)
"But you won't be lucky if you don't see to it that Agnes keeps her word. I am very serious about this. You know the bad man might expose you and just think of the disgrace to you both!"
(resuming his former tone)
"That one was so good I had to whisper it!"

VIEW CHANGES to kitchen. Romeo is putting away some dust-cloths, etc. Parker crosses through the room quickly, sees Romeo.

PARKER

"Haven't you gone yet? Well you will have to go out the front door, I'm locking up here."
(he turns key in heavy old fashioned lock, puts key in his pocket, and as he exits - )
"Hurry up!"

ROMEO

"Yessir. 'se hurryin'."

Petunia enters by the pantry door. She seems very much disturbed.

PETUNIA

"They don' say the ladies may need me tonight and I got to stay here - and everybody else be over in quarters."

[illegible]

"Well, for me, myself will be sleeping in my own [illegible]!"

[illegible]

"Say, I dies if I stays here all alone tonight!"
(she thinks for a moment)
"I got it! The front door - about 11 o'clock - they leaves that key in the door. You come back - maybe I can let you in."

[illegible]

"I got you, honey! About 11 o'clock."

VIEW CHANGES to front of house where Fairfax is preparing to take his dinner guests back to the hotel. The scene is a full view of the Living room, showing the Foyer in the background. The guests are gathering up their wraps, etc. There is the general hubub of leave-taking. Amelia is standing at the door leading to the Foyer.

AMELIA

"Oh its no trouble at all - John will be glad to take you to the hotel."

Near the camera is Willoughby and two other guests. He unobtrusively drops his wallet and pushes it under the sofa with his foot, then goes on with the rest of the guests.

DISSOLVE TO

FOYER. Through the open door we see the guests getting into the waiting car. Willoughby comes through the door.

WILLOUGHBY

"Thank you, but I have such a short distance, I will walk it."

FAIRFAX

"There is plenty of room everybody, plenty of room."
(he is standing at his car, with the door open)

ROCKMAIN

(as he passes Fairfax)
"I have my own car here, thanks anyway."

Amelia, Mrs. Harrington and Agnes are standing in the foyer, looking out the door, as they all say 'goodnight' to the guests outside. The cars pull away and they shut the door; Amelia looks it.

AMELIA

"I think its better to look this. Of course John will soon be back, but I must confess I can't help feeling a little nervous."

The Camera follows the three women into the living room. Mrs. Harrington drops into a chair, takes a cigarette from case.

MRS. HARRINGTON

"Oh, I'm quite sure that affair was some sort of a game - that merely used this place when you were away. By this time, they are probably on their way to the four corners of the earth."

AMELIA

"Well I suppose so. Goodness, I'm tired! I do think there is nothing so exhausting as opening up a house, and trying to get things organized. I believe I would like a little brandy before I go to bed, how about you ladies?"

The wind is rising, and we hear the unexpected sound of a shutter knocking. They all turn to look toward the window.

FLASH to the window. Through the slats of the shutter we see the barest suggestion of a masked figure outside, looking in through the window.

FLASH to Agnes who is at the piano idly leafing through some music. After a pause she goes to the window.

FLASH Exterior. We see the masked figure disappearing rapidly.

FLASH to Agnes at the window looking out. With a little sigh of relief, she says -

AGNES

"It was only the shutter."

ADELIA

"Just shows you what nerves will do - get frightened at the silliest things - well, if you two are ready I will go up with you and see that you have everything you need - just can't trust these new servants to take care of things."
(the three women move out of the scene.)

FLASH to Kitchen. Petunia is pacing nervously up and down. She stops, looks up at the clock, and continues her nervous pacing.

FLASH to Exterior of Fairfax grounds. There is an old dilapidated gate in the foreground. In the distance, in the background we see the silhouette of the Fairfax House. Romeo is seen cautiously opening the gate. He passes through, and as he releases the gate it slowly closes. Close view of the weight on the chain, the purpose of which is to close the gate. It emits a mournful sound as it drops into place. Close view of Romeo's startled face. He turns, looks back, discovers the cause of the sound, pulls himself together and starts off resolutely down the path. On this approach to the house the gang had placed spooky contrivances to frighten off any night-time intruders.

VIEW of Romeo approaching camera down path. On one side is a small fir tree, directly in front of which is a shrub, around which has been tied, as though to protect it from the frost, a greyish white canvas. As Romeo approaches, the wind which has been blowing all through this scene, bends the white robed shrub over almost directly in front of Romeo. He comes to a sudden stop. We show from Romeo's view, the mysterious looking object. Close view of Romeo whose eyes have a decidedly wild look as he peers forward and thus discovers what the object really is. Again he goes on his way.

Back view of Romeo going quickly down the path. We see before him in the dim light, the trunk of a great tree - a sink-hole before it. Surrounded by low branches, from out of this hole cautiously arises a figure.

FLASH to Romeo coming to a sudden stop - eyes fastened on the mysterious looking scene before him. One groping hand rises slowly against the trunk of the tree.

CLOSE VIEW of Romeo, petrified with fright. After a pause he starts wildly back. In front of a great rock is seen in the vague light, two arms rising slowly, grey, mysterious. Again Romeo stops, between the devil and the deep blue sea. More consternation. He turns quickly and looks back where the body and hand were seen. It has disappeared. He looks again to where the other ghostly apparition is still seemingly clutching ghostly hands, reaching out for him. This danger seems more terrible than the other. He turns swiftly and 'runs in all directions' toward the house.

FLASH to the mysterious arms. We discover that it is a weather beaten scarecrow.

FLASH view of the path. A man on hands and knees crawls out of the bushes cautiously, and crosses the path.

Full View of Romeo running wildly. He stumbles over the man, who grabs one of his legs. Romeo falls prostrate. The sound of the wind is cut through by his half-frozen scream. He struggles madly, and with clutching hands manages to disentangle himself and runs on.

FLASH to Foyer. The door leading outside is deeply shadowed. Petunia goes quickly, furtively to the door, unlocks it, looks around, and goes off quickly.

EXTERIOR. Front entrance. Romeo runs on scene wildly, falls at the foot of the steps, breathless, exhausted. He recovers himself a bit, and breathing heavily scrambles up the steps and flinging himself upon the door finally gets it open, rushes in, slams it shut behind him, but in his haste neglects to lock it. He flees to the refuge of the kitchen.

VIEW CHANGES to Kitchen. Petunia comes to meet Romeo as he hurriedly enters. He speaks with breathless intensity.

ROMEO

"Say honey, there is something out there that ain't human!"

FLASH to door in Foyer. A shadowy, indistinct figure enters stealthily, looks about cautiously and goes quickly up the stairs.

VIEW CHANGES to Kitchen. Romeo is taking a black bottle from a shelf.

PETUNIA

"Don't drink that! That's for cookin'!"

ROMEO

"Cookin'? Makes no neverminds to me, that's just what I need!" (he fills a tumbler to the top and drinks)

PETUNIA

"This place has got me scared to death. I sure got the willies!"

Romeo, after tossing off a glassful of false courage, applies himself to the bottle itself.

FLASH to foyer. We see another mysterious figure come stealthily in the front door.

VIEW CHANGES to the bedroom occupied by Mrs. Harrington and Agnes. In the dim light we see the two are asleep in twin beds placed close together. The camera moves to the window and in the sky we see scurrying storm-clouds, for a fleeting moment a bit of the moon peeps out only to disappear again behind a black cloud. Camera moves back and our view includes the small door in the alcove. A slight pause, and then the door opens slowly, cautiously, until it discloses the ominous figure of Jones. He approaches the nearest bed, in which Agnes is sleeping. The cover is down from her shoulders and the white arms are out on the coverlet. Her face is turned away from Jones; she moves as though awakening, and Jones drops back, away from the bed.

VIEW CHANGES TO Kitchen. Romeo, thanks to the bottle is beginning to feel more cheerful.

PETUNIA

"Did you lock the door?"

ROMEO

"No'm - I remembers - I forgot."

FLASH to a storeroom upstairs. The room is full of furniture not now in use. The oddly shaped pieces of furniture are covered with greyish white wrappers, making the effect quite ghostly. We see a large white covered object drops heavily to the floor disclosing a figure which moves quickly to concrete itself behind another large object.

FLASH to Kitchen. Close view of Romeo and Petunia.

ROMEO

"DO-d-d-did you hear? Wh-wh-what's that?"

PETUNIA

"I d-don't know. Sound's like it come from that big storeroom upstairs."

ROMEO

"Eat me?"

PETUNIA

(looking at him.)
"You go on up there and see what it is."

ROMEO

(in hurt and frightened surprise) "Says you?"

PETUNIA

(looking at his medals meaningly) "You're the one!"

ROMEO

"I is?"

PETUNIA

"Yes indeed! Thank goodnes, I got a man!"

ROMEO

(doubtfully) "Yess'm."

PETUNIA

"You loves me, dont you?"

He Romeo, as sometimes happens to the best of us, finds himself, through the goddess of amour, in a hell of a predicament. He looks at his beautiful amanorita, and with another pull at the black bottle gains the strength to try to make good his boasted courage. He bravados out of the scene.

VIEW CHANGES to hall. Romeo enters, looks cautiously around, and summoning all his resolution, ascends the steps.

DISSOLVE TO

STOREROOM. Romeo enters cautiously. Looking around, he discovers the fallen poise of furniture is an old dresser. With a sigh of relief he stoops to set it right. Directly behind him is a tall, old-fashioned hatrack. As Romeo gets the dresser halfway up, we observe behind him a slight movement of the hatrack. Romeo, after restoring the dresser, steps a little back and comes in contact with the cover of the hatrack. It has a feeling to him of something not inanimate. He stops, looks back, turns halfway around, looking down with horrible anticipation, and there, only partly concealed by the covering is a hand. He looks for a moment in horror, gives another look to reassure himself, pretends he has discovered nothing, sneaks stealthily for a couple of steps, and then breaks into a run. Near the door leading out of the room is a grandfather clock. As Romeo passes the clock, its door slowly opens. This is indeed too much for our hero. He emits a startled yelp, at the same time putting his hands before his eyes, as though to blot out the view, dashes out the door, runs to the steps and rolls down them.

FLASH Foyer. The front door opens and Fairfax and Parker enter.

FAIRFAX

(in some surprise)
"Why, they didn't lock the door!" (he closes it and locks it)

FLASH to back stairs. From our view of the stairs, we see a man's legs just disappearing from view at the top of the stairs.

VIEW CHANGES to Den. Against the wall is the shadowy figure of a man. He seems to be searching for something. He comes to the nook where the safe is hidden, stumbles against a low stool and to break his fall, throws his hand out. It strikes the panel and as he drops down upon his knees the panel moves slightly.

FLASH TO FOYER. Semi-long shot. Parker opening the door, and as he does so we hear the sound of terrific wind. The Detective, Mr. Ogle and his assistant enter. Parker seems surprised and Mr. Ogle indicates that a new discovery has been made. They have just learned that a large sum of money is still hidden in the house - planted there by the gangsters.

FLASH to Den. We see the safe. Two hands open it, take out the grip that contains the much sought after money. The figure at the safe turns, and we see it is Wakefield. He exits quickly from the scene.

FULL VIEW of Den. Wakefield is going away from the camera, toward the door. As he opens the door we discover on the wall at the top of the stairs, the shadow of Fairfax coming up the steps lighting a cigarette. Wakefield sees this, stops suddenly, looks around, observes a closet door partly open by his side. He quickly slips the grip into the closet and closes the door. As he turns away from the closet the masked figure confronts him. Wakefield, terrorized, throws the masked figure violently away from him, into a darkened corner of the Den. Their struggle carries then toward the door leading to the back staircase. The sound of their struggle is drowned out by the roar of the wind. They fall, still struggling desperately, against the wall by the door.

VIEW CHANGES to Living Room. Mr. Ogle, his Assistant and Parker are talking. Ogle is very much excited.

OGLE

"Yes, there is a bagful of dough hidden in this house, and I am going to find it if I have to tear the place down!"

The sound of two shots in rapid succession is heard from upstairs. The three men jump to attention.

FLASH to Kitchen. Romeo and Petunia are frozen in terror.

FLASH to foot of back stairs. The masked figure rapidly descends the lower steps, turns the corner and disappears in the darkness.

VIEW CHANGES to Den. Fairfax is turning on the light. As he looks quickly around, he starts toward the other end of the room. Through the open door, we see the Detective and his assistant pounding up the stairs. They enter the room.

FLASH TO Harrington Bedroom. Mrs. Harrington is sitting up in bed looking terrified.

MRS. HARRINGTON

"What on earth now?"

AGNES

"I don't know, but I am going to find out!"
(she gets up and hastily dresses herself in a dark street dress that is hanging on the nearby chair, with other things from her partially unpacked suitcase.)

FLASH to Kitchen. Petunia is up against a wall, bending up and down wringing her hands.

PETUNIA

"Oh, Romeo, Romeo, save me, same me!"

Romeo is running frantically around the room. Again he tries the outside door, and again he finds it locked. He dashes wildly across the room. As he dashes through the door, the masked figure running in the darkened hall, rushes into him and hurtles him back into the kitchen. Romeo falls on the floor, seizes hold of a chair, raises himself to his knees, and moans "Mercy! Mercy!"

VIEW CHANGES to Den. Ogle and his assistant are bending over Wakefield, who is lying on the floor. Wakefield slumps.

OGLE

(disgustedly)
"He's gone, and not a word out of him."
(To the officers just piling into the room)
"Search the house, quick - the murderer may still be here."
(He looks quickly about the room and sees the pistol on the floor near Wakefild's body. Picks it up and examines it)

OGLE (cont.)

"This is the gun that killed him alright."

FAIRFAX

(seeing the gun, is startled into an exclamation)
"Why that's my -" (he checks himself)

OGLE

"You started to say its your gun, didn't you! It is yours, isn't it! Isn't it?"

FAIRFAX

"What if it is? I put it in a drawer hours ago, haven't seen it since."
(as Ogle continues to look at him accusingly)
"For heaven's sake you dim-wit, what would I want to kill him for?"

OGLE

"Reason enough. The money! Everytime you appear, somebody croaks."

FAIRFAX

(heatedly) "You're crazy as a loon!"

OGLE

"Oh yeah? Well I'm not crazy enough to let you get away with this!"

VIEW CHANGES to Living room. Amelia, Mrs. Harrington and Agnes enter with much perturbation. Amelia is carrying a poker.

AMELIA

"They wont murder me in my bed! They can't do that to me' I wont have it!"

MRS. HARRINGTON

"For heaven's sake, what <u>has</u> happened?"

AGNES

"Where is everybody?"

From the Foyer comes Willoughby quickly, but with nonchallant unconcern.

WILLOUGHBY

WILLOUGHBY

"Ah - please excuse the intrusion."
(the women just stand looking at him aghast.)
"I was just retiring when I discovered I had lost my wallet. So important - papers you know - I had to come all the way back - so glad to find you still up."

The women are still staring at him, too dumbfounded to speak, when from the foyer, Hookmain enters.

HOOKMAIN

"My car broke down - I versed with it for what seemed like hours. I was out on the shore road, and had to walk back - through this terrible storm - I do hope you can put me up?"

AGELIA

"Yes, indeed we can. We are certainly in need of two brave men. Something terrible has happened here!"

HOOKMAIN

"Why, you all look frightened to death - Agnes dear, what is the matter?"

Willoughby has been searching around the sofa where he had been sitting earlier in the evening and now discovers his wallet.

WILLOUGHBY

"Ah! Here it is! Such a relief!"

Willoughby moves as though to go, when Ogle and his assistant enter from the Foyer, driving Fairfax before them. As they enter Ogle releases Fairfax's arm and almost throws him into the room. Turning to the other officer.

OGLE

"Nobody leaves this house tonight!" (to assistant) "If anybody tries to get out, shoot! and shoot to kill! There is a killer loose in this house - though if I'm not mistaken, we've got him here!" (shaking his gun at Fairfax)

FAIRFAX

(to his Aunt)
"Wakefield's been murdered - upstairs - in the Den!"

The crowd expresses surprise and horror. At this point Romeo enters wildly, followed by Petunia.

ROMEO

"Say Mister, I want to get out of here. Why can't I go home?"

OGLE

"What the - what are you doing here?"

ROMEO

(Looking at Petunia)
"I loves her."

OGLE

"Shut up. Get back in the kitchen and stay there!"

From the stairway under the steps in the Foyer Jones appears. Ogle turns to him in surprise.

OGLE

"You! Who are you?"

JONES

"I am the second Butler, sir."

OGLE

(bruskly) "Where have you been?"

JONES

"Attempting to get some rest, sir."

OGEL

"Rest? In this mad house? Why aren't you in your own quarters? Oh never mind! Where's the telephone?"

JONES

(relieved at not having to answer his first question, is glad to show him the telephone)
"Its right here sir." (starting toward alcove, to show the way)

JONES

(going with Jones)
"I must call headquarters." (he eyes Jones suspiciously)
"You comes along with me."

Fairfax has been hovering solicitously around Agnes, who is seated near Amelia. He tries to reassure her.

FAIRFAX

"Just so we don't try to leave, that's all he is worried about. Why Agnes, you're trembling so! Don't be frightened - nothing is going to happen to you, I will see to that!"

VIEW CHANGES to Kitchen. Petunia and Romeo enter.

PETUNIA

"He say we can stay in here."

ROMEO

"Not me!" ( he starts back toward the door)

PETUNIA

"Didn't you hear what he said? There is a man out there who shoots on sight!"

ROMEO

"I'se goin' back to the parlor. It's safer."

As he goes to the door, it slowly opens and the mysterious Willoughby appears. Romeo starts back.

WILLOUGHBY

"Excuse me. I was looking for something."

ROMEO

(with a wild look at this strange looking character, turns to Petunia)
"Goodnight Petuny, I chooses death running. This waiting I can't stand!" (he exits)

FLASH to Foyer. We discover Ogle and two officers.

FIRST OFFICER

"We have searched everywhere."

SECOND OFFICER

"Yeah. We can't find nobody."

ROMEO

(enters hastily)
"Mister, Mister, please can't I go?"

OGLE

"Yes, back to the kitchen! I told you before, nobody gets out of this house tonight!"

View changes to living room. Fairfax puts his arm about Amelia's waists, and guides her to a comfortable chair near the wall which is covered with draped curtains.

FAIRFAX

"Here Auntie, sit over here out of the draft, and don't you worry about anything."

As he speaks he steps back toward the heavy curtains. We see them moving mysteriously. A hand comes from behind them and seizes his trousers. He jumps slightly, with a 'what the devil now' expression. Then we hear a low warning "ssssssh!" coming from behind the curtains. Fairfax peeks fearfully through them, and his expression relaxes. He looks cautiously around, discovering the coast is clear, he slips quickly into the small hallway where Parker is discovered.

PARKER

(breathlessly. Indicating grip at his side.)
"The money! I found it! The grip - its here - the money!"

Agnes enters as he speaks. Fairfax speaks in a hushed voice.

FAIRFAX

"Great heavens! What are we going to do with it?"

PARKER

"The Detective - Mr. Ogle -"

FAIRFAX

"No. I don't trust him - I think he is one of the gang - He is after the money too. Stick it in the closet here, and then telephone - butlers pantry - get police headquarters. I'll try to stall this Ogle off." (he exits)

FLASH to Living room. Ogle enters from foyer. He turns, calls.

OGLE

"Fairfax! Fairfax! Where are you?"

The little group look about the room, surprised that he is not there.

MRS. HAGGERTY

"Why he was here just a minute ago."

FAIRFAX

(slipping in through the curtains)
"Well, here I am."

OGLE

(blustering)
"Well, stay here, where I can watch you!"

VIEW CHANGES to hall where Parker and Agnes are still talking.

AGNES

"Let me take it. I will hide it in my room. No one would ever think of looking for it there."

She takes the grip and starts up the steps. Parker goes down the hall toward the Pantry. From out of the darkness across the hall, the masked figure steps out.

FLASH to Living room. The hall is in the background.

OGLE

"Its sure funny - its your gun alright - no mistake about that."

FAIRFAX

"Oh, you fool! You idiot!"

OGLE

"And that money - where is it?"

FAIRFAX

"I have told you I don't know."

place to upper hall. Agnes comes running up the stairs with the grip, and goes to her bedroom. As she opens the door, the masked figure rushes on, seizes the grip, throws Agnes roughly into the room, turns, and runs off.

Foot of stairs. Roman comes around the corner, looks up, sees masked figure dashing down the stairs, stops in terror, holding onto the balustrade, the masked figure springs over him.

FLASH to upper hall. Agnes rushing in pursuit of the masked figure.

FLASH to Foyer. Fairfax and Ogle are discovered.

OGLE

"Well, I am going to arrest you, on suspicion of murder."

FAIRFAX

(in hot anger)
"You! You arrest! Why you're a crook yourself!
(he tries to shake himself free.)

Ogle seizes him again and Fairfax strikes him. Ogle's man joins in the struggle. Ogle is putting hand-cuffs on Fairfax when the masked figure comes from the door under the stairway. He looks quickly around, sees the detectives engaged in struggle, dashes for the door, close behind the struggling group. As he opens the door, the wind and rain fly in and force open the other half of the double door.

Agnes rushes on, following the masked figure. She screams at the Detective and Fairfax to seize the man. She grabs the Detective's arm and in her excitement pounds on him, partly turning him around.

AGNES

"Get him! Get him! He's got the money. He's getting away! Oh, go after him!"

Ogle and the detective shake her off and she herself goes out after the masked figure. Fairfax takes advantage of the situation and struggling desperately, throws the men off and goes out into the storm after Agnes. At the same time he trips Ogle so that he goes sprawling into the Living room.

NOTE: The next scene is a storm sequence. The film of the original picture could very well be incorporated into a new production, as it is still very effective. Huge elm trees are shown blowing and bending in the ga le, some are uprooted, others are carried away by the terrific wind. The characters shown in the film are for the most part at such a distance as to be unrecognizable, so that it would only be necessary to make inserts of the new actors for this storm scene.

FLASH to masked figure running through the storm, in the distance we see Agnes being blown about as she tries to follow him.

FLASH to front of house. Fairfax is running from the house, trying to follow Agnes. He is badly handicapped by the fact that he is handcuffed. We see him swaying and sprawling down the path.

FLASH to Agnes trying desperately to fight her way through the storm.

FLASH to front door, exterior. Ogle, having recovered himself, is determined to pursue Fairfax. He comes through the door, hands before his face in an attempt to shield himself from the driving rain.

FLASH to masked figure running toward the right, turns quickly to avoid being struck by a falling tree, when he is struck by a flying limb, which knocks him sprawling into unconsciousness.

FLASH to Romeo, homeward bent. With terror stricken eyes, he comes flying out the front door and down the steps, falls in the road, regains his feet, and tears out of the scene.

FLASH to Agnes trying to fight her way through the storm. She slips and falls. A great tree crashes before her. She picks herself up and runs toward another tree when it is struck by lightening. The searing flames tear blindingly down the trunk of the tree before her. Almost blinded by the wind and rain she falls again, and the limb of a tree falls on top of her, pinning her to the ground. She tries desperately to get out from under it, but she is helpless.

FLASH to Fairfax running wildly - searching.

FLASH long shot of A gun pinioned to the ground at the trunk of a great tree. We see it sway and totter - then it starts falling down toward Agnes.

FLASH of Fairfax searching.

FLASH of Agnes praying. A long shot of trees sea ying, branches flying, etc.

FLASH to Agnes. She looks up and sees the tree slowly - slowly falling down toward her. She screams frantically. Then we see that the tree is caught by a limb of the tree next to it, and its fall is stayed for a time.

FLASH to Fairfax. In the sudden flare of lightening he sees Agnes and her danger. He starts madly forward when he is stricken by flying debris He slips and falls, fights desperately for a moment to rise, but falls back stunned.

FLASH to Agnes.

FLASH to the limb holding the tree. We see it is beginning to give way under the great strain of the heavy tree trunk that threatens death to the girl beneath.

FLASH again to Agnes. She sees the limb is giving away, and screams, struggling wildly to free herself.

FLASH to Fairfax struggling to his feet; he starts forward, toward Agnes.

FLASH TO Agnes. The branch is slowly giving away.

FLASH to Fairfax running frantically.

FLASH to Agnes. The tree above her breaks through the branch. Fairfax rushes to her, lifts the limb from her body and pulls her out just barely before the great tree shatters down upon the spot where she had been.

FLASH to masked figure returning to consciousness. He tries to struggle to his feet.

FLASH to Agnes and Fairfax searching for him.

FLASH long shot - in the glare of the lightening they see the masked figure regain his feet, and they rush after him.

FLASH to house running for home. As he nears a little shack reaching to take shelter in it, it is blown apart by the storm. The roof, the sides of the house, etc., fly around him. The roof sails directly over his head. He runs frantically, dodging, but the roof seems to be pursuing him. At last he comes to another shack, with an inset doorway. Romeo takes refuge in the doorway with a great sigh of relief, and a 'home at last' sort of expression, when to his consternation the shack is lifted by the wind and goes sailing through the air.

LONG SHOT of the shack sailing through the troubled night with the terrified Romeo in the doorway, hanging on for dear life.

FLASH another scene of the shack sailing, it falls and turns over breaking up as it does so and disgorges Romeo back on terra firma.

VIEW CHANGES to Living room. Long shot. Willoughby is standing close by Mrs. Harrington. Jones, Parker and Amelia are opposite them. Parker is endeavouring to Calm Amelia. Fairfax, Agnes, Ogle and the masked figure enter. They are a bedraggled, dripping goup. The others greet them excitedly. Ogle sets down the grip, and tears from the masked figure the scarf he has wrapped about his face, and discloses the feature of Rockmain. There is a gasp of surprise from the group. Rockmain makes one last attempt at a get away but he is stopped. The entire group is horrified that this they had looked on as a friend should turn out to be the murderer and racketeer.

OGLE

"That's him alright. I had my eye on him from the start. He gave me some trouble, but I finally caught him."

FAIRFAX

"I've always thought there was something fishy about you."

FAIRFAX (cont.)

(he turns from Rockmain to Ogle, waving his handcuffs before the detective)
"There, master mind, take these things off!"

Ogle has the key to his assistant and motions for him to unlock the handcuffs.

FAIRFAX

"You, he is the man alright. I remember now, he tried to make me tell him where the money was hidden.

OGLE

(turning to Willoughby aggressively)
"And you were in on it too. I wont stop until I have cornered the whole gang!"

WILLOUGHBY

(coldly)
"Pardon me sir. (he takes from his wallet, his dosier of identification, and shows it to Ogle.)

OGLE

(reading with great surprise)
"Captain Welles of Scotland Yard!"

WILLOUGHBY

"Quite so, sir. Mr. affairs were quite different from this -" (indicating Rockmain) "person's. Our business was the urgent one of trying to identify a certain woman. (he looks toward Jones, who smiles in affirmation)

OGLE

"You - "
(Jones smiles with confidence)

WILLOUGHBY

"I will explain. It was necessary to settle this affair today, as tomorrow the estate of a certain young person would have reverted to other heirs.

OMNI

"What?" "What estate?" "What is he talking about?"

WILLOUGHBY

(turning to Agnes)
"My felicitations! I am indeed happy and honored to

WILLOUGHBY (cont.)

"I greet you by your real name. I am certain you " (indicating the group) "will all be glad to meet the Honorable Lady Mary Stuart-Douglas!" (he bows to Agnes)

FAIRFAX

"I don't get it. What is it all about?"

AGNES

"I - I don't understand. What do you mean?"

WILLOUGHBY

(nodding toward Mrs. Harrington)
"This woman is not your mother. She was part of a plot to rob you, when you were a baby, of your great inheritence. Now this fortune shall be restored to you."

COLE

"For heaven's sake, what a mess!"(turning toward Jones) "What have you got to do with this?"

WILLOUGHBY

"It was through this man, a former caffir, that I found the clue."

JONES

"Quite right sir. It was many years ago. At first, I was not quite sure it was the same lady."

WILLOUGHBY

"And so, in a native and primitive way, he searched and found this locket." (he takes from his pocket two parts of a locket and puts them together) "This part he had saved, the other Madame had saved." (with a nod at Mrs. Harrington) "It contains the pictures of Stuart Douglas and his wife. We have verified this by comparing these miniatures with the paintings in the ancestral home." (turning to Agnes) "These are the pictures of your father and mother."

JONES

(with great feeling)
"In Africa, Lady, your father was about the only white person that was ever kind to me. You have his looks. God is good!"

GAIL

(taking hold of Hawkwin)
"Well, lets go." (to Mrs. Harrington)
"Even what this chap tells me, you will have to come along too."

Agnes seems to be dazed with exhaustion and excitement. Jones joins Willoughby, as Gale and his assistant and Hawkwin and Mrs. Harrington are starting out, Agnes speaks - a trest as though she were speaking to herself.

AGNES

"Mother - I mean - Mrs. Harrington - nothing must - nothing must happen to her."

WILLOUGHBY

"We will be considerate, Lady.

AGNES

(slowly, bewilderdly)
"Somehow - I - feel more alone - now - than ever."

FAIRFAX

(coming toward her)
"Do you know, my Dad had the most wonderful receipe for loneliness."
(Agnes looks at him inquiringly)
"Yes, and he gave that famous receipe to me."

AGNES

"Yes?"

FAIRFAX

(Slipping his arm around her waist, and drawing her toward the window, away from the others.)
"And am I the lad who knows how to use it!"

VIEW CHANGES to Hall. The assistant Detective is preparing to leave. Romeo, chesty, important, is standing next to him.

ROMEO

"What's all them ghost things I mowed down in the ba ck yard?"

DETECTIVE

(quizzically)
"These were the tricks put up by the gang, to frighten people away."

ROMEO

"Ha, two murderers running loose, and I reaches out and ca takes them both!"

QUICK PAN to Petunia standing beside him. She is wearing a very wise and tolerant expression.

PETUNIA

"Ye-es?"

ROMEO

(tosses the matter off lightly)
"Well, I don' seen 'em, anyway!"

FLASH outside, lower steps. The Detective is leaning over, picking up an object we don't see. Romeo and Petunia come out of the door. Petunia is laughing uproariously.

PETUNIA

"My Hero!"

ROMEO

"Yes indeed, Petuny, You is comin' home with me. I'll protect you - "

At this, the white figure of a scarecrow comes up the steps before them. At first only the scarecrow itself is seen. Romeo gives one look, drags Petunia back into the house, and slams the door, as the scaredrow passes our vision and we see it is being carried up the stairs by the detective.

THE END

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# [illegible]

Cast of Characters.

| | |
|---|---|
| Agnes Harrington | Carol Dempster |
| John Fairfax | Henry Hull |
| Hanna Washington | Porter Strong |
| J. Wilson Rockmaine | Morgan Wallace |
| The Neighbor | G. H. Crocker-King |
| Mrs. Harrington | Margaret Dale |
| The Detective | Frank Sheridan |
| Samuel Jones | Frank Dunderlee |
| Auntie Fairfax | Grace Griswold |
| The Maid | Irma Harrison |
| Clary Johnson | Herbert Sutch |
| The Butler | Percy Carr |
| A Guest | Charles E. Mack |

Story of the play by Irene Sinclair
Photography by Hendrik Sartov
Music arranged and synchronised by Albert Pesce

## The Story.

A mystic foreign land, as explained later in the picture - then the story opens.

A beautiful young girl is being sacrificed on the old altars of Greed and Passion. A young girl to whom her mother is indifferent.

A rich man, Rockmaine by name, who is past his youth, has an obsession for Agnes Harrington, the young girl. She but dimly understands his passionate advances. He approaches her. He touches her hand, even the hem of her skirt - she feels repugnance towards him. But to save her mother from impending disgrace, she sacrifices herself on the old stained altars.

Next is shown the home of young John Fairfax in the same neighborhood. Fairfax is a man of breeding from one of the most famous families in the world. He has just returned from abroad - just a natural, whimsical young fellow of today. He doesn't pretend to be a posey matinee or movie hero, but real boy. He returns to his home which reports say is haunted.

Soon after he meets the girl, but does not know of her distressing position - that she is irrevocably sacrificed to Rochmaine. In his eyes it seems that all the happiness of the world is just possessing this girl. Day and night he can think of nothing else.

He manages to get her father to bring her to his house party. There he wrestles, trying to break down the barriers that separate them because he feels in his heart that she loves him also - which the poor girl finds herself doing.

It happens that this house, while Young Fairfax was away, had been used by a band of bootleggers for storage of liquor. Johnson, the chief bootlegger, in his attempts to escape with the immense spoils is pursued by revenue officers; and later is killed in one of the rooms of the house. Suspicion is cast upon the boy; and his troubles in love are added to by the fact that the partner of the first bootlegger attempts to get into the house to find the hidden treasure.

In the Fairfax house is a maid, a beautiful mulatto girl. Here comes a comically romantic darkey, who hearing a murder has been committed decides not to take the job offered him. But he sees the slim, black stockinged little girl and falls so desperately in love he determines to remain and face all danger for her sake.

Then things began to happen. Mysterious figures appear. Eventually the beautiful Miss Harrington and lover, as well as the now thoroughly frightened darkey and his dark sweetheart are all locked in the same house. It seems stark disaster is all around them.

One of the mystery figures is a burly black who is in the house as a butler.

Later, events occur rapidly until, while the beautiful young girl is asleep in her bedroom, a door opens and the crouching form of the negro stalks in. Then, the boy - But the rest you will see.

So in this story of mysteries is a strange battle between the mystery of Passion that has destroyed kingdoms, slain its millions, body and soul, and that ecstatic, tender, true love that uplifts and saves.

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SHORT GRASS

by

Tom W. Blackburn

#16

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# "SHORT GRASS"

~~MAN FROM THE FRONT OFFICE~~

by

Tom W. Blackburn

To Be Published October 27, 1947
by Simon - Schuster

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# Book One

## I

Wind came in from the llanos. It came through the cracked gray poles of the sagging corral on the edge of the mesquite. It ruffled a dingy curtain in an open window along the little mud walled row of cribs below the corral and it whipped unclean wash on a line in the multiple dooryard before the cribs. Fine sand breathed unobtrusively against the worn clapboarding of the La Mesa Mercantile and the slatted half doors of the Texas Pride saloon swung restlessly. Dust rolled against Les Macambridge as he came up the street, depositing grit in his ears, putting its taste in his mouth, and stinging his eyes. Macambridge swore at the dust and the wind, but the protest was automatic. There was always wind on the llanos and Macambridge had no quarrel with the sand in the air. The dust of North Texas was restless. It recorded a man's tracks, but it covered them, also. And it came out of an emptiness into which a man could vanish as simply and effectively as the wind, itself.

Ducking under the clothesline in front of the row of cribs, Macambridge opened a closed door and stepped inside. The room was oppressive, stinky with heat and body smells and the accumulated offensiveness of time. Banta sat in a stick rocker, the broken wicker seat of which had been unskillfully repaired with a wadding of burlap. Banta was without shirt and shoes and his gun belt lay on the ragged quilt footing the shipped iron bedstead. The woman from whom Macambridge had rented the room was on Banta's lap. An empty pint of unlabelled whiskey lay on its side on the stand at the head of the bed. Macambridge pushed the door closed with the flat of his back. He looked at the woman.

"I told you to keep away from us till we were through with this room," he said quietly. "I told you this was business, this time. Get out!"

The woman turned round jet eyes up to Banta's beard stubbled jaw and worned her fat, sagging body confidently closer to him. Macambridge reached the chair in one stride. He hooked a hand in the loose breast folds of the woman's untidy dress and yanked her to her feet. His left hand brushed across her face with smart impact, leaving the white tracery of the backs of his fingers across one round cheek.

"Get out!" he said again. "And keep your mouth shut."

Hand to her face, the woman scuttled to the door and slid out. Banta rose and dropped down on the side of his bed, above his boots. He pulled one of these on and hooked up.

"A man gets lonesome, Les," he murmured. "You take so damned long, getting a two-bit play set up."

It was an explanation of the woman's presence, not an apology. Macambridge carefully accepted it as such. La Mesa was virtually empty and certainly without interest in what occurred at the cribs. A woman's talk would not be listened to.

He de scarcely been done. And Banta could not have opportunity to request his insubordination.

"Get dressed, Jack," Macambridge said. "We're set. Charlie Bissel's place is empty except for a drifter--a saddle bum. And the town is empty. Get down to Bissel's while that drifter's still there."

"I thought we were waiting till Bissel didn't have any trade at all," Banta protested. Macambridge shook his head.

"It'll work better this way. Bissel's been banking this part of the country out of his saloon so long he's spooky as a one-eyed mare. And he's rough, in his way. You go in and brace him alone and he's apt to see tracks. When I come in, he may be half expecting me. So we've got to shoot our way clear, maybe. And Bissel's got enough friends around Lo Mesa to make up an ornery posse if something happened to him. Pete Lynch and some others. We're dodging trouble. At least till we've got our roots down here."

"Hal said we was to jump Bissel when he was alone. That was all figured before we headed for town--all three of us voting the same way." Uneasiness sharpened Banta's voice. Macambridge answered him with persuasive softness.

"Hal's back in the pinions, Jack, waiting for us to show up with the cash out of Bissel's safe. Enough cash to buy those five sections up for sale in Long Draw. It's you and me that are here. And I'm telling you how we do this."

Banta pulled on his other boot and started twisting into his shirt.

"All right. Les. How does it go, then?"

"Soon as this is over, you're moving south to pick up stock. You'll probably be on the move for the next year or two. It won't make any difference if Bissel sees you. You won't be here later to be identified. I'll be here, working the home spread with Hal and Randee, so I've got to keep out of the sun. You've heard about Bissel. He make a point of keeping his place orderly. Won't stand for a tangle in front of his bar. The drifter that's in there now is good

bait. He looks down to the frayed end of his plaiting string. Belly as flat as a tin plate and likely as empty. Down on his uppers, but keeping iron and trying to keep his chin high. He'll be a risky as a loosed bull."

Banta nodded somberly.

"I walk in and put the prod to this bum. When Bissel comes out from behind his bar to break up the noise, you--"

"When Bissel comes out, you get him, Jack," Macambridge cut in. "A mouthful of knuckles or the barrel of your gun. Something to stiffen him long enough for me to get in and our business done and get out again without him knowing I was there. But don't plow him under permanently. We might need him again. The minute he goes down, I'll be in at the door."

"I'd feel better if this drifter wasn't wearing a gun," Banta said. "I might be busy with Bissel. You got to take the drifter off my back, Les--"

"I'll be watching from the door with my iron cocked," Macambridge agreed.

Banta slapped his belt across his hips and snapped the buckle. Lifting his hat from the bed he dropped onto his head.

"You'd be a bad man if you had guts enough to swing the dirty end of a stick yourself, Les," he said wryly. "This is the last time I draw the shag end in a piece of partnership business. I'll telling Hal the same thing when we get back to the ridges."

Macambridge nodddd pleasantly. "All right, Jack. The last time," he agreed.

Banta stepped out into the sunlight. Macambridge eased back into the rocker and rolled himself a smoke with the deliberate relish of a man who has made a good trade. He was plumbing a pocket of his vest for a match when the woman whose cubicle Banta and himself had used to keep off the street pushed open the door with a sister from the next stall behind her. The woman's face was puffy about the place where he had struck her and anger had lifted her temporarily above ingrained fear.

"Chirrimonga," she said. "You stay and the other one goes. Do you cheat me of a mule, too, eh? From now on I watch you. I find your business. Maybe I find your woman. Then I make you trouble. You like that, no?"

Macambridge's cigarette was alight. He flipped the match, still aflame, accurately across the room. It landed in the corner where the bed was jammed against the wall. A seam in the ticking of the mattress was open there, exposing the dusty straw of the filler. The match fired this. Flame leaped up. Shrieking, the two women leaped onto the bed and began pummeling at the fire. Macambridge crossed to the door.

"Like I told you," he said harshly, "you'll keep your motuhs shut!"

Stepping outside, Macambridge turned unhurriedly up the brief street. Jack Banta was swinging rapidly along ahead of him, nearly to Bissel's saloon. Midway down was the mercantile, shuttered in the absence of its owner--whom Fenton had learned in laying his careful plans for this, was out with his wagon to the county seat for a load of supplies. Except for Banta and himself, discounting the women in the shacks behind him, Macambridge knew the town was empty. His satisfaction grew.

Something never came from nothing without hard work, certain risks, and careful thinking. This was a good partnership--Hal Fenton, Banta, and himself. Fenton was a plugger, determined and bull headed, but with enough sharpness to see the big stakes when they came up on the table. He knew cattle. He knew where he was going. And he had no qualms over methods. There was Hal's younger brother, dreaming himself into casting a bigger shadow than he really owned, but still old enough to make an extra hand when there was need. And Banta--Banta had been valuable in the beginning. He had an uncanny ability to locate cattle which could be moved quietly, quickly, and at a profit. And he was hard enough to bluuf down pressure against them if it built too high. But they had enough stuff in the ridges to work from, now. Their increase could be legal from here

on if they could get the additional grease to feed it, and Banta had become a stray thumb--a little too toughy and a little too sure. If there would be trouble in the partnership, it would stem from Banta, Macambridge smiled. If--Mel Fenton was not the only man who could lay a plan.

Banta turned from the walk into the Texas Pride saloon. Macambridge lengthened his stride a little, watching his timing closely. Reaching the doorway of the saloon, he halted and silently parted the doors slightly, so that he had a view of the interior. Banta had been direct, even in this. He build up at all. Riding through on a high, hard hand, the same way he worked with a horse or a woman. He had jumped the stranger at the foot of the bar as though picking up an old quarrel, renewed by a chance meeting. Macambridge watched the drifter's face register surprise, then fine down into a hard mask of swift anger.

"You're making a mistake, Mister!" the stranger snapped at Banta. It was more a warning than a protest. Banta bore down recklessly.

"You made yours when you lit down again in the same town with me. You're asking for this--"

Banta moved forward with arrogant truculence. Macambridge swung his attention to Charlie Bissel. The saloonman had ducked momentarily behind his bar. He came up with a length of maul handle in his hand.

"Hold it boys!" Bissel protested sharply. "Outside with that--!"

"Keep out of this!" Banta growled, over his shoulder. "This bucko's got a pistol whipping coming and he's going to get it--right now!"

In the doorway, Macambridge drew and cocked his gun. The next instant was a flurry of motion within the saloon. Banta swayed his body and lifted his gun effortlessly in an apparently open attempt to take a clubbing pass at the man in front of him. The drifter, eyes alert, stepped sharply back. His hands dropped,

but an element of surprise still obviously tempered his anger at Dante's bullying. Charlie Bissel, sweating heatedly, came over the bar in a clumsy leap, his scut handle high.

Dante was smooth. Changing footing and direction, he swung in close to Charlie Bissel and brought the barrel of his gun up in a sharp arc. As Bissel's feet struck the floor, the front sight of the weapon rapped softly against the under side of his jaw. Bissel sagged and spilled off to one side. Weapon in hand, Dante wheeled defensively back toward the stranger. And as Dante swung, Lee Macambridge fired carefully in the doorway. The bullet struck Dante in the back of the head and dumped him into the litter at the foot of the bar.

Macambridge pushed through the door, holstering his gun as he moved. The stranger jerked his attention from the two men on the floor, his eyes screened defensively. Macambridge grinned in an easy simulation of relief.

"Got him just in time," he said.

"For who?" the stranger asked bluntly.

"For you!" Macambridge grunted. "He'd have nailed you, sure--with your hands empty."

"You wasted your powder, the stranger said quietly. "He'd never have touched me!"

The statement was without vanity. Macambridge felt a curious uneasiness. He shook it off with an effort.

"Well, he's down and you're up. Add it any way you want. We'd better hit leather."

"Why?"

Macambridge felt a rising irritation.

"Ever hear of the law?" he snapped. The stranger smiled.

"Somewhere, I guess. But not on the short grass. Law doesn't grow on the

llanos. A man makes his own as he goes along."

"Then stay here and make yours. When that bartender comes around, he'll remember you were tangling with the other one there, and I won't be around to swear you didn't put a slug into his head--from behind."

The drifter's crooked smile widened.

"Horse sense," he conceeded. "I didn't figure this rot in the mud was exactly paradise, but I aimed to eat before I moved on. If you can lead me to a chuck wagon closer than a day's ride, I'll drift with you. I'd as soon have company as not."

"Bring the horses up in back, then," Macambridge said. "Mine's back of the corral--a bay with a shoulder blaze. I'll cover up here till you're back."

The stranger pushed through the curtained doorway leading to Bissel's living quarters in the rear of the saloon. Macambridge waited until he heard the outer door close, the doubled the end of the bar and squatted down before Bissel's open safe. It contained some papers, a tin change box, and three greasy cigar boxes. He found what he wanted in one of these. A thick sheaf of bills of various demoninations--an accomodation kept on hand by Bissel for customers who were a long three-day ride from the nearest bank. Emptying the box, he shoved the bills into his shirt. Coming out from behind the bar, he knelt by Bissel and satisfied himself that the saloonman was still unconscious.

Macambridge was waiting at the back door when the drifter brought up the horses. The stranger's mount was a misbred, patchy, shag coated paint with the loose jointed walk of an animal which has been ridden too far too many days on end. So the man was a long drifter. A looking kind which seldom found the right bunk or the right graze. This was a final touch of perfection. Macambridge figured he's get this man well started across the llanos. In the direction of the Red River would be best. He'd likely keep going. Back in La Mesa, Charlie

Bissel would hang the robbery on the stranger and in a while it would be forgotten. Out on the ridges, there would be just the two Fentons and Macambridge, quietly buying up the Long Draw sections with Bissell's money. A tight partnership, building a big ranch out of nothing more than guts, powder, and the sparse, rich grass of the llanos. Hal Fenton, Macambridge knew, would be well satisfied with all aspects of the business he had done in Le Mesa.

Macambridge whistled his way out of town. Just over the crest of the first swell beyond the empty street, his companion twisted in his saddle.

"Sort of cheerful for a gent who's just made somebody a nasty job of grave-digging," he remarked. Macambridge chuckled.

"My name's Macambridge. What's yours?"

"Lewellyn," the stranger answered. "Steve Lewellyn. If you're so damned happy, why don't you sing? It couldn't be any worse than your whistling."

Macambridge felt a bite in this man. He felt something else, too. The uneasiness which had shaken him when he first stepped into Bissel's saloon. This man was no kid. A long kind, loosely built and hard. The kind to which youth clung. Reckless, certainly. Likely quick enough to temper and as quick in judgement. There was something in the eyes, in the set of the face--maybe even in the economy of motion with which Lewellyn rode which marked him. The mark of a man who could be dangerous. Macambridge instinctively knew this Lewellyn had a feeling for the right of things--a principle, perhaps--and he had a limit beyond which he would not go.

Macambridge stopped his whistling. They rode on in silence, an irritating smile pulling at Lewellyn's lips. It lasted foru or five miles, with Macambridge slowly bending their course so they swung closer to Pete Lynch's place in the bottoms along Willow Creek and farther from the brush camp on the ridges where Hal and Randee Fenton waited Macambridge's return. They had about reached the

piece where Macambridge figured he would cut off and let Lewellyn cut his own track alone when Lewellyn spoke without turning his head.

"Talkative as hell, aren't you?"

Macambridge was startled. "First I've got to find you a chuck wagon. Now I've got to amuse you, too."

"I doubt if I'd be amused," Lewellyn answered. "It just seemed likely that what's in you would come busting out and you'd get around to telling me what your count against the lad you nailed back in town might have been."

"The one that jumped you? Never saw him before."

Lewellyn shrugged slightly.

"You can't whistle and you lie worse. I saw you in the doorway when he first started to climb me. You were waiting for something. I never like to be pushed around for a blue chip in somebody's game unless I know what else is on the table. We'll let it go at that."

Macambridge scowled. Here was trouble. Lewellyn could talk when he met company again. Talk travelled fast on the short grass. It could come back, years later, with plenty of hurt left in it. Macambridge saw what the rest of it would have to be. He didn't think it would be too hard. Somebody's find this Lewellyn out here on the slopes, face down in the sod. Finding him would only further cloud up the facts of what had happened today in La Mesa. In the long run, this was likely the best solution. First Banta--now, Lewellyn--

Macambridge was very careful. He continued to ride loosely, giving his companion no more attention than he had before, and he waited. The time was a long while in coming. It came on the bank of a cutbank with a notch only wide enough for one horse to slide for the bottom at a time. He eased his mount unobtrusively a little to one side, as though the animal had refused the slide of its own volition. Lewellyn appeared to suspect nothing. He put his horse into the notch. In the moment that his horse was tilted sharply downward

and the man's thighs were gripping his saddle so tightly that he could not easily shift, Macambridge drew and fired.

He was so close to his target that he could see the dust fly from Lewellyn's shirt. And when the dust was gone, he could see the small round hole the bullet left behind it. A small round hole near the center of Lewellyn's shoulder blade. The impact of the bullet drove the man forward and down across the horn of his saddle and his hat rolled into the dust. Macambridge sagged with relief and started to let his gun down. In that instant, the incredible happened in front of him.

Lewellyn caught himself before he was out of his saddle. He rolled his shoulders. His gun came up from under him, its barrel lying back along under an upraised arm. Macambridge could see the dark steel ring of its muzzle. There was fire, sound. The recovery and the twist and the shot all seemed to come together. Macambridge knew it could not have happened, yet it had.

There was much else he knew in this motionless instant, but it did not have time to form completely in his mind. The flame of Lewellyn's gun engulfed him. It lifted him from his saddle. It was at once a brief agony and an infinity of oblivion, into which he fell, headlong.

II

In late summer, when the cattle had come in off of higher ground to the bottoms in search of graze, Willow Creek ran dark with the muck cut up by their hooves and it took half an hour for a bucket of the water to settle out clear enough for drinking. There were leeches in the creek then, finger long and voracious, and a week didn't pass without a thick bodied diamondback showing up in the brush along the creek near the house. But this early in the year Willow Creek was clear and fresh and the deep pool below the ford was a constant invitation when the sun was high.

Sharon Lynch climbed out on the grass on the far bank and arched back in a shallow dive into the water. There was exhilaration in the mild chill and the rush of the water past her body. There was a freshness and a feeling of cleanliness which defeated the eternal dusty gray-gree of the ridges reaching out to the horizon. Back at the near bank, Sharon rose from the water and came up the gravelly shingle to the edge of the grass. A large, use-softened

towel and her dress and a can of soft soap were piled there. She paused and looked southeastward toward Long Draw. Her father and the two Mexican riders he employed had ridden out toward the draw after breakfast. They were not yet back in sight, which meant she could have at least an hour before they returned.

Picking up the can of soap, Sharon went back to the water's edge and began to lather herself. She used the soap prodigally--as a ritual and a luxury, rather through any need. There was, she supposed, something wrong in these afternoon baths when the ranch yard was deserted, but she treasured them. The sun on her body, daily browning it to an unmarred warmer tan, was a reminder of her youth. The water and the rich lathering of soap and the short, splashing dives into the creek were a delightful rebellion against the set pattern of a woman's life on this monotony of grass which offered a man challenges to match his labors but which held nothing for a woman beyond the changeless routine of her chores.

Lathered from head to toe, hair and body, Sharon tossed the soap up onto the grass and stepped back into the water. As she did so, she looked up. A horse was part of the way out into the ford above her, motionless. And the horse bore a man. A man with a slumped body and a pallid face turned toward her with unmistakable interest. Paralysis seized her. She had not kept an eye on the country to the westward. It was empty. She had not expected anyone to approach from that direction. There was no place among the ridges to the west from which anyone could come. So she stood for a moment, all soap and astonishment, unable to move.

The man reached awkwardly for his hat and removed it. His eyes smiled and his lips smiled.

"Excuse me, Miss--" he said so softly that his words were nearly drowned in the rush of the creek.

The smile did it. An admiring smile; honest and inoffensive, but a smile,

nevertheless. Anger came up in Sharon and her paralysis fled. She took a forward step and launched herself in a flat dive. It did not quite come off. It was too flat; the water was too shallow. She struck the surface noisily, flinging up a soapy spray, and she wriggled frantically for deeper water like a stranded fish. Soap from her hair ran into her eyes and smarted. She scraped one knee on the sand of the bottom. But she reached the center of the pool and cleared her eyes and floated her hair about her on the surface like a screen.

Her dive had startled the horse in the ford. The animal was shying nervously. Sharon had surfaced with a lashing for this intruder on the tip of her tongue but she withheld it in fresh astonishment, watching the man. His hat had escaped him and was floating on the current toward her. He had lost his reins. The trailed into the water from the bit. And he was gripping the horn of his saddle with both hands in a peculiar sort of desperation. The shying of his horse rocked him in the saddle. He glanced once toward Sharon with a look somehow apologetic, then his head canted limply forward, tension ran from his body, and he tilted slowly forward and down into the water.

The current across the shallows of the ford rolled his body once before Sharon saw the shocking stain of blood which covered almost the whole back of his shirt. She struck out then, swimming against the current, and was into knee-deep water when the creek brought the man's body to her. She caught him under his arms, bending her back to his limp weight, and dragged him ashore. She left him on the gravel, his boots still in the water, while she ran to the edge of the grass, dropped her dress over her head, and hurried back with the towel. Rolling him over, she pulled up his shirt and wadded the towel over the hole in his shoulder. The blue rimmed wound had begun to bleed again, darkly. She knew she could not drag him farther. The strength of neither would be equal to that.

Leaving him again, she ran toward the house. There was a dilapidated barrow

in the tack shed. Stumbling, running, she wheeled this back to the creek. The barrow tilted unmanageably and the man's body was heavy, the more difficult to handle for its limpness. And the barrow's narrow wheel cut deeply into the sod when she tried to push it up the small rise toward the house. When she reached the dooryard she was sobbing for breath and a wild fear was in her. Fear that the man would die--that he would die now, while she was alone with with him, before her father and Diego and Manuel returned to the house. Sharon was afraid of death. Miserably afraid. There was blood on her arms and she was sick.

The man's boot heels raked up the little braided rugs on the floor of the front room as she dragged him across it and his wet clothes left a trail of water on the planking. She had trouble getting him past the stove beside the kitchen door and when she had rolled him onto her bed in the little ell off of the kitchen she thought she could do no more. But there was a blue tinge creeping into the pallor of the drawn face and she realized he was chilling.

It was not a thing a woman did, but she stripped the wet clothes from him and heaped every quilt and blanket on the place high on the bed. The chill seemed to subside. She wasn't sure. But she could think of nothing else. Going onto the porch, she searched the horizon in the direction of long draw. Far off across the gray ridges, she saw movement. She felt heartened. Her father was on the way back. Pete Lynch was an old man and a tired one, but he was wise. The llanos had made him so. He would know what to do.

Sharon went back into the kitchen and sank down in a chair at the table. She looked at the face. It did not belong to a boy, but it was young. Stretched thin with pain, she could learn nothing more from it. Rising, she hung the wet clothes behind the stove. She lifted the belted gun last. She did not like its weight. She did not like the cold beauty and symmetry of the weapon,

but she pulled it from its holster and carefully dried barrel and grips with a kitchen cloth. Going to her father's battered desk, she returned with a cleaning rod and a cleaning patch. She ran this through the barrel and methodically ejected the cartridges in the cylinder, drying each chamber as she emptied it. The fifth contained an exploded shell. The sixth chamber was empty, after the universal habit of saddle men. Sharon looked a long time at the fired shell, then dropped it into the firebox of the stove and shoved the live cartridges into empty loops in the nearly full cartridge belt from which the holster hung. Placing the gun on a shelf, she went back to the chair at the table.

Presently her steadiness returned and she found her mind going back to the scene at the creek, searching details for something to ease the returning sting of her embarrassment. She remembered the man's smile and his eyes. Particularly his eyes--stricken, glazed with hurt, but seeming to say: "Beautiful--beautiful!" as they looked at her. Cleanly, the way that might look at a tall tree or antelope on spring graze or a thunder tower against a sunset when the late summer rains came. And the hat--he had taken off his hat.

It was hard to sit in a chair with the quick, light sound of a wounded man's breathing in her ears and the torment of questions the coming of a stranger on the llanos always raised, and be able to do nothing about it beyond waiting. But Sharon had schooled herself. Not to be as hard as the llanos, themselves, as were most men and some women on the short grass. That hardness was not in Sharon. If it had been, even in the beginning, she would have broken it. Her judgement was most severe against herself. She hoped she had iron; she needed it. But of another kind. Or maybe more stubbornness than iron. A conviction that justice was not an individual judgement nor the execution of it an individual prerogative. A conviction that the frontier of which she was a part had but a single road by which it could reach the orderliness necessary for full settle-

ment. A road milestoned by sober meetings and problems quietly discussed, not by the bodies of men dead of personal quarrels and the hot, proud flaring of hasty anger.

These were her beliefs. She had nursed them since she could remember, hating her helplessness, schooling herself to patience and a tight control over the sickness of body and spirit the flaring of violence left in her. Her father would not need her forever. There would come a time when she was free of her obligation to him. And because she was a woman and would be young, even then, with beauty and her self as weapons, she would have power--at least over one man. If she chose that man rightly when the time came, she could do much through him. This thought sustained her when waiting was bitter--as it was, now.

The man under the blankets on her bed continued to breathe with sharp and painful shallowness. Sharon contiued to wait until she heard her father and his two men ride into the yard. She went to the door. Manuel was leading the wounded man's horse. They had already been down to the ford, then. Her father swung down from his dusty horse and came up toward the house with long strides, his saddle gun in his hands with its hammer cared back.

"It's all right, Pete," Sharon called from the porch. "A stranger. Fell out of his saddle at the ford. I've got him in bed in the kitchen. He's asleep. Maybe he can talk when he's rested."

Pete turned to his waiting riders.

"Turn the horse in with the others--" He came on up the steps, his eyes on Sharon. "How long ago did he show up?"

"About an hour. With a bullet in his back. He'd come a long way with it."

Pete pushed past her into the house and ducked through the low kitchen doorway. He did not turn toward the bed. His eyes travelled from the wet clothes and the brass laden belt hanging behind the stove to the shelf on which

Sharon had put the wounded man's gun. Lifting the weapon, he spun the empty cylinder. His eyes hoped to Sharon.

"Unloaded," he grinned. "How handle this?"

"I dried it," Sharon said carefully.

"No brand on the horse; no smoke in the gun. But a bullet in the back. I don't like it. I hope he can talk."

"I said he was sleeping, Pete," Sharon protested quietly.

Her father made no answer. He stripped the blankets back from the man's bare torso. With a gentleness which too often betrayed him, he felt about the chest area where the bullet had come out and rolled the man's body slightly to examine the hole over the shoulder blade. There was skill in the examination, but it was short. Pete Lynch replaced the blankets and pulled off his hat.

"He ain't sleeping, Honey," he said wearily. "He's unconscious--out. It's been a rough day, eh?"

"He's going to die?"

Pete nodded and turned back to the man on the bed.

"You could tell by where the holes are, but let that go. How the hell he ever sat saddle after he took that is beyond me. Go by the breathing and the color. Either one's enough by itself. Poor devil! He's finished."

Sharon was staring at the man's bloodless face. The eyes opened suddenly. They reached up at Pete with a shadow of mockery. A vestige of a grin pulled at his lips. There was an instant in which the marshalling of strength was an obvious effort in him. Then his lips moved and a question came faintly.

"Want to put a blue chip down on that?"

Pete snorted astonishment and bent forward. The man's lips continued to move.

"Go away. I don't want a nurse--with whiskers--"

The eyes swung to Sharon. The smile grew wider for a moment, then faded.

The rounder one closed his eyes again.

Jess shrugged out of his vest and pealed back the cuffs of his shirt.

"You've got water no, round; Get me your rainmaker and scrubber chits that's always that I can put up. Then cut out front and stay there unless I holler for power."

III

Lewellyn waited until the hoof roll of Pete Lynch's horse had faded before he swung his legs over the side of his bed. He had been lying for nearly two weeks in changes of Pete's drawers. Pete was a shorter man and rounder in the middle, so the drawers made a funny fit, too short in the crotch and inadequate as hell, everyplace else. He looked at his arched, boot shaped feet and the blue veined thinness of his legs. This was a poor exchange for his first glimpse of Sharon--one flash of heaven in an afternoon of hell already mercifully receeding in his memory--but he had to have his clothes. And two weeks with Sharon around him had convinced him there was only one way he would ever get his gear.

He started gingerly across the floor. He was a little unsteady, but not quite as wobbly as he had feared he would be. The thing which troubled him most was the sagging stiffness in his shoulder. Not a hurt, exactly--hardly even a discomfort, most of the time. More a tight singing of nerves imbedded in knitting flesh, alive with a constant warning that there was a short limit to what these

Lewellyn paused in the kitchen doorway to assure steadiness, then stepped on into the front room. Sharon had just come back in from the front porch. She stared at his incredulously, then with half anger.

"What are you doing up--like that?"

Lewellyn looked downward at himself and grinned at her.

"Shd look better if they fit," he suggested.

"You get back into bed!" Sharon said firmly. Lewellyn continued to grin and moved toward the front door.

"I want a look at the--"

Sharon watched him take a pair of strides before she smiled.

"For heaven's sake, all right! Sit down and stay away from that door till I find your clothes. Diego and Manuel are down the yard somewhere. They're not as used to you as I am. I don't think they could stand you like that!"

The chair was welcome enough. Lewellyn sank into it.

"Not very grateful," he accused. "I figured I owed you something like this to even the score."

Sharon was at the clothes press in the corner, her back to him. She didn't turn, but he saw the color rise on the back of her neck.

"I told you I'd poison you, Steve Lewellyn, if you ever mentioned that--that afternoon again!"

She turned, dumped his carefully pressed and folded clothing onto his lap, and went into the kitchen, pulling the door sharply closed behind her. For all of her color, there had been laughter in her eyes. Lewellyn chuckled. A man rode a long trail, sometimes, to find the quiet eddies where enjoyment came easily.

Dressed, feeling strangely uncomfortable in his own clothes, he was still

shoulder when Sharon came back in from the kitchen. She surveyed him critically.

"I think a horse would have looking at you, now," she decided. "But don't get any idea you're ready for a saddle, yet."

Lewellyn shook his head and thrust his head into the sleeve in the waistband of his pants.

"No," he agreed ruefully. "Got to take care of this, first. What's to eat?"

"An hour after breakfast!" Sharon protested. "Isn't there anything to a man but dirty clothes and a kitchen table?"

"Not much, I guess," Steve conceeded. "Born in trouble, live in trouble, die in trouble--it adds up to about that for most of us, I think. And it's a woman who's hurt. It should be different."

"Can it be?"

Sharon's eyes were suddenly somber, serious, almost pleading. Lewellyn, who had been relishing the lightness they had between them, felt a stir of regret. But he answered her honestly.

"I don't know."

Sharon sat down facing him. She pulled one of Pete's shirts from the table onto her lap and threaded a button. She did not look up.

"Pete said you'd die, Steve," she said. "Even I know that you should have. But you didn't. Why?"

"You'd done enough. I didn't want you digging my grave, too."

Sharon brushed this aside.

"Was it because you'd left something undone? Something you wanted to do. Was it because you'd been shot--in the back?"

Steve made no answer.

"You've never told us how it happened--who it was--"

"No," Steve said. Sharon put down her sewing.

"All right, Steve," she said. "I'll not pry into that, then. It doesn't concern me, I suppose. But this does, and I want the real answer. Why did you get up today? Why not yesterday--or tomorrow? Was it because today Pete is riding into La Mesa for the first time since you came here?"

Steve tilted back in his chair. A man could not side step inevitability.

"I passed through La Mesa the day I fell into your creek, Sharon. Pete Lynch would never ask a sick man to move on. I guess I wanted to save him that. I wanted to be on my feet when he came back."

"That's all you want to say, Steve?"

"That's all."

Sharon was silent for a long moment, her long lashes down over her eyes and her high, cool forehead furrowed with thought.

"Do you know why Pete went into La Mesa today?"

Lewellyn shook his head.

"There are some relinquished homesteads bounding us over in Long Draw which can be bought up for the county taxes. We've wanted them, but a snakeskin outfit up in the ridges has wanted them, too. So Pete stepped out of the way."

"Because you wanted him to?"

"Because I wanted him to? Yes. But the ridge outfit hasn't made any move. Even I can keep Pete waiting only so long. He has a friend in town who has a little money. He's gone in to see if he can borrow enough to buy those sections in Long Draw."

"What about the ridge outfit, then?"

"It's a partnership. Three men. Hal Fenton, Leslie Macambridge, and John Banta. They're new in here. We've never even seen Banta. We don't know them. We can only guess."

"Sometimes guessing isn't hard."

"Yes, I know," Sharon said. "But Pete is a man. He can sell himself anything he wants to believe. I'm worried, Steve."

"There's something I can do?"

"If you will. No one in Los Cerros would have put a bullet in your back, your trouble wasn't there. I'm sure of that. I want you to stay, regardless of the story Pete brings home or what he says to you. I want you to stay here. I want you to help him."

Lewellyn shrugged.

"A man who doesn't want help can't be forced, Sharon. But if Pete will have me when he gets back, he's got another hand for as long as he needs one, spurs, saddle, and gun."

Sharon's frown deepened.

"He doesn't need a saddle hand, Steve. And the gun--you don't understand. Pete says a cattleman is born wise to stock and the grass. And he says you're a cattleman. He respects your opinions. Try to keep him from building something too big out here. He's getting old. This isn't what I want when he's gone. He doesn't belong out of shallow water. Keep him clear of trouble. Don't let him tangle with that outfit in the ridges over the land in Long Draw."

"I'll talk to him--if he'll listen," Lewellyn agreed. "If the ridge outfit has got first rights in Long Draw, I'll try to keep Pete out of it, for you. I couldn't do it any other way."

Lewellyn knew Sharon was not satisfied with this, but he had his own convictions and his own knowledge. On the llanos there was only one road into trouble and one out. A man had no choice. Pete Lynch would go as the wind blew, as his luck led him. A man always did.

Sharon rose and headed toward the kitchen.

"You said you were hungry--" she murmured.

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Pete Lynch rode home with the sunset, sitting a little twisted in his saddle as a tired man will. Lewellyn watched him come in across the home bench and dismount at the corral. Manuel came out of the bunk shack to look after Pete's horse. Pete spoke briefly with Manuel, then turned up toward the house with a slow stride. Sharon ran down the steps and met him in the yard. Pete kissed her affectionately and they came on together. None of it was misleading. Lewellyn waited patiently in his chair.

As they came onto the veranda, Pete threw Lewellyn a quick, challenging look and touched Sharon's arm.

"Get supper on," he said. "I want to talk to Steve."

Sharon glanced at her father and sank onto the veranda rail.

"I think I want to hear this--" she said quietly. Pete shrugged and turned to Lewellyn.

"Charlie Bissel's safe in his saloon was cleaned out the day you rode in here, Steve," he said carefully. "Charlie and met spent the day putting our cards together. Here's how they came out. Banta, one of the partners in the outfit on the ridges above Long Draw, came in while you were in Charlie's place and jumped you. He played it like he'd known you before. But Charlie's a hard one to fool. He figures now you'd never seen the man before, that Banta was using you for bait. Anyway, it looked like trouble. Charlie came over his bar to quiet it and got Banta's gun in his face.

"When he came to, you were gone and his cash was gone and Banta was dead on the floor. You showed up here a few hours later, back-shot and buckling at the knees. So somebody must have got both you and Banta from behind while Charlie was out, and you dragged yourself this far after they's beat it with the

money. It was something like that, Steve?"

Lewellyn looked at Sharon. She was watching him with a peculiar fixity, caught in a struggle between curiosity and an aversion for the details of violence. Perhaps there was distrust in her, as there was in Pete. Distrust and caution. A stubbornness would not let Lewellyn guess it. His ride with Macambridge was done. The fare had been paid, both ways. And that ride did not concern Pete Lynch or his daughter.

"Something like that," he nodded to Pete.

Lynch stepped into the doorway of the house with something like relief on his face, as though he had expected no more than half an answer and so was satisfied with what he had heard. Sharon rose after a moment and followed him without comment. Steve heard her presently in the kitchen, dishing up supper from the stove. Pete almost immediately reappeared on the veranda and squatted down on his heels beside Lewellyn's chair.

"This isn't for Sharon," the old rancher said swiftly. "Get her out of this yard and what she knows or understand about the llanos wouldn't cause you trouble in your eye. I wasn't the only one in La Mesa today, Steve. Hal Fenton was donw from the ridges. Banta was one of his partners. Somebody found the other one--Les Macambridge--out on the grass with a center hole through his shirt pocket. Hal won't miss either one of 'em. He could buy 'em both coffins and be plenty ahead, what with the ridge outfit all his, now. He just figured there was somebody on the flats fast enough to be watched. Banta and Les Macambridge had been lads who could handle themselves. Maybe Hal was spooked a little on account of that. I kept my mouth shut, but I reckon I could have told him where to look--"

"Why didn't you?"

"Because I wanted the answer to one question from you, first. Did you

take Bissel's cash out of his safe?"

Lewellyn shook his head. Pete's eyes brightened.

"We'll haul up right there, then, son. That's far enough [illegible]. If there's anything else, it's your business. I was set on asking a loan from Bissel. He's clean, so that's out, now. But I still aim to hook onto those sections in Long Draw. I want 'em as much as Fenton does and I've got to clinch them before he does. You got to grow in this country. And my string is playing out. I'm thinking of Sharon. I got to pile up something here for her. So with a loan from Charlie out, I've got to turn someplace else. Maybe take in a partner, or something. I've got a notion you'd fatten up on this grass, Steve."

Lewellyn understood perfectly. A man made strange compromises on the llanos. Pete Lynch knew Fenton's partners had made a try for Bissel's money. He knew they had failed. And he was reasonably certain Lewellyn could lay his hands on the money. His one question had been sop to his conscience. If Lewellyn had not actually robbed Bissel's safe, to hell with the rest of it. That money would still buy land.

"You'll find some bills rammed into a pocket in the lining of the skirt of my saddle, Pete," Lewellyn said quietly. "I don't know about this grass, but if there's enough cash there to do you any good, you've made yourself a deal."

Pete rose, nodding satisfaction. He offered his hand.

"We'll get along, Steve."

Lewellyn glanced down the length of the veranda, momentarily ignoring the outstretched hand. He smiled slightly.

"We should, as long as you keep on coppering your bets, Pete," he said wryly. "Think you can call the boys off and send them down to wash up for supper, now?"

Pete colored darkly and slowly turned. He glanced back at Lewellyn, then grinned. He raised his voice a little.

"It's all right, boys. Tomorrow you start taking orders from Steve the same as from me."

There was movement at the end of the veranda. Samuel Goss and Diego Aguilar rose from hiding there. Both looked a little uncomfortable. They holstered drawn guns and moved down the yard together with obvious relief. Llewellyn leaned forward in his chair and took Pete's hand. When he looked up, Sharon was standing in the doorway of the house, watching them both. There was no way to tell how long she had been there.

## IV

There were thirty-two hundred dollars in the lining of Lewellyn's saddle skirt. A crumpled sheaf of bills which Pete Lynch brought undisturbed into the kitchen long after Sharon was asleep in the outer room in order to count them in front of Lewellyn. Enough to clear the Long Draw sections and to add some needed equipment and a head or two of breeding stock to Pete's own investment in the ranch. Pete was outspoken in his enthusiasm. Lewellyn was mildly astonished to discover under the impetus of this windfall of cash, that Pete was younger and more spirited than he had earlier thought.

With the possibility that Half Fenton would discover a way to move into Long Draw, Pete was impatient. He was up early, saddled and with his trail-gear packed. He promised Sharon and Lewellyn a quick trip and an early return. Steve was not overjoyed. He had not tired as much as he had expected on his first day up and the prospect of the better part of a week with Sharon and himself alone in the house was pleasant.

However, Pete was still in sight, far across the benches, and Lewellyn was

still beside her on the verandah when Sharon made a difference in this.

"Before Diego and Manuel start down the creek this morning," she said quietly, "call them up here, Steve. I want them to carry your bedding down to the shack. They can rig up another pole bunk for you and you'll be comfortable, I think."

"You want to be alone in the house?" Steve was surprised.

"No. I hate being alone in this country. I always have. But I think you'd better move."

"Pete wasn't worried. Why should you be--or maybe it's so the neighbors won't talk?"

"Do you think what neighbors might say would make any difference with me--if we had any?"

Lewellyn looked at her--the widely set eyes, the pride in her carriage, the large, strong mouth--the full, firm, proud figure she made against the brilliant sunlight beyond the eaves of the veranda. He shook his head.

"No. You'd make few fridnds among neighbors, I guess. I don't think you'd care if you made enemies. You'd only care that you were right. That's it, isn't it?"

"Call Diego or Manuel. I want to get my own bed moved back where it belongs."

Lewellyn laughed softly.

"It couldn't be that now I'm on my feet, you're afraid of me--?"

Sharon turned clear eyes on him. Her head tipped a little back.

"There's one thing you should know, Steve Lewellyn; one thing you should remember. I'm not afraid of a man alive. I never will be!"

Steve reached out for her, then. He pulled her to him and bent toward her still upturned face. Her lips were momentarily hard and angry under his. He had meant this all casually, but a sudden harsh aggressiveness seized him and Sharon wilted before it. She clung to him with almost a wildness and in this

moment Lewellyn, with a man's slowness of perception in some things, understood her loneliness and bitterness and the constant, impotent hatred she nursed against the kind of light to which she was bound on the llanos. He released her and stepped back.

"Always be a little afraid of everything, Sharon," he said gently. "Even kittens have teeth, and you never know when they'll sink them in you." Turning to the steps, he went down them, sailing across the yard:

"Diego--Manuel, venga aqui!"

Lewellyn spent the day at the bunk shack, rebuilding the rope-spring bunk the Mexican hands had rigged for him and straightening up the disorder of the room enough to make it bearable. The noon hour came and passed with no attention from Sharon. The hands returned in late afternoon and washed up noisily in the trough under the bottom bar of the corral. Presently they came on to the shack and paused together, just within the door, surveying the unaccustomed orderliness.

The glanced at each other. Diego, heavier and older and more sure of himself than his companion, scowled at Lewellyn. He swept the interior of the shack with his hand.

"We got to keep the sleeping place like this?" he complained. "Working a saddle is not enough? We got to scrub and sweep, too? Maybe Manuel and me, we don't like a job with two bosses!"

"Specially when you've got to sleep with one, eh?" Lewellyn chuckled. "Climb off the high horse, Diego. You boys liked the shack the way it was. I like it this way. It's up to me to see it stays mucked up, then. Fair enough?"

Both men looked relieved. Manuel eyed Steve closely and finally spoke, chosing his words with care, but with humor surfacing in his eyes.

"So you don't care for the sleeping at the boos house, eh, Senor Lewellyn?"

The [illegible] was plain. Lewellyn, a border man, knew his border people. Gallantry was understandable, but seldom seen. It was, therefore, fertile ground for the making of jokes. He grinned.

"You're both Te jenos. All three of us wear the same size boots. Let's say I liked sleeping in the bunk house too well."

The two riders laughed.

"Si, pero," Diego agreed knowingly. "It is enough to make a man sweat. A peach on a cholla stem, for a fact. This is no country to a woman who can fit her backside into a small saddle. So much wanting in the eyes. Ai, there are days when it is difficult to ride for Senor Lynch, even for us, who have had too many women!"

"Too many?" Lewellyn murmured. "You don't look dead yet to me."

It took no more than that. It was as lonely in a bunk shack as in a boss house on the short grass. Men had their vanities and the strange satisfaction of idle talk. To understand this and to share in it forged an easy bond. And beneath it lay the secure knowledge that Pete's Lynch's two men would ride a hard trail into hell for Sharon without demand beyond recognition of their service. The indefinable aura which made a lady of a woman and the lack of which branded a harlot was nowhere so readily recognized or so generally respected as on the dun grass of the Texas plains.

When Sharon rang the triangle outside the kitchen door, Lewellyn moved toward the house between Diego and Manuel, and each of them, with exaggerated attempts to avoid the obvious, held down the pace to Steve's necessarily lagging strides.

Sharon was brisk in the kitchen, serving up the meal in silence. She relayed last minute orders left by her father to Diego and Manuel, but she ignored Steve. Nevertheless, he was content. He felt her eyes often upon him.

The meal finished, Lewellyn idled in the kitchen after his two companions returned to the yard. Sharon's eyes stayed around him, making him feel the inconvenience of his presence. He ignored this, scooping a cigarette out in silence. When he was finished, he stepped the dead smoke into the woodbox and swung toward her.

"What's the matter?" he asked quietly. "Yesterday you wanted me to stay on here. Today you moved me out of the house like I was poison."

Sharon sat down on the edge of the table and looked at Steve for a moment. Rising again, she crossed the kitchen and returned with his gun, which had remained on a kitchen shelf. She put it down on the table in front of him.

"I didn't know anything about you but what I could see in your face, the day you came in here. And that wasn't much. Just the same, when I dried your gun, I emptied it, and I never told Pete what I found in it. You know what that was."

Lewellyn shook his head.

"No--"

"A fired shell, Steve," Sharon said. "I don't know too much about how men handle these things, but I'm not altogether a fool, either. I've lived too long on the llanos for that. I'll tell you why I moved you out of the house. You killed Jack Banta in La Mesa the day you came here. You killed Jack Banta and you robbed Charlie Bissel's safe. You lied to Pete, Steve."

"A killer, a thief, and a liar," Lewellyn said slowly. "That's a steep count. If I were you, tallying that kind of a score, I'd have moved me farther than the bunk shack, Sharon."

"I think I should," Sharon answered. Lewellyn lifted the gun and balanced it in his hands. "Then why don't you? Why don't you run me clean off of the place?"

Sharon's eyes dropped. She bit at her lips.

"I--I don't know--" she said with difficulty.

Blodeuwedd, Lawellyn showed the gun under his belt and grinned.

'Whether you like it or not, girl,' he said, 'I'm afraid we're two of a kind. It's you she is lying, aren't'

Turning, he pulled open the door and stepped out into the night.

V

The third morning after Pete Lynch left for the county seat, Lewellyn had Diego Aguilar saddle a horse for him before the two riders left the ranch yard. A little after ten, when heat rose in the shack and the temptation of wind in his face was an added urge, Lewellyn pulled himself up onto the waiting animal. The effort taxed him and he knew he was riding a little too soon, but inactivity was a burden he had never borne gracefully.

It amused him to see that Sharon was not ignoring him as completely as she tried to make it appear. As he reined away from the corral, she ran out onto the veranda of the house, one hand partially raised as though in protest. Lewellyn tipped his hat to her in a faintly mocking gesture. The upraised hand fell. He rode past within a rod of her. She said nothing. She did not return his salute. But when he was half across the bench reaching out from the yard, he glanced back. She was still motionless at the rail, staring after him.

When Lewellyn's ride was essentially a survey of John Lynch's holdings, which he had not yet had an opportunity to view as a whole. But it was also an opportunity to think with the familiar motion of a saddle under him. The picture was plain enough. It were his own problems. He had hit in Texas with nothing. Behind him were other towns, other beaches across which he had already ridden. Behind him were old quarrels, long since settled, but their scars remained, troubling like old wounds when his thoughts moved across them. The country about in Texas was so familiar that he would not have needed the curious events of his welcome into the country to realize that here, also, was the short grass--that here were other quarrels.

Not that quarrelling was in the air. Lewellyn was always too close to reality to accept the ephemeral as explanation in anything. He knew where the roots of trouble grew. Friction thrived in the rich soil of a frontier expanding too rapidly for the operation and laws of a government designed for the close boundaries of an older farm-and-trade country. The physical space of the llanos made their own problems. Until free graze was gone on the short grass, there would be men building private empire out of sweat and sod and six guns. There would be men who hired and men who hired out. Some would be big and some small. And only a few would last.

Lewellyn knew his own course--if he stayed in the grass country. And he knew the risks. A man had to be hard as the next--a little harder. He had to be as quick. And in the last analysis, he had to be always right. He supposed justice was the right word. A man had to measure himself against justice and keep always in its shadow. This did not means always the shadow of the law. It meant mostly that a man could keep his own respect only if he stood by principle. And principle here, as anywhere, was cleanly cut; a man bought what he sowed.

So it was move on. It was drift back toward the big rivers and the small

fauna. Keen toward timber and the rail lines and little green valleys busting their gullmaws with a big eyed idea of their own tin plated little importance. Keen to hills that closed in on a man and small towns where there was a need for small talk and self defense against little jealousies and the nagging disagreements which come from sitting helplessly with a neighbor at either elbow who had full knowledge of your business and an assumed right to meddle in it.

Or there was to stay on the grass.

Even before he had hit La Mesa, Lewellyn had not had much doubt as to the limit of his drifting. Each man belonged to a kind of country. And when he thought occasionally about it, he realized that he had long had a private purpose astir in him. Order would eventually come to the llanos. He wanted his part in establishing that order, but according to his own lights.

Now his reasons for staying in Texas had multiplied. Pete Lynch had taken him in when he was seriously hurt. A debt existed because of this. And there was Sharon. It was for Sharon, then--and for Pete, because he was Sharon's father--that he was staying. For Sharon and for Pete and for himself. What he built here, if he could build at all, would be Pete's in the beginning. It would be Sharon's, later. And on the last roll of the dice, if the spots came his way, all that Pete left would belong to him.

By midday Lewellyn had a good enough picture of the land Pete owned along Willow creek. Not the best land on the llanos, but good enough for men who would work hard. A fair beginning. A ranch with a chance for survival, even against the rough competition of fluctuating markets, bad years, and the grueling drive necessary to get beef up to the railroad reaching slowly out across Kansas, to the north. Satisfied with what he had seen of this lower ground, Lewellyn turned away from the creek and angled toward the ridges. He had no difficulty

identifying land draw. The cows fitted only the wide, greased barrenness which cut deeply into the main ridge with a sharp, precipitous weather wall on the north and east to afford natural shelter from the run of storms. There was water in the draw, chiefly underground. Lewellyn saw half a dozen green masses against the lighter dun color of unwatered grass which indicated springs or seeps at which watering tanks could be dug, and the specific sections Pete wanted were plainly outlined by the forlorn tracery of long fences, gone to hell, and a few rank weed patches where a plow had turned a little sod under.

Lewellyn swung back toward the home place in midafternoon, speculating on the peculiar stubbornness of men who would homestead such country in the beginning. There was growing land and grassland and desert on the llanos. The last was useless and would remain unused. But there was profit on the rest of it if it was used right. A sharp stockman did not graze cattle on bottoms suited to hay. A sound farmer did not turn short grass under in the hope of a more profitable crop. And it took a fool to file on a single section of either kind of land in the hope of making a living from it. But still the sodbusters came, drifting widely here and there. They raised their fences and broke their ground. They sweat in the sun and starved in the winter. And in the end they moved on again, older and with nothing to show for what they had spent on the llanos.

Half way down the length of the draw on the way home, Lewellyn saw two men wind out of the brush and rein up on the trail to wait for him. He studied them as he approached. One was small, very slight of build, young and almost womanish. The other, although not a big man, had the full, settled weight of maturity. An unlike pair, but with similarity, nevertheless. Lewellyn drew up before them, aware that they had been long waiting--that this was no chance meeting--that he had been watched and possibly even hunted.

"Howdy--" he said carefully.

"My name is Hal Fenton," the older man said quietly. "This is my brother, Sandus. We're from the ridge. You're from Pete's place?"

"Steve Lewellyn," Steve made the acknowledgement terse.

"Where's Pete?" the older Fenton asked bluntly.

"I couldn't know," Lewellyn answered. Fenton nodded. "No, you wouldn't," he agreed. "A man riding the town trail keeps moving and putting your finger on him ain't easy. Sandus and me know that, Lewellyn. We figured Pete might be pulling out for the county seat, once he'd got hooked his claws from in Long Draw. But he must have slipped past us."

Fenton stopped and ran calculating eyes over Steve.

"Lamed, ain't you, Lewellyn?"

"Some."

"Led should have done a better job on you than he did."

Lewellyn understood the reference to Muscambridge. An impersonal, callous condemnation of the dead man. He smiled a little. "He was hurried a little, I think. A little to anxious."

"Les was like that," Fenton conceeded. "Fool enough to be afraid of Jack Santa and want him out of the way, but not sharp enough to see danger in a gent like you. Les and me were different, Lewellyn. I don't move that fast. I don't hurry. And if I'm anxious, it don't show. Slow, maybe, but I get where I'm going. Les had Bissel's money in his shirt. You must have been hit hard. You missed three bills caught in a fold under his belt. They were still there when we found him. I wanted that money. Les had it. Then you had it. Now Pete Lynch has got it. It ain't going to do Pete an good. I want this grass in Long Draw. I aim to get it. Understand?"

Lewellyn nodded.

"You've had your look at it, today," Fenton went on steadily. "It's good

"No. I want the grass. That's all. Women make trouble when you trade for them. Put your iron on the Lynch kid if you've a notion. A man's got his own tastes. But watch yourself. And tell Pete you've seen me. He'll understand. If he don't, tell him I'm offering him a year's note for what he paid to clear title to these sections at the county seat. I'll give him a note for enough to add up a little profit and the expenses of his trip. But he's got to get out of the draw."

"Pete could be stubborn," Lewellyn suggested.

"Plenty stubborn," Fenton agreed. "Specially if he's got a hard-head to back him. I've figured that in. If there was room for both of us in here, I might make another offer. But there isn't and I like my trouble early. My iron is going to be the only brand back of La Mesa. If you have trouble convincing Pete, bring him out here when he gets back. I'll have a thousand head on this grass by then."

Fenton tightened his reins and pulled his pony about. Lewellyn watched the two brothers ride off, but his attention was not on the older man. It clung to the kid, Randee, who had not spoken. There was an element in silence at a time like this which was compelling. Hal Fenton was likely the brains of the ridge outfit, but Lewellyn eyed the low swung guns at Randee Fenton's hip and he knew

after supper that night, Lewellyn broke the self-imposed silence he had observed since Sharon had revealed why she had saved him out of the boss house. Shoving back in his chair, he turned to Manuel and Diego.

"You boys ready to start sorting for cut?"

Manuel showed concern. "Work, Lewy?" he asked in astonishment. "Is it not a little soon for work?"

"I can sit saddle," Lewellyn said.

"You can wait for Pete, too!" Sharon cut in, drawn in spite of herself.

"I could. But this job won't wait. Come on, boys. We'll put our chins together at the shack. This chore'll need an early start--"

Crossing to the shelf on which Sharon had long kept his gun, Lewellyn reached down his brass laden cartridge belt. With this looped over his arm, he led the way out of the kitchen. Sharon sat with clouded eyes at the table, but she said nothing.

Lewellyn had been troubled on the ride back from Long Draw by some uncertainty over Diego Aguilar and Manuel Cosa. Loyalty was one thing, practicality another. The concern was needless. Diego and Manuel readily recognized the situation and his plan for remedy. Relieved, Lewellyn left the bunk shack after half an hour for the quiet of a smoke in the night air. Lights were still up in the kitchen of the boss house and he saw Sharon's silhouette caught in the glow straying onto the veranda. She did not rise as he came up the steps. He settled himself in an empty rocker.

"Want to talk?"

"I think not."

"Your deal, then."

"Why are you staying here, Steve?"

"Because you asked me to."

"I mean--really?"

"I'm looking for another safe to open and somebody else who needs a bullet in the back of his head."

Sharon granted soft disgust at Llewellyn's parrying. "I wanted an honest answer."

"From a liar? You don't need an answer. You know what it is. You're the reason. Supposing you let me ask the questions. You're not happy. Why?"

"Who is happy on the ranch?" Sharon said bitterly. Pete? The few friends I've know here? My dead mother, maybe? None of them, Steve. This isn't a happy country. It's wild and reckless and savage. People weren't made to live like they do on the llanos."

"No?" Steve said quietly. "I was. A wild country, alright. Maybe reckless. It's a kind of wonderful country, just the same, Sharon." He tilted his head toward the bench beyond the yard, lying shadowed and highlighted by a strong moon. "There's room, if nothing else. Room's important. If a man's going to grow, he needs it. A woman, too. Closed up in your clapboard kind of town, a man just thinks he throws a big shadow or a little one. He doesn't really know. He just goes by what he thinks--whether he's big or little. But when he's got to stack himself against flat miles and standing ridges and the wind running loose across half a county, he's got his own size out where he can see it. That's something.

"You've talked about peace to me. I reckon I want it down here as much as you do. But I know where it's going to come from. You don't. In a town you can

take a man's gun and put him in a dunce suit on week days, but you haven't got anything but a lot of men surprised together. Men don't like crowding and you haven't taken their quarrelsome ways with their guns. The trouble's still there, jealousy and ambition and plain bad nature. Always will be. But here, storms blow up. But when they're over, everybody knows where his peg is on the barn wall. When enough storms have tooled themselves out, the nights'll turn quiet again, like they were in the beginning, and this'll be a place to be."

"The clean, free air--" Sharon smoked wryly.

"That's right," Llewellyn agreed. "The clean, free air. Freedom to heel a snake when you see one instead of being held by a hook which says the critter's got to sleep a strike into your leg before you can start counting the rattles on it's tail."

"Men aren't diamondbacks, Steve."

"Some are."

"You could make a mistake."

"Not with the ones I've seen--"

Sharon shrugged wearily.

"So that's what this is in the morning-- a snake hunt?"

"Kind of," Steve said. "I met Hal Fenton and his kid brother this afternoon. They've got a little trick up their sleeve to surprise Pete when he gets back. I never mind using the other gent's deck. Where there's one trick there's two, and a surprise for a surprise is a fair trade."

Sharon rose from her chair.

"I know better than to try to stop you, Steve, but you've got to understand me, too. I'll never have anything to do with something that was bought with a gun."

## VI

The sun was barely above the crest of the main ridge when Lewellyn pulled up in the Long Draw bottoms. He dismounted under a scarred cottonwood and pointed out the vague line of the old homestead fence which separated the uppermost of the three sections Pete Lynch wanted from unfiled grass above.

"Get a stump or a good gouging stick and rig a drag between your saddles," he told Diego and Manuel. "Haul it along that line so we get a clean, fresh mark that a man can't miss. When you're done with that, come back here. And don't take too long. We may be a little short on time."

The two riders went down along the line and found a scrub fence post which suited them. Presently they were riding abreast along the old fence line, their drag kicking up a cloud of dust behind them. Lewellyn walked down to the beginning of the line. It looked good enough. He went back to the cottonwood and waited. His two companions were back in twenty minutes. Lewellyn tilted his head at a rock outcropping some distance up the slope behind him.

Take out your horses behind that rock. Find some shade along it somewhere and watch all of that line you dragged. Keep your saddle guns with you. We're going to have a little [illegible] morning, I think, if a man or a single beef crosses that line anywhere, but Lomas, Duke?"

Diego nodded.

"Two guns from the ridges, eh? Then the next time we are in La Mesa on business of our own, we stay on the walks if we like? We keep the women we have chosen if it suits us?"

"You keep whatever you've a right to from here on," Steve said. Manuel swore softly and with satisfaction.

"Then we are not Mexicans, the way it is said to us in La Mesa?"

"Sure, you're Mexicans. But you're Tejanos--we're all Texans--in La Mesa or anyplace else. And we're going to make it stick. We don't hunt trouble and we don't run. Remember that. If one of you starts something, even if he has it hand whipped, all by himself, he's going to have trouble with me when it's all over. But if the start is somebody else, get word to me. I'll snake you out of it takes two lengths of rope. We work together."

"There could be danger--" Diego suggested.

Lewellyn laughed shortly. "You'll eat danger and you'll sleep with it," he said. "But before we're through, you'll be drawing pay from the biggest ranch in the county."

Manuel tilted his head up the valley.

"Somebody coming--" he murmured. Steve made a sharp gesture. The two hands put their horses against the slope back of him and rode in among the rocks. Lewellyn eased back in the cottonwood shade. Dust lay heavily in a notch where a smaller canyon cut into the upper reaches of Long Draw.

Time dragged slowly. There was not a large herd of cattle under the dust. Mostly scrub, coming down from poor grass above, by the way the animals kept

scattering out onto the grass of the upper draw. Fenton had boasted a little in claiming a thousand head ready for movement. But the count was unimportant. A single miller would be enough for this.

Directly Lewellyn could identify Hal Fenton and the younger Rhodes. In addition, three other men were flanking the drive. They worked hard at their business and in half an hour the first of the animals had been pushed almost up to the line Diego and Manuel had dragged across the draw. Lewellyn leisurely mounted and rode down to it. He was sighted. The two Fentons separated themselves from the drive and pulled out ahead. The drive halted. Lewellyn met the Fentons at the dragged line.

"You get out early for a cripple, Lewellyn," Hal Fenton said. Lewellyn smiled. "I'm not that crippled."

"You should have let this go," Fenton went on dispassionately. "It has to happen, sooner or later. With Pete gone, this was the best time--the next best thing to nailing Pete on his way. We might have done that, but he started too soon for us. And now you block us. I told you I'd give Pete a note for these sections. Eventually I'd pay the note, too. The railroad is building east across Kansas, now. When I've got enough fat beef on the hoof to make a drive worth while, I'll move it north and sell it off at one of the rail towns. I'll have cash, then. Pete wouldn't be cheated, in the long run."

"No. Except that he wants this grass. When beef is driven north out of this draw, it'll be wearing his brand. That's his answer."

"Which you're making for him?"

"That's right."

Fenton shrugged. He nodded at the line gouged in the earth in front of him.

"What's this, then?"

"Qaulification under the law," Lewellyn said drily. "It's the owner's

duty to fence his land. Until he does, he's open to trespass. I had the boys throw up this fence this morning. I figured you'd be along."

Fenton laughed.

"Pete wouldn't have thought of that," he said. "He'd know better than to haul in the law. What law is it, Lewellyn? Who's going to make it stick? A sheriff who hasn't got the guts to ride into this half of the county? A judge who can't read his own law books? You're the law in these ridges, and so am I. So it boils down to who's got the best brand. This isn't a fence; it's a scratch in the ground. This law you talk about says a fence is a barricade sufficient to prevent the drift of animals. One step and I'm across this. So are my cattle."

Lewellyn matched the man's laugh. "It's your beef and your neck," he said with a grin. "That line just looks like it isn't a fence. I'll lay you even odds that whatever crosses that line can't get back under its own power. It's that kind of a barricade. And I think its good enough to hold you and your beef, both. There are a pair of rifles waiting up there in the rocks to see you test it."

Randee Fenton made the first sound Lewellyn had heard him utter, a sharp, explosive oath. At the same time, he moved. A smooth, lethal, long-practised reach for his gun which betrayed the fact that young Fenton fancied himself one of a kind which had become legend on the **llanos.** Men whose natural skills and an incredible perseverance had been funnelled into a single channel, whose guns were invincible. To Lewellyn, whose own youth and his drifting and his cautious friendlessness had forced him into a similar pattern, was startled by the boy's hard competence and surety. If physical speed and steadiness of nerves were virtues, Randee Fenton was a short grass saint.

"This is a blue-chip bet, Lewellyn!" Randee snapped. "You had your warning.

You should have seen enough yesterday to keep out of this. That's coming now is what you've asked for. How much good are your rifles up on the slope going to do you while I've got a gun in your belly? Start the stuff moving again, Hal. Lewellyn'll stand still."

Steve met Handee's eyes levelly.

"The rifles on the ridge have orders to cut anything down that crosses this line. What happens to me is out of it. You haven't got a chance, Handee."

"Cut that damned iorn up, kid!" Hal Fenton grunted irritably. "There's a place for everything and we're not playing with pete lynch. Save your secres for when they'll take. You've got us on the short end, Lewellyn. They're your cards."

Steve nodded, but he continued to look at Handee Fenton. His eyes flickered to the boy's gun.

"Remember something, Handee," he said softly. "There never was a gun so fast there wasn't a faster one, somewhere. Don't ever punch iron into my belly again unless you're ready to ride it out, right then!"

Young Fenton stepped back a little, grudgingly, and holstered his weapon. His eyes remained on Lewellyn. His brother leaned down in his saddle.

"I'd sooner seen this settled now," he said. "It'll have to wait from here till I've made a drive and got something in my kick besides promises to hold my boys together. But there's still only room for my outfit here. I stick to that. When the time comes, I don't aim to trade quietly. All the chips are going onto the table. And I'll play hard. There'll be hurt and the play won't last long, Lewellyn. My offer of a note for Pete's title stands till then, but there'll be no warning when I withdraw it. Think that over."

The Fentons had moved their cattle half a mile back up the draw before

Diego and Manuel came down from the rocks. Manuel was openly admiring; Diego had a look of speculation on his face.

"That was a brave thing," he admitted grudgingly. "But maybe not wise. Yo now, these ones from the ridges, they are maybe a little rough in la casa--but we do not have to go into the town, and maybe they make big talk about how the boss will not be long on his grass--but we do not have to listen to talk. Now it is different. This is not talk; it is trouble."

"Is there any difference between talk and trouble but a little time?" Lewellyn asked. "Would the Fentons leave Pete Lynch alone forever?"

"No," Diego agreed. "I don't think it. But when a man does not have trouble, does he look ahead to see when it will come?"

"If he wants to hang on, he does," Lewellyn said flatly. "Tomorrow you two get back up here. Patch up what fences are left on this upper section so that we've got something across this line that'll hold stock. As soon as you've got that done, cull the herds on the benches below and run the best stuff in here. Stuff you think Pete would cull for a drive to the railroad. This grass is good. It'll put on weight that will stand a hard drive, even. Fenton says he can't move until he makes a drive and has a little cash. He means it. And we're in the same fix. We can look that far ahead, at least."

"Seguro, the fence can be mended. But why talk of selling cattle and of money? If the boss has money, it will be stolen from him."

"No," Steve said. "You don't figure the Fenton's right. You don't see where Hal Fenton is headed. If he needed money in a hurry and Pete had some, Fenton would take it all right, if he could. But it would be a loan, even then. It would be repaid. Fenton is no thief. He's more dangerous than that. He's a man trying to build something. He aims to have a ranch in the ridges. A big one. What stands in the way of that will go down. Our one chance is to grow faster than he does--faster, bigger, and tougher."

"No, I am not such a touch man," Diego protested.

"What would you have done if young Fenton had shot me and the rest of them had started across our line a while ago with that stock?"

Diego looked surprised.

"Oh! Why, I had the little one in the sights of my rifle from the beginning. He would have died where he was. And if there were not more cattle than manuel and we have shots, there would have been no live cattle on our side of the line."

Llewellyn laughed.

"You're touch enough, amigo," he said. "I'll take long odds that Pete Lynch runs a bigger iron in this county than the Fentons ever thought of before we're through--"

## VII

Pete Lynch was gone six days. He came back with cleared titles to the five sections in Long Draw and a lading bill for a load of equipment which followed him a few days later by freight wagon. His enthusiasm was high. Lewellyn saw him looking often at Sharon with a pride in his eyes which was not because of her but because of the things he was doing for her. There was a wryness in this, for Steve knew that there was nothing Pete could build on the llanos which Sharon would want when her father was gone. Nevertheless, Steve felt the tide of Pete's eagerness and shared it a little. When there was a thing which could be built--when the tools and the material was at hand, a man wanted to get at it. In the end he did not figure what would happen to it when he was gone, and within limits, he didn't care.

Pete listened to Steve's quiet account of the brush with Hal and Randee Fenton. When it was finished, he eyed Steve levelly.

"That's the beginning," he said. "When the last hand comes, can we still hold cards, Steve?"

"It's a no-limit game," Llewellyn answered. "I don't see why not."

Sharon spoke abruptly from her side of the table.

"Do you have to make a gamble of everything--both of you?" she asked. "Even of building a ranch?"

"Life's a gamble, Honey," Pete said gently. "You think Steve or me could change that?"

"You could try," Sharon said firmly. "Somebody has got to. There's got to be a change. Somebody has got to make the first move toward it. Why not one of you--both of you? You think I could raise a family in this house, Pete? You think I could sit here, day in and day out, watching my men ride off and not knowing whether they'd come back sitting up in their saddles or dumped across-ways over them. Not knowing whether somebody wouldn't come in at night on a grudge and burn the roof over my head? You think I could keep on cooking and sewing and watching forever and telling my kids this was the country God made for us?"

Pete grinned a little.

"Now, I don't know about that, girl. A woman's got a way of moving fast. Who's been talking about a family, about kids? Steve, I thought you stayed at the bunk shack whiles I was gone."

Sharon colored deeply, but she clung to her point.

"A little land and peace is better than all of the llanos and continual war," she insisted. "We've lived without the grass in Long Draw. We could keep on living. When you put the sections up the draw behind our fence, we'll run more beef, Pete. But some of us may not keep on living. It's not right!"

Llewellyn stirred.

"Man wasn't made to walk backwards. Pete bought those sections. He doesn't want to sell. That's enough. If it isn't, look at it this way, Sharon. Fenton shoves him off up there and he goes, taking Fenton's note. He gets his money,

eventually. Fenton will pay off. But he's backed Pete down, once. Directly he gets a notion he wants this stuff on Willow Creek, too. His part of the country is getting too small to hold him and he needs more room, more sections under his iron, more beef in his herds. Not for the money. For the hell of it--the bigness. So he comes down across the benches, making another offer and backing it up so it'll stick."

"Is Willow Creek the best grass in the world?" Sharon asked. "If a little profit could be made in selling out, why not? Why not move on? There are other places and with the money from a sale here, you could buy somewhere else, Pete."

"Because there are Fentons everyplace a man could go," Lewellyn said. "You can't get away from them. Cents with no lid to their ambitions. Weeds that won't stop growing. Sooner or later, wherever there's grass, the same thing comes up. You've got to dig in in the beginning. If you don't, you're done. Backing up is a thing that gets to be a habit. And nobody ever backs up hill."

"The Fentons's kind are only half at fault," Sharon said grimly. "The rest of it is that there are Lewellyns and Pete Lynches everyplace on the grass, too. There are things in this world that are worth as much as being right in everything!"

Sharon rode and went blindly out onto the porch. Pete watched her go with a puzzled frown.

"When she was little," he said slowly, "she was a heller. I could see her and me getting along first-rate. But she's more like her mother, specially since you showed up here, Steve. And damned if I know which is her off-side, anymore. Seems I always rile her. What's the matter with her? What's she mean--things worth as much as being right?"

"She's a woman, Pete," Steve answered. "What does a woman want? A home, I reckon. Kids. Maybe neighbors--a preacher and a butcher and a postoffice. She just doesn't see that the rough time has to come ahead of the smooth."

"No, I reckon she don't," Pete agreed. "Look, son, Sharon'll keep for a spell. Likely she feels better for spouting some. Let her do it. We got a stack of chores ahead of us--"

Pete Lynch had sound ideas for the organization of his expanded grass. Steve understood the physical problems and how to whip them into shape. Both worked steadily. Steve found saddle work increasingly easier and he added daily to his share of it until he was riding the sun into the sky and out of it again. Pete had been accumulating the makings of something big on Willow Creek for a long time. The grass in the draw was the final addition. The trick now was to put the whole together into something which had life.

With Diego and Manuel grumblingly accepting added work, and with Pete and himself working harder than any hand, the Willow Creek ranch began to take shape. Benches were separated, catalogued in their minds, so they knew where they would move each bunch of beef as the cattle cut down the grass. The animals themselves were culled and culled again until each bunch was composed of like animals, grading from a scrub bunch to the tight little herd composed of the best market beef on the place.

Occasionally there was a meeting with a man from the outfit on the ridges. There was no friendliness with the Fentons or with the sullen men who rode for Fenton pay. Like a distant storm, the feeling of friction and the inevitability of a clash were constantly in the air. But faced with their own labors, both outfits worked through a time of truce, each strengthening itself as fast as possible.

As Pete's ranch took on form and weight, Lewellyn felt his own body slowly building back to its own standard, daily repairing the damage Les Macambridge had done with a bullet in the back. And as he moved more freely, Lewellyn felt

the weight of authority at Willow Creek shift imperceptibly from Pete Lynch's shoulders to his own. Pete seemed genuinely grateful for this, and as it continued, he brightened, his enthusiasm increasing daily and his confidence rising. Aguilar and Gunn, tightened now into an efficient pair who earned their pay twice over and who seemed to have acquired a personal interest in their labors which had been lacking in the beginning, made no attempt to disguise their preference in bosses.

Llewellyn met this change with a peculiar admixture of feelings. He was too practical not to realize that there was satisfaction in holding the reins on anything, whether it belonged to him or not. But he could see ahead. Successes would be his; so would mistakes. And the weight would grow heavier. He thought of Sharon. She had generally avoided him, keeping him always at a little distance since her father's return. And he knew that the growth of the Willow Creek place was, in her mind, a thing which had occurred because of him. He was therefore at once satisfied and disturbed. He had stayed on Willow Creek because of Sharon. And by staying, he knew he risked turning her fully against him. He was barefooted on broken glass and he knew it. But he could do nothing beyond waiting in the hope Sharon could understand him or he her. Either would be sufficient.

The season moved swiftly. More than three months after his arrival in La Mesa, Diego Aguilar signalled Pete and himself up out of a bottom in which they were working onto a rise. When they jpined him, he pointed off to the east. A haze of dust lay across the llanos. A larger haze than he had expected, and rising in an unmistakable pattern. Dust churned up by a Fenton herd strung out in the beginning of the long drive north to market in a Kansas rail town. Pete scowled.

"So he beats us off on the drive," he muttered.

"We had to wait for him," Lewellyn answered. "A thousand head is heavy in a tight guess. Hal won't move against us till he can pay wages for the kind of work he wants done. He won't pay wages until he's sold his beef. So until he started this drive, we had time of our own. Now that's done. We'd better cut our own herd and shove it north, too."

"I'd have liked to wait two weeks, Steve," Pete said.

"So would I. The stuff would weigh ten heavier in Kansas if we could. But we've got to be sold out and ready when the Fenton crew gets back. Things will come fast, now."

"I'm going to handle the drive, Steve."

"Why? It's a rough trip, Pete. There's a long dry crossing. It's all day in the saddle and all night on the sod. It'll wear you."

"That's part of it," Pete said. "You've still got a hole knitting in you. But that's not it, really. One of us has got to stay here. I can peddle the beef. I'm a tolerable trader. But if hell busted loose while you were north with the herd, I doubt if I could hold it down, here. I'd stake a round bet you could. That's why I want you to stay. And if that isn't enough, son, there's Sharon. Getting an honest answer out of her is like pulling teeth, now. But if I could, I've go no doubts as to how she'd answer. You're staying, Steve."

A day and a half behind the outfit on the ridges, and taking another trail, Pete Lynch and the two Mexican hands started Willow Creek's herd north to the rails. Steve watched them move down the benches without regret. He was glad enough to avoid the punishment of the drive while his wound was still stiff and Pete was rugged enough to make the round trip without too much discomfort. Too, he thought Pete's judgement was sound. Both of them believed there was little likelihood of a move against them from the ridges until after both drives were done, but the chance always existed. And if there was trouble, Lewellyn wanted

to be on Pillow Creek when it came.

There was also Sharon. Pete was so sure that Steve would eventually carry his daughter that it made the whole thing difficult. There had been no chance to talk with her further. Now, with work ceased and Pete absent--

Lewellyn had anticipations, therefore, but he was not prepared for Sharon's directness. The air had grown more thin with the advancing season. The first night after the departure of the drive, Steve found it cold in the bunk shack after supper. He was at the chopping block below the corral when Sharon joined him. There was still a trace of the sun in the western sky, lighting the one horizon while the other was sunk in dark shadow. Sharon stood silhouetted against this luminosity. Between strokes of his axe, Lewellyn watched her, sensing again the strange blend of blind, righteous strength and passionate, headstrong love of life which had drawn him to her in the beginning.

It was a comradely night, down tight on the llanos. Sharon was aware of Steve's attention. She stood, almost consciously posing, until he had finished splitting his wood and the light was almost gone. When he lifted an armful of fuel, she swung in beside him and they walked in silence back to the shack. She followed him through the door with little attention to the raw masculinity of the room. Aware that talk was coming and unwilling to hurry it, Steve built a fire. Sharon sank onto Manuel Cosa's bunk, returning the stare Lewellyn had given her in the outer light. But she did not speak until Steve had dropped onto his own bunk and had built a cigarette.

"If I asked you to leave the llanos, Steve, would you go?" she asked suddenly.

"Alone--?"

"No, with me--"

"Where?"

"A town, maybe. Someplace in Kansas. Not too crowded. I wouldn't ask too

much. One of the little homestead towns just getting their beginning. A place where we could start again, too."

"You're asking me to go?"

Sharon was silent for a moment. "No, not yet. I'm thinking out loud, Steve. Trying to see a way out of this for you--for me. You're going to fight the Fentons when these drives are over. Not for me. Not for Pete. Not even for yourself. You're going to fight them because they're trying to grow over the top of Pete. And if Pete was somebody else, you'd still fight them. I admire that, Steve. But not the way you aim to fight. That's where the wrong is. A man can't be judge, jury, and executioner. But you'll try--unless you go where the law has provided these things. Unless you go where there are other ways of fighting than with a gun."

"The same thing again, Sharon?" Lewellyn murmured. "Then the same answer. What a man fights with isn't as important as what he's fighting for."

"I don't want to argue," Sharon said. "You haven't answered my question, Steve."

"Sure," he said. "I'll go. I want to, Sharon. We'll leave Pete here. He can work out his troubles with Hal Fenton. He won't need us."

Sharon looked up with deep hurt in her eyes.

"You don't have to be blunt," she protested. "I've thought of Pete, too. That's why I said I was thinking out loud. We can't leave him. I see that. But I want to, Steve--"

She rose, crossed to the stove, and backed up to it. With an unconscious gesture, she lifted the back side of her skirt enough to let the red heat from the glowing stove strike the backs of her knees.

"No," she said after a moment. "Maybe it isn't what I want, after all." She looked at Steve. He rose from his bunk and moved toward her. She dropped her skirt and raised her hands slowly. She came into his arms when he reached

herewith a swiftness which was almost fierce, feeding strength of desire to his strength. Her arms were tight, her mouth soft, and her body against him not limp with surrender, but proudly aggressive.

"Steve--" she murmured. "--Steve, I want you. I love you, Steve. Let's not quarrel. It is so little I ask--and I want it so much. Help Pete make a deal with Hal Fenton--please help him--"

The warmth of the shack, laden with the smell of burning pinon, of old, oiled leather hanging from wall pegs, of sweat salted working clothes and the brush on the hill, closed in around them. There was breathing and the sighing of the stove as heat varied with the draft, and the sound of the flames. There was restless movement of the horses in the corral and the soft rush of wind on the slopes and the wail of coyotes on a distant ridge. And over these things, there was silence.

## VIII

The front part of the boss house was quiet and the kitchen stove cold when Lewellyn went up for breakfast. Sharon was sleeping. Lewellyn made himself a cold meal and left quietly. When he had saddled at the corral, he ducked back into the bunk shack for his belt and gun.

Riding out across the home bench, Lewellyn angled into the sun toward Long Draw. The wind was fresh in his face and well being was something which was alive in him; something which Sharon had built out of her sudden tenderness, her eagerness, and the honesty with which she had revealed the full tide of her love. Lewellyn felt a little incredulous in the morning light and unquestioningly sure of what he must do.

Old certainties stirred restlessly in him--judgements formed in a decade of drifting on the llanos. Each echoed warning. Warning that no man could make a truce with trouble. But Sharon's bid was stronger than convictions. There was no trouble, yet. And a man on the move was not always running.

Going up through Long Draw, Lewellyn found the upper line fence cut in two places and forty or fifty head of brush scarred cattle on the grass inside. Scrub cattle, not worth inclusion in the Fenton drive and promptly run in onto Lynch grass as soon as Pete and his two hands had started Willow Creek's own market bunch north for the rails. Lewellyn had expected to find something like this. It bolstered Sharon's urgency, last night. Time to make peace grew short.

Lewellyn had not before been into the Fenton yard, but he had no difficulty following a scuffed horse trail from the upper end of Long Draw onto a saddle of the main ridge and thus, in half an hour, into a spring pocket on the south slope which sheltered the Fenton headquarters. Willow Creek had an air of drabness, due mostly to the neutral weathered tone 'dobe and timber buildings acquired after a few seasons in Texas sun and wind. But the Willow Creek yard had a look of prosperity wholly lacking at this place in the ridges. There was one square, half dug-out shack which was obviously sleeping quarters for owners and hands, alike. A makeshift feed barn and a dilapidated corral were the only other buildings. Gear and equipment was in the open and because this was a man's place and the Fentons had other chores besides the digging of a pit, there was even no outhouse.

The effect was not of slovenliness, however. Rather it was of hard, Spartan practicality. Nothing invested in time or material which was not absolutely essential to the working of beef. This was confirmation of Steve's estimate of Hal Fenton. The man was on a long ladder, reacjing up, and he worried little about the fastenings of the rungs below him.

Hauling up at the edge of the yard, Lewellyn whistled for recognition.

The door of the shack opened almost immediately, betraying the fact that its occupants had been aware of Lewellyn's approach and had watched it. The first

man out the door was about Hal Fenton's height, but a little more slight of build and aggressive of manner. This man moved with authority and surenese. The next two, sidling out to flank the first, were non-descript--mavericks without readily seen markings. Lewellyn felt a distinct disappointment when he saw the fourth man. He had hoped young Fenton had gone north with the trail herd and that he would be able to deal with the older brother. However, Randee Fenton was the last man out of the shack and Lewellyn abandoned any hope of handling this in an easy way. He swung down and moved toward the group in front of the shack.

Randee Fenton lagged behind the others. Lewellyn saw the boy was grinning wickedly, unmasked elation in his eyes. But since he remained against the wall of the shack, Steve was forced to treat first with the three riders fanned out sullenly in front of the door. These were a kind he knew. He was on sure ground. He understood how they must be handled.

"I'm Lewellyn," he said quietly, holding his tone to a middle ground between friendliness and aggression. "A partner on Willow Creek. We've got a cut fence and some ridge stock on our grass. Anybody got an answer to that?"

The stocky man who had been first out the door glanced over his shoulder at young Fenton. Without shifting his careless position against the side of the shack, Randee nodded slightly. The stocky man spoke easily.

"I'm Sam Dreen," he said. "That was a hungry bunch of scrubs and the grass in the draw looked green to me. I didn't see any fence."

Lewellyn smiled a little. This Dreen knew his game and the cards he held. This was a checked bet. Lewellyn had not wanted to begin this with a quarrel. It reduced his chances of making a good deal for Pete with the Fentons. But he knew the cut fence would have to be settled before talk to get around to trading.

"A man needs his eyesight to live long in this country, Dreen," he suggested.

Randee Fenton pushed out from the wall, his manner still careless and confident.

"Dreen is a better man than Hunte or Hazenbridge ever thought of being, Lewellyn--" he murmured. Steve's brows climbed a little.

"Yes--?"

"A way of telling you that Hal isn't here to holler 'slow!' and this is a hell of a poor time to come rooting in our yard for trouble."

Lewellyn looked steadily at the boy.

"I'm old enough to know a man doesn't have to root for trouble, Randee," he said with impact. "There's plenty, just lying around. What do you aim to do about those cattle in the draw?"

Fenton glanced at Dreen. A signal appeared to pass between them. Lewellyn became conscious of the fact that the cut fence had been a trap, deliberately set for him, that this had all been carefully rehearsed. But he refused to let go of the original purpose which had brought him up into the ridges this morning.

"Nothing--", young Fenton said after a long moment, answering his question about the cattle. Lewellyn shrugged.

"Then you've seen the last of those scrubs. But let it go. Something else brought me up here."

"What?" Sam Dreen asked. Lewellyn kept his eyes on Randee Fenton and made his answer to him.

"Your brother talked about a deal with Pete and me. I'd listen, now."

"The Long Draw sections?"

"The works. The whole Willow Creek layout. With us out of your way, if you stay sober and keep your feet out of badger holes, you'll need it all,

eventually."

"Growing, Lewellyn?" Randee relished the question. Steve shook his head.

"Changing my game."

"And your proposition?"

"You and your brother are short of cash and you're trying to build up your herd as fast as you can. I think I can persuade Pete to move off of Willow Creek in a suit-case, leaving stock, equipment--everything. That would double your size, overnight. And I think we can work out a deal on payment--"

Randee Fenton glanced again at Sam Dreen and nodded agreement. A full pleasure in his own thoughts was alive in his eyes. He laughed softly.

"Sure," he said with exaggerated pleasantry. "A deal on payment is the easiest part of it. Know why, Lewellyn? Because there isn't going to be any. We're going to have Willow Creek, all right, but it isn't going to cost us any price!"

Lewellyn sensed a tightening of caution in the man facing him. Grinning recklessly, Randee Fenton continued to wind it tighter.

"Where the hell do you get on with this talk of payment, anyway, Lewellyn? You hit this country a flat-broke drifter with an iron on your leg and nothing else. Macambridge cleaned Charlie Bissel out and you cleaned out Macambridge. You think that makes you big enough to talk price to us? The devil!"

Fenton pushed up beside Sam Dreen.

"I've got my belly full of you and your talk, Lewellyn. Hal's on his way to the rails. When he gets back, he aims to straighten this out. But that's Hal's trouble. A little too slow. Letting the other gent drive him a little too far, first. Mixing too much patience into his planning. You're smart enough to know Lynch can't hang onto Willow Creek against us. You wouldn't be here now, if you weren't. And you're black enough around the boot tops to know

an outfit like ours, playing table stakes with nothing in its pocket, is going to stack the deck its own way. Hal's peddling our first market herd. But I've got a cut in this deal and we're going to have Willow Creek by the time he's down again from the cattle."

Lewellyn eyed the four men facing him.

"I'll tell Pete that when he gets back--" he said quietly.

Sandee Fenton shook his head.

"No. The sign is all down in the dust. We planned it that way. You came up here this morning to raise hell over a cut fence and some stragglers. You're not going back to the creek."

Steve watched Fenton closely, the corners of his eyes also recording the silhouettes of the others against a sudden move among them. This was the bite of the trap. And in a way, he could blame Sharon that he was in it. She had sent him out this morning with a purpose that was not him, but her. She had sent him out with desire a saddlemate and his own convictions lost in a tide of understanding he had never known before--understanding of the powerful influence one woman could exert in the life of every man.

There was a certain wry tragedy in this, for Sharon's desire had been to avoid this kind of friction and the violence which must inevitably follow it. More than a personal desire, is embraced Steve, himself, and Pete, and by extension, every man on the short grass. Yet, in trying to escape it, she had sent Steve here on an errand he had realized from the beginning must almost certainly fail.

Lewellyn was conscious of his debt to Sharon, conscious of the deeply rooted strength of her convictions as to the conduct of quarrels on the llanos, but the fiber of pride was strongly woven in him and he knew a man who could not live with himself could not live with any woman.

"Gun," he told Randee Fenton softly, "I warned you once never to prod me again!"

There was an instant of complete, motionless silence. Then the strike was made. Lewellyn realized even this had been shrewdly planned and rehearsed. Sam Dreen slapped first for his gun, forcing Lewellyn's attention to him. And as Lewellyn's attention shifted, Randee Fenton also dropped his hand for his weapon. Both of these men were fast. It was the kind of thing which could not fail, with the two flanking Fenton riders present to later testify later if necessary to its legality. . . . a typical range quarrel, settled with gunsmoke proof by young Fenton that he had been in the right.

But a lot of dust had been raised above the long trail Steve Lewellyn had ridden up out of boyhood, dust which covered many recollections and masked many skills. Aware that he might possibly match Dreen but that young Fenton would have him nailed certainly, Lewellyn did not remain carefully balanced as he reached for his own gun. Instead, he flung his body forward in a bent, twisting movement. The point of his shoulder struck Sam Dreen at the ridge of his hip, just as the man fired.

Lewellyn felt the concussion of the shot, the sting of powder. With it, he heard the following jolt of Randee Fenton's gun, a shot hurried a little by his own forward drive and consequently also a little wide of its mark. Staggered by Lewellyn's lunge, Dreen lost his footing and went down. At an awkward angle, Steve slanted his gun upward under his raised left arm and fired at Fenton. Still without breaking the first startling momentum of his forward leap, he came down hard with one knee across the back of Dreen's neck, grinding the spilled man's face roughly into the dust and robbing Dreen momentarily of a chance for a second shot.

Snapping his attention back to Randee Fenton again, Steve saw the boy was

still on his feet, gun in hand. He fired with more of a chance at accuracy this time and it was not until he saw his bullet spill Randee Him an under cut post that he realized his first shot had been enough, that Fenton had been dying on his feet.

Dreen writhed helplessly under his knee, his gun and gun hand shoved into the dirt in a search for leverage to dislodge the man above him. Lewellyn struck mercilessly at the hand with the muzzle of his own weapon and pulled Dreen's gun from his hurt fingers when they opened. Steve heaved to his feet then, his body still tense and his eyes leaping challengingly to the two Fenton hands who were to have witnessed another version of this short-grass deal between neighbors.

Both men had appreciably lost interest in Lewellyn. They stood white-faced, without moving, their eyes on Randee Fenton, down on his back with blood on his belt, dead with his eyes wide open, and on Sam Dreen, now risen to his knees and spitting gravel from his crushed mouth. Lewellyn snapped an order at one of them.

"Get Dreen some water--"

The rider ducked into the shack and returned with a dipper. Dreen sloshed its contents between his lips, rinsed his mouth, and spat. Dropping his own gun into its holster, Lewellyn punched the brass from Dreen's weapon and handed it back to the man. Dreen held the gun a moment, shoved it into leather, and cradled his hurt hand. He looked at Randee Fenton.

"Dead?"

The very needlessness of the question made an answer unnecessary. Dreen expected none.

"A hell of a way to do business," Dreen growled. "I told the kid that. Too risky. Now he knows what I meant."

"You've got some stock on Willow Creek grass, Dreen," Lewellyn said. "I want it back on your side of the line and our fence patched before sundown."

Dreen nodded.

"You'll get your wanting--this time, Lewellyn," he agreed. "But you know the rest of it. Hal thought a lot of that kid. He won't figure who made the mistake here. He won't take this any patient way. You smoked up any chance you ever had of making a deal with him. It'll be dog and dog, now."

"Chance--was there ever any?"

Dreen looked sharply at Lewellyn. Some innate honesty made him shake his head.

"No, I don't think so."

"Then do Fenton a favor, Dreen," Lewellyn suggested. "Tell him he'd better walk slow."

"You think I won't?" Dreen murmured. "You can be beat, but not any fast way. I've seen you work a hurry job, now. I won't forget it. Next time, I'll play my own cards. And there will be a next time--!"

Lewellyn shrugged.

"It's a short ride to Willow Creek," he said. "I'll be there."

IX

A man's pride stems from many roots. Llewellyn had long cherished his own directness, but at noon he was diagonally across the Lynch ranch from the home buildings on Willow Creek and as far from them as he could possibly be without crossing the boundaries. And it was already dark when he finally loped in across the home bench, although he had accomplished nothing with which to account for the long day. Sharon saw him coming or heard him and she was at the corral when he rode up to unsaddle. This was the moment of which he had been afraid and it was fully as difficult as he had feared it would be.

In the first instant there were only three things in Sharon's eyes--relief at his return, welcome, and a woman's curiosity in the outcome of an affair in which she had a vital interest. Then this radiant simplicity dissolved, shattered into a whole array of suspicions, accusations. Steve realized his own face was betraying him as his delay in returning from the ridges had betrayed him.

Sharon did not speak. She did not come close to him. She waited until he was done with his horse, then walked up to the house with him in silence. He closed the door, unbuckled his belt, and hung it on a nail peg. She watched this with a slow tightening of her lips. Then she lit the lamp and turned toward him.

"What happened?"

Lewellyn struggled hard with the inevitable whiplash of reaction which shook a man for hours after a walk with death, a strange reversion to forgotten boyhood. An almost irresistable temptation to gild fact into a legend of bravado and personal infallibility. He spoke quietly, steadily, almost too bluntly, in his effort to let Sharon see the meeting in the Fenton yard without even the coloring it had possessed in his own eyes.

She sat opposite him at the kitchen table, her back as stiff as the back of her chair and her face slowly draining of color. She was beautiful. Not the beauty Lewellyn had seen last night in the glow of the stove at the bunk shack. Not a woman's particular beauty, even, for a man who had an impassioned belief in a thing could also look like this. A white, sharp, impersonal beauty, lighted by sub-surface fires of determination.

When his story was finished, Sharon raised her clenched hands from her lap to the top of the table. She leaned forward over them a little and she spoke carefully.

"Something inside of me keeps wanting to say that I knew this would happen, Steve. If not today, then tomorrow. It wants to keep saying that I asked too much of you, that like horses, men don't change. Nothing can tear out the killer strain--"

She paused, obviously hoping she had stung deeply enough to reach a denial. But Lewellyn said nothing. She had heard him out without interruption. He had

to hear her.

"--but that isn't fair, Steve," she went on reluctantly. "I know it isn't. And I want to be fair. I want it terribly. I don't understand, but maybe once in his life a man is crowded into a corner from which there is no way out. Maybe that's where you were, today. You went up onto the ridges to do what I asked you, to find us all a way out of the llanos. . . . , without trouble. I'm remembering that. I'll pack for you. Get out of here tonight. Ride north, Steve. Write me when you've found a place where we can live the way I've asked you to try. By the time your letter gets here, Pete will be back and we'll have made some kind of a deal with Hal Fenton."

Lewellyn put the fingers of one hand done hard on the table cloth in front of him. He looked at the square, blunt nails, the heavy cording rooting each finger. And he looked at Sharon's hands, brown as his own, but without scars; slender and long of finger, sensitive, but with only a fraction of the physical strength in his. Different hands and a different way of thinking.

The results, he knew, if the left the llanos now, were inevitable. Sam Dreen, sullenly waiting his employer's return at the place on the ridges, would think his parting threat had taken root. His thinking would go beyond this. He would think that Steve Lewellyn believed the Willow Creek ranch had no chance of standing against Fenton. He would draw this conclusion, also, from Lewellyn's departure. And this conclusion would strengthen his confidence; it would strengthen Fenton's confidence. Where there had once been a willingness to pay a fair price for the Long Draw sections, there would now be a belief that all Willow Creek could be had virtually for nothing if the pressure was built high enough.

And there was Pete to consider. Because he was old and because of Sharon, Pete would swallow a lot, but he had been too long on the llanos to lie quietly

while a neighbor rolled him off of his load. These were the things Sharon did not see. Or if she saw them, she refused them their proper importance. These were the things which bound Steve more tightly to Willow Creek than he had been bound before, so long as he stilled owned affection for Pete and a hope that time might make Sharon understand that a man who dealt in death was not always a killer.

He looked up and spoke, a desire to be gentle making his voice a little unsteady.

"I can't go tonight, Sharon. I would if I could, since you've asked me--since you say you'll follow when I write. But there isn't any easy way out of this. I've got to stay until its through--"

"Until you're brought home to me dead, this time--or until they've buried Hal Fenton, up on the ridges. Is that it?"

"It might work either way. We can hope it doesn't. But we'll have to see and I'll have to stay until Fenton has pulled in his horns or he's paid Pete a fair price for Willow Creek."

Sharon rose. The color began flooding back into her cheeks.

"You've made a fool of me, Steve," she said bitterly. "Life is a big thing to me and I've wanted a big man--as big as you. You lay in my bed and I took care of you until you were well enough to leave it. You used stolen money to buy in with dad, so that I saw you every day for months. You laughed at me and listened to me, by turns, until you had me believing you could see my kind of life. And now, after last night, after you're sure, you tell me you'll have no more of doing what I ask."

She paused, looking at him steadily.

"Understand this, Steve. I don't care what kind of a price dad gets for Willow Creek. It's enough to me if he gets rid of it. I want to get off of

the liquor. I wanted to go with you. I'll never want to go with another man as much. But I want order and a town. I want to grow with it. And I'll have it. Last night bound me to nothing."

"No," Lewellyn agreed softly. "I think the rope dropped on me, not on you."

"If it did, you cut it cleanly enough on the ridge, today," Sharon answered. "I love you, Steve, if it means anything now. I think you loved me. But it's over, now--done. If there's loss, it's mine. There's nothing to keep you here. Nothing at all. I'll make Pete see that. If you stay you'll only bring trouble, here in the house and out on the grass. Trouble Pete is too old to face. He existed before you came; we can do it again, Pete and me. Move on, Steve--"

"North?"

"Where you want," Sharon replied quietly. "I said it was over. I meant that. I want a man who has some other pride than his hardness toward others and respect for a higher authority than his fists and his gun!"

Lewellyn rose and crossed to the wall peg. He looked soberly across at the girl as he pulled on his belt.

"I hope we're not making a mistake, Sharon--"

The girl shook her head with conviction.

"We've already made our mistakes--both of us. This is to keep us from making more."

Lewellyn pulled open the door. A sudden, sharp struggle sawed at him, its violence increased by a momentary softening in Sharon's eyes. He stood framed in the opening, aware that a step inward, a little contrition, and fresh promises could bridge all of the unpleasantness of the hour past. But he also knew that this would only be delaying the inevitable, that tonight would recur again.

Sharon could not change. He could not. And there was too much pain involved for repetition. He stepped across the threshold. From the outside, he said:

"If you find that man--the one that suits you--Sharon, I'd like to see him sometime."

And he pulled the door closed.

It was nearly midnight when Lewellyn rode into the Fenton yard again. He did not dismount. A rangy dog was about the place, his uproar a sufficient call for attention. Someone within the shack growled a sleepy challenge.

"It's Lewellyn," Steve called. "Send Dreen out. I want to see him."

Imprecations sounded inside. A lamp was lit. Dreen came out after a moment in pants and undershirt. He brought the lamp with him.

"What the hell is chewing on you, now, Lewellyn?" he grunted angrily.

"We've got to have a little understanding, Dreen."

"On what? We settled all that this morning."

"Not this. I'm pulling out."

"Oh--?" Dreen was silent for a moment. "That makes things easier."

"Some," Lewellyn agreed. "Fenton can make a better deal with Pete Lynch and his girl than he ever could with me. What we've got to understand, what Fenton has got to understand when he gets back, is that there does have to be some kind of a deal. I'm assigning my share in Willow Creek to a man who'll go a long ways toward seeing Lynch gets a fair something--that he at least gets a chance to sell. And if that doesn't work, I won't be so far away I can't be reached. I'm finished here, Dreen. I don't want to come back. But I will if I have to."

Dreen nodded.

"I'll tell Hal," he said.

"You'll do better than that," Lewellyn corrected quietly. "You'll make him see I mean this. I don't expect him to make Pete rich. I just want it to be a square deal. If it isn't, I'll hunt him down and I'll hunt you down. Understand?"

Green nodded again.

"I'm no fool, Lewellyn. This ought to suit Hal. You worried him. Old man Lynch never did. There'll be a deal offered on Willow Creek, I think. A clean one. Hal can use the grass, and at a decent price, if he can pay for it as he can. You're making a good move, Lewellyn. You're saving a lot of trouble for all of us. Hal knows what he's building here. He was afraid you were trying to build the same thing. With you gone, he's not apt to be too ringy."

"I figured that," Lewellyn said shortly. "See to it I didn't figure wrong!"

Reining his horse about, Lewellyn rode briskly out of the yard.

Steve was asleep on the walk in front of the Texas Pride saloon in La Mesa, sitting with his back against the weathered wall of the building, when Charlie Bissel opened his front door in the morning. The creak of the hinges and Bissel's soft oath roused him. When he opened his eyes, Bissel was standing in the doorway, his eyes running over the bedroll and gear lashed behind Steve's saddle on the horse at the rack. While Bissel completed his inspection, Steve rose and stretched. The saloonman turned toward him.

"Looking for me?"

Steve nodded.

"You're Lewellyn, from out at the Lynch place, aren't you?"

Steve nodded again. Bissel turned toward the interior of the saloon.

"Come in and drag up a chair. I was just fixing breakfast," he offered.

Lewellyn followed him across the dark, stuffy public room and into the quarters at the rear. These were neat, orderly, clean, and a good breakfast smell was in the air. Lewellyn found a wash basin, soap, a towel, and scrubbed the night from his face and hands. Bissel put the meal onto the table and sat down opposite him. They ate in silence. When they had finished, Bissel leaned back and methodically rolled himself a tight, smooth cigarette. He looked up as he lit it.

"Pulling out, eh?" he asked matter-of-factly. "Why?"

Lewellyn considered his answer and decided masking the truth was pointless.

"Orders."

"From Pete?"

"No."

"The girl, then." Bissel grinned. "A woman can raise hell. Where you going?"

"North," Lewellyn said. "Maybe Kansas. Figured I might drag off of the llanos for a while. Maybe try a piece of the railroad land the government is peddling up there."

Bissel's sharp eyes probed.

"Man, you're hit bad!" he commented. "I've heard Sharon Lynch say her piece before, but I never thought I'd see a whang-leather Texan take holt of that bit!"

"Might be several things you haven't seen," Lewellyn suggested drily.

"Such as--?"

"This--" Lewellyn drew a folded square of note paper from his breast pocket, snapped it open, and tossed it down in front of the saloonman. Bissel studied its contents. Finally he raised his head with a curious expression in

his eyes.

"An assignment to your half of Pete's range--to me. Why?"

"Two reasons," Lewellyn said. "In the first place, I never owned that half of Pete's ranch. He split Willow Creek because I handed him a pouch of money. That pouch came out of Les Wadsworth's shirt and what was in it came out of your safe."

"Pete knew that when he used it?"

"Probably. But I never told him so. Just that I hadn't robbed you."

"I always figured Wadsworth did it. One of the women finally admitted he had been in town. I figured he got Banta, too. But it was hard to fit you in and the whole deal was a tough thing to prove. I've had plenty of time to wait, and now it's paid off. You said you had two reasons for chucking this assignment at me. What's the other?"

"Sharon is going to move Pete as soon as he's back from his drive to the rails. She's going to squeeze him into selling out with Hal Fenton the only buyer in sight. I came through the ridges on my way in here last night. I did what I could to see he gets a smooth deal. But that isn't enough. Not with Fenton. You're a good trader and its going to take a damned good man in a trade to get Pete off Willow Creek with anything more than his skin."

Bissel folded the assignment and put it into a pocket.

"Pete will make out all right, Lewellyn," he said quietly. "Now I'm going to tell you something. I'm fed up here, myself. I've got a buyer for this place coming up from Mexico. I'm going north, too. But I'm one up on you. I've got my place picked out. You've got no strings on you and I like the way you do business. Supposing you take on a chore for me?"

Lewellyn shrugged.

"Why not?"

"There's a town up in Kansas called Brokenbow. Three shacks and a saltbox, now, likely. But it's on the rail survey and far enough out now from the railhead for a man to buy in before the boom hits. Once the rails reach it, it'll become a shipping center for Texas beef until the railroad moves on out to another town closer to us, here. And while the drovers are shipping from it, it'll be a real heller for business. That's why I've picked it--that and the fact that it lies in good country and should live on pretty husky after the railhead has passed it by. I've been writing a mess of letters to a hardware man up there. Follow by the name of Jed Burnage."

"That's got something to do with me?"

Bissel nodded.

"Plenty. That's the chore. Burnage has agreed to throw me up a building and equip it. I told you I liked the way you do business--" Bissel tapped the pocket containing Lewellyn's assignment. "--I want you take take a pocketful of my cash north to Brokenbow and see that I get my money's worth in that building. It would be worth a solid commission to me, and it would give you some income while you're getting a piece of that government ground squared around so it'll feed you."

Lewellyn considered the offer. Bissel had solved his most serious problem in riding north--a temporary income while he was getting located. And one Kansas town was the same as another, as far as he was concerned. Brokenbow would do as well as the next. He was not deceived by Bissel's approval of his way of doing business. There was honesty involved in the assignment of his half of Willow Creek to Bissel. His offer, Steve was convinced, was only half gratitude for this. The other half lay behind Bissel's careful measurement of the hang of his gun and the cut of his face.

"Maybe I'm a little too sudden for a carpenter boss, Bissel," Lewellyn

said quietly. "That step I made last night in the ridges was the second in twenty-four hours. I got in a little jam up there yesterday morning. They buried the Fenton kid last night."

"A man in a saloon hears things," Bissel said imperturbably. "His carcass wasn't even stiff before I heard that little side-winder had finally gotten his. What's the odds in that? You're going north to change your stripes, aren't you? I get that idea, anyhow. To make a try of some kind at blowing the kind of a furrow Pete's girl has been selling you. So you'll be a different critter in Brokenbow than you are here."

Lewellyn winced at the man's penetration, but he grinned.

"All right," he agreed. "It's Brokenbow, then. But one thing--nobody knows where I've gone."

Bissel frowned.

"Nothing's ever that final, Lewellyn," he protested. "It's a mistake to make it so, deliberately. Sharon Lynch is an almighty fine woman this minute, and there's a lot of growing in her, yet. On the short grass, we're bred to appetites, strong ones, men and woman, both. If she loses touch with you, she'll find herself another. It's in the blood. And you're the kind who should have a woman like her."

Lewellyn shook his head and rose from the table.

"Not now, I'm not. Maybe sometime--" He shrugged. "Look, I want to be moving--"

Bissel kicked back his chair.

"You can start in an hour."

"And where I'm going--?"

"I'll help you be a fool, since you want it that way. If I'm asked, I won't know where the hell you are--"

END OF BOOK I

# SHORT GRASS

by

Tom W. Blackburn

**Book Two**

# I

It was hard to know what a man wanted, if it could be known at all. In the beginning, comfort; something to eat when hunger growled and a place to sleep, out of the wind. The security of infancy. A little later the desire was to be like someone grown. A father, maybe. Or an uncle. Or a moonshiner in the brush with a scar on his cheek and a deep bell voice and a stock of scary stories and time to tell them. Boyhood dreaming. And then an end to dreams. A restless desire for escape from monotony. New hills. New faces. Independence. A woman, sometime, and finally permanence. A long ride, too often in a circle.

Lewellyn dismounted at a rack on the main street of Brokenbow with a strong feeling of impotence, of having wrestled with himself in the dark. In the three years since he had ridden out of La Mesa, there had been accomplishment. This had been inevitable. Time and the wind were always in motion. The Kansas Pacific had reached Brokenbow. A muddy, rutted wagon track had

become a street. Buildings had risen. Among them was Charlie Bissel's U. S. Grant saloon, which Steve had built for him at a fraction of its present value. So, also, were the newspaper plant across the street and Jed Barnum's new store and the loading pens below the tracks. These were the mechanics of a net which had closed in on Steve Lewellyn.

Bissel was in the Grant, now, a businessman. A Kansan, with the llanos far behind him, apparently forgotten. Bissel was flexible. He wore his new coat well. There were others who adjusted easily. John Devore, the printer, who had come in from Abilene with his type cases, his press, his wife, and with his tail between his legs. Devore fitted the street, assiduously. He was dry in dry weather and wet when it rained. When there was mud on his boots he wiped them clean, to hell with filling up the chuck-hole into which he had stepped. He edited his news with a kind of desperation which succeeded in making him no enemies, but which could not make him friends.

Lewellyn did not know for certain--he had never made a point of it with Bissel--but he thought the saloonman had brought Sharon Lynch to Brokenbow. Quite possibly because Charlie could see Steve's restlessness and perhaps because he fathomed Sharon's unhappiness. Maybe with an idea that an old mistake could be healed. If this was so, Bissel was a fool. Rivers did not run backward. Time did not run backward. And Sharon was married to the printer from Abilene.

Steve had not inquired, but there was so little that was secret in Brokenbow. Pete Lynch had gotten something for his place on Willow Creek. A third of his value. Bissel had thought it was fair, under the circumstances. Steve thought it was fair. Pete had gone to Abilene with his daughter. But Pete had left all that he had built on the llanos. He could

not stand the separation. Abilene had been too small. It had been too unfamiliar. And Pete had not had the narcotic of work for his hands. Pete had been dead for over two years. Sharon had been married to Devers nearly as long. As she was in Breckenbow.

Bissel could have written to Abilene that opportunity was out here. A need for a paper, even one which was opposition to neither God nor man. Or something bigger than Charlie, working without plan and, far more bitter irony, could have brought Sharon out with the rails. So she was on this street and Steve Lewellyn was on a homestead section up the valley and cattle were coming into the loading pens on the railroad. Cattle from the biggest drover's outfit on the llanos. Cattle wearing one of Hal Fenton's brands. This was a different place and a different time. Nothing else was changed--except Steve Lewellyn.

Steve stepped up onto the yellow, little worn planking of the walk. Small eddies of dead wind stirred dust from pockets along the street. A trotting dog veered a little and barked disinterestddly at him, swinging its attention in a moment to a farm wagon loaded with children at the rail before the post office. For eighty yards along whiskey row, the racks were crowded with horses wearing Texas brands. Charlie Bissel had competition. Willow Creek Ranch had expanded to cover a third of the county, down on the llanos, and Fenton ran big crews. Night was coming in off of the grass. Beyond the high end of the street, on the slope of the low ridgg back of town, the supper fires of Fenton's trail-herd camp were dying down.

Ord Keown, turned out in a fresh shirt and a carefully brushed ~~shirt~~ COAT for his night rounds, came out of the Grant and moved toward Steve. The low red sun beyond the ridge made a bright spot of the marshal's badge on Keown's lapel.

"Evening, farmer," Keown said. It was almost a ritual. Ord seemed to find amusement in the stain of loam and sand under Steve's nails. Incredulity too, perhaps, but amusement, and he invariably used the same mocking salutation. Steve nodded without expression, taking obstinate pleasure in passing by the edge of the marshal's greeting as coolly as the man offered it. Keown chuckled thinly and would have swung on, but Lewellyn arrested him with a movement of his hand.

"Stick around, Ord--" he suggested.

Keown ran long-lashed, impersonal eyes over him. He shook his head.

"No. I'm busy, tonight."

Lewellyn accepted both the refusal and its curtness with a prodding of maliciousness. The marshal would be busier, directly. He watched Ord go on up the walk with an easy stride, small and tailored and well aware of the respect men held for his kind. Lethal, virile, and vain, without pretense at any of the three. The law of Brokenbow.

When Keown was gone, Lewellyn stepped into the Grant, moving midway down the bar to the section Charlie Bissel tended. The Grant was busy, crowded with townsmen and an overflow of Texans who had not been able to find room or service at the Wagon Wheel or the Spur, both a few doors up the street. Bissel's apron was smudged and he looked tired.

"A Roanoke, Charlie," Lewellyn told him. Bissel hooked the bottle off of the backbar, drew its cork, and set it down beside a finger glass.

"I didn't look for you in for a day or two, Steve," he said. "The drovers won't start pulling out till tomorrow or the next day."

Lewellyn poured a drink and swallowed it. He rang the glass back down on the bar.

"I'm looking for Fenton. Has he been in here this afternoon?"

Charlie Bissel's thick brows drew down across his eyes. He poured another drink into Lewellyn's glass and set out a glass for himself.

"Hal's half drunk," he said carefully. "Most of his crew's gone the whole way. Hal got his money on his last herd today and he's paid his boys off. Every jack of them is smoking hot, tonight. And they've gotten wise to the fact this town don't love 'em. Look, Steve, you've homesteading, now. You're a hell of a long way from Willow Creek. It's taken you three years to get where you are. You've got no truck with trail herds. You're forgetting that."

"No," Lewellyn said. "I'll do nothing a farmer wouldn't, but I'll do as much as any farmer would. I want to see Fenton."

Charlie Bissel shrugged, something almost mocking in his eyes as though he, too, saw something incredulous in Steve's grim attachment to the sod of his homestead.

"Just so you remember, Steve," he agreed. "Hal was at the Spur half an hour ago. There's been a game on. I don't think it's broken up. But maybe you ought to wait, Steve. Better wait till tomorrow. Tonight Brokenbow is out of Kansas. Tonight it's down on the <u>llanos</u>--with the lid pried off. You don't want trouble--"

"No--" Lewellyn agreed without committment. He put a coin down on the bar. Bissel slid the silver into his till. His voice dropped, reaching out to put a friend's caution on the earth-stained man before him.

"There are some men that trouble just follows, Steve. I'd remember that. You're one of them--"

Lewellyn stepped away from the bar.

"I've forgotten nothing, Charlie," he said quietly. "Nothing. If Ord Keown ducks in here again, you'd better send him along up to the Spur."

Lewellyn quit the Grant unhurriedly. He paused on the walk outside to finish a cigarette and to watch the sun die. Brokenbow was without paint, without color or softness, but in these changing moments between day and night, it was touched with both so that a man could see beauty where there was none. Steve wondered if this wasn't the root of the mistake Sharon had made on the llanos--that she still might be making now. He wondered if she could really see what a town like this was--if she could see the people which made it for looking at the town itself. He thought it likely she couldn't. Not the people and not the frictions which kindled trouble.

Across the street, Ruth Barnage had stopped beside the wagon loaded with kids in front of the post office. A man and a woman were on the seat, now, listening to what Jed Barnage's wife knew of the comings and goings in Brokenbow. Lewellyn decided the family in the wagon was the Westfalls, homesteaders from Tie Creek. His smoke done, he sailed his cigarette into the street and moved on up the walk. As he passed in front of Cragar's store, which lay between the Grant and the Spur, Zoe Barnage came down the steps. She stopped on the next to the bottom tread, so that her head was as high as Lewellyn's, and the bold, quick smile in her eyes ran down across her lips.

There was warm, red life and an awareness of it in Zoe Barnage. Too much of it for her to keep contained. She swung the balance of her body deliberately so that a breath of the wind blew her dress revealingly against her. She was all woman and proud of it. Steve had seen her sporadically since he had come to Brokenbow. Restlessness. A periodic thing. Like a trip in to a barber or a session with a bottle at one of the saloons. Something a man had to get out of him--or an answer to a craving. Companionship.

He had gotten no more from Zoe. He had asked for nothing more. But what she had given, she had given freely and with a relish in participation. Steve liked her. He liked her pride in her aliveness and her womanhood. He liked the absence of false restraints in her. He admired her judgement of values. In Breckenbee, where there was constant talk of ordinances and surfaces and survey lines--the restrictions with which men hampered themselves when they gathered together in one place--it was good to savor Zoe's freedom. Steve doubted if she wore more than one petticoat. To some she was probably a hussy. Likely she was a rebel. And she sure as hell was unconventional. Steve grinned at her.

"Hello," she said. Her challenge touched even her voice. "Been by the house?"

"I just rode in," Lewellyn answered. "Some business."

"At the Grant or the Spur or the Wagon Wheel--ourmaybe the Courier office!"

Steve glanced across the street at the building housing John Devore's paper. He frowned a little. He wondered if Bissel was responsible for this, also. Sharon would have been as taciturn about their former relationship as he had himself been. She had made an effort equal to his own to avoid him since she had come in over the rails with her husband. Yet Zoe had some knowledge that they had known each other and Steve was reluctant to believe either John Devore's wife or himself had betrayed anything which would be apparent to the superficial kind of observation of which Zoe was capable.

Zoe waited for a moment. When he did not answer, she laughed and stepped down past him.

"Stop by," she said. "There'll be a moon up when your business is

some. You could do with a moon, Steve Lewellyn!"

She crossed the walk and moved into the street, her skirt swinging with a touch of exaggeration as she angled toward the wagon where her mother still talked with the Westfalls. Once she looked back, invitation still plain in her eyes. Lewellyn replaced his hat and swung forward. As he did so, light blossomed in the windows of the newspaper office, opposite, throwing the name of the Courier into relief on the glass. Lewellyn could see John Devore, bent over a high table; and back of him, Sharon. He drew up again for a moment, waiting without real reason. Sharon crossed behind her husband and stopped against the window.

Lewellyn's hand went to his hat, bending the brim in a half lift. With the light behind her and dusk settling rapidly along the street, it was possible Sharon did not see him. He didn't know. He dropped his hand with a queer little sag of spirit. He recognized the cause. A self-imposed hurt, this occasional thinking of Willow Creek, and with its own strange kind of satisfaction. He would have given much to know if there was a breath of hurt still in Sharon, but he well knew the knowledge could have little real value. This desire which was not dead he kept locked with others within him, where it could not escape him. As Sharon turned back from the window, Lewellyn shouldered through the door of the Spur.

This was the latest building along whiskey row. A specialized palace, built with Texas money for the trail-herd trade. The farmers slowly filling the tillable sections surrounding the town and the better class of townspeople avoided the Spur. Part of this was because Sid Lowell's prices were high, his games no-limit, and a man could be badly burned between breaths in Lowell's place if he had too much whiskey in him. Part of it was because Lowell had brought in girls from the river towns to help build his trade and

these were the first of their kind in Breckenbow. But mostly it was because when the rails came, and after them the Texas herds driving north for shipment, a line had grown up in Breckenbow as it had in other cow-rail towns between things connected with the drovers and things connected with the land and the back-country which had originally brought the town to life. A line was in being drawn, but sharply dividing and being continually stretched closer to the point of rupture.

The Spur was in two parts, one separated from the other by the pillars of an open partition. On one side, a long bar faced a tawdry little stage. Between stage and bar was an open area of poorly kept floor, ringed by small wire-work tables and chairs to match. It was into this section of the smoky hall the street door opened. The other section, beyond the pillars, held the wheels, the tables, and the dice cages. The Spur represented a large investment, as saloons went, but Lowell had been shrewd enough to use his money to buy size and space, not elegance and atmosphere. To a Texan at the end of a dusty drive, the accessibility and supply of a thing far outweighed its quality. A universal trait.

The bar section of the Spur was virtually deserted when Lewellyn entered. The whole traffic of the place was jammed into the other room. Attention was focused on a big, felted poker table in its center. A game was in progress. Likely THE one Bissel had mentioned. A big one. Lewellyn passed between the pillars and put the point of his shoulder against the thin edge of the crowd. He was big and his weight was high on him, so that there was force in the swing of his shoulders. He moved steadily, working to within a pair of yards of the table. Close enough to see the players and the play.

Five men were seated around the felt: Hal Fenton, Sid Lowell, one of

Old's house man, a drover from Fenton's crew, and Gonzales Gallanna. Fenton was apparently playing to skin luck. His drover seemed to be riding the same horse. Old and his man--professionals--would be covering, only sitting in to keep a hot and profitable game going. Don Gallanna, gnome-like among bigger men and looking [illegible] red-bearded, flame-haired owl, sat with his arms thrust out in front of him around a disorderly welter of chips worth a good man's pay for a year.

Lewellyn watched a hand open cautiously on white chips. They turned red in the first round and Gallanna jumped them to blue, refused his draw, and sat unblinkingly behind the five cards dealt to him. In swift succession Lowell, his dealer, and the drover let go. Ike Fenton, obviously a little drunk and with his mouth strained and tight, scowled blackly across the table, attempting to measure Brokenbow's medical man.

Lewellyn studied the face of the boss of Willow Creek. There seemed little change since the distant day they had met in the draw above Pete Lynches place. Time had left no appreciable mark. Neither had responsibility and the weight heaped onto Fenton by the amazing, ruthless growth of his ranch and his holdings. Watching the man reach for a decision, now, Lewellyn knew how Fenton worked, how he would always work. He looked for the sure thing. He measured his own cards. When he went ahead, it was with reasonable surety he could not be checked. Poker, Steve thought, must be an agony to a man so built and so deliberate. Luck was something on which he could not by nature rely. Force, strength, intimidation, power--these things, yes--if they provided a sure route to an objective. But not luck.

Fenton's decision came slowly. It was a hard wait for every man in the room. A gaunt new Swede farmer from the back country, standing in front

of Llewellyn, began to sweat. Moisture on the back of his neck stained the frayed rim of his collar. With a sudden movement, the Swede bit away half of the plug of tobacco in his hand.

"God!" he muttered under his breath. He began to chew strongly.

Hal Fenton raised his eyes slowly from his cards. He looked at the little man across the table from him.

"You're bluffing, McKenna," he said with studied conviction. He thrust out a stack of chips to match the heap the doctor had on offer. Men close to the table gasped. This was a killing bet. The sound of sharply drawn breaths ran through the room. The Swede farmer in front of Steve stopped chewing.

"God!" he said again.

Doc McKenna fanned his cards down. He grinned across the table.

"A man can't bluff every time, Fenton," he said. "I've got 'em this time."

Hal Fenton came slowly to his feet, his lips bloodless and his eyes on the mass of chips in front of the little doctor.

"We'll have another round, later," he said shortly. "Nothing ever ends this way, Doc!"

Sock McKenna leaned across the table and dragged the last pot toward him. He rocked his head up sidewise.

"Any time, Fenton," he said agreeably. "Any time at all."

The broad, untroubled smile which wrinkled McKenna's rawboned Scottish face in no way drew the enemity from this exchange. Fenton jerked his hat down on his head and turned away from the table. His eyes touched Lewellyn and held. Steve nodded slightly.

"I've been looking for you, Hal," he said evenly.

The Swedish farmer saw Llewellyn's face and stumbled hurriedly out of the path which suddenly ended open between Hal Fenton and Steve. Fenton rocked a little on widely planted feet. The flood of his tightly held anger shunned swiftly from Don Llewellyn to Llewellyn.

II

Steve waited a moment, meeting Fenton's angry stare, then spoke again, putting his words down flatly in the sudden silence of the room.

"I want to talk to you, Hal--"

Fenton's head jerked. "Commence!" he snapped.

Lewellyn took an easy step forward, leaving no room for a man to come between Fenton and himself.

"A section of your herd went through my fence last night. I warned you about them when you bedded it down so close to me. I told you to keep them to open land and away from my line."

A man jostled through the crowd past Lewellyn's elbow and stopped a yard to one side of him. Turning his head a little, Steve caught Ord Keown's metallic, non-committal stare. Fenton, also, looked at Ord. Something he saw in the marshal's eyes seemed to steady him.

"A herd gaunted by a long drive is hard to keep from water, Lewellyn,"

he said. "And I'm shipping no beef out of Brokenbow till its watered and fattened after the drive. Next time you file a homestead, keep out of the bottoms. Leave grass and water where cattle can get to them. A fence ain't a farm. Short grass ain't a crop. And you're no farmer. You've stood no loss. It might happen again. Then what?"

"It won't happen again, Hal," Lewellyn answered quietly. "I warned you. Now I'll have my due or I'll hurt."

Dan McKenna had moved to the cash case at the lower end of the room. The shatter of his chips falling into the rack on the counter's stick and and the clink of silver passing across to him came plainly up the room. The silence held for a long moment, except for this sound. Then the crowd began to stir with the movement of Fenton's men starting in ~~quietly~~ slowly toward the big center table. They moved surely, unhurried. The drover who had been in the big game with his ~~back~~ back turned quarteringly beside Fenton and shoved forward. Fenton remained motionless, waiting. Lewellyn watched the room, seeing the initial impact of his blunt demand fade as the trail crew closed in on him.

He glanced appealingly at Keown. Ord's metallic stare did not change. The man was astraddle the fence. He intended to remain there, for now. Steve discounted him and measured the others. Moving fast but deliberately, Lewellyn drove a shoulder against Fenton's advancing table-mate. The man wheeled full around under the impact, staggering off-balance against the Swedish homesteader. As the fellow spun, Lewellyn lifted the gun from under the raised tail of his coat. Sight of the weapon jarred Fenton. He lunged forward. Lewellyn reversed himself and stepped aside. As Fenton shot past him, he drew the barrel of the weapon in his hand sharply along the side of Fenton's head.

The timing was clean. Fenton sagged. Lewellyn caught him, jerked him

around, and stabbed the muzzle of the gun deep into the muscles of Fenton's back. The man fought momentary sickness from his knees and drew himself erect with a slow shake of his head. But he was careful under the pressure of the gun. The rest of his crew, sensing a reversal but being unable to identify it because of the partial screening of those about the table by the nervous, silent crowd, eased their pressure. Lewellyn spoke softly at the back of Fenton's head.

"Fifty dollars, Hal," he said. "That fence cost me fifty dollars. It costs less to bury a man in Brokenbow!"

Fenton tried to turn his head over his shoulder. Lewellyn leaned forward a fraction of an inch, increasing the pressure of the gun muzzle. Slowly--slowly enough that every man in the Spur could see that this was a beginning, not an end--Fenton reached out a thin roll of bills from a breast pocket. Handling them awkwardly, he folded several of them together and held them up under his ear. Lewellyn lifted them out of his fingers, thrust them carelessly into a jacket pocket, and stepped back.

"We're square, Hal," he said. "Thanks--"

Fenton turned.

"You should have let me forget you, Lewellyn," he said softly. "I'm busy enough. I think I could have. I think I could have forgotten everything. But not now. You've got too fast a gun in my book for Brokenbow."

Lewellyn shook his head.

"You're remembering somebody else, Hal," he said. He smiled a little. "This isn't my gun. I just borrowed it from one of your boys. All I've got is a homesteaded section and a string of fence. That's all. I'm a farmer."

"Yeah, fence," Fenton said. "We never did agree on fences, Lewellyn. Some day you're going to string one too many!"

Steve's smile did not change. He started looking carefully through the open lane between himself and the door. Beside this lane, close to the pillars dividing the Spur, two of Fenton's men stood. One of these thrust out a foot to trip Lewellyn as he approached. Steve heard the movement, sensed its purpose, and lengthened one backward-reaching stride so that the sharp heel of his boot came down on the instep of the outstretched foot. The man swore softly and his face sharpened with pain, but he made no other move.

A freshened wind had come up along the street. It touched Lewellyn as he reached the doors. A man was waiting on the walk before the Spur, carefully clear of the awning so that the strong light of a low moon revealed him plainly. Lewellyn flung a taut glance at him, saw that the man wanted to talk, and turned down the walk with ~~inv~~ intention in the slight cant of his head. The man turned and fell in beside him.

"Well, McKenna?" Steve asked. Doc McKenna laughed. It was a round sound, with honesty, and suddenly easing after the tension within the Spur.

"Never seen a Texan take an honest-to-God bite out of another one before," McKenna said. "Your chew taste as good as mine?" He slapped at a pocket weighted down with winnings.

"I wasn't biting for fun!" Lewellyn answered. McKenna's laugh died.

"Neither was I! Look, we don't like the same people. How about adding up our grouches over a couple of shot-glasses?"

Talk was a mood with Lewellyn. He didn't want it, now. He shook his head.

"Later," he said.

"Sure--" Sock McKenna shrugged with good humor. He laughed again, softly. "Sure. I'll be around anytime. But will you, Lewellyn? How much

prodding is Hal Fenton going to take from a homesteader?"

Still chuckling a little, McKenna pulled up and turned back. Lewellyn continued on up the walk. The doctor's commonness was not deceptive. Neither was his laughter. There was grimness to both. McKenna knew where he stood. He knew where all of Brokenbow stood. McKenna did not like Texans. He did not like their cattle. He did not like what the shipping of llanos beef was doing to his town--what it would continue to do. And he said so, often and bluntly.

He was outspoken in his opposition to the Fenton crews when much of the town was still only grumbling. He knew the need for unity and for strength if Fenton's crews were to be matched and checked. He even knew the kind of men who could match and check the Texans. So this had been a bid for Steve Lewellyn. A bid based on the friction between Steve and Hal Fenton in the Spur. A carelessly masked hope that Lewellyn would swing with the town--with McKenna.

Steve had respect for the little doctor. McKenna had wisdom and sharp understanding of the dangers to a rail town inherent in its shipping pens. Drovers needed grass--Kansas grass-- to fatten their stock after the long and often dry drive up from the llanos. They needed it close to the town from which they were to ship. The drovers were not lawless. There was no more deviltry in them than in Missourians or river crews or like kinds. But they were determined. And their interests were prime interests, always. If they broke up the small farms about a shipping center in order to get the grass they needed, they would lose no sleep. There were many among them who believed turned sod was an offense against their private god. A sincere enough belief. And none of them could see that a town needed farms in which to sink its roots. None of them saw far enough ahead to realize that when the rails had built

further westward, they would make their drives to shipping points closer to their home ranges. They did not see that Brokenbow had to defend its farms to exist after the drovers were gone. Or if they saw, they didn't give a damn. They were stockmen. To hell with farms.

So this was the real danger. This was the danger Dan McKenna saw. Not the Texans, themselves. Not their drunkenness. Not the blandishments Sid Lowell and others had introduced to secure their trade. Ord Keown's problem of maintaining orderliness on the streets was more spectacular. It was noisier. It had a certain color which made the doings of the day, the boisterous rowdyism, and the women in the Spur subject to concern and table talk in most of the houses in town. But McKenna and maybe Jed Barnage and a few others saw which side of the blade was edged and they were gathering their forces.

They wanted Steve Lewellyn. He knew why. He had known since the day the construction trains of the Kansas Pacific smoked in off of the prairie and it became inevitable that some Texas outfit would drive to Brokenbow for shipment. Maybe it had been Charlie Bissel again who had helped build the legend. Maybe it had been something in Lewellyn's own aloofness, his walk, his eyes. But Brokenbow knew that Steve Lewellyn was a hard man, able, and swift in his judgements of right and wrong. As the history of his gun had made Ord Keown marshal of Brokenbow, the history of his own gun had made Steve Lewellyn a man sought after and catered to by those who had built the town and dreamed its dreams of permanence.

What Bissel had not hinted to the town and what McKenna and the others could not see was somethin which was buried deep in Lewellyn. Something which had been planted on Willow Creek. Something which had made him tie himself to a plot of ground too small to run stock. Something which had

made Shannon a new beginning for him. Something with which there could be no compromise. A determination to trade for peace. The principle which Sharon Lynch had preached on the _ferry_. The gulf between Sharon and himself was not narrowed by her presence now in Brokenbow, and this determination was the one bridge which still bound Llewellyn to her. It was something he would not relinquish.

Opposite the _Courier_ office, Llewellyn pulled up on the walk and stood motionless. He had tried to believe that the railroad meant nothing. He had tried to believe he could hold himself apart from Wheaton and his men. Yet he now thought he had known from the beginning that he could not do this. His acceptance of Sharon's principles was in itself a compromise. He could trade for the rights of others. He could do that. But his own rights were closer to him than even Sharon had been. And his plot of land was a source of rights. An eddy was spinning. He could not stay in it and avoid the vortex. With a decisive snap of his cigarette into the gutter, he stepped down from the walk and strode briskly across the street toward the lighted windows of the newspaper office.

## III

Preoccupied, absorbed in his sudden decision and the way out it offered, Lewellyn stepped into the office of the Brokenbow Courier. Only Devore was behind the counter. Sharon had, Steve thought, gone into the living quarters in the rear of the building. Devore looked up irritably from his composing table and offered no greeting. Lewellyn pushed the door closed behind him and crossed to the counter bisecting the office.

"You're working late, John," he suggested. "Where's Sharon?"

Devore slid slowly from his stool and took off his glasses. With the typsetter's hump gone from his shoulders and his feet planted solidly on the floor. Devore was a big man, physically. With his glasses off and his attention on a man, his youth was apparent, together with a certain handsomeness. His jaw was square and there was a hint of strength in the line of his body. Lewellyn thought again as he had before that this man must have been a harsh

disappointment to Sharon. His appearance was more decadent than usual. There was irony that Sharon, with her passion for truth and directness, was married to the publisher of a paper which avoided issues as consistently as the Courier did. Devore was a step beyond Sharon. Not only was he determined to settle a quarrel with words, he was unwilling to recognize the existence of a quarrel in the first place.

Devore put his glasses on his table and backed up to it so that he could grip the edges of it with his hands behind him.

"I've been wanting to talk to you, Lewellyn," he said slowly. "I've been waiting for a chance when we could have our talk alone. I have been a long time finding out, but I know all about you. All about you."

Steve frowned curiously. Suddenly he understood, and he was a little surprised.

"About La Mesa? Sharon didn't tell you about me in the beginning?"

"There were a great many things Sharon didn't see fit to tell me about, Lewellyn," Devore said with a sudden surge of bitterness. "I've had to find them out for myself. And I haven't liked them. You, least of all."

"Why?" Lewellyn countered. "The moon shines in Texas the same as it does in Abilene."

Devore's color darkened. Steve saw the man was stung. After a moment Devore shrugged.

"I have forgotten Texas. I'm not talking about La Mesa, now, Lewellyn. I'm talking about Brokenbow. You were here when we came. I've often wondered if you knew Sharon would persuade me to move the Courier here. Why do you show up so often in town when your business is out on your land? Why is it you always manage to pass this office when you come in, even before you turn into the Grant for a drink? Is it Sharon, Lewellyn? Is it still Sharon?"

Devore's voice was a little unsteady. Lewellyn studied him carefully, impressed by a side of the man's nature which he had never before seen. Devore had a gall which could be touched, after all. And even a mild man could be unreasonably dangerous when a raw nerve was touched. Steve abandoned one speculation concerning Sharon to which he had occasionally devoted much time since she had arrived in Brokenbow. John Devore was in love with his wife. Almost grimly so. Lewellyn smiled and eased the moment.

"My business in town, John?" he repeated. "Sometimes it's one thing. Sometimes it's another. Today it was with Hal Fenton."

Devore kept his eyes steady, disbelief in them.

"So you step in here and the first thing you ask about is my wife!"

Impatience rose in Steve. He didn't want a quarrel. He had already walked through one since sunset. And in Brokenbow he was opposed to quarreling.

"All right John," he said. "Suppose you give me a price on a little space in your paper, then."

"I'm not finished, Lewellyn!" the printer snapped. "I've been waiting to tell you this. Sharon wants no part of you. That's why she didn't tell me you'd worked for the old man. It was dead. She wanted it forgotten. Ugly stories about you have come up the trails from Texas. I've heard some of them. You've got no place in Brokenbow. Sharon doesn't want you here. Her heart's wrapped up in this town. She wants it to be a fit place to live. Red whiskey and hard men and quick guns won't make it so. She wants churches and schools and farmers--the kind that stick to their land. You let Sharon be, Lewellyn. You let the rest of us be. Strap on your gun. Get on your horse. Get out of Brokenbow!"

Devore checked himself. He was breathing strongly. His face was without color. Steve realized the man had gone farther than he had intended. It

was not Devore's nature to lay down an ultimatum. The man pressed back against the table behind him, an uneasiness in his eyes too grinding to be a fear. Llewellyn knew he could break Devore in this instant. A hostile move, a flaring of his own anger, and the printer would retreat completely. For an instant Steve was tempted. Not out of antagonism toward Devore. He felt a grudging sympathy for the man. Fear, he thought, was a tapheavy burden in Brokenbow. And it would grow heavier.

The temptation was because of Sharon. She had once boasted that when she married a man, it would be one who strengthened her--who removed the limitations put on her by her womanhood. She had boasted she would marry a fighter who would fight in her own fashion. And there would be a satisfaction of sorts in stripping the tin of his armor from Devore for this reason. But Steve let it go.

"You read my mind, John," he said quietly. "I came in here to put a notice in your paper. I've got title to my homestead, now. And I agree with you. I think my time has run out in Brokenbow. I want to run a notice my land is for sale."

Devore stared at Steve, his mind working openly behind his eyes in an attempt to discover the flaw in this--to rationalize what his ears had just heard. In this moment of silence, Sharon stepped through the parted curtains leading to the quarters behind the office. There was no way to know how long she had been standing in the darkened doorway. Through most of his conversation with her husband, Steve thought. She came across the office, passing Devore, and leaned against the counter opposite Steve. More mature, more somber of face, but fuller of body, taller with pride, more beautiful than she had been in the <u>llanos.</u> More beautiful than she had been in the pool below the ford on Willow Creek. More beautiful and equally as sure. She

pulled a pencil and a pad of copy paper from a shelf under the counter and squared them before her. She looked up. She met Steve's eyes.

"I used to wonder about this, Steve," she said. "This is the first time you've been in the office since we opened it. And you come now on business."

Steve was puzzled. Sharon's tone, her manner, suggested that they were alone, free to talk as either of them might wish. She seemed unaware of Dewey, behind her, and the puzzlement made Steve uncomfortable.

"I want to run a notice," he said. "I want to sell my place."

"It's six dollars a column inch."

"An inch will be enough. You write it. Anybody interested can see Charlie Bissel. He'll handle it for me."

Sharon bent over the pad, writing swiftly with her pencil held in slightly ink-stained fingers. Lewellyn watched. The ink stains impressed him. He had not before thought that a newspaper could be a poor living. He had not thought of Sharon at all in terms of income, of money. He realized now that the ink was the same as the calluses on a ranch woman's hands. The Courier was no better a provider than ten sections of Texas greasewood. HSharon had gained little in three years. An old bitterness over the division between them rose. He checked it. Sharon looked up from the brief notice she had written. Her eyes probed his, without friendliness.

"Running away, Steve?" she asked. Steve weighed this, then nodded slowly.

"Yes. Yes, I guess so. I tangled tonight with Hal Fenton. Words, but there's more in the book that'll have to come out. And Doc McKenna wants me with him--with some of the others. Which means more in the book. What I came to Brokenbow to find is gone. It's time for me to move."

"You won't, Steve," Sharon said.

Devore pushed away from his table. He came down to the counter at his wife's elbow.

"He said he would," Devore cut in roughly. "Isn't that enough? I told him he'd better."

Sharon did not turn her body. Only her head. She turned it and looked blankly at her husband.

"Next time, try telling the wind to die when its knocking the shutters down, John. You won't sound like any bigger a fool!"

said, almost savage. Contemptuous words which silenced Devore and turned his cheeks white. Sharon turned her eyes back to Lewellyn's face.

"I've had a long time to think about you, Steve. Maybe even to understand you. You won't leave Brokenbow. Not while the drovers are still here and men like Doctor McKenna reckless enough to come asking for you. Pete drank himself to death in Abilene after we moved there. Doctors told him whiskey was killing him. They told him he'd die. He believed them. Whiskey made him sick, the last few months. Inside, he didn't want it. I think he even hated it. But he kept on drinking. You won't leave."

"You want ittthatmyYouwant me to stay?"

"You know how I wanted it. I know better, now. A man doesn't change. He crawls on his knees or he beats others down. There doesn't seem to be any middle ground, where a man can roll up his sleeves and still stay inside the law. At least I haven't found it, Steve. And I've used up all of my chances."

Sharon pressed the point of her pencil against the top of the counter until the lead in it snapped with a small, sharp sound. Lewellyn shifted his weight and his boot rasped loudly on the floor. Devore put his hand on his wife's shoulder.

"By God, Sharon," he said thickly, "I'm not on my knees to anybody but you!"

"You wouldn't have got the callouses you've got in three years! That'll be six dollars, Steve. . . ."

Llewellyn reached for change. Devers dropped his hand from Sharon's shoulder. He backed a little away from her. Steve started for the door.

"You listen to this, too, Llewellyn!" Devers said swiftly. He continued looking from his wife until he was again against his composing table. "You said you'd used up all your chances, Sharon. You remember that. Don't ever think you've turned up another one. Don't either one of you ever think you've turned up another one!"

Sharon turned. She put Steve's notice down on the table beside Devers. She indicated the framed type of a page on the rack.

"You haven't locked up yet, John. This can go in place of a filler out. Supper's on when you've washed up."

IV

On the walk outside the Courier, Steve was hailed. A man came along under the awning of the walk. Steve recognized his quick, bantam steps. They met in front of the building beside the Courier. The man was Jed Barnage. A frown was puckered up between his shrewd little eyes. He glanced at the newspaper office. Sharon or Devore moved in front of the lamp and cast a long shadow through the windows onto the street.

"Zoe was kind of looking for you up to the house, tonight. The Missus, too," Jed said. Steve nodded.

"Zoe told me."

"I was kind of looking for you, too, Steve," Barnage went on. "It's getting to a place where we've either got to cut our hay in this town or leave it rot in the field. I figured you might have some ideas."

"--Since I'm a farmer?" Steve asked.

"Farmer, hell!" Barnage snorted. "What difference does it make what a

man is? It's the way he thinks that counts."

Steve nodded.

"You're entitled to know, Jed," he said carefully. "I just gave Devore a notice to run on my section. I'm clearing out."

The frown deepened between Barnage's eyes.

"Maybe Bissel talked out of turn, Steve," he said. "On the other hand, you said I was entitled to know. And there's Lee. She and the hard-case stage are all Ruth and me have got to show for a hell of a lot of living. Charlie told me you'd known Mrs. Devore in Texas. You clearing out on account of her?"

Steve shook his head.

"No. I did that once, Jed. A man doesn't travel the same trail very often. I'm getting out of Brokenbow because of the way I think. There's a tangle coming here with Fenton and his outfit. My way of handling a snarled line won't work here. Not when it's you and McKenna and the like against Fenton and Sam Dreen and some of the others who ride for Willow Creek. The odds are too heavy against you. You can get up a council. You can make laws. and you've got Keown to make them stick. You'll do best that way. A man without a gun doesn't get shot."

Jed scuffed his boot on the walk. He looked up suddenly.

"You sound like Devore's wife!"

"I'm trying to, Jed," Steve answered quietly.

Barnage swore. A soft sound, without sulphur. He continued to look at Steve.

"If I didn't know you better, I'd make another guess," he said slowly. "I'd figure you'd heard that Hal Fenton has sobered up a little since the game tonight in the Spur and is claiming he'll run Sock McKenna and you both out of

town before he's through. That ain't it, of course. So you must have heard about Westfall."

Steve looked his question.

"I'm looking for Keown," Barnage went on. "Maybe he's heard, too, and don't want any part of it. Can't find him, anyways. Westfall was in town today. He pulled out about sunset. When he got home he found his place at Tie Creek burned to the ground. Grass fire had come down over the hill. Took his barn, first. Then the house. When it got to the creek, it died."

"Lightning?" Steve suggested with a full knowledge of the inadequacy of the explanation.

"Sure, lightning," Barnage agreed bitterly. "Kansas lightning. Damned dangerous stuff, Steve! First, it sent a couple of strangers around to Westfall three weeks ago with an offer of a dollar an acre for his place. Next, it left a letter at the postoffice with a pretty scary warning about him getting off of Tie Creek. Then it waited till today, when him and the whole family was in town. It opened his barn and corral and turned loose all his stock. Then it hit the grass over the hill, where it wouldn't burn more than enough graze to wipe him out before the creek killed it. Westfall don't like that kind of lightning. Neither do I!"

"Where's Westfall, now?" Lewellyn asked quietly.

"The family's at my house. Ruth is looking to him. I think Jim's at the Grant. He's shook up plenty. Look, Steve, circle with me. Keown's got to be some place. We better get him. There might be trouble. Fenton and some of his crew are still in town."

"Go ahead. You find Ord, if you've got to have him. I'll be at the Grant, Jed."

Relief crossed Barnage's face. The shrewdness which made him a good

tender surfaced in his eyes for a moment.

"I thought you said you were selling out of this, Steve," he said.

Lawellyn shrugged.

"You got known," he suggested.

Darrago stepped around him and moved on up the walk, the worn heels of his boots beating a quick, light rythm on the walk. Steve stepped down into the dust of the street and angled across toward the Grant. He wasn't sure that Darrago could accomplish much in finding the marshal of Brokenbow. This was the reason he assigned for his own destination at Bissel's saloon.

Ord Keown and himself, he believed, were in many ways cut from similar patterns. The conditioning of their lives had made them hard. Both understood a bluff and its uses. Both possessed the ability to probe deeply enough to reach hidden softness in others. And neither of them were hampered by the accumulation of borrowed ethics and principles which generally cluttered a man's judgement and decision and even his emotions. Principle was fundamental and simple. As fundamental and simple as the straight blade of a knife. One edge was thin, honed to a fine feather cutting edge. The other was broad, blunt, for stiffening and strength.

Killers, Steve supposed, if the ability to kill swiftly, decisively, and without compunction when judgement demanded, made a killer. Gunmen, if patient physical conditioning and necessity and swift reflexive skill with a gun made a gunman. A dangerous kind. Respected, but never fully trusted. Always a little apart from the full warmth of friendship which lay between other men.

But there was a difference between Keown and himself. Keown made a trade of his gun. He was an implement of the law and lived by it. His hardness and his dominance were trade skills. He used them meticulously

as such. And protection of his reputation was a restraint on the carnal which Steve Lewellyn did not have, just as his badge was a justification Steve could not claim. Keown would walk lightly in order to hold his job. He would walk lightly always. To Steve this had always been compromise. A badge altered neither fundamental, right or wrong.

Reaching the false front of the Grant, Lewellyn turned. Barnage was far up the street, near the livery, toward which he was obviously heading. Across the street a movement caught Steve's attention. A man had issued from the narrow passage which ran back alongside the Courier building. The only street access, except through the office, itself, to the living quarters behind the newspaper. Devore was still in the office. Sharon was not. The man from the passageway glanced both ways along the street, then swung off in the direction already taken by Jed Barnage. Steve recognized Ord Keown. He was mildly puzzled by the marshal's business behind the Courier, but he shrugged it off. He was tempted for a moment to hail, then let this go, also.

Jim Westfall was bitter and he might be drunk. He needed a little counsel and some hard thinking to set his right on his feet again--toocool him down. Another man from the homesteads might be able to do this better than Keown. If not, Jed would meet Ord at the upper end of the street and bring him back, anyway. Lewellyn pushed against the doors of the Grant and stepped into Bissel's saloon.

His entrance made little stir. Three Willow Creek riders, apparently liking Bissel's whiskey better than that available at the Spur, were bellied up to the forward section of the bar. Jim Westfall was a little beyond them, staring moodily at a bottle in front of him. It's level had already been lowered considerably. The man was drunk, the hurt in him wrapped in whiskey

but in no way erased. The Swedish homesteader who had been in the hour earlier in the evening was at Westfall's elbow. Lewellyn moved past both of them and stopped in front of Charlie Bissel. Bissel reached down a bottle of Hennessy. He glanced from Steve to the two groups on up the bar and made a wry face.

"Ever smoke a loaded cigar, Steve?" he asked softly. "One you knew was loaded?"

Lewellyn shook his head. Bissel nodded at Westfall and the Swede.

"That's what them two farmers are doing--and on purpose. Just chawing and waiting for the damned thing to go off in their faces! Drink up and get out of here."

"I just came in," Steve protested, and he tipped his glass. Charlie Bissel snorted.

"Want to see the smoke, eh? Steve, damn it, you can't ride two horses at once! Not an' live long. Either you've got to take off your gloves or you got to ball up your fists and swing."

Lewellyn grinned. Bissel said something under his breath and moved down to another customer. Steve saw the two Willow Creek riders were watching him with more than casual interest. He slid along the bar to the Swede's eblow. He spoke around him to Westfall.

"I heard about your place, Westfall," he said quietly. "Think I'd like to ride out there with you, tomorrow. Maybe we could turn up something interesting. Your wife's up at Barnage's. Zoe's looking for me. Want to drift that way with me?"

Westfall looked long at Steve. Finally he lifted the glasssin front of him, saw it was empty, and poured it full again. He drank this off in a pair of hard swallows. He made no answer. The Swede looked at Steve and frowned

with an admixture of apology and concern. The front door opened with a noisy, wide swing. Keown stood in its center, hands braced out to keep the slats from swinging back on him. Beyond Keown Barnage stood, that puckering of worry still between his eyes.

Keown made a slow, careful survey of the room. He spoke over his shoulder to Barnage.

"I try to keep my rounds regular at night, Jed," he said sharply. "It's quiet, here. I don't like being pulled in when there's no call."

"You got to burn yourself on a fuse before you'll admit it's lighted, Ord?" Barnage snapped.

"Leave Westfall be," Keown said evenly. "He's a right to a drink if he needs it and I reckon he does. He's too smart to start something in my town. 'Way too smart--"

The exchange between Barnage and Keown was not loud, but Lewellyn, beside the Swede homesteader, heard it plainly. Soddid the two Willow Creek riders. It altered the expression on their faces. Not much. Just a little. But the Swede did not act like he had heard. Neither did Westfall. And the whole thing seemed pointless to Lewellyn. What a man didn't hear he couldn't consider. Keown's conception of his duty was too narrow. So was the scope of the warning he had given Westfall.

The marshal turned in the doorway of the saloon and stepped back onto the walk. Jed Barnage shouldered angrily past him and came on in. The doors swung closed. The two Willow Creek riders turned their attention again to their drinks. Barnage came on down and turned in at Steve's elbow. He had hardly ~~swung into~~ BREASTED the bar when the front door swung again. A single man came in. He was small for a rider, set compactly into a hard, shortened frame. His eyes swept the room as thoroughly and nearly as swiftly as Keown's had.

They touched Lewellyn, lingered briefly in recognition, and moved on to Westfall.

The farmer had glanced up at the movement of the doors, apprising Lewellyn he might have heard Keown's command and his warning, after all. Seeing the newcomer in the doorway, Westfall wheeled around and pressed his back against the bar. The Swede, between Lewellyn and Westfall, pivoted also. And with these two, the Willow Creek riders also turned, so that the four of them stood in a tight row, their faces all turned toward the newcomer. One of the riders spoke with the ease of familiarity.

"Hello, Sam. Drink--?"

The Dreen nodded curtly without taking his eyes from Westfall. The farmer's burned face was dark, his eyes hot. His fingers were white as they gripped the bar behind him.

"Will you still give me andollar an acre for my place, Dreen?" he asked.

Dreen shot a second glance around the room. His eyes again met Steve's. They were challenging. Lewellyn kept his answering gaze bland. Barnage stepped around him and spoke across the Swede to Westfall.

"Jennie's been asking for you, Jim," he said swiftly. "She's at my place. She wants you. It's been a hard day for her, too."

Westfall's head settled stubbornly on his neck. He continued to glare at Sam Dreen. Dreen spoke surlily to him.

"Who the hell are you?"

Westfall pushed out from the bar. His voice came up on a ragged edge.

"I'm the dirt farmer you bull-dozed at Tie Creek," he said harshly. "I'm the farmer you and another Willow Creek rider I'd never seen before tried to buy some grassland from. I'm the farmer you burned out tonight!"

"Good God!" Jed Barnage muttered to Lewellyn. "Dreen must have been the one that made Jim that offer!"

"You're crazy, farmer!" Dreen answered Westfall insolently.

Steve spoke, then, quietly.

"Get out of here, Dreen. Now!"

He succeeded only in drawing the attention of one of the two Willow Creek riders. Jed Barnage backed and started toward Westfall. The former smiled crookedly.

"Crazy? Could be. But I'd rather be crazy than dead!" he said. He moved, with his body wound tight. Aggressive movement. Whether a reach for a gun under the skirt of his coat or a gesture with a clenched fist was not clear. And the fuse went.

Half way to Westfall, Barnage jerked his gun with the others. The two Willow Creek riders flung out a pair of yards from the bar, swung like a team, and fired at Westfall. He took both of their shots without moving in his tracks and lifted a gun from his coat. He fired once with this at Dreen. His shot went wide, scoring the surface of Bissel's bar. The Swede homesteader, a little behind Westfall and in the line of fire from Dreen, dropped to the floor, fi ing as he fell. One of the two Willow Creek riders barked with hurt. And at the end of this, Jed Barnage got his first shot away, slow and out of line.

Dreen fired twice. The first shot blinded the big Swede on the floor with splinters from the planking. The second spilled Jed Barnage flat. The untouched Willow Creek rider wheeled a quarter around and dropped the muzzle of his weapon almost into Jed's face. Lewellyn had stayed clear. He had not thought this would happen. He had thought he could check Dreen and he had thought Westfall would require more driving than this. So it was an error in judgement. An error in judgement to have come in off the street--to have gotten into this at all. But he was here and Jed Barnage was a friend. As

such a friend as he had in Brokenbow. One to whom he owed a debt. And Jed had as little business in this as he did, himself. He drew and emptied his gun without breaking the rhythm of its firing. When he hit empty chambers the Willow Creek hand who had been above Barnage was broken against the foot of the bar, the doors of the Grant were shattered, and Green and the smaller wounded Willow Creek man were gone.

The Swede homesteader stood up, dabbing at his eyes, flushing them out with their own water. Charlie Bissel shoved his head up from behind the bar. He glanced at the room, at the men down. He swung toward Lewellyn without either condemnation or praise.

"Christ! What'd you use, a scattergun? You've notched your tree, now, Steve!"

Lewellyn bent over Barnage, doubled up on his knees, hooked his hands under Jed's arms, and lifted the hardware man up beside him.

"How is it, Jed?"

"Thigh," Barnage said. "Get me home."

The Swede moved close. Steve spoke over his shoulder to him.

"Get Doc McKenna. No, the back way, you fool. Willow Creek'll be running four feet deep down the street out front in a couple of minutes!"

"You know where Jed lives?" Charlie Bissel asked.

The Swede nodded, but paused a moment, looking at Jim Westfall. The farmer had backed again against the bar, but where he had been tight and erect, he was bent, now.

"You're hit, Jim!" Jed Barnage breathed. Pulling away from Lewellyn, he staggered a step to Westfall's side. Lewellyn crossed behind him, putting his shoulder up under one of the farmer's arms. Westfall rocked his head back and forth. The Swede wheeled and started on a run for the back door.

"I'll bring the [illegible] here!" he called.

"In the belly," Heathill said with effort. "Pain!"

Llewellyn stooped, reached under the man's knees, and lifted his long frame up onto the bar. Charlie Bissel poured a stiff drink and held it to the former's lips. But Heathill's mouth was closed. When it did open, a moment later, a light-breathed string of formless words gusted out, and his breathing stopped. Charlie Bissel looked at the drink he held, then tossed it off.

"You didn't plow a very long furrow, brother," he said quietly to the dead man, "but you sure as hell turned over the sod!"

"Send Mr. Jenne along to Jed's house when he gets here, Charlie," Llewellyn snapped. "I've got to get Jed out of here."

He lifted Barnage, turned the man so that he faced him, and set him astraddle his hips, where he could hold him with one hand if there was need. Shoving his own gun into his belt, he hooked up Barnage's still partially loaded one and slid out the back door of the Grant into the darkness of the alley.

V

Socrates McKenna came into the Barnage parlor with a shotgun under his arm. He stood this in the corner behind the door and slid out of his coat. Jed straightened apologetically on the settee.

"Howdy, Doc," he said.

McKenna growled and ran a square hand through the erect tangle of his thick red hair.

"Jed Barnage, you're a damned fool!" he said with conviction.

"You could be right, Doc," Jed agreed sheepishly. He eased back down. McKenna called for scissors, blandly explaining that he couldn't find his own when he threw his instruments into his case. Lewellyn glanced within the little bag. The scant supply of surgical steel within it would have been barely enough to satisfy a moderately finicky rancher who had some beef to castrate. McKenna seemed to feel they were ample, except for the missing scissors. These were brought.

Hot water was carried in. Even in Brokenbow women knew that blood meant a need for scalding water and it was already on the stove in the kitchen. Ruth Barnage carried down a thick, spotless sheet from a chest in the upstairs hall. McKenna arranged these things carelessly around him. He pulled Jed out of his pants, but left them dangling confiningly around the wounded man's ankles. He opened the back flap of Jed's underdrawers and with a nice concern for the heavy woolens, pulled the opening thus available around over Jed's thigh, avoiding cutting the material. He studied the dark, slowly welling wound for a moment, then straightened.

"Get out!" he said. "All of you get out. Jed is going to raise hell. If he don't, I will."

Lewellyn moved out with Ruth Barnage. Zoe came behind them and closed the door into the parlor. Westfall's wife stopped Ruth and Lewellyn in the hallway. Zoe moved on past. Jennie Westfall was large, plump, and shabbily dressed. But there was considerable youth in her color and her firm cheeks. Strain had dragged a tight line across her full lips, but she eased it enough to be gentle with Ruth.

"How is he?" she asked.

Ruth passed a reddened hand across her eyes and shook her head.

"He'll be all right," Lewellyn said quietly.

Upstairs, one of the Westfall youngsters began to wail. Outraged protest against strange surroundings and events beyond childhood understanding. Jennie Westfall murmured an apology and climbed the stairs. Ruth moved away from Steve, going on into her kitchen. He opened a side door in the hall and stepped out onto the long porch on the north side of the house. Zoe was standing by the railing, just outside the drawn shades of the room in which Sock McKenna had already begun his painful work. Steve crossed to her and touched her shoulder. He meant the gesture to be one of commiseration. However, the neckline of Zoe's dress had slipped a

little to one side and the contact was of flesh against flesh and more electric than Steve had anticipated. Zoe turned swiftly and the turn pressed her body lightly against him. Steve's fingers slid along under her ear. Her head tipped back a little. In side the room behind them, Jed Barnage bit down sulphurously on a moan. Zoe flinched and her head lowered. Steve gripped her shoulder again, suddenly very aware of the softness and the firmness under his touch. He slanted his head at the moon climbing above the town.

"Dog would make a man sweat while he was dressing a hangnail," he said. "Jed's all right. You said I needed that moon. Maybe I do. And so do you. Come on. We'll talk."

Zoe glanced at the curtained windows, then gave way, walking beside him. They went down the steps and around the rear corner of the house to a kind of arbor under some chicken wire and stringy cucumber vines. There was a long, wide bench under this, and a table in one corner where Ruth occasionally served supper on hot nights. Zoe sat down on the bench, waited for Steve's arm to slide behind her, and then leaned back against it. A shaft of moonlight angled through the vines, highlighting the softness of her parted lips, the roundness of her chin, and the long lines of her throat sweeping down to the curve of shoulder and breast. She lifted Steve's free hand, clasped it between her own, and held it on her lap. Unstudied, possessive, and--Steve supposed--skillful enough.

Zoe's beauty was freshness and substance, an unashamed and thinly veiled ardor. There was goodness, if not fineness in her. And spirit enough for any man. She was not as Steve remembered Sharon Lynch. But she was challenge. He felt it. His fingers slid under her arm and tightened against her body. She turned her head and smiled lazily up at him for a moment. And

then, as though she had forgotten something more importantwas as a prote- station--she stiffened a little and frowned.

"Zoe was right, Steve," she said. "Dad is a fool!"

In this moment Lewellyn didn't give a damn for Jed Barrange and less for talking about him. His mind had eased, gone vacant. The moon was in his eyes. His senses were absorbed. But he had a feeling of inadequacy with a woman. They understood flesh and could make a game of it, which he could not. He forced attention to what Zoe had said.

"Why?" he asked vaguedly.

"Dad's a hardware man. All he knows about guns is the kind of boxes they come in. He didn't have to mix in Jim Westfall's trouble. You and Alex Christoffersen and the rest of the homesteaders would have kept on buying wire and staples from him if he'd have stayed here in the house after supper tonight instead of going back up town. And what did he get for trying to help Jim? A bullet in the leg and loss of the business he's been doing with the Willow Creek crews. Maybe that's only a beginning. Westfall lost. He was bound to lose. Dad didn't help. He couldn't. Neither did you, Steve. Jim's dead. Dad should have thought of mother. He should have thought of me. There may be worse trouble coming, because of this--and we could have been out of it, all of us!"

"It's your town, Zoe, same as it's Jed's," Steve said. "You can't get out of that. And maybe Jed was thinking of you. Maybe he didn't want to crawl on his knees in his own town. Maybe he didn't want you and your mother crawling on your knees, too."

A feeling of repetition and of helplessness swept Lewellyn. This was a long way from Texas. But the problems were the same, and women were the same. Zoe's argument and his own sounded in his mind like the echo of the

[illegible] talk he had had with Sharon by stove-light in the bunk shack on Willow Creek. And the night was the same. There was silence and softness and warmth and his struggle was again for a balance between conviction and desire.

"You sound just like dad!" Zoe said petulantly. "Hal Fenton doesn't care whether we sweat, scrimp, or fly in Brokenbow! He wants some grasses for his cattle--" Zoe paused. She leaned back against Steve's shoulder. She tilted her face up. She raised his hand from her lap and pulled it against her diaphragm. "Is a little grass so important, Steve--?" she breathed.

Lewellyn forced an answer, swiftly, defensively.

"Until there's a railroad down into the Texas cattle country itself, Fenton and the others will be driving north for shipment. First to Dodge and Abilene, now to Brokenbow, later to some town further west. Fenton is dirivng four hundred miles. Four hundred miles burns up a lot of fat. He's got to have grass at the end of the drive to get back that weight. And when there's somebody already on that grass, there's bound to be trouble--"

He stopped. Zoe was still looking up at him. She twisted a little, nesting closer. She smiled. The twisting made the starched front of her dress stand out from her at the neck line. The moon was higher than Steve's eyes and as penetrating. Its light made a magic of her breasts. Steve's throat constricted, choking off theewords in it. He freed his hand and pulled Zoe to him. Roughly. She laughed with a tantalizing softness.

"You have such a hard time being a farmer, Steve," she murmured under his ear. "And it's so easy. . . .if you have the right kind of help. A plow and a little white house and a fence. It's as big as the world and you can stay inside the fence. . . . .if you've got something to keep you there. Something you want. Something you want more than trouble. Something you want more than anything . . . ."

Steve found her lips and silenced them. They blossomed like an opening flower under his own. Lou's arms went around his neck, fiercely and with abandon. Lewellyn had an illusion of catapulting through space, rushing in the company of a roaring wind toward something. When the wind was crescendo, Lou drew a little away. She was still smiling. Confidence was bright in her eyes.

"You couldn't be too hard to change, Steve," she said softly.

Lewellyn shook his head stubbornly.

"I tried, once. I tried hard, Lou."

"But not with me. . . . ." she murmured.

Steve bent his head again. The wind again roared in his ears. In his mind a thought stirred. This was a woman, bidding for peace as Sharon had once bid. This was Jed Barnage's daughter, trading for a husband and a way of life. But the thought could get no further in his consciousness than the first phrase. This was a woman--and he had been lonely in Brokenbow.

Pride writhed a little in Lewellyn. To be the aggressor with a woman had seemed important to him. What he had known with Sharon he had long thought he would not share with another--even after Sharon's marriage and her sharing with John Devore. And Jed Barnage was his friend. These things and the dustiness of the arbor, the too-full light of the moon, the knowledge that privacy here was an illusion. But here was escape from bitterness which Charlie Bissel's best whiskey did not afford. Here was surcease the hardest labor he had put in on his homestead did not achieve. And here, also, might be truth.

His rush through space had become meteoric. He closed his eyes to the shadows in the arbor, to dust and dishevelment and the house behind them.

Doc McKenna's harsh voice was like a screen of sand flung against his

face on a sudden gust of wind.

"Your pa wants a drink of whiskey, Lew. You know where the bottle is?"

Lew straightened unhurriedly. She raised her hand to her hair and smoothed it. McKenna, uncompromising in this as in anything, stood in the arch of the arbor doorway without embarrassment or apology. Lew stood up and smoothed her skirt.

"I'll get it for him," she told McKenna.

"Save me some," the doctor warned sharply. "And maybe Steve could do with a shot."

"Why Doc, you mean that personally?" she asked in mock protest. She grinned at a slight change in McKenna's ruddy color and bent close to Steve, so that her lips were at his ear for a moment. "The grass, Steve--remember?" she breathed. "Is it so important--now?"

She turned, then, her dress flaring so that it brushed both McKenna's knees and the framing of the doorway as she passed him, and she ran back up the walk toward the house. McKenna came on slowly into the arbor and dropped down onto the wide seat, where the boards were still warm with the heat of Zoe's body.

"I'm sorry, Lewellyn--" he said quietly.

Steve supposed he should feel resentment. He did not. He shook his head slightly.

"Forget it, McKenna. I'm glad you didn't wait any longer."

"So am I," McKenna agreed slowly. "You've got some thinking to do, Lewellyn. You've got to figure where you fit in this town. You've got to know where you belong and how you feel--about a lot of things. And in a hurry, I think."

"Maybe, if I was staying, McKenna. But I'm not. I put a notice in the paper tonight. I'm selling out. I'm drifting."

Lewellyn thought McKenna would ask the same question Sharon had. He thought the doctor would want to know if he was running away. Maybe from something he couldn't face. McKenna's brows went up sharply with interest, but he asked a different question.

"Before you kill Hal Fenton?"

Steve was startled. McKenna was a fundamentalist. He knew where to dig for roots. Lewellyn shook his head.

"So I won't have to," he said.

McKenna smiled.

"You won't make it, Lewellyn," he said knowingly. "A man doesn't change like that. A woman can't change him like that. Ten women can't. What he wants and what he thinks can't change him. There's a fence right down the middle of his vest. One side is right. The other's wrong. And the fence is there to stay. He was born with it. He'll die with it--or because of it. You're fighting yourself. Pitch in with the town, Lewellyn. Fight Fenton--with the rest of us. It'll make you feel better."

Steve shook his head again. His mouth set with finality. McKenna rose and shrugged.

"All right. But you're not going to walk the street very comfortable until you've got your place sold and you're ready to ride unless some of the rest of us sort of stand behind you a little. They tell me that was Fenton's nephew you cut in two at the Grant tonight. Hal and his drovers love you next to me--and there seems to be some sort of a Texas score added to it. I've got to go up and stitch a crease in Sam Dreen's arm closed. You stick to the hotel tonight and get around to see me early in the morning. You saved Jed's life tonight. Maybe Zoe's paid you off for that. If she hasn't,

the rest of us will. We'd always be have you stay. If you won't, we'll see you're covered till you're gone."

McKenna's advice was without steam. It was practical. So was his offer of friendliness. Steve accepted them as such.

"Thanks, McKenna. I'll see you in the morning, then."

Dan moved off up the walk. Llewellyn groped, found his hat under the bench, dusted it, and set it on his head. Avoiding the lights of the house, he struck off across lots toward the bulk of Whiskey Row and the hotel.

## VI

Barnage had a team and a dray which he used to ferry freight from the station on the south side of town to his store and for occasional deliveries into the country when a customer was in need of such service. He kept the team in a makeshift stable at the back of his lot, a couple of hundred feet from the house. A wagon track of sorts ran from this stable along behind the buildings on the north side of the main street and paralleled with it. At Kinner's hotel, which was set back father than the other buildings, this track turned and swung out to the walk. It made a suitable path back to the hotel.

Lewellyn walked slowly, without hurry, ordering his mind. The moon, which had early been bright, had thinned. Cloud had fuzzed in across the crown of the ridge, filtering out early radiance. The night had darkened, so that the back lots along Lewellyn's course were all silence and shadow.

The street--the unconscious remote, inward turning of thought was outer motion in the darkness and silence. Thought became conclusion; conclusion became purpose. Space was again something man traversed afoot or in a saddle, laboriously. The wind was gone from his ears. Lewellyn could see Zoe Barnage plainly.

She was more than a promise. She was fulfillment. She was honest. But she was a woman, with few complexities beyond a woman's way of thinking. Beyond an eternal trading and compromise against struggle. Robbed of independence of action and belief and even thought by the dependence of her kind. Dependence upon a man. Dependencesson the law. Dependence upon one kind of a god or another, and with but one confidence--her body and its power over a man.

A home could be built on this, Steve supposed. A life. Many had been. But the foundation was too narrow. Zoe would hang his gun on a peg on the wall. She would bend his back to a plow, his thinking to the security of their own possessions. And she would take him to bed. It wasn't enough. Dangerously close. Generously offered. But not enough.

Zoe's breath was momentarily against Lewellyn's cheek again in the darkness. His hands clenched. He had two reasons, now, to get out of Brokenbow. Neither was a compromise. He had made himself a farmer. When the pressure of violence grew too strong, a farmer took what profit he could and moved on to a new beginning. This had been Sharon's preachment. He was keeping faith with it. He was protecting his own interests. Only his own. And he did not want Zoe Barnage. Only a part of her, and that part too much. It was time to move.

Thought of Sharon, inadvertant and abstract, became something suddenly material. What Doc McKenna's appearance under the arbor had shattered re-

turned now with a somehow multiplied intensity. Explosiveness was in Steve. Physical restraint which hurt. Sharon was in his mind, not him. Sharon's body was white in the moonlight. Sharon's voice was in his ear. Her warmth was against his thighs and his shoulder, her heart hammering softly under his hand.

Lewellyn halted with a soft oath at his edginess, at loss, at helplessness. He fumbled in his pocket for tobacco and papers and rolled a cigarette with an unsteadiness which further shook him. As he reached for a match, the sound of a voice drew his attention. He looked about him. He was behind Barnage's store. The hotel was yet rods away. Rank weeds grew waist high on both sides of the alley-like wagon track. Back of the store, across the wagon track and fifty feet into the weeds, there was an old top-buggy with a broken wheel, the hubless shaft of the axle supported on an up-ended box. Lewellyn glanced at this curiously, but the voice came again, a woman's voice, soft and much closer at hand. He turned his head.

Old grass and weeds had been cleared from a little patch of ground beside the rear corner of Barnage's store. Steve thought Jed had piled some lumber there the fall before. The pile was gone, now, and a spring wild growth had come up, soft and short and velvety. The voice was there. The woman was there. Sitting in the darkness with her feet out before her on the softness of the grass and her back against the wall of Jed's store and a man's head and shoulders sprawled across her lap and breast. Thirty feet away, unnoticed, with a match already pressed against his nail for lighting, Steve recognized the black sheen and cut of Ord Keown's box-tailed coat.

Keown shifted a little. The woman's voice came again. The eternal invitation of protest. The two figures locked in the long, straining silence of an embrace. The match in Lewellyn's fingers snapped in two. He reached slowly into his pocket for another, set it against his nail, and flicked it

slight. He raised the flame to the too-neat, unwanted cigarette between his lips, drawing twice with unnecessary care. When he snapped the match to the ground and out, Sharon Barnage and Keown were on their feet. Steve moved toward them, thinking coyly that the shoe was now on another foot. Ord Keown's face had the white, set, defensive look which he knew must have been on his own when Sock McKenna walked into the arbor behind Jed Barnage's house.

"Evening, Sharon--Ord--" he said quietly. His quietness stung. He meant it to do so.

"Lewellyn!" Keown spat the name from his lips. A little shard broken from the thin and whetted edge of his temper, his tautness. Steve swung his eyes from the place where Sharon and Ord had been sitting to embrace the rankness and the litter of this back lot. Keown moved slowly, intently forward. Lewellyn could see the man's torture. His own integrity, roasting over the ebbing flames within him. The law of Brokenbow, on its knees in the weeds. Steve used Sock McKenna's words, under the arbor.

"I'm sorry, Ord--"

"You Indian-footed son of a bitch!" Keown said tonelessly and almost soundlessly. He was a yard from Lewellyn. An intense, white-faced silhouette against the dark shadow of Barnage's store. Lewellyn felt the bite of his white anger, the impact of his intensity, and he understood Keown's lethal strength, his ability to retain unruffled balance in the tumbled, changing, thankless channel of the law. Physical perceptions sharpened. This was beyond words. And Lewellyn had only emptiness with which to meet it.

Beyond Ord's shoulder he saw Sharon. The Sharon who had been in his mind. The woman who had taken all that Zoe Barnage so honestly offered and used it for her own. The woman he had built out of recollections and dreaming, her body still aglow with another's caresses, stolen, clandestine, and

therefore ugly. A man wanted a table with a squared top or a washed cloth for eating. He wanted clean grass or the fresh linen of a bed for love. A woman should want as much. Lewellyn remembered only to keep his hands high, away from his gun. This should not go that far, and only he could prevent it.

Keown struck with the physical economy of a diamondback and with nearly the same incredible swiftness. The blow cleared Lewellyn's defense and exploded somewhere along the line of his jaw. The night flared brilliantly and tipped crazily. Dry weed growth snapped under him as he went down. Keown came in. Lewellyn crouched on his heels and came up slowly, his eyes on Keown's boots. But Sharon had leaped across. She was clinging to Ord's arm. Clinging there like a woman from the back room of a saloon with a drunk on her hands.

"Ord, no! No! Please, God, Ord, no! It's all right--"

Keown's head turned slowly. He looked full in her face for a moment. He bent and lifted his hat, which he had shaken loose with the violence of his sudden strike. Lewellyn straightened.

"You're a damned fool, Ord!" he said levelly. "There was no call for that."

He turned. Sharon released the marshal and caught Lewellyn's arm.

"Steve, wait! I've got to talk to you. Ord, let me handle this. Please go. Let me talk to Steve."

Keown glanced briefly at Lewellyn, then turned on his heel and struck off through the weeds alongside the building toward the walk in front of Barnage's store.

Lewellyn disengaged his arm from Sharon's grip. The taste of blood was in the corner of his mouth. He found his kerchief and wiped at it.

"You're afraid I'm going to talk?" he suggested.

"Would I be afraid of talk, Steve?" she asked softly. "No. I'm afraid, all right. But not of talk. I'm afraid you don't understand."

Steve smiled tightly.

"Understand?" he said. "I should understand better than anyone. I know what you can do to a night and a man. I remember. I know what God's carrying away inside of him, right now."

"Not Ord," Sharon said patiently. "No. You've got to understand, Steve. No, John--the whole thing."

Steve nodded.

"All right," he agreed drily. "I'll try."

"I made a mistake with John," Sharon said swiftly. "A newspaper seemed the right kind of a weapon. And John--his bigness, his quietness, his unhurried thinking. He couldn't be baited, Steve. I knew that. He wouldn't use his fists for fists--only for setting type. And he didn't own a gun. I came from the llanos, Steve. I had never met a coward until I met John Devore. How could I know?"

"All right," Steve said. "He cheated you. The thin came off when you got him home. You'd have to have steel. I know that. So you cheat him in return. Does it make any difference? Does that make his paper honest?"

"No. But there are things more important than the paper, Steve. Hal Fenton is going to force trouble on Brokenbow. Soon. And Brokenbow is my town. I came here to have my start. Brokenbow is all I have to defend. And the law is its only defense. Ord is lonely. No man can stand alone. If I can give him strength, if I can stand behind him until Fenton has his grass and the homesteaders are quiet again, if there is no violence and a peaceful settlement of claims and quarrels--if I do these things, haven't I made up for my mistake in Abilene?"

"If you could do that, you'd be the left hand of God," Lewellyn said bluntly. "But you're not. Neither is Ord Keown. You're a woman, Sharon. Ord's a man--maybe you're kind of man. But it doesn't go past that. It's so damned simple. Keep it that way."

Sharon caught her breath and pulled her full lower lip in under her teeth. Lewellyn thought she was going to cry--or swear. He didn't know which.

"Sharon--"

He reached out for her, pulled her tightly against him. He bent his head, used force to tip her face upward, and ground his lips against hers. Without tenderness. With elemental purpose. One of Sharon's hands raked the side of his face. She twisted deftly and one knee drove against him savagely. She had learned much. Steve wondered if Devore had taught her this defensiveness. The thought further darkened his dislike for the printer. He continued to hold her, using his strength freely, until she quieted. This had been his purpose. But its accomplishment did not give him freedom.

He was clamped in a vise. Sharon was also caught between its jaws, so that a complusion beyond the strength of either locked them together. The was the arbor under the cucumber vines. This was Sharon's protest at Ord Keown's caress. And it was more than either. It was savage, engulfing. It was lightning-shot thunder and the roar of a flood. With an effort which tore like the tearing of flesh, Lewellyn released the woman in his arms and stepped back.

"You see?" he said roughly. "I understand. I've been hungry, too!"

He wheeled and walked unsteadily, swiftly, along the wagon track toward Kinner's hotel.

## VII

Lewellyn climbed the exterior rear stairs to the second floor of Kinner's hotel. He felt like a man who had three times poured himself full of whiskey beyond his limit, sobering between each bout, so that now physical exhaustion hung heavily on him, his mouth was foul, his head hammered, and he was as flat-bellied as though nausea had emptied him completely. He braced the door of his room with a chair and went to bed without lighting his light.

The night hung oppressively about him, stifling even thought. He slept fitfully, but without satisfaction, troubled by fragments of perception from the evening which returned to torment his body with recollection. He rose early in the morning, but waited, dressed, in his room until after eight.

He was brushing his hair, certain he had waited long enough for the town to be fully astir and almost ready to descend to the street, when a

hand rattled the knob of his door. Remembering Dufresne's warning that Willow Creek would make his presence in town at least difficult since the affair in the Grant last night, he scooped up his gun, kicked the chair-back from under the knob of the door, sprung the latch and jerked the door open. Kinner stood outside, a stupid look on his fat face and the fresh smell of morning whiskey on his breath.

Kinner had one key on his big ring in his hand and the folds of a stack of reasonably clean linen over his arm. He blinked and ran a loose tongue over his lips.

"I--uh--the wrong room--" he stuttered uneasily. Then he caught hold of himself. "No. No, I thought you didn't come back last night. I thought you had gone--"

"Why?" Lewellyn snapped. "I rented the room."

Kinner colored and started backing down the hall.

"No reason," he said placatingly. "No reason--"

Lewellyn let him go. He turned back into the room for his hat and belt. He thought he understood. Kinner had soft pads on his feet. He went everywhere. His ears were as big as his capacity for whiskey. There was talk this morning in the bars about him. Kinner had heard something there. That Steve Lewellyn was quitting town, certainly. Maybe on his own initiative. Maybe because he had to. Steve was a little curious as to which way Kinner had heard it. But he realized it made little difference. He shrugged and took the main stairs to the lower floor.

There was no one in the lobby. He stopped for a moment on the veranda to let the sunlight narrow his eyes. The street was quiet, clear save for a few men about early business toward the upper end, near the livery. He stepped onto the walk. As he passed the Courier office, he glanced at it, but the center shade on the front door was drawn and there was nothing else

to see. The living quarters at the rear had no windows on the street. He turned into Kai Lin's restaurant, a few doors further on.

The place was empty, save for the Swedish farmer who had gone after Lou McKenna from the Grant the night before. He looked up, dusted his hands, and grinned in obvious reference to the tangle in front of Charlie Bissel's bar.

"Makes a man hungry," he said.

Lewellyn sat down without comment. Kai Lin came out of his kitchen cubicle and waddled down in front of him, bobbing his pudgy caresses rapidly and with a warm smile splitting his round face nearly in halves.

"Thick steak--" he said, reciting Lewellyn's habitual order, "--one-inch-one-half. Brown spuds. Coffee, plenty sugar. Lin ketch quick!"

Steve nodded. The Swede folded a huge slab of ham into his mouth.

"How's Barnage?" he asked around it.

"He'll do," Steve answered. The Swede grunted assent.

"We all will!"

Steve did not answer this. Lin trotted back with Steve's plate. He was hungry. He ate with pleasure. A little traffic moved along the walk outside. It was another day. No different on the surface than those which had preceeded it and those which would follow. Both reached a long distance past the horizons of the past and the future. But there was a difference. It was a feeling in Lewellyn.

When he was half through his meal, the front door opened and three men filed in out of the sunlight. The first was Sam Dreen, his left arm in a sling and a patch of professional bandaging showing. Apparently McKenna had done his job of stitching. The other two were riders from the camp on the ridge--Willow Creek riders. They had taken seats half a dozen stools up the counter before their eyes adjusted to the interior gloom and they recognized

Lewellyn. Steve slowly lowered his fork into his plate and sat motionless. The three slanted their heads together. A word passed from Dreen to the other two. One of these backed from his stool and turned toward the door. Lin barked at the man, his voice thin and high and his accent almost ridiculous, but his intent unmistakable.

"Sitting down! Is wanting breakfast, if getting breakfast!"

The man at the door saw over his shoulder the short-barreled, under-counter scattergun which Lin had clumsily braced across his hip. He turned slowly back to his seat and sank onto it with a sullen scowl. Lin walked backward to his stove and stood the gun against the wall, near it. At the foot of the counter, beyond Lewellyn, the Swede farmer chuckled with deep pleasure. Glancing at him, Lewellyn saw the man's belt gun lay in his lap, its hammer eared back in cool readiness. A warmth coursed through Steve. Sharon had talked of her town. She had talked of Brokenbow. But he wondered if she had any knowledge of this kind of friendliness. Harsh, maybe, and violent. But friendliness. The only real nurture the roots of a town could find under freshly turned sod.

Steve finished his meal unhurriedly, left silver beside his plate, and moved toward the door. As he passed behind the three Willow Creek men, Sam Dreen spoke to him.

"We'll be looking for you, Lewellyn!"

"You'll find me, then," Steve said quietly. He pushed the door open.

On the walk, the sun was once more bright in his eyes. He squinted against it. The street was still clear, its shadow and its open marked by clean lines. It seemed likely that Dreen and the two with him were the first down from the Willow Creek camp on the ridge beyond the upper end of the street. He started along the walk toward the two-room store front which was Sock McKenna's office and quarters. As he did so, a man moved out of

the deep shadow under the awning of Granger's mercantile, opposite, crossing the walk and stepping down into the dust of the street at an oblique angle. Lewellyn held his pace steady. Ord Keown finished the crossing and stepped up onto the walk beside him in front of an open lot between an empty harness shop and Garnaas's store. If he saw Steve's involuntary glance toward the lot behind the store, he gave no sign.

"I've been watching for you, Lewellyn," he said evenly. Steve halted. "Hal Fenton and Sam Bruen swore to a warrant for your arrest this morning."

"And you're serving it, Ord?" Steve asked mildly. Keown's expression did not change.

"It's in my desk," he said. "We'll say Itforgot it when I started my rounds--" He broke off and glanced up at the sun. "Nine o'clock. I likely won't get back to my office till noon. That's three hours. If you weren't in town--if you were gone clean when I picked that warrant up--I couldn't serve it."

"I don't suppose," Steve agreed. "Thanks, Ord." The statement was without gratitude. It was a little mocking. Keown's iron grip on duty was slipping. Keown colored a little. An unfamiliar and uncomfortable alteration in the pale changelessness of his complexion.

"Not me, Lewellyn," he said shortly. "No thanks to me. A friend of yours. And I've kept my promise to her. Go or stay. It's the same to me, now!"

Keown swung off and recrossed to the opposite walk. Lewellyn watched him go with a certain admiration. Few men were contained as Keown was. Few men had his strength, his sureness, and his convictions. He had been a little unfair to Sharon, last night. It was more than hunger. Ord Keown, when the shadows were right, could come close to irresistability. He was legality, personified, and as such stiff and inflexible and maybe reasonless

in some things, but he wore his virility with the same vain ease he wore his expensive pants. Steve knew Sharon's metal. He knew her strength as well as her weakness, and he would not belittle it. But she was no match for the marshal of Brokenbow.

Doc McKenna was taking a bath when Steve walked into his dusty office. He had his tub set up in the middle of his reception and consultation room. The floor was pooled with water. The door had not only been unlocked but a little ajar. Doc McKenna had little patience with either neatness or modesty, each for its own sake. He looked up from rinsing his stocky, vein-knotted body and stood up in his tub, spraying more water carelessly about him.

"Lewellyn!" he grunted. "Might have known somebody would walk in on me. Kick that door shut, will you? There's a draft. You know, I don't mind sleeping in that little two-by-four back room of mine, but damned if I don't have to have a little room space when it's scrub day."

McKenna climbed out of the tub and made wet footprints across the floor to the chair-back where his towel hung.

"I'm a little early," Lewellyn suggested.

"A little!" McKenna snorted. "Hell, you ought to know that in this town it takes half a day for most folks to get moving. Then maybe a couple of hours to decide where they're headed. And by that time the only place left to go is the Grant or the Wagon Wheel or the Spur!"

"You make it sound like Brokenbow's dead."

"It isn't too far from it!" McKenna snapped. "But it'll revive. We'll get a needle into it. We'll make it jump. Can't cure a critter of an ailment till you get it fighting. The madder it is, the quicker it'll heal. Kansas

isn't worth a dime to a doctor. Never will be. Too much sun and hard work. Too little time to think about pains and ills. But I've got to where I like the place and I'm tired of moving. So I'll take my genuine as it comes and let it go at that. I don't want to see this town roll over and die, and it's apt to. It's got the Longhorn plague almighty bad."

The Doctor hauled on his breeches, hooked his suspenders over surprisingly thick shoulders, and started rummaging in his medicine box. He swung a little as a nanny will who hunts for something which eludes him. Finally he straightened with a scalpel. Dropping into the only chair in the room, leaving Lewellyn still on his feet by the door, he started to prune the huge corns on his toes. After a little he glanced up sharply at Steve.

"There talk afoot this morning. How much time did Ord give you to clear out?"

"Till noon."

"Um. Three hours. Kind of short. You'll play hell selling your place in that time. Don't suppose you'll go till you've closed a deal on that?"

"No," Steve said. Doc McKenna repeated himself.

"Um. Three hours. I didn't figure Ord would do that. No, I didn't, Lewellyn. Not at all. If I was him and you was you, I'd have got me a nice solid place for an arm rest and my best rifle, and I'd have put a thirty-thirty slug through the crown of your hat--from a distance, quiet and comfortable. You've got a mean way of talking back. I laid out that boy you put away in the Grant last night. Two strings and a half hitch was all that was holding him together in the middle. But maybe I don't figure Ord as big

as he figures himself. Maybe that's a mistake, eh??

McKenna got up, tossed his cocktail carelessly into his head, and went into the little back room. He banged the doors open and shut in a tall sheet. Finally he turned around, a pair of socks in his hand and his face red with assertion. When he pulled the socks on, the big, crooked great toe of one foot thrust out through a cavernous hole. He scowled.

"Man without a woman's a confounded baby. Look at that. Can't rip a mile long in a belly, but I can't close a hole in a sock! Nothing like a good woman--purty, if you can keep from working her so hard she loses it-- a good woman with a little brains and a touch of loyalty. Rounds a man out. Gives him heft he hasn't got alone. Squares off his thinking--"

McKenna paused with a gnomish archness. His obviousness irritated Lewellyn.

"You talking about Zoe?" he said sharply.

"Jed's girl?" McKenna said hurriedly, suddenly all innocence. "So help me, Lewellyn, I didn't know you knew her!"

Steve swore. He had anticipated anger. Instead, he was amused.

"I'm pulling out," he said. "Remember. As soon as my place is sold. Maybe today. Maybe tomorrow. Probably sure the day after."

A wide smile creased McKenna's face, wholly disarming. Lewellyn saw the doctor was relieved. He understood. Jed Barnage was McKenna's friend. Zoe was Jed's daughter. McKenna was taking first things first. Steve grinned in answer. His respect for this red-haired wild man was increasing. McKenna ducked into the back room and came out dragging another chair.

"Sit down, Lewellyn," he invited briskly. "Sure, you're pulling out. Sometime. But nobody knows when. And while you're here, you're to your ears in trouble, the same as everybody else in this town that amounts to a damn. That's why I asked you to come by, this morning."

"My trouble is private, McKenna," Lewellyn said steadily.

"The hell!" the doctor grunted. "Trouble is about as private as an outhouse. There are some things we all got to do alike. Now, look. The rest will be along directly. We figure we've all got to pull together. We want to be set when Fenton brings his next drive in here. His eyes will be doubled then. He'll be ready to clamp down. We're going to be ready for him."

"I'll be gone when that herd gets here--"

"Sure, sure," McKenna agreed impatiently. "Lewellyn, what do you make of Keown? He bothers me. I know where he stands. But how long can he stand there? Can a man wade a stream when it gets over his head? What we aim to do is set us up a full township government--something we haven't got because everybody's been too busy, so far. We figure on getting us some ordinances. Taking the judgement out Keown's hands. Giving him a pattern to go by. Can he do it?"

"I don't know. Neither does Ord. Nor anybody else, from here. Depends on what he comes up against. The point is, will he try? I can't tell you, McKenna. Maybe--if he thinks your ordinances fit what's needed. Keown's gone a long ways on his judgement. He'll probably aim to stick to it."

"He's got to see it our way," McKenna said earnestly. "This isn't a one-man town--good or bad. There's more than one man it it. And we've all got to pull on the same trace. We--"

Lewellyn held up his hand sharply.

"We--?" he said in challenge.

Almost with the word, a heavy knock sounded on McKenna's street door. The doc rose and started across the room. Midway, he glanced back over his shoulder at Lewellyn and grinned.

"Sure. Yes. You and me and half a dozen others that count!" he said. He reached out and pulled the door open.

Hal Fenton stood on the single step below the sill. Beside him were Sam Green and the two riders who had been in Hal Lin's restaurant. The doctor was motionless for a moment, just long enough for the thought to strike Lewellyn that McKenna didn't realize the difference between this and poker. This wasn't a game. The man didn't have a chance. Also, in this moment, Fenton had time enough to say:

"We want Lewellyn!"

Then McKenna's foot stabbed against the base of the door, hinting purpose, and his squat body blurred into motion. A square red fist cracked audibly against Fenton's jawline, spilling him backward onto the walk. The foot against the door hooked and the door slammed solidly shut. Dock McKenna's hand tumbled the lock over as he dropped. A quick hot volley of shots, three or four, tore into the planking from the outside. McKenna rolled across the floor and onto his feet beside Lewellyn.

"Here we go, boy!" he exulted, and he reached for a dusty rifle in the corner behind him. Lewellyn blinked. The doctor's chances in anything took a sharp upward revision in his mind.

## VIII

Lewellyn slid along the wall of Doc McKenna's reception room, his back flat to it, to a place beside one front window. McKenna dodged across to the opposite window. He spoke swiftly, urgently, to Steve.

"Get out through the back room. There's a window there. It'll take them a minute to get their heads and I can hold them a little longer."

Steve shook his head.

"If they want me this bad, they'll have somebody out back, too."

Cautiously he bent until he had a line of vision into the street through a corner of the smudged window. Sam Dreen had a gun in his fist, the muzzle hanging down. One of the riders beside him was punching a spent shell from a chamber. Hal Fenton was standing in the gutter, angrily rubbing his jaw and talking rapidly. From the Spur in one direction and the livery in the other, more Willow Creek men were converging on the doctor's office, most of them jogging in a run. Sam Dreen suddenly put his gun up and took a

pane of glass out across the room, a foot from Dee McKenna's belly. The doctor pulled his lips back from his teeth with honest pleasure and began a clumsy swing with his rifle. Lewellyn reached quickly for him with his voice.

"Wait!"

A man was running on the walk, his bootfalls loud in a sudden silence before the office. He came into view in a moment, moving gustily and without effort. He veered off of the planking and pulled up in front of Hal Fenton.

"What's come off?" he demanded.

Fenton raised his hand toward McKenna's closed door. His voice was tight with anger.

"Lewellyn's in there, Ord!"

Keown swung around to look at the door. He shrugged.

"He has till noon," he said.

Sam Dreen wheeled toward the marshal. "Noon? Hell, who says he does?"

"I say so, Sam," Keown answered steadily. "Noon. That's soon enough."

Dreen pushed forward, holding his bandaged arm clear. Fenton cut in front of him and dropped his hand to Keown's shoulder. Lewellyn could see the bite of Fenton's whitened knuckles.

"It isn't, Ord!"

Keown shook the rancher's grip off. His voice dropped a level in intensity, so that it was barely audible within the office.

"When you're kingpin of Brokenbow, you can say that, Fenton. You can unpin badges and hang them where you like. But as long as I'm afoot behind the one on my vest now, you ride with me! Use your head. You want to smoke Lewellyn out. But you want more than that, too. Look up the street. You want to smoke them out, too? You ready? You want to tackle the whole jon, now?"

Fenton stepped back, turned his head up the street. The angle of the window prevented Llewellyn from following his stare. Fenton stood woodenly for a moment, then swung back on Keown. He scowled.

"All right, God. But I've got to talk to you!"

"Sure," Keown smiled easily. "But get this street clear. Send your boys back up to the camp and keep them there. You've got to do a thing the hard way, every time. Use your head, Fenton. Llewellyn's place is for sale. You want grass and you want him on the move. Buy him."

"I offered to, once," Fenton said flatly. "Better than three years ago. He told me to go to hell. That's where I'm pointing him, now. Nobody's going to buy his place. He'll run barefooted or I'll see him hung!"

Keown shrugged.

"Get your boys moving--"

Fenton snapped an order at the gathering knot of his riders. They began a drift down the street. Keown moved with them, and Fenton. As they pulled away from before McKenna's office, another group of men came in from the other direction, walking purposely in the street midway between the planking of the walks. Steve recognized among them Cragar and the fat face of Kinner from the hotel, and Kei Lin. There were more. Three loose ranks. They turned in toward McKenna's door. The doctor saw them from his window and turned back the latch on the door. They trooped into the office without greeting. A dozen grim men with Brokenbow in their hands.

McKenna nodded to each as he came through the door and puched the door closed when the last had stepped in out of the sun. He turned to Cragar, a little hunched and absently affable with years of tending trade across the counter of a general store.

"You remember everything that's said here, Cragar," McKenna said.

"Write it down in some kind of a book when you get back to your place, we got to have a record. We got to have minutes. Jud's shed and will stay there a spell. I'll do his talking and his toting along with mine. The rest of you have got hands and tongues and I hope to hell, some backbone! Meeting's to order!"

They settled along the baseboards on the floor, backs to the wall. Some made tracories in the dust on the floor of McKenna's office. Jesse stared at the outdated collection of calendars hung haphazardly on the walls. Jesse watched the faces of the others. But each had his brief few words in the next hour. And the best sense came from Kei Lin. What he said had a beginning and an end, with meat between.

"Is fire. Don't want fire, put on water. Want fire, put on coal oil. Lin catch bucket, bring him along. Is water, is coal oil; all the same by Lin."

Listening to some of the others, stumbling and uncertain and trying to trade themselves out of something to which their presence in Brokenbow irrevocably committed them, Lewellyn found his respect for Sock McKenna and the little Chines resturant man grow. McKenna blew a trumpet. Kei Lin whispered. But the two of them were alike. There was no middle ground. They bucked Willow Creek Ranch to the limit or they let Hal Fenton take over their town without a breath of protest. Near eleven, Lewellyn straightened where he stood in the doorway of McKenna's rear room.

"There's stock in the corral at my place to be fed and a cow to be milked," he said.

The talk died abruptly. McKenna stood up and crossed to him. For the first time, Lewellyn realized the importance to these others involved in his presence among them. An importance he judged Sock McKenna had carefully

planted and nurtured. McKenna was making this difficult for him. Deliberately so.

"We've put you into this deal of ours even with the rest of us, Lewellyn," McKenna said. "Your cards are no worse than what any of us hold. And maybe you savvy how to play them better than the rest of us. Enough better to know there's got to be no wind before a storm. There's got to be rain ahead of anything else. Irving Devore, who wouldn't come in, and Jed Burnage, who couldn't, this is Brokenbow, right here. And you're a part of it."

Lewellyn shook his head.

"You're wrong, McKenna," he said quietly. "This is Brokenbow's stores and Brokenbow's traders. This is the street, the folks in town. But that's only part of it. And I don't belong. I'm off the grass. I'm a farmer. This is the farmers' town, too. When they come in, maybe I'll want a chair--if I'm still here."

"You will be," McKenna said shortly. "You won't sell. Fenton'll see to that. And you've backed water as far as you can, now. You won't pull out unless you do sell. I can figure you that close. We can't wait for the other farmers. You can't either. Farmers always ride when it's too late, and you know it!"

"I'll watch my own toes," Lewellyn said shortly.

McKenna shrugged but kept his eyes on him in speculation. The townsmen stirred, opening a way for him at the door. Lewellyn stepped into the street. His going was deliberate. Not that he wanted no part of the planning. Not that planning wasn't necessary. But it had been shapeless and overly cautious in his presence, and he understood. The men from the street were afraid of him as they were afraid of all tall men from the south. Afraid of his eyes and afraid of his gun. The three years he had spent among them and

his stubborn attachment to his homestead had eased this somewhat, but the dead man he had left lying on Charlie Bissel's floor had brought much of it back. This was, if she could ever realize it, Sharon Stevens's strongest argument. This was the compulsion which drove Lewellyn to waiting and patience and trading when the grain of his instincts dictated swift and decisive action. And he knew himself well enough to realize that he could not make himself a part of Jock McKenna's council without recurrence of the old pattern of thought and action.

His own interests. He had only these to protect. And they did not yet lie in Brokenbow. They were still out on the section of grass Hal Fenton had boasted he would not be able to sell.

As he turned up the walk, Steve saw two riders rise from their haunches under the awning across the front of the Spur. They made no forward move, but they kept their eyes on him steadily. More picked up the steady scrutiny from other scattered doorways along the street as he advanced. It began to build up, that surveillance, until it had substance and weight. That not one of the Texans broke over was proof of the magic in the voice and confidence and gunhand of the marshal of Brokenbow. Known had strength.

In front of the Courier a word halted Lewellyn.

"Steve!"

He swung into the shade of the building, lifting his eyes. Sharon stood in the doorway of the office. Her face looked a little harsh in the shadows, although she was frowning deeply with open concern and the harshness might have been in these lines.

"Steve, you're leaving? Your time is running short. . . ."

"Who can stop a clock?" Lewellyn answered.

"You were at the meeting. I saw you leaving McKenna's. What's

coming?"

"Ask John," Llewellyn said bluntly. "They approached him."

"John!--" She touched the name with disgust. "I'm not talking about John. I'm talking about you. Steve, you are leaving! You are getting out? Ord promised. You're not backing away?"

Llewellyn replaced his hat.

"No. I'm on my way up for my horse. Ord kept his promise. You expect thanks for that, Sharon?"

She shook her head.

"Just a promise from you, Steve--that you won't come back. That you'll keep out of this for good. That you'll give Ord his chance to handle it, alone."

"You think he can? I'm sorry Sharon. I'm making no promises. Maybe I don't owe you as much as Ord does."

Sharon came down one step into the street. She clutched at Steve's arm.

"It means so much, Steve. To me--to the town. You're a lighted match--a flaming match. And we're all walking on powder. More than just men. Women are walking on it, too. Kids behind curtained windows. A man's pride isn't that important. A single man isn't--or a dozen of them. Please, Steve. Please go--and stay!"

A shadow appeared in the doorway above Sharon. Devore's tasteless voice reached down.

"Sharon!"

Devore took the step down, seized Sharon, and pulled her roughly up the step. There was sufficient violence in the move to make her stagger a little in the doorway.

"By God, do I have to lock you in the back room twenty-four hours a day to keep you off this street?" he snapped. He swung toward Lewellyn but Steve turned and moved unhurriedly up the walk. He had seen Sharon's eyes. He had seen the harshness in her normally soft and even features crystallize in this angles. He thought there must be some strain of courage in Devore or he wouldn't deliberately strike that kind of fire from the steel in Sharon.

Ord Keown was standing in the doorway of the postoffice. He stepped onto the walk as Lewellyn's shadow reached him. He glanced coolly out from under the awning to measure the sun.

"Whittling it a little close, Lewellyn," he observed impersonally. "Your horse is back of the Grant. I had it saddled and brought down for you. No use rubbing more salt across Willow Creek than necessary."

Steve made no answer.

"You going, Lewellyn?"

Steve nodded.

"Where?"

"Out on the Grass."

Keown considered this answer. He looked keenly at Steve for a moment, then turned back into the postoffice. Steve crossed the street, passed down along the side of the Grant, and found his horse. As he rose into the saddle, he glanced back along the building and across the street at the postoffice. Keown had come back out onto the steps again. He had a couple of pieces of mail in his hand, but his eyes were on Steve. Lewellyn wheeled and rode across broken ground, angling for the toe of the ridge which sheltered his

valley and the best grass in the basin.

He envied Karen's shy confidence and Sharon's faith in the four-bit metal stamping on the marshal's tailored vest. It was Sharon who had said justice could never be one man and that no man with a gun could usurp the judgement of God.

## IX

Lewellyn climbed the summit of the rise across the toe ridge back of town and pulled up for a moment. Inevitability was saddle mate with him. He had made his gesture. Fenton had emptied it. There would be no buyer for his grass. He was bound to Brokenbow, then. Held by the principle which had brought him up from La Mesa. Defense of himself and only himself. Because of Sharon, perhaps, if not for her. But because of her or for her, he had limitations. He could sell his land, even under pressure. He could go that far. But he could not be forced from it.

Two breaks to the south, he could see the mouth of Tie Creek. Since he was staying, he thought that in the morning he would get away from his own place early enough to swing south and look at what was left on the Westfall place. He had not known the dead man well. But he had been a neighbor, geographically at least. And something would have to be done for Westfall's

woman. She had three or four kids. He wasn't sure of the count. They had to be fed. More than that, they had to have a house of their own and something toward which they could look as they grew. Ida needed such an anchor for a fair start. The Tie Creek land was good. Something would come out of it. Likely Jed Darrough would already have a plan.

A smoke finished, Lewellyn swung north and east from the summit, going into the cut of a little creek. He travelled the course of this a pair of miles, then turned against a transverse rise, aiming to come out above his own house. There was a road of sorts up the big valley, but this way was quicker and held to timber for the most part, making a cooler ride in the full sun. Dropping down the far side of the last ridge toward the timber fringe above the grass of the valley, Lewellyn came suddenly on another rider. The man raised his hand in greeting.

"Howdy, neighbor," he called.

Lewellyn pulled up. This Swede farmer had a way of being in many different places. Steve eyed him curiously. The Swede grinned. He turned toward a break through the timber. Lewellyn's square shack was visible through it, a pair of miles down the slope.

"Got a little company down there," the Swede said. "Thought you might like to know. Don't care about riding into surprise parties, myself. Not that kind!"

"No," Steve agreed. The Swede stood at his horse's head, looking up. Steve swung down. "We seem to travel about the same speed," he told the Swede. "Reckon we ought to know each other."

The Swede put out a thick, corded hand. "I like to call my neighbors' names," he admitted. "I'm Christoffersen. I'm proving up that quarter above the slough between here and Tie Creek. That is, I've filed on it. Seems maybe like fencing might go a little slow in the basin for a spell.

Lope man than landrear maybe it's too much beefee"

"Who's down below, Christoffersen?"

"To the point, eh?" The Swede grinned. "I'm a mite nervous, myself. It's like this. I'm knew. I don't know many folks. They didn't invite me to their meeting this morning, and after Keown headed those drovers off of the street, it looked quiet for a spell, so I started back out to my place. Your company overhauled me two-three miles out. I was in the bush when they went by. Dan Dreen was riding point in the bunch and it didn't look too good, so I trailed them. We could out back over the ridge and bed down at my place tonight."

Lewellyn shook his head impatiently.

"Dreen and who else?"

"Three more. That white-haired kid they call Curly. Don't know the names of the others. The Willow Creek outfit's getting too big in here to keep them all spotted."

Lewellyn looked out through the timber into his own meadow. His face was expressionless.

"Thanks, Christoffersen," he said. "I'll drift your way when the chance comes. But I'm on my way out from town for my chores, now. Reckon I'd better tend to them."

The Swede snorted.

"Hell, what you think I've been sitting here two hours for? Just to see the color of your eyes? Look, one of their horses isn't hid worth a damn down there. You'd have spotted it a long time before you rode in on them. No need for me to wait just to warn you. No need for you to try cheating me out of sampling your company, either! I don't get any, down my way."

Lewellyn laughed. The devil rode a high horse behind this man's un-

hurried exterior. Steve mounted. Christofferson swung up, also. They circled together with the timber fringe, holding their level on the slope above the grass until they were behind the house below. Here thick, unbrushed brush reached down almost to its walls. They left their horses two hundred yards into the timber and worked on afoot. Reaching the rear wall of the house, they angled to the left, going around the windowless north end. From here they could see the four horses, tied alone in a berry thicket beyond Steve's makeshift corral.

"One'll be in the barn," Christofferson murmured. "I'll make for him. Just sit tight. If he rushes, the others'll jump and you'll have to keep them off of my back if you can. If he don't--and I don't reckon he will if I run to look at all--I'll be back directly and we'll have better odds."

Steve nodded. The Swede drifted away, going through the brush without guile, but using a prudent man's caution. He made a bad job of crossing the little creek which watered the corral and Steve flattened against the corner of the house, his eyes on the front door. The noise drew two men who had been within the shadows of the doorway. They stood motionless in the sun, blinking a little and listening. One of them spoke shortly.

"That damned milker! She's about to bust--"

"Let her!" his companion snapped. "Damn it, this gets itchy. I'd rather pick Lewellyn up along the trail. Never did like another man's house when I wasn't invited!"

Sam Dreen's voice came irritably from behind the two in the doorway, from somewhere within the house.

"Along the trail, Miller?" Dreen asked. "You wouldn't if you knew all they tell about Lewellyn. You wouldn't if you'd ever seen him work. I

down!"

Dreen paused. In a moment he continued.

"Never give a man like that room to work in or you'll be sorry. He won't expect to find us here. He'll have his hooks down the minute he hits the door. If we miss it, Curly'll drop him from the barn. Sit it tight, boys. It won't be long. A farmer doesn't let a fresh one like that one in the barn go very far past noon without milking. There's cigars in here. I found a box. Have one."

One of the two in the doorway turned back into the room. The other stepped on out into the sun and surveyed the slopes above. The first followed him out in a moment, holding one of Steve's long tobacco rollers in his hand. He spoke over his shoulder to Dreen, still within the house.

"Too black for me, Sam. But Curly likes his strong. It's quiet above. I'll take it across to the barn and see if Curly's set."

Dreen grunted an answer. The man swung across the yard at a light, quick pace. Lewellyn stiffened a little and slid his gun free. He judged Christoffersen would reach the barn seconds ahead of the man in the yard. The Swede's attention would be ahead of him. He would be coming up on the barn doors with his back open. It wouldn't do. Lewellyn stood up full, levelled his gun to a fine sight, and fired.

The man in the yard, the one who had been called Miller, he thought, spun with a frightened yelp and went down heavily. Dreen and the other drover were just inside of the door, close enough to the open to know where the shot had come from. They dove into the open, wheeling toward him together. The drover was a pace ahead, his gun down for a low shot. Steve fired again without care, driving the man limply backward into Dreen. At the same time he said:

"Easy, Sam!"

Dreen wavered, drew tight, and raised his good hand slowly. When it was at the limit of his reach, he opened his fingers and let his gun fall. Steve groaned, pushed Dreen against the side of the house, and crouched beside him. The door of the bar swung out with slow caution, making a black square of shadow in the side of the building, into which a man couldn't see. Then the arc of the door made its bottom across on dirt and stopped its swing, a man came out. A big, grinning man who dragged another behind him.

"In a hurry, eh, Lewellyn?" Christofferaen called reproachfully. Steve turned his head toward the drover he had dropped in the yard. Christofferaen followed the look. Miller had rolled to his knees. His hands were clamped tightly around one thigh. The Swede angled across to him and lifted his gun. Straightening, he put his foot to Miller's shoulder and rolled him again into the dust.

"Lie down!" he growled. "When we want you up, we'll whistle!"

Sam Dreen hacked and spat. Lewellyn looked at him and spoke softly.

"You should have left this to Keown, Sam. It takes a badge to serve a warrant."

"Who said anything about a warrant?" Dreen snapped. "I had my orders."

"Hal's tallied me off? Why--because of that hand that checked out in the Grant last night?"

Dreen grinned thinly.

"Hell, no. Did Hal think you off for Randee, down in La Mesa? Or Banta or Les McCambridge? He's had too many hands shot off his payroll, Lewellyn. It's grass again. Hal wants this basin. He's got any idea it won't come easy with you hanging around. He justvwants to shorten the odds. That's all. You should have let Keown serve you in town this morning--or

made him do it. You'd have both been better off!"

Lewellyn made no answer. Dreen watched him keenly for a moment, then he shrugged and moved off toward the group at the corral. Christoffersen loosened his hold on the collar of the man he had dragged from the barn. The man's head dropped into the dust, making a puddled mess in his hair where the blood had welled from a gash at the back of his part. The deade's eyes followed Dreen.

"You letting him ride back to town alone?" he asked Lewellyn.

Steve shook his head.

"No. The rest go with him. Two can sit their saddle when he's sloshed them with water. He can tie the other one on crossways. I want my yard clean."

Christoffersen scowled.

"I had a notion I'd like to ride into Brokenbow with the whole damned crew strung out behind me. I figured I'd enjoy watching Keown's face when we turned them over to him for his lockup. Maybe he'd put his heels down a little heavier if we did. I don't like a lawman that walks so light."

"Uh-uh," he said flatly. "I know these boys. I've ridden with their kind. Pride grows tall in north Texas. They'll take a beating at even odds or better. But they won't be bullied and they won't take salt where they're hurt. Dreen can ride in like this and it won't run to personalities. A sour chore. A rotten run of luck. The rest of Willow Creek will take it for that. But Ord Keown and a company of cavalry could keep us from being shot out of our saddles if we rode into town with this bunch tied in a string behind us."

"You hinting we'd ought to stay out of town, anyways?"

"It'd be smart," Lewellyn agreed.

Christoffersen shook his head. "Not me!" he said decisively.

Jensen came back up from the creek with water in his hat. He got the man from the corn up on his feet. He got Miller up from the dust. The wounded drover swore at the hurt in his leg and crawled into his saddle with a deal of effort. Jensen and the man from the barn lifted the dead man out of the dooryard of the house. They spilled him on his belly across his saddle and tied him in. The four horses swung out of the yard. Lewellyn watched them into the timber before turning back to the house.

His rifle was in its scabbard over the mantel. He took it down and carried it outside. The Swede came down the slope with their horses. Steve thrust the rifle into its scabbard and turned down toward the corral where the cow with the full udder was bawling again. Christoffersen followed him. A battered bucket was inverted over one of the posts holding the bars of the corral gate. Lewellyn took it down. Christoffersen leaned against the bars. Lewellyn saw he was grinning.

"I'll wait for you," Christoffersen said. "I guess we're both damned fools."

X

Christoffersen and Lwelleyn came in by the valley road, winding around the edge of the ride and into the upper end of the street. The town was strangely quiet, the street empty. They racked their ponies in front of Jed Barnage's hardware store and stood on the walk. It took a little time to recognize the change in the town and its cause. Finally Lewellyn's eyes raised to the slope beyond the head of the street, back of them as they had ridden in. The sprawl of the huge, untidy Willow Creek camp was gone. Only an irregular patch of litter on the grass remained. Lewellyn frowned. He glanced at Christoffersen. The Swede had seen, also. Christoffersen scrubbed the knuckles of one big hand against his cheek.

"I need a drink!" he finally decided aloud.

Lewellyn did not move. Christoffersen waited a moment for him, then stepped down from the walk and cut toward the Grant. As he reached the other

walk Ord Keown came out of the Spur, saw Lewellyn, and started across. Christofferson shouted and followed him back, stopping a pair of yards behind him. Christifferson had said out on the grass that he didn't like Keown. That dislike showed in his eyes, now. Keown stood in the gutter, one foot up on the walk in front of Steve. The skin about his eyes was without color. His nostrils flared a little with each breath and his breathing seemed more rapid than usual. Rapid and shallow. There was a slight sway to his body, like the restlessness of a cat. Lewellyn thought the man was under strain. He wondered about it.

"It's a long time past yesterday noon, Lewellyn," Keown said quietly.

Steve nodded, waiting. Keown said nothing for a long moment, his eyes steadily on Lewellyn's face.

"So what am I going to do, Lewellyn--is that it?" he murmured.

"Something like," Steve agreed. Keown's eyes narrowed.

"Not what I want to. Not what I'd like to," he said. "My hands are tied. Hal Fenton came down and tore up his warrant for you before he rode out with his crew."

Lewellyn was startled.

"Why?" he asked carefully. Keown shrugged.

"Because trouble's done," he said sharply. "The whole thing was smoke over a brush-pile. It could have been worse. McKenna and his meetings could have made it worse. You and your long nose in everybody else's business could have made it worse. But patience pays off, Lewellyn. It pays to stand still and feel the wind."

"Some winds can blow a man down, Ord," Steve suggested. "--when he stands alone--"

Keown nodded. He smiled briefly.

"But that wind didn't blow--" he said.

There was a kind of relief in his voice. Suddenly Steve understood. He understood Keown and his jumpiness and the stubbornness which made him attempt to carry the cause of Brakenbee on his shoulders, alone. He had talked with Sharon. He had talked with Sharon as Steve had once talked to her. Sharon's mark was on him, also. Steve wondered if Pete Lynch's daughter would ever understand that a woman could destroy a man as easily as she could build him. He wondered if she would ever see that peace was not only a concept of the heart, but something physical, also, made up of men and movement and angers and judgements, both good and bad.

He saw now that Keown had been afraid when the Willow Creek crew had been in town. He had been afraid of McKenna and his meetings. Not cowardice, but the practicality of his nature measuring the odds of the forces piling against him. Honest fear, for which a man was to be respected. Keown had been afraid. Maybe he even knew the complete folly of his single-handed play--the impossibility of restraining either faction in the town if a spark flew. And his jumpiness now was half self-condemnation and half relief. A reaction.

"You couldn't have done it, Ord," Steve said quietly. "Your star would have been the first target. Fenton will be back. Don't try it again. Don't try it alone. That isn't what she wants. She doesn't want you dead."

The white under Keown's eyes spread to the crown of his cheeks.

"Damn you, Lewellyn, mind your own business!" he snapped. He wheeled to move briskly away, but Christoffersen, close behind him on wide planted legs and with strong interest in his eyes, partially blocked his path. Without intent, Lewellyn knew. But he was there. Tight with anger, Keown was startled. He bore angrily ahead instead of side-stepping Christoffersen's bulk. The Swede fended him off with a clumsy thrust of his big hand. The

touch seemed to loose something in the smaller man. Keown did a rash thing. With sickening ease, he slid a gun from his belt and wiped its barrel savagely at Christoffersen's head.

Startled, the Swede avoided the stroke, and a swift pleasure came up in his eyes. His hug body swung with astonishing swiftness. The corded hands sought hold so fast they made sharp, snapping sounds. Keown's gun sailed out into the street. Christoffersen spun him effortlessly, caught him again by the front of his coat, and smashed his free hand against Keown's jaw. Ord dropped where he stood. The Swede stepped over him and grinned at Steve. Lewellyn grabbed his arm.

"Get down to McKenna's and stay there, out of sight!" he said rapidly. "I owe you something. This is it."

Christoffersen, still grinning satisfaction, started to protest. Steve drove his words at him hard.

"Get off the street, quick!"

The fun died in Christoffersen's eyes. He glanced down at the man in the gutter. Turning, he walked rapidly up the walk toward McKenna's office. Lewellyn stepped down and dragged Keown onto the walk. The man was iron. He stirred, already shaking off the impact of the Swede's heavy blow. Steve held him down. His eyes opened, bottomless and unreadable. Men were tumbling across from Whiskey Row. Steve held Kwown down a moment longer, then straightened and backed away. If Christoffersen hadn't slowed, he would now be out of sight at McKenna's. Keown got unsteadily to his feet and dusted himself. The men coming across saw his face and abruptly changed their direction. He spoke to Steve in a small, metal-thin voice.

"Don't ever corner me again, Lewellyn!" he warned.

He turned away. Steve watched him along the walk until he stepped

into his own office. The mail wagon came up from the depot. Steve followed it, remembering that it had been a week since he had opened his box at the postoffice.

There was no mail for him. Ruth Barnage was at the express window, struggling with a box plastered with the stickers of a mail-order house in Kansas City. Steve lifted it down for her. She smiled at him.

"Thanks, Steve. Big night at our place. Got one of them pant-legged pajama suits in here for Jed. Says his gown crawl up on him and his leg gets cold at night since he got it hurt. Never figured I'd sleep with a man that had his pants on, but when Jed gets an idea, there's nothing more to it!" Barnage's wife laughed. "Pick it up and come along, Steve. Zoe had a roast on when I came up town. It'll be fair eating. And there's a dress in here for her. She'll want to show it, sure."

"I came in to see Sock McKenna," Steve answered.

Ruth Barnage laughed again. "Nonsense! Never ate with Doc, did you? Well, don't. Besides, Jed heard you had a little talk with Sam Dreen today. He'll want to know about that. And our door locks as tight as any in town. Come along!"

Lewellyn lifted the box and followed Ruth through the door. The Barnage women were compelling. Out on the street Ruth got a good hold on his free arm, talking eagerly. As they came abreast the Courier office, Sharon jumped up from a table within and ran to the door.

"Hello, Mrs. Barnage," she said, stopping Ruth's flow of talk. "I want tousee you Steve--"

Ruth Barnage nodded brightly. "Good. Come up to the house tonight, Mrs. Devore. Steve'll be there. Bring the Mister. Jed likes company--"

Sharon glanced helplessly at Steve. He grinned and raised his brows.

John Devore came down to the window of the office and glowered out at the

walk. Sharon turned wordlessly back in side. Ruth Darnagn stared at Sharon's departing back with a little sag of hurt about her lips. She shrugged and started forward again.

"She won't come," Ruth said flatly, with certain knowledge. "She's never been in my parlor. Nor anybody else's I know of. She's a beautiful thing. I feel sorry for her husband."

Lewellyn was startled. Even considering the night behind Jed's stare, Devore had never struck him as a man worthy of anything like the rich sympathy on tap in the comfortable woman beside him. And Ruth could not know anything about the weeds of back lots. She was as wide as this country and the narrow and twisting channel of John Devore's life should have been a thing beyond her understanding. His surprise was in his eyes. Ruth saw it.

"That man was made for working with his hands. He was made for a plain woman with a soft voice and flat feet," she said firmly. "This one is too much for him. And he can't answer enough in her, either. That's a bad thing, Steve. That's what makes marrying different that breeding cows. Mismatching don't bring good. I'm sorry for Sharon Devore, too. She's a good woman."

Lewellyn thought there was a curious little emphasis on Ruth's last phrase. He glanced quickly at her. Her eyes were somber.

"This is a little town, Steve. There isn't much that happens in it that somebody doesn't know. And sometimes it takes a lot of thinking to get the right slant on things. You aure you're thinking right--about Mrs. Devore and Ord Keown?"

Ruth paused. Lewellyn made no comment.

"A man seldom does on a thing like that," Ruth went on thoughtfully. "Aren't many men that know a woman. I doubt if you do, and you're big enough.

it's time you did. There are some women have to have a strong current close enough so they can hear it, all the time--like a river. The Lord knows there's a strong stream in Ord Keown, Steve. I hope Sharon Lavers don't get washed off her feet. Ord gets his strength from washing over rocks. She needs deeper water. It'd be better for both, some other way."

Ruth fell silent. Lewellyn picked up her thought about the currents of man and turned it in his mind, inwardly making personal application. He was still engaged in this when they reached the house. Zoe met them at the door. She had her heavy hair up on top of her head. The heat of the kitchen had flushed her face. Excitement brightened in her eyes when she saw him. She reached her hand out to him unconsciously, pulling at his arm. Her mother took her mail-order box from him, glanced knowingly at the two of them, and moved off briskly into the back hall, leaving Zoe and Lewellyn alone within the front door.

"For supper, Steve?" Zoe asked hopefully.

"Your mother says so," Steve agreed.

"And I thought it was too hot a day to cook a roast! Dad's in the parlor. Go talk to him. I've got to fuss. . ."

Zoe turned away, then swung back, her head tilted a little.

"Been thinking about the grass, Steve?" she asked.

"A little," Steve admitted non-commitally.

"You can tell me about it--after supper--" Zoe turned and ran back through the house, calling for her mother. Lewellyn stood in the doorway for a moment, thinking that there could be a great many changes between one night and the next--even between a man and a woman. He tried to discover what was missing for him in Zoe Barnage.

Maybe she was like the land. Rich in harvest or poor by the whim of

natures. Always dreaming of time and labor. There was the tilling and the moving in and the living. There were the improvements. In the end it belonged to him. Maybe it was this way with Zoe. He knew her, spoke with her, made his friendships with her family. In time they'd marry. And she would belong to him, like the land.

Lewellyn had owned thoughts about many women. He had looked at many. There were memories of the touch of some. A few who were soft and a few who were hard. But there had been excitement in them all. A kind of game in which a man gambled his pride and his desire against coquetry and beauty; winning or losing as his luck ran. This, he thought, was what lay between Zoe and himself. There was no gamble for Jed Barnage's daughter. There was no lift which sprang from never knowing what lay behind her eyes. He wondered if Jed had found Ruth like this. He thought it was possible. And when he had thus marked the barrier which separated him from Zoe, he knew he had lied to himself. It was not sureness. It was not even Zoe. It was Sharon Devore. He opened a door before him and stepped into the Barnage parlor.

Jed was on the settee. Jennie Westfall sat across the room from him, her youngest child on her knees. She had been crying. She was crying. She made no pretense of hiding the tears. She stood up, gave Steve a little smile, and went out toward the back of the house. Jed waved his hand brusquely.

"There's a bottle in back of the Bible on that stand, Steve. Drag it out. Always gets me when a good woman thinks somebody has given her more than her due!"

Lewellyn found the bottle and a pair of small glasses. Jed poured out two tall ones, set them down, and stared at them speculatively. Steve waited for him. Directly he pushed one toward Steve, lifted the other, and cut it in halves.

"A woman that'll marry a man and come west of the River with him--a woman that'll raise him some clean-named kids and keep his house and make him think he's done right by her--that kind of a woman'll never get all that's coming to her. Ain't too much we can do for Jennie. What we can do don't call for the blessings and carryings-on she's been pouring out. Hell, Steve, we've got to see her kids and others like 'em is raised right so they'll be fit to run this country for us when we get too old!"

Lewellyn lifted his own glass. "How much did you give her, Jed?" he asked quietly.

Barnage looked hurt. "Money? Steve, money would have broke her heart. She'd have gotten out of this basin if she had to walk and drag the kids behind her on a cart if I'd have offered her money. I put her to work at the counter in my store. I give her the tool house, out back. It was the best I could do. She'll get by in it. Come spring, if winter trade is decent, maybe we can do something about a new house for her out on Tie Creek--all of us."

"I reckon," Steve agreed. He finished his drink. He had left the llanos with a conviction that Texas had flint, but it also had its heart, big as the boundaries of the short-grass. He had learned much in the three years he had been rooting in Kansas soil. And he thought, now, that this hardware man--whom he had believed he knew better than any in Brokenbow--was still much a stranger to him.

Zoe came in the door. "It's on!" she said.

Lewellyn rose slowly, hardly realizing that it was the supper to which she referred. She was in her new dress. It clung to her from shoulder to hip. A rick, red sheathing which belled out into a thick, rustling skirt. Lewellyn glanced swiftly at Jed to see if Zoe's father realized what she had

dress. Only pride was in Jed's eyes. Lewellyn returned his attention to Zoe, to the dress. The mold of her thighs, her flat belly, the outthrust firmness of her breasts--even the nipples--were accentuated. She stood carefully to make them so. Proudly. Only the honesty in her eyes, only a knowledge that she did not understand fully the effect and the impression, made it possible for Steve to avoid distaste.

There was nothing new in what Zoe had done with this dress. Women from the gaudier cribs and the saloons of most cattle towns had long discovered the directness in their trade. A dress was a necessity of convention. The trick was to make it as unnecessary as possible. A thing generally accomplished by leaving off all other garments which customarily were worn beneath it. Such a skin tight sheathing had before discounted many a blemish and sagging line. But it hid no other modesty.

Zoe turned and led the way back into the dining room. Muscles rippled under the dress. Steve thought he caught a shadow of a tiny dimple on her hip. He felt uncomfortable. Ruth was already at the table. She eyed Zoe's approach uncertainly, but here eyes were for the most part on Steve. A scrutiny showing evidence of mild shock, perhaps, but loyalty and the eternal conviction of Ruth's kind that all which occurred within the sacred precincts of her home was Godly. A conventional sop to a conscience troubled by many curious events in the course of a lifetime.

Lewellyn stumbled a little in seating himself opposite Zoe and he was sharply aware that his color was high. Ruth smiled; finally she chuckled.

"I figured that dress would do the trick," she said to no one in particular. "I could tell, just looking at it in the catalogue."

Jed laughed with what Steve thought was unnecessary heartiness. He rubbed his nose.

"Never knowed a woman who married knit like Ruth," he said. "Now, when we've come fishing-e?

Suddenly flushed, Ja: pointed to the roost.

"You want the grunt, Steve, or do you like yours rare?" she asked.

XI

The meal was difficult for Lewellyn. There was so much which had passed through his mind since the night before in the arbor with Zoe. So much which would be difficult to lead Zoe through. Yet he knew he owed it to her. At least enough for understanding. And it would be so different from what she had expected. With the night before fresh in memory and recollections yet inflammatory--with this dress and her planning, it would be difficult for Zoe to understand that another woman and another woman's body was between them. It would be difficult for any woman to understand. Yet her understanding would have to go beyond this. To realization that Lewellyn could not be bound by a plow and a fence and a bed. He required subtler chains and a freedom she could not grant.

It was with relief that he heard Sock McKenna's voice at the door while they were still at table. McKenna, asking for him.

"Is Steve Lewellyn here?"

Steve pushed back, starting for the porch, but McKenna's voice drew

over.

"Good! Then we'll come up here, Tell Jed,"

Jennie Westfall had answered the knock. She met Steve in the dining room doorway.

"It was Dog, a meeting of some kind, I guess. They wanted you, Mr. Lewellyn. Dog said he'd bring the rest along up here."

Jed rubbed his hands together eagerly. "They better not leave me out of this!"

Joe caught Steve's eyes. Regret clouded her own. Unable to do otherwise, he smiled at her, grudgingly making a promise for later. She got up to help her mother with the clearing of the table. Jed rose and hobbled inexpertly on a crude crutch into the parlor. Steve followed. He had just finished propping Jed comfortably on the settee when the hall door swung inward. The men of Brokenbow filed into the room.

It was in the main the same crowd who had been at McKenna's in the morning. There were, however, notable exceptions. Alex Christoffersen was one, his eyes reaching across to Lewellyn in friendliness. Hal Fenton was another, his face impassive and his eyes very quick. The last was Ord Keown. The whiteness was still present under his eyes and there was an electric sensitiveness in his movements. Like a razor honed to too fine an edge.

Surveying the others, Steve felt the heaviness of inevitablity. This was the showdwon. And every man present knew it. That Willow Creek was gone from the ridge meant nothing. That Keown, on the street, had claimed it was all over meant nothing also. It was just beginning. Fenton sat down uncomfortably on a straight chair by the door. He glowered at McKenna and Keown in turn, then swung on Jed.

"This wasn't my idea, Barnage," he said bluntly. "But I'll go half

say with anybody, as I some."

"It's not hard to meet a man who'll come that far, Fenton," Jed said pleasantly. He turned to Lee McKenna. "How far has our side gone, Lee?"

McKenna scowled uncomfortably. "Well, now, Jed, I didn't measure," he said. "Suppose we let Fenton swing his end, and then we'll see how we fit?"

Barnage had an inventory book across his knees and a shaved length of pencil. He scrubbed the canvas cover of the book with his knuckles.

"That's best, Jed," he offered mildly.

Barnage looked at the boss of Willow Creek. Fenton shrugged.

"All right. I moved my crew out this afternoon. Why? To meet my next herd, about eighty miles down the trail. They'll be in the day after tomorrow. This has got to be all quiet, then. We have got to have the pot all counted and split. There've been some bad dogs between us. I'd as soon as the next leave 'em lie!"

Ord Keown was watching Fenton with a peculiar fixity. The rest of the room was tense. There had been speculation about Fenton. There had been rumor. This was fact.

"I need the grass from Tie Creek across the slough and the main ridge to the upper end of the basin," Fenton went on steadily. "I'll buy the homesteads that are there--with one exception--" He paused and glanced sharply at Lewellyn. "--at a reasonable price. But I've got to think its reasonable. And there'll be no new claims filed. My boys will want what they've got money to buy on Whiskey Row and among the floozies in the Gulch, across the tracks, with no hands laid on them. The rest of it is yours and I want none of it."

Jed Barnage swung his head slowly. "Your place is at the top of the

big valley, Steve. Will you sell?"

"You heard Hal," Lewallyn answered quietly. "I'm out of this."

"Yours is the one he won't buy?" Jed asked. "All right, for now. Are you getting off of it till your are bought?"

Steve shook his head. Jed nodded at Christofferson.

"I don't sell. Not for cattle, money or women. I stay." Christofferson's jaw set stubbornly. Jed sighed and began to drum his fingers on the arms of the settee.

"There's another homestead on that grass you want, Fenton. Westfall's. I'll listen to price."

"I already made an offer on that, Barnage," Hal Fenton said. "A dollar an acre."

Jed sighed again. "Lennie Westfall's here in my house. She wouldn't make a move without my advice. I'd have to tell her that price wasn't right. All that land you want is open to homestead patent. It'll graze stock, all right, but with the sod turned under, its better land than when the grass is up. Your herds don't make Brokenbow grow. Homesteaders on the slopes do. With a crop in, a section on the ridge would make a sizeable family a nice living. A section wouldn't fat one herd for you. You're asking too much!"

"I've got thirty riders!" Hal Fenton said.

Doc McKenna answered him. "We've got a town!"

Fenton stood up. "We can't both win," he said. "One of us has got to lose."

"I'll give you two-to-one on Brokenbow!" Doc McKenna snapped. Fenton pulled open the door and stepped into the hall. A moment later the front door of the house slammed shut behind him. Keown also stood up. His eyes were narrowed.

"How so many damned fools could get together in one place--!" he said savagely, and he started for the door. McKenna caught his arm.

"Wait a minute, Ord!" he said. "You've got a part of this. When you came in here, you were told to keep the town quiet. Nobody had time to tell you anything else. The town didn't need anything else. It's different, now. And you've been paid regular. From here on, you're going to earn it."

McKenna swung on Grogar and reached for the inventory book. Grogar surrendered it. McKenna flipped it open and handed it to Keown.

"We've been making us some laws, Ord," he continued. "This is them. This is the way we want our town run."

Keown scanned the first page, his lips moving. He jerked his head up after a moment and snapped the book closed.

"You think you can peg a bull with a piece of red string? You think you can pour water on a fire to put it out? This is crazy, McKenna! The worst thing! Extending the town limits so I've go to watch trespass on the slopes. A curfew for the Gulch and Whiskey Row! You've got a chance to make a deal with Fenton and you pull this!"

"You think you can't make these ordinances stick, Ord?" Jed Barnage asked gently.

"Think!" Keown's voice came up in pitch. "How much can one may do? I've kep your town quiet. No shooting--till you and Lewellyn horned in with Westfall instead of letting him drink his grudge out and go home stiff with whiskey instead of a couple of bullets in his guts! By God, Barnage, marshaling in a town isn't like running a store. When I hike my prices up and things get tough, it isn't that trade falls off. My customers start fighting!"

With a peculiarly animal-like gesture, Keown swung his eyes from the face of one man in the room to another. When he had made the circuit, he spoke again. Softly.

"I've kept Brokenbow quiet. Quiet enough so you all could do your business and sleep with your doors unlocked. Quiet enough for your women to go after your mail and your kids to buy candy in the stores. I'll go on keeping it quiet. But my way, by hell. There's a middle road in anything. That's the one I ride!"

Keown pivoted on his heel, dragged open the door, and strode out of the room. Lewellyn stirred restlessly under the prodding of a strange impression. He had just heard Sharon Devore talk to Brokenbow. Reasonless, impassioned, and half right. Theory and principle and impracticability. Justice and injustice at a compromise for a result a man could not hold in his hand--peace. This was the measure of Ord Keown's devotion. It revealed depths Lewellyn had not thought the marshal of Brokenbow possessed.

The door remained open after Keown stepped through it. After a moment Jed Barnage nodded toward it and spoke to Kei Lin.

"Shut the door--"

The Chinese crossed the room. In the doorway Kei Lin made some gesture and spat almost silently into the outer hall.

"Sock," Jed said patiently to McKenna, "we didn't get far."

"Hell, Jed, we didn't try!" McKenna protested. "We can't chase a skunk with a stick without him stinking you up. When you go after him, he's got to be nailed before he can swing his tail toward you. Look, I was hunting Lewellyn up here a few minutes ago just to see if he'd shaved today. Ord don't like our rules. This is where Steve comes in--"

SPADE

Zoe was in the arbor, sitting on the bench with her knees up under her chin and the new dress a pool of color around her. Lewellyn stopped a yard away, bracing himself and reaching for the swiftest words which would not hurt. But Zoe was faster than his mind. She came off of the bench in a quick movement, took a step, and threw herself against him, her face upturned. Steve could feel her body through the thin fabric under his hands and it seemed best to begin gently. He kissed her.

There was no thawing preliminary, no conventional gesturing to mask desire. Zoe was youth. Zoe was hunger. Zoe was a woman with only a new dress over her naked body. Lewellyn felt both kindled and a fool in spite of himself when Zoe freed him and backed away a moment later. She dropped down onto the bench, more conserving what was in her than restraining it. She tipped her head toward the house.

"What did they want of you, Steve?"

"To listen, mostly."

"Ma says they intended to give Ord Keown his orders tonight. Did he take them?"

"No."

"Then you're the new marshal of Brokenbow!"

Steve sat down a foot away from her along the bench.

"Do you want that?"

Zoe considered this a moment. "Yes. Yes, Steve, I think I do. I didn't at first. There seemed some other way. But now it looks different. Like the bullet in dad's leg. It could have been left. The wound would have swelled, got infected. Maybe it would have come out by itself. Maybe dad

would have lost his leg--or his life. It hurt like the very devil and it was bloody work for Lee Lemmon to go in after it with a knife. But maybe the hurt wasn't as much in the long run, and it was over quicklyandclean with. It's healed fast since. I think our trouble with the drovers is like that. I think you could handle the knife."

"And afterward?"

"Our farm, Steve. We can't have it till the trouble is settled. Our white house and our picket fence. Our kids--"

Zoe broke off. She was looking into Lewellyn's face. Suddenly she reached across and turned one of his hands upward. Her fingers traced across his palm. It was a hard hand, muscled and corded. But the fingers were long, flexible and the skin of the palm and finger pads was not thickened and horny with the constant wear of toils of the soil.

"That's what I mean by afterward, Zoe," Steve said gently. "A gun makes few calluses. That's what it would be afterward--Steve Lewellyn, the gunman who quieted Brokenbow."

Zoe exhaled a long, slow breath. "Then that's what it was. That's what you were running away from when you first came here. The shadow of your own gun. And ma said it was likely a woman!"

"That, too. It looks like I didn't go quite far enough to get away from either one."

"Then I haven't offered enough?" Zoe's voice was unsteady. Steve closed his fingers on her hand.

"More than any man has a right to," he said softly. "I think that's the trouble. I haven't enough to match it. This kind of a trade has to be even. I can't cheat you. I've wanted to, if that means anything. I've wanted to like hell--a kind of a want I'm not used to. Maybe even a kind of

I've never had before. But I won't."

Dee had pulled her knees up under her chin again.

"Thanks, Steve--for that, at least--" she murmured.

Steve rose. There were more words, he supposed. But he didn't know where they fitted. He replaced his hat, stamped, and stepped out of the arbor. Half way down the path to Barnage's stable, Dee McKenna stepped out of the shadows and fell in beside him. When they reached the poles of Barnage's tiny corral, Dee halted and produced two cigars. He thrust one at Steve.

"Mosquitoes," he said shortly. "Nothing like a black roll to drive them off."

Steve nodded agreement with this and took the cigar. When the match flared, there was nothing in McKenna's face which could be read. He was silent for a long time. Finally he spoke again.

"You shouldn't have turned us down tonight, Lewellyn," he said thoughtfully. "Your thinking is wrong. When I was in the army, I got to be somewhat rough in my trade. Butchering in a field hospital with round shot knocking hell out of everything around you can make a doctor a pretty cool customer about the amount of hurting he has to do to get his work done in a hurry. When the war was over, I started hunting a practice. But every so often, when I was just getting well started, there'd be a gent along I'd taken an arm off of or a leg or dug a chunk of iron out of, and he'd remember I'd blamed near killed him.

"Those stories got out. Folks would back off. I'd leave, move on. Got clear to Brokenbow, finally, before I come to realize I did a tolerable job and the way I did it was me. Folks would just have to get used to it. So I've stuck here. And I don't starve."

"You'd go back to the army and the army kind of doctoring again if there was another war?" Steve asked. "Is that it?"

McKenna flung his cigar down. "You see what I mean--eyes, Lewellyn, I would!"

"I won't," Steve said flatly. "I wasn't backing out on you at your office this morning. I wasn't backing out, tonight. It's just that I won't go back past the day I came into this basin. I wasn't in the war. I wasn't a doctor. I packed a gun. A man with a loose gun is a tramp. He makes trouble. I want no more of that. I'm riding a trail--a narrow one, maybe--but I'm sticking to it!"

"Just like Keown, eh?" Doc muttered. Steve was struck by the simile. He smiled crookedly.

"Yes," he said softly. "Very much like Keown--"

"What chance has a store man or a homesteader got against a pack of short-grass guns, Lewellyn?" McKenna said with rising anger. "You think about that!"

He stepped with emphasis on the cigar still glowing on the ground and turned back toward the Barnagg house. Lewellyn passed around Barnage's little corral and took the wagon track through the weeds toward the hotel.

## XII

Approaching Jed Barnage's store along the wagon track, Lewellyn saw lights were up in the living quarters behind the Courier office. He remembered that Sharon had said she wanted to see him. She must have known in advance, as Zoe had, of the offer the town planned to make to him if Keown proved intractable. Likely she had been concerned that he would accept, that what she had built up in Keown would be displaced, destroyed. He considered knocking on the back door of the Courier building, then thought better of it. He would see her in the morning.

But thinking of Sharon turned the emptiness of the night back on him, the surety with which Brokenbow was drfiting into an eddy of violance, and the taste for a drink was suddenly in his mouth. He veered from the wagon track, intending to cut around Barnage's store and go up through the lot beside it instead of waiting until he reached the hotel. A barrel hoop in the weeds snapped up and stung his shin. He kept his eyes down, after this,

and for this reason nearly sailed into John Devore before he saw the man, a few yards further on. The faint odor of whiskey drifted from Devore's direction. The man was standing in the thickest of the weeds. He had a lighted cigarette between his lips and was staring off across the lots. Steve realized Devore had not seen him.

As he watched, the printer drew suddenly and heavily on his smoke. The fire at the end of the cigarette glowed up, lighting a bloodless, frozen face. In the same instant, Lewellyn saw Devore was clumsily holding a huge pistol in his free hand. Like a shuttle, Steve's mind strung it all together. The lighted window back of the Courier. Keown with a new problem to face. Sharon with her concern and her devotion to peace. The old top-buggy on back of Darnage's store. Devore. His face. The gun.

Lewellyn started forward as Devore flung his cigarette down with a muffled oath and lunged forward across the lot. Steve lengthened his stride, running a dozen long steps as lightly as a cat. He caught Devore's coat by the slack under one arm and pulled him up short.

"I'll go with you, John--" he said softly. And he tried for the gun.

Devore did not turn his head. He barely glanced back. With a fierce strength he jerked free and lashed clumsily with the gun. Lewellyn rocked on his heels and jerked an arm up, but the heavy steel barrel came on through. It rang loudly against his forehead just under the slant of his hatbrim. He staggered, trying to keep his feet, trying to reach the man in front of him. He tried to shout. He failed in both of these things. He went to his knees. He could hear Devore churning on through the rank growth toward the buggy. He forced himself up and ran unsteadily after the printer.

The buggy rocked violently as Devore approached. Ord Keown spilled out of it--without his coat. Sharon bent under the top, with her foot on one

dusty step bracket, and she screamed:

"John, no!"

Devore jerked awkwardly to a halt. He ignored Sharon. He found Ord Keown, two yards away.

"You thieving bastard!" he said thinly, and he flung the big gun in his hand upward, a gesture of complete and senseless fury.

Keown moved instinctively. Sharon cried out a second time. The sound was cut short by the flat jolt of Keown's belt gun against the night air. Devore lowered his outstretched arm slowly. He said something in a choked voice which seemed to be his wife's name. His loose frame unhinged and he fell. He was dead when Lewellyn reached him. Keown turned to Sharon, above him on the buggy step.

"He jumped me too quick!" he said with a tortured defensiveness. "I didn't have time, Sharon--"

Lewellyn scooped up Devore's gun and reached Keown in a stride. He pulled the man roughly around and reached past Sharon into the buggy for Keown's coat. He thrust the coat into Ord's hands, along with Devore's gun.

"Lock this in your safe," he said swiftly. "Give me your gun. Get back to the office and get yourself another. Get on your rounds. Get out of here. Quick!"

"I had to do it, Lewellyn," Keown said mechanically. "You know that. I had to stop him. . . ."

Sharon stepped on down to the ground. She was at Keown's shoulder.

"Do what Steve says, Ord," she said in a strange, flat voice. "Get away from here, now!"

Keown swung full to look into her strained, white face. A searching

look. It lasted a long moment. At its end he reached into the buggy for his hat, dropped it onto his head, and walked rapidly away, pulling on his coat as he moved.

"You should have said something to him--something more than that," Lewellyn said quietly to Sharon. She glanced at him but made no reply. Steve took her arm, steering her clear of Devore's sprawled body. The weeds mercifully hid it before they had gone a dozen yards. Sharon's step faltered. Steve halted. Steve stopped. He was standing there in the darkness with Sharon leaning heavily against him when a man came trotting cautiously down the far side of Barnage's store, saw them, and veered in their direction. Steve saw with relief that the man was Christoffersen. Alex came up with curiosity wide on his face.

"Devore is out there by that buggy, Alex. His gun is with him. Get hold of Doc, will you? And keep it quiet. This has been quite a shock to Mrs. Devore. She--she couldn't quite reach him in time--"

The lie was convincing. Steve was careful that it should be. Alex backed a little away.

"Sure, Lewellyn," he said softly. "Sure thing. I was--ah--I was outside. I thought I heard a shot. I'm sorry, ma'am. Terribly sorry."

Alex moved off through the weeds. Steve glanced at the windows in the quarters back of the Courier and led Sharon toward the light burning there. The door was not latched. It opened into Sharon kitchen. Tidy except for a bread plate with a little butter on it and an open bottle of indifferent whiskey, both on the table under a window. Steve found a glass, spilled a generous amount of whiskey into it, and pushed it into Sharon's hands. That it was Devore's whiskey made no difference, now. He thought she needed it.

The stove was still warm. A pot of coffee sat on a back lid. Steve

around the grate door and slid in a couple of pieces of wood from the box behind the stove. He shook the pot to be sure it held enough coffee. When he turned around, Sharon was still holding the glass of whiskey, untouched.

"I don't know who to send around, Sharon," he said. "Somebody. Ruth Carnegie would be best, maybe. She'd come closest to understanding. Or Jeanie Westfall."

Sharon shook her head. She glanced at the chair across the table from her.

"Sit down, Steve," she said quietly. "Why pretend? You're expecting me to make something of grief. I'm not going to. How can I when there isn't any? Pity, I guess. Even anger at John's stupidity. But not grief. I can't be that dishonest. Not with myself. Not with you."

Lewellyn reached around and found himself a glass. He idly poured himself a drink from the bottle on the table. He raised it and looked at Sharon across its rim.

"Something like this had to come, Sharon. You knew it," he said.

Sharon shook her head.

"Not something like this. So foolish. So--so--damned foolish!"

"You're stubborn," Lewellyn said. "There's gut in even a coward, somewhere. Even in John. Even he could hackle up when what he wanted was being taken away from him. If it wasn't you, it was his pride. You'd know which."

"What he had--!" Sharon's bitterness roughened her voice. "From me? Nothing. Nothing, Steve, since the first weeks. Hate, maybe. Scorn. Nothing else. And for that he tried to kill a man!"

"What did you expect him to do--make room for Keown in his bed?" Lewellyn said acidly. "Like Keown's trying to make room for Hal Fenton in

Brokenbow?"

"Of course not. It's not the first woman who hated her husband. There are laws and customs. All of them on John's side. Some of them measuring the things which living with him robbed me of. Laws and customs giving him the right of it. Saving his pride. He could have left me, even ordered me out. He could have divorced me. He should have--a year ago, two years ago. Long before I ever talked to Ord Keown. But he didn't. His judgement was better than the law's. His hands were stronger. Violence was his due. Is death what he wanted, then?"

Lewellyn shook his head.

"I don't think so, Sharon. I don't know what he wanted. But I think I know what he didn't want. He didn't want Keown to have you. This was the sure way. With luck, he'd get Keown. If not--"

"If not--that's it, Steve. That's the reasonlessness of it. John poured his life on the ground, wasted it. What is between Ord and me, now?"

Steve stood up. He deftly slid his gun from its holster and dropped it on the table in front of Sharon.

"This--" he said bluntly. "The same thing that was between us in La Mesa."

She touched the gun with the same compelling aversion with which she might touch death, itself.

"You see deeply, Steve," she said. "This is going to be hard for Ord. I tried to back him up. I can't, now. You're right. I think he's going to need you."

Steve shook his head again firmly. "I'm not a woman."

"It's gone beyond that, Steve," Sharon said, looking up. "I'm not just thinking of Ord. I'm thinking of the town. It's yours, too. Ord can't

hold the lid on alone. He's going to need help."

"Who's going to say where the lid fits?" Lewellyn asked sardonically. "Who's going to be judge, jury, and executioner? That's your God talking, Sharon." He lifted his gun from the table. "This is for trouble in my own yard. That's all. I can't change gods twice in a lifetime--" He swung toward the door. Sharon pushed her chair back swiftly and crossed to him.

"Steve, if I could believe you'd changed at all--" she broke off with an effort. Her voice dropped wearily. "Thanks for what you did out back. Thanks for making Christoffersen think---oh, it had to be that way! There's enough against Ord, now. We couldn't have that. Not now. John killed himself. It's true, really. But will it stick?"

"I told Alex to see that it did," Lewellyn said. "It will." He pulled open the door and stepped into the night.

Christoffersen was drifting on the street. He crossed rapidly to Lewellyn.

"Charlie Bissel's got a pair of stiff ones all poured for us at the Grant, Steve," he suggested. Lewellyn nodded. The crossed to the saloon together and bellied to the head of the bar, apart from the rest of the trade. As they lifted their glasses, Christoffersen brushed against Steve and dropped something into his pocket. Steve's fingers went in after it, felt the pin and the serrations on the edge of Keown's badge.

"I found it in the buggy," Christoffersen said quietly. "Everything else is all right. McKenna got a couple of boys to carry Devore down to his place. He didn't see nothing wrong. You knownMrs. Devore a long time?"

Steve swallowed the whiskey. It was not his regular brand. It burned. he choked a little.

"A long time," he agreed. His tone seemed to tell Christoffersen all

he wanted to know.

"I told you I didn't know many of the folks here," the Swede said thoughtfully. "Tonight was the first time I'd ever been to Darnagle's house. But I'd seen his girl on the street plenty. That was some dress she was wearing tonight!"

"It was for me," Steve said.

"I know," Christoffersen admitted uneasily. "I bought you this drink to tell you something. I saw you go out the back way at Jed's. And then Mahanna. I wanted to see you both. I followed you. And then that dress. Miss Darnagle was still in the arbor after you left. I said hellow. And we got to talking. She told me about the dress--and you, Steve. That's where I was when I heard the shot behind Jed's store."

"Well?" Lowellyn said.

"I'd like to go back, Steve. I asked her to wait."

"Tonight?"

"Tonight. She wanted to know what I aimed to build on my section when I had all my fencing up. I'd admire to tell her."

Steve understood, then. It wasn't the dress. It was Zoe. He laughed. Reaching in his pocket, he rang a dollar down on the bar.

"You do that, Alex," he said. "You do that and I'll buy the drink."

Christoffersen grinned widely and drained his glass. Steve touched his arm.

"When you get back to Jed's, ask Jennie Westfall if she'd mind coming down to the Courier office. Sharon ought to have somebody with her tonight," he said.

XIII

A peculiar lethargy kept Lewellyn in his bed long after the explosive rising of the sun. The rising stir of movement on the street before the hotel and the sounds which came up from it seemed distant, unreal, meaningless. Lewellyn felt apart. He lay wide-eyed on the bed while the room slowly became warm with the touch of the sun. For a while he thought it was John Devore, dead in a box in Sock McKenna's front room, which worked on his mind, fastening the end of every thought to its beginning so that each was a tight circle of small radius, going nowhere, without conclusion. But honesty denied this. Devore had been born with his spirit on its knees within his body. An inner smallness had discounted his physical bulk. There had been meanness and petty savageries, magnified by the spongy fears with which he lived. He had lust for nothing beyond the hungers of his belly and his body. His death had been inevitable. Perhaps Ruth Barnage had touched upon it.

Life was not a strange current within him. Even in searing fury, it had thundered only faintly. Lewellyn felt no regret for John Devore, no sympathy.

Keown was in his thoughts, also. A small and polished and diamond-hard man who walked thin ice of his own contriving because of a woman. A skilled, lethal, emotionless man who was destroying himself to support the fallacies of a woman's thinking. A man who would not understand that a woman might not find the same pleasure in the hardness of his soul as she did in his hard body. Keown would believe that the identity of a dead man had shattered the night-grown tower he had built with Sharon Devore. He would not understand the inflexibility of long-schooled habit within himself had shattered it. He would think he had changed. But he hadn't. No man could, beyond certain limits. This Lewellyn understood.

And Sharon was in Lewellyn's mind. A remembered vision in a nakedness as clean as the green grass on the banks of a pool on Willow Creek. A girl backed with the tail of her skirt unconsciously raised to the welcome heat of a glowing stove in a sweat-salted bunk shack. A woman.

Lewellyn tried to see wantonness in her, but he couldn't. He could see only stubbornness. A kind of magnificence, with which she set new points for the compass which guided the conflictsof men's affairs and tried to swing the needle to them by the strength of her convictions, alone. Courage. Concessions, unwilling, and physically painful, perhaps, to the same strong hungers and the same seeking of kind for kind which had made Lewellyn too controlled in his three years in Brokenbow, too finely whetted and absorbed in himself--which had made him drink almost too deeply warm and heady wine Zoe Barnage had poured out to him in her father's arbor.

Out of all of Steve's thinking in this stuffy room with plaster cracks

scrubbed and the smell of lint under the bed, only that which touched upon Sue was complete. Even Christofferson had not seen Sue's dress in the arbor as Steve had seen it. To him, the dress had been beautiful, and his thinking was not so large it couldn't be contained within the boundaries of the life for which Sue Bourque was bidding so eagerly.

Lewellyn dressed slowly. For all his thinking, he knew why this morning was different than others, why he was reluctant to meet it. The answer lay within himself. He had refused Johanna and the others their open enough request for his gun, his boots on their walk instead of Keown's or in addition to them. And with a conviction his judgement was sound. A conviction he could not revert to the aureness of his days on the llanos. He had been in Kansas too long. A determination he would not revert. Those years were behind him with their bright, hard, moments of sometimes empty victory. No town was worth the look Sharon had given Ord Keown as he stood above her husband's body with a smoking gun. No town was worth the destruction that look had worked in Keown's soul.

So the reluctance was this: it was a little unfamiliar and a little hard to see friends grow wary of a common foe and hitch their belts forward and step their own walks lightly, without following them, without letting the sharpness and the clarity of judgement and perception which was an anticipation of violence and the spinning die of luck run through him. He was empty and the emptiness was because he was without the needling lift of excitement which came with one man's challenge laid down to another across the width of a dusty street.

KeinLin was not in the resturant when Lewellyn came in for a heavy mid-morning breakfast. Lin's wife, a round and perspiring Mexican woman, was behind the counter. She served the meal without comment. Lewellyn ate slowly.

Returning to the street, he tried the door of the lawyer office. It was locked. He passed down the side of the building and tried the door of the living quarters in the rear. This was also locked and the kitchen blinds were drawn. Sharon was not there. Going back to the walk, he stepped into Barnage's store. Jed was in his chair at the desk behind a counter in the rear. He swung around, gestured at the end of the counter, and pushed some empty cartons off of another chair.

"Sit down, Steve," he invited. Lewellyn shook his head. "Stand up, then," Jed said, unconcerned. "Reconsidered?"

"No," Steve said.

Jed frowned a little. "Thought maybe you'd seen Ord this morning. Figured maybe you'd thought better of your answer, after that."

"Known?"

"He's busted his seams, Steve. Can't quite figure it. You was out back of the store last night. Was Ord there?"

"Christoffersen was there, Jed. Did you ask him?"

"I did," Barnage agreed. "Caught him as he was riding out before breakfast this morning. He said no."

"Won't that do, then?"

"Guess it'll have to. Steve, we've got to have you. I got to make it personal if asking won't do."

"I'm sorry, Jed," Lewellyn said. "I've held you my best friend, here. I've had few, anyplace. I owe you something for that. And Ruth and Zoe. Maybe McKenna and some of the others. But my gun is mine. I'll not hire it."

Jed's lips compressed.

"Then you didn't come in here to buy some shells."

"No. I asked Alex to see if Jennie Westfall wouldn't spend the night

with Mrs. Devore. I saw by the [illegible]. It's loaded. I thought I'd find Jennie here and she could tell me where Sharon had gone."

"Out to Tie Creek, Steve," Jed answered. "Jennie's been wanting to look to the corn out there. Thought she might be able to do something with it, and it seemed like a good thing to get Devore's wife out of town today. They took Jennie's kids and my wagon. They'll be back for supper."

Lawellyn nodded thanks. At the door he turned directly up to the livery, saddled his horse, and rode out the Tie Creek wagon road. The tracks of Jed's wagon were fresh in the dust before him. He lifted his pace. But Jennie had apparently made an early start. He did not see the wagon until he reached a little park a mile below the head of the valley, where Westfall's section lay. And it was headed back to town, rolling fast and with Sharon driving. There was a peculiar urgency in the way she swayed on the seat, working on the team with the tag end of the reins.

Steve touched spurs and went forward at a full lope. When the wagon was almost to him, he shouted. He had a feeling that Sharon would have driven on past him without seeing him if he had not done so. She jerked in the seat, leaned back with her weight against the reins, and sawed Jed's sweat-streaked team to a halt. Sharon had been more than preoccupied with her driving. She was angry. A white, compelling fury which drove all beauty from her face, so that it was a bitter mask of tense muscle and white lines. Puzzled, Steve turned to Jennie Westfall for explanation. He found it.

The farm woman's face on the side turned to him was blue and swollen, the huge bruise pulling her features out of all proportion. She sat the seat with a peculiar woodenness, as though still stunned by a blow. One of the kids in back was sobbing fearfully. A wide-eyed little girl had her

skinny arms around this smaller child in comfort and her eyes were bright with open hostility as she looked up at Steve.

"What happened?" Steve asked softly.

Sharon shuddered. "Steve--Steve! If this could be Willow Creek again, just for an hour--" She stopped herself. Some of the wildness went out her eyes. "Steve, I'm sorry. That wasn't fair. Come on, ride back with us to town. I'll tell you."

Lewellyn put his hands together hard on the pommel of his saddle. He saw that Jennie Westfall's dress was torn across the back and a long scratch ran down one arm.

"Tell me here," he said.

"No, Steve. This isn't for you--"

Lewellyn bent from the saddle. He had guessed half of the story. It was enough to roughen his voice sharply.

"Don't be a fool!"

Sharon put the lines down. "Hal Fenton lied to you all, last night," she said wearily. "His new herd isn't eighty miles away. It wasn't, then. It's on Tie Creek, Steve. And so are most of his men. We saw them when we came into the bottoms. Jennie's corn was gone. There isn't a strand of fence up. But Jennie had been up there since the fire. She wanted a look at the ashes. She wanted to find something--anything. The big, buck-toothed rider they call Curly stopped us as we were getting out of the wagon."

Sharon stopped, breathing heavily. "Steve, I never saw anything like it in my life. It was Jennie's land and she had already been hurt. I don't think she could even feel. She wouldn't stop."

"He hit me!" Jennie Westfall said softly, without sharpening her vacant gaze.

"He knocked her down like she was a steer!" Sharon exploded. "And the rest of them cattle ride herd. I had to lift her into the wagon while they settled them. I'll kill that man myself if he ever sets foot in Drakensburg!"

Lewellyn backed his horse. "Turn around, Sharon!" he said.

She looked up quickly. "No! Not alone, Steve. There's man in town who can handle this--"

"Turn around--!" The words cracked like the frayed end of a bullwhip.

Sharon picked up the reins and wheeled the wagon. The crying youngsters in back fell silent. Lewellyn rode ahead. They came this way into Westfall's valley. Steve saw the new Willow Creek herd numbered a couple of thousand head. He saw, also, with mechanical attention to detail, that half of the riders scattered around the perimeter of the herd would have to stay in position to prevent it from breaking. They couldn't come in. He rode straight on at the chuck-wagon beside the foundations and ash of Westfall's burned house.

Four men got up from under the trees, walking curiously and with truculence into the sunlight. Foremost among them was the big-framed man Alex Christoffersen had cold-cocked the day before and dragged from Steve's own barn. Next behind him was a smaller man whose face was vaguely familiar. The other two hung in the fringes of the shade--forty-and-found riders waiting for the wind to blow before they guessed its direction. Steve rode up to within a pair of yards of the one called Curly.

"Did you hit this woman?" he asked the man softly. He jerked his head in the direction of Jennie Westfall. The man looked at the wagon and then coolly lifted his eyes to Lewellyn.

"Brother," he said solidly, "that ain't a woman! That's a genuine,

sugar-backed sod-buster. She came off that wagon and put an ear-bit on me before I'd blinked both my eyes!"

"Take off your gun," Lewellyn said. The man grinned insolently.

"I don't think so!"

Lewellyn shrugged and palmed his gun with a wicked swiftness in the middle of the movement. "Make up your mind, Curly!"

The Texan's grin faded. He moved his hands slowly, unbreeding the double-lap of his embroidered belt. He let the weapon and the leather drop, stepped away from them. Steve unsnapped his own belt, swung down, and walked backward toward the wagon until he could hand both up to Sharon. He gave her his gun.

"Take Curly first if any of them move," he said.

He started forward. Curly waited until he was a yard away, then drove in. He hit Steve twice, jolting, hard blows to his body, before Steve was close enough. Steve kept his hands high, forcing the Texan's drive down against the saddle-stiffened muscles of his belly, and he hit only the Texan's face. It last less than five minutes, a time in which neither man made a sound. Curly was still conscious when Steve backed away from him, but he could not get above his knees without toppling over. His nose was broken and hammered into complete shapelessness. Both eyes were closed, wide gashes over his brows letting skin and lids sag down over them in a bloody welter. One ear was ragged, torn loose from his head at the lobe.

He hung on his knees, his body rocking back and forth like the head of a bear with a bullet under its spine. When Steve was belting on his gun again, he spoke thickly.

"I'll kill you for this, Lewellyn!"

A grin wholly without humor parted Lewellyn's lips.

"Maybe," he agreed. "You can try, Curly."

The smaller man, who had stood behind the Texan, lifted his battered companion to his feet.

"If Curly misses, I won't, Lewellyn!" he said. "You put a slug through my kid brother's leg when his back was turned, yesterday. Ask about Sid Miller before you give me a brush answer!"

"I've heard about the Miller boys," Lewellyn said softly. "Hal Fenton is hiring high-priced men, this trip."

He lifted into his saddle, then. Sharon, white-faced and silent, followed his movements with a strange thoughtfulness. Lewellyn nodded at her. She lifted the reins, wheeled the wagon, and started toward the foot of the valley. Lewellyn rode without concern behind it. On the streets of Brokenbow, in a saloon or on whiskey row, or somewhere along the road one day, he'd meet Curly or Miller or another one of this crew who had a fast gun and a yearning for grassland fame. They'd trade their shots with him, then, and they'd tried to kill him. But they'd let him ride away, his back to them now. It was part of a vain code, an old code. And maybe a warped one.

When they were out of the wider valley and again into the little gulch in Tie Creek's lower cut, Sharon pulled up the wagon. Lewellyn saw that although Jennie Westfall's face was beginning to give her pain, the woddenness was gone out of it. The simplicity of the gratitude in her eyes embarassed him. Sharon saved him from the halting words forming on the farm woman's battered lips.

"Steve," she said slowly, "I never enjoyed anything quite so much in my life. I don't think anything ever made me feel quite so good, inside!"

Steve looked at his knuckles. They were stained.

"Why?" he said. "It was bloody."

"It should have been!" Sharon said with feeling. "And I know what made it good. That man had no more shame with you than Jennie had with him."

"Off-the-cuff justice," Llewellyn said shortly. "It usually works that way."

Sharon nodded slowly.

"Yes," she agreed. "Yes, I suppose it does. Steve, this wouldn't have evened that score, would it? Lawyers wouldn't have evened it--argument wouldn't have. Curly will remember the feel of your hands longer than he would a fine."

"He won't have much of a face the rest of his life," Steve admitted.

Sharon was leaning far forward on the seat of the wagon. Pleading came into her eyes.

"Willow Creek ranch has got to have something like that to remember, doesn't it, Steve? Something to remind it that Brokenbow wanted peace, but that it would fight for its rights--for its existence. If Hal Fenton had been given something like that to remember in Long Draw, maybe dad would still be on Willow Creek instead of a grave in Abilene. Maybe Fenton wouldn't be on Tie Creek, now. Isn't that what you tried to tell me once?"

"Once. But it doesn't make much difference whether Pete Lynch is buried in Abilene or La Mesa. It doesn't make much difference who's in Brokenbow. If it wasn't Fenton it'd be another drover off of the llanos."

"But if Fenton was beaten--bloodily, Steve--like you beat Curly--the others would walk lightly. They'd keep their hands off of the town and the fences on the ridge. There'd be no more of seeing how far they could go, how much Brokenbow would give--"

"Look," Steve said bluntly, "you're Sharon Lynch. Remember? Sharon

Lewis. You ran away from the llanos because there was blood on them. You're the Ranger, in Brokenbow. You're the girl who's going to pull the teeth of the devil, himself, with a tin star, a couple of switchin books, and a smile. You're forgetting--"

Sharon shook her head again, fiercely. "I'm not forgetting, Steve!" she said sharply. "I'm just seeing, just understanding. For the first time. There's wrong and right. There isn't any compromise. It's lie down or stand up. I want to stand. I want to see Brokenbow stand!"

Lewellyn thought of what McKenna had said, about a fence down the middle of a man's vest. Now Sharon was saying it. It had been Doc McKenna's belief. He wasn't sure about Sharon. Steve had said a man could not change. He doubted if a woman could more easily.

"Steve, I've been a fool," Sharon continued intensely. "I wouldn't listen to you--when I wanted to--terribly. And I've done something to Ord Keown--something to Brokenbow. You've got to help me. You've got to!"

"Lewellyn shook his head.

"Go to Ord," Sharon went on, the words coming more swiftly, more urgently. "He'll listen to you, I think. Take it in your own hands, Steve. Help Jed Barnage and Doctor McKenna. They're right. Let them stand up. Stand up with them. Match Hal Fenton, Steve. Match him every move. Use your gun. I cleaned it for you a long time ago. The day you fell in Willow Creek. Use it, now!"

Lewellyn jerked so sharply on his reins that his horse reared a little.

"This isn't the llanos, Sharon," he said harshly. "This is Kansas. I told the same to Doc McKenna. I'm telling you. This isn't the short-grass. This is a town. Half a pie and an appetite is better than a whole pie and a bullet through the belly. Fenton will make a deal if he isn't crowded too

for. I'll tell Ord that. I'll even string along with him on it if he keeps his hands open. But I don't sell my gun--to you or to Brokenbow!"

Sharon straightened. Water swam above the lower rim of her eyes. The distillation of desperation.

"You're afraid of Hal Fenton, Steve. And I thought John was a coward!" Her voice was soft, said, unsteady with suppression. It stung. It hurt. Lewellyn feeded off the hurt, clinging grimly to his own conviction about this woman. A conviction as steadfast as the heat she engendered in him and the emptiness.

"You're angry," he said quietly. "Maybe not even at me. At Curly. And you're talking out of anger. You're not thinking. Tomorrow you'll be the same as you were last night. And you'll remember what I did notCurly up there. It'll be something else you'll turn over in your mind, along with Charlie Bissel's money and Banta and Les Macambridge and Randee Fenton whenever you think of Steve Lewellyn. I'm not adding anything else!"

Sharon stared at him for a long moment.

"It's not me who's the fool, after all, Steve," she said very softly. "It's you. What do you know about what turns over in my mind--in here--" She crossed the high, full firmness of one breast with her hand- "--when I think about Steve Lewellyn. . . .whenever I've thought about him since the day he left La Mesa? What do you know about the loneliness and bitterness that made me marry John or the desperation that made me listen to Ord Keown? What do you know about me at all?"

"What I remember," Steve said. "I'm splitting off, here. You can get the wagon on in. Look, now--Jennie fell, taking a youngster down to the creek for a drink. Let it go at that when you get into town."

Westfall's wife had sat silently on the seat beside Ruth, her head

lowered and her swollen eyes closed. She straightened sharply now and her voice came up in a protest of surprising strength.

"Ma Ruth Barnage will put a poultice on my jaw and say, 'Poor, sleepy Jessie!' Not on your life! I got my hooks into a damned cursory critter back there and scratched the daylights out of him before he knocked me down. You can run from your own bite if you want to, Steve Llewellyn, but I won't help you. So long as one man ain't afraid, the whole town's got a chance. Jed Barnage and the Doc are going to like what I've got to tell them!"

Sharon smiled suddenly, undefinably, at Steve and flicked the reins in her hands. The wagon rolled forward.

## XIV

Alex Christoffersen was in the Grant when Steve came in, slapping the dust of his ride up Tie Creek from his jacket. Christoffersen grinned a greeting.

"I paid up another day on your room at Kinner's, Steve," he said. "Thought I might like to share it tonight."

Steve put an edge into his protest, a hard of his quarrel with Sharon Devore, yet left in him.

"I'm wound up in town. I'm going out home soon's I eat!"

Alex shook his head. "You stick to an idea when you get it, don't you, Steve? Listen, I was out to my place today. I rode back by way of yours this afternoon. Hal Fenton's boys weren't eighty miles away last night. They were at the head of the valley. There isn't a strand of fence left up from the head of Tie Creek to the main ridge. My shack is down, knocked flat. There isn't a fit stick or pan in yours. We're down to blue chips, Steve,

whether you want it or not. It's fight or run!'

Lewellyn cut a hard, jolting drink down inside of him and turned wordlessly toward the door. Christoffersen followed him onto the walk. Jennie Westfall had returned Jed Burnaugh's spring wagon. It was at the rail in front of Jed's store. Zoe was just helping her father into it. She saw Steve and Alex and called to them both. Steve glanced at Christoffersen and angled across the street with Alex still at his elbow. As he moved he saw Ord Keown come out of the Spur and halt on the edge of the walk. Jed, now in the wagon, took off his hat and ran his hand through his thin hair as they came up. He barely glanced at Christoffersen. His eyes nailed down on Lewellyn.

"Alex has told you how the upper valley is, Steve. And you know what happened to Jennie, today. Now what?"

"I'll know better than to leave my place again," Lewellyn answered steadily. "Jennie'll know enough to stick to the counter in your store."

Jed flushed darkly.

"By God, Steve, I've had about enough of that! About enough of you--"

Zoe cut in hurriedly, "Dad thought sure he'd be able to sell you some cartridges, now, Steve."

Lewellyn swung on her. "All right, Zoe," he said carefully. "You promisecme that a week from tonight I'll look the same to you--to every other woman in Bookenbow--as I do now, and I'll fill my cartridge belt!"

Puzzled, not understanding, Zoe glanced uneasily as Christoffersen. He gave her a quick, reassuring nod, but she still did not see what Steve had meant.

"How can I answer that till the week is gone, Steve?" she asked cautiously. Steve grinned flatly.

"You can't," he said. "That's why I'm riding up the valley tonight

when I've entered."

Ord looked down at Christoffersen again, then lifted the lines and clucked to her team. Steve watched the wagon move up the street. Ord Keown came along the walk, striding with exaggerated steadiness. He stopped at Steve's elbow. His half lidded eyes also followed Burnage's wagon for a moment.

"I heard that, Lewellyn," he said. "You're crazy! You never made a trade of your fast gun. How come it sets you so heavy, now?"

Lewellyn made no answer. " I've made me a little powdersmoke talk along my back-trail here and there," Keown went on. "I've used it. I get paid more for the echoes of that talk than the work I do. Always have. But I'm not trying to bust off my trigger-finger, like you. What's it mean? You think you're a better man than I am?"

Steve pulled his eyes from the street. This was what Jed Barnage had been talking about in his chair in the store this morning. Keown's seams were showing. Ord was drunk. As coolly, methodically, completely drunk as the man's habitual thoroughness could contrive.

"With a gun, Ord?" Steve asked. "No. Nobody could touch you behind sights. I'm sure about that if not the rest. It's just that I don't want to stand over a dead man somewhere in this town and watch the woman I want walk away from me. That's all."

Keown blanched like he had been hit. Christoffersen sucked at his breath with an audible gasp. For a moment Keown stood teetering on his heels, his body slack and his eyes dead mirrors. Then a strange, bloodless calm seemed to settle over him, not erasing the white strain on his face, but letting the tenseness out of his hands and arms and shoulders.

"You won't, Lewellyn," he said quietly. "A man has got to pull a gun

to shoot anybody with it!"

Mason strode on up the walk. He passed the Spur and turned into the smaller Dragon Wheel. Christofferson stirred beside Lewellyn.

"Your fur must be parted the wrong way today, Steve," he said softly. "You hit Ord where his big hurt lives. You should have forgotten Devore. I think Ord might have stayed with us if the Texans tried to plow to big a furrow. Now, I don't know!"

"Go ask him, then," Steve suggested angrily. "But get off of my heels. I've put my mark in the dust. I'm standing on it!"

Christofferson did not appear to take offense. He shrugged and moved off. Lewellyn headed straight for Kai Lin's restaurant, thinking that at the counter there he could avoid the condemnation he felt building against him along the street. But the Chinese was party to it, also. The supper he served was flat and tasteless and the round humor of his face was flattened grimly. Anger at the town and the people began to grow in Lewellyn. Anger at Sharon Devore.

He had hid nothing from the beginning. He had left the llanos. He had left what Sharon had despised in him there. At least he had tried with all the singleness of purpose of which he was capable. He had made nothing of his gun in Brokenbow. He had filed land and anchored himself to it. These people had accepted him as a homesteader. They had made themselves friends. They had let him forget in a measure the empty bitterness of his departure from La Mesa. In a quiet time they had done this.

Now, when they faced trouble, they wanted this all back. They wanted him to wear his belt like he had when he had ridden into Willow Creek. They wanted him taut and edgy, walking the middle of a dusty street with eyes which trusted no one, not even them. They wanted to see him and marvel a

him and set him apart because they feared him, because death rode his hip. Sharon had shaped him. A better and more lasting job than any woman could do on God knows because God's shallowness had been built for defeating women. Now Sharon wanted to destroy what she had made and begin again. It was too late.

He paid his tally to Kai Lin without comment and went again onto the street. Doc McKenna was plowing up the walk in front of Granger's store, two doors away. Lewellyn stepped down into the dust, angling surreptitously toward the Grant in an obvious effort to avoid head-on meeting with the flame-headed little Scotsman. McKenna did not raise his eyes. He passed on up the walk without apparent notice. This also rankled. Steve had changed direction deliberately to force McKenna to hail him, and the man had not done so.

There was wisdom in Doc. Lewellyn had wanted to hear his voice. He had wanted to talk. McKenna was inflammatory, but his flames were steady and steadying. Steve hit the doors of the Grant with a black bitterness growing within him which took into account no living man but Steve Lewellyn. If this was the old pattern, disavowed and forgotten, recurring as though it had never been mastered, Steve did not fight it.

He was standing before his third drink with his heel hooked over the rail of the Grant's bar, staring at Charlie Bissel without seeing him, when Hal Fenton brought his Willow Creek crew back into Brokenbow. The drovers made a quiet influx. They came in two detachments, from both ends of the street, riding abreast its width from walk to walk. Steve felt the beat of many horses through the planking of the Grant's floor and watched them from the doorway. There was something admirable in the completely unhurried convergence of the two parties, in their practical confidence. Fenton had

brought a carefully chosen ten dozen veterans of the longhorn trails to accomplish his work in Brownsboro. They were sober, armed, and primed to a man. Big Curly rode beside Sam Green. Lewellyn tasted brief pleasure in the dark, swollen ruin of Curly's face.

The majority of the riders turned nonchalantly in at the long rack before the doors on whiskey row, four of them swinging down a pair of yards from the place where Lewellyn stood. Charlie Bissel touched Steve on the arm. Turning, Steve saw only the night-lamp was left lit in the big room.

"I'm going to try to get closed up, Steve," Charlie said urgently. "Go out the back way if you want, but pull the door tight after you!"

Lewellyn stepped out onto the front walk for an answer. Behind him Charlie Bissel chuckled with a sound which was almost friendly, and said:

"Careful, farmer!"

Steve heard the door go shut. One of the Willow Creek riders heard it, too. "One down, boys," the man laughed. Others laughed with him. Steve walked unhurriedly along under the awning fronting the Grant. Passing one window he saw Charlie, carrying his under-counter gun, setting the lock on the back door from the inside. Up ahead another man afoot crossed the walk and stepped out into the middle of the street to face Fenton's second force, coming in from the other direction with Fenton at its head. Steve halted abreast the narrow opening between Charlie Bissel's building and the one next to it. A breath of air, coasting down from the ridge, passed through this little alley, striking his face. Hal Fenton pulled his bunch to a halt and called out to the man who had walked into the center of the street:

"That you, Keown?"

"Yes."

"What you want?"

"I'll take an answer to that first, Hal," Keown answered.

"All right, Marshal," Fenton agreed easily. "We've finished a drive and we're thirsty. Twenty-two of us. Twenty-two. Object?"

"This town is like any other, Hal," Keown said evenly. "Business feeds it. Your boys can ride in here with their guns off and drink us dry if their cash holds out. But there's no use looking for trouble. That's something we don't stock in Brokenbow."

"No?" Fenton asked mockingly.

"No," Keown repeated. "We don't have any. We don't want any. I can prove it. I've got to have a couple of your boys, Hal. The one that knocked three of Jennie Westfall's teeth loose today. And one out of the bunch that pulled down eight miles of fence and broke into two houses in the upper valley."

Lewellyn's tightened nerves flinched for Keown. He knew the strain. This was sand. This was guts. If courage could make justice stand on its own legs, then justice was out on the street, now. But justice didn't have legs. Only a man had two to stand upon. And this man was alone. If Sharon was watching, if she could hear, maybe she could understand now what trading for right and trading for principle could come to, sometimes. Even courageous trading.

"We could have made this come out all right, Ord," Fenton said.

"It will, now," Keown answered. "Give me Sid Miller and Curly Bower, Hal. Then buy the rest their first drink--on me."

Fenton turned in his saddle. Lewellyn saw that Miller rode a rank behind his boss. He didn't see much else. Keown held his eyes. The marshal of Brokenbow was no longer drunk. He was beyond hurt. He had escaped Sharon as Lewellyn, himself, could never escape her. Every fiber of his being, every pulse of his mind had shortened focus until there was only himself, the

street, and the Texans. This was his work. He lived it. He was even beyond being a strong and forceful man. He was a machine. Fenton swung back to face Keown. It could have been a signal, preserve-wand. A gun put its sound down on top of everything else on the street. A gun fired from the darkened knot before the Grant.

Keown wheeled without evidence of having been touched, dropped to one knee for steadiness, and fired three times with incredible rapidity. Three men went down on the walk before the Grant, making the thrashing sounds of dropped animals. The others in the group broke, racing for shelter. One came loping down the planking toward the place where Steve stood in the shadows. As the man reached him, Steve chopped the barrel of his gun down, tumbling the drover onto his face. He leaped the man's body, took the hitching rail with one hand to lift him, and landed at a full run in the street.

The Texans behind Fenton broke their ranks, clearing the street except for their milling horses, and their guns opened up. Dust geysered around Keown, bent over the knee he had used to steady his gun. Lewellyn judged the marshal had been shot cleanly through in the first volley. But out in the dust was no place for a man with Keown's nerve to die.

Keown saw him coming and pulled himself to his feet, unable to completely straighten the kink from his belly. Lewellyn picked him up where he waited without slackening his own scrossing run. He hooked a shoulder under Ord's arms and half dragged him across to the other walk. Lead from two directions took out a window in the Courier office, directly in front of them. Lewellyn kept low, reaching up to cut one whistling swipe of his gun barrel against the lock on the door. The hasp sprung and fell free. He tripped the latch, sliding inside with Keown beside him. A close one came off of the face-plate on the latch of the door and burred angrily between them, its sound hitting Steve's nerves like that of a circle-saw on green lumber. He hit the gaping

door with his elbow, slamming it shut, and dumped Keown onto a chair. Ord stirred, pulling at his coat.

"Through the ribs," he said tightly. "A lot of blood coming out. Can you get a compress on?"

Lewellyn dashed back into the quarters behind the office, too hurried to wonder where Sharon was, and found a drawer of linen. He stripped the first piece which came to hand, ripping it into two wads and a long binder. Keown put his arms up. Steve found the wound, front and back, but its tenderness and the wetness of Keown's shirt. He pressed the wadding on, wrapped the binder as tightly as he could, twice around the man's body. Ord put his hands down to the chair back and hoisted himself, standing steadily. His eyes circled the office.

"Funny place for me to be!" he murmured. "Look, Lewellyn, you'll see her. She's always been yours and I should have known it. You'll see Sharon. Tell her I tried. God damn it, I tried!" Keown took a step toward the front door, punching fresh shells into the cylinder of his gun with practised economy of motionion and effort. Lewellyn caught his shoulder.

"Not alone, Ord!" he snapped. "You won't get across the street!"

Keown rocked his gun up. Steve couldn't see his face in the darkness.

"Get out the back door, you fool. You can stay the way she wants you. Get out of here. You've done your part and you haven't fouled your barrel, yet. I bit too big a mouthful a minute ago. That's all. It'll go easier, now. It'll have to."

Steve heard the hammer set back on the weapon in Keown's hand. His pulled his own gun free and reached for the door. There was a quiet in him, now, letting his breath come and go in steady rythm. There was no more argument with himself, no more balancing of principles, no more of the llanos

or of Kansas. But even of right and wrong. Brokenbow had one hope. It lay with two men, only; the marshal of the town and a man from the short-grass who could not change his stripe when the last card went down. One man and his principles weighed lightly against the future of a town--and also, did one woman. The door came open in his hand.

"Split when we hit the walk!" he said to Keown, and he lunged through the frame.

## XV

There were two stone buildings in Brokenbow, the postoffice and Jed Barnage's store. Keown started down toward the postoffice at a quick walk, holding himself flat along the fronts as he moved, becoming in a dozen paces a swift, dark shadow in the heavy gloom under the awnings over the walk. Lewellyn wheeled in the other direction, toward Barnage's store. Keown was obviously making for the shelter of the postoffice, planning to use it from which to drive out the six or seven drovers left at the lower end of the street, below the Grant. A heavy had begun to smack steadily from one of the windows at Barnage's. The Courier was empty. Steve thought Sharon was with Jennie Westfall at the hardware store. But he had to be sure.

As he hit the corner of the Courier building, he saw Sam Dreen dodge from the shelter of a horse at the rail across the street and scuttle toward the space between the buildings housing the Wagon Wheel and the Spur. Sam

had forgotten to hang his bad arm in a dark sling and the white patch of flour soaking across his chest winked like a light. Lewellyn snapped a shot down at him. Dreen went flat, sliding across the walk to ram his head against the wall of the wagon wheel. But he didn't stay. He made a thin, strained cry as he came up to his knees. Sam was a bad customer, even one-handed. Lewellyn wanted him down for keeps. But somebody broke the glass out of a front window in the Spur, thrust his gun out, and drove a splinter from the building against his back into Steve's neck. At the same moment, the door of the Spur opened. Sid Miller and a man whose face Lewellyn couldn't see reached out. They caught Dreen up as he reeled along the walk and yanked him inside. The man in the window of the Spur laid another shot in too close to Steve.

Lewellyn bent, snapped at the window, and ducked back along the side of the Courier building at a full run. Coming into the open at the rear, he swung toward the back of Barnage's store. Behind the stone building he saw the team and wagon Zoe Barnage had driven down the street earlier, pulled into the shadows. He let his stride out, forgetting the street for a moment. Passing behind Kei Lin's resturant he saw a light within puff out at the beat of his steps.

Ruth Barnage had a shotgun levelled at the door when he came in the back of the store. Jennie Westfall's wide body was blocking the door to the front of the building. She was reaching new, tagged guns down from a dusty rack and stacking boxed shells by each. She turned, saw him, and grinned. Ruth Barnage put the shotgun down.

"Which way you running?" she asked, and Steve couldn't tell whether the strain in her voice was sarcasm of a vain reach for humor. Zoe tumbled down the ladder from a balcony where hand-tools were stored. She was carry-

ing a heavy boathook bar.

"Le--" she said. Ruth took the bar from her, drove its point into the floor and wedged its bit against the back door. Zoe touched the floor. She looked at Steve.

"You knew they'd come like this?" she asked. Steve pushed past her without answer and nodded toward the front of the store. "She's out there?"

"Jed--" Jennie Westfall said.

"Where's Sharon?" Impatience made him sharp. "Home--" Jennie Westfall said. "That's where she was going--"

"She's not there," Steve said. He moved on into the front of the store. A bullet from the street had punctured a barrel of coal oil. Its smell was strong in the air. Jed was sprawled out flat, shooting over the raised window-box to one side of his front door. He had three men caught behind an old wagon box in the open between the Wagon Wheel and the livery, and he was holding them there.

"How is it, Jed?" Lewellyn asked above him. Bernage didn't lift his head from the groove of his rifle sights.

"They're filtering in. Ganging up in the Spur and maybe the Wagon Wheel. Somebody came up the back way on the other side. I tried for 'em and missed. Godd thing. It was one of our boys. He picked off at least one behind that wagon when he went by. Then hell busted loose back of the Spur. I don't know what, now!"

"Mrs. Devore's outside somewhere. Seen her on the street?"

Jed shook his head. "Lewellyn--" he said, "--there's a horse in my barn--if you want it--"

"The hell with you, Jed!" Steve said. He returned to the back room. A hammering commenced on the back door as he came in. Zoe backed against the

wall, picking up one of Jennie's rifles from the big wrapping table. Ruth Bernage lifted her shotgun again. Steve raised the porthole bar which braced the door and pulled it open. Sharon Devore stumbled through the opening, her face ashen. She swept the faces confronting her until her eyes touched Steve. She took a step forward and fell against his chest.

"Steve!" she said faintly. "Somebody said you had gone, before they rode in. Steve, it's terrible!"

"You little fool!" Lewellyn said raggedly. He pushed her over to a little stove in the corner of the storeroom. "Here, get a fire going in this. Ruth'll tell you where there's a pot and fixings. These folks can do with some coffee if this runs very long."

Sharon gripped a lifter and dully raised the single lid on the stove. Steve crossed to the door. Zoe Bernage put down the rifle in her hands and seized his arm.

"Steve, find Alex. Find him and get back here," she cried. "Get back here and make dad get out of that window in front. It isn't worth this. It isn't worth it! Thes damned little town! This mean little clutter of boards and dust isn't worth one man's life--and you'll all be killed! Find Alex and come back, Steve--"

Sharon turned at the stove. She spoke softly, but her voice rang.

"It's my town, and yours, Zoe. Your mother's and Jed's. Steve's, too--and Chrsitoffersen's. It's worth anything--" She paused, looking again at Lewellyn. "but Steve, do come back--"

Lewellyn pulled the door open, swung it closed behind him again. And as it swung, the brief, narrowing beam of light from it fell on the body of a man sprawled not twenty feet away. Steve bent beside it, lifting the man's head. It was Cragar. Half of the man's blood was on the ground under him. He wore no belt and no gun. A crushed sack of eggs was beside

him. It was plain the mercantile owner had looked up and just started home when the dynamo's code in. A stray bullet from the explosion on the street had caught him here.

Lewellyn raised, waited until Jed Hornung started his sporadic fire with the big rifle in the front of the hardware again, and broke into a fast, light-stepping run. He came out to the street beside Hornung's window and angled across the dust toward the wagon box behind which Jed had holed three men. He almost reached the far walk before the guns in the Spur and the Wagon Wheel started on him. And by that time he was changing his angle so rapidly they couldn't follow. He plunged across the walk, heartened by the slam of a lighter weapon in Jed's other window. Jennie Westfall, he thought. Cutting sharply around the corner of the Spur, he dived into the high weeds along the railroad embankment there.

A sharp voice stabbed at him: "Alex?"

"Lewellyn, McKenna," he answered. "Where is Alex?"

Christoffersen's voice came in softly from the left. "Right with you. Hold it, Steve. I'm coming over."

Singly, they crawled up to him. McKenna, Kei Lin, and Christoffersen. The Swede slammed a big, flat hand against the curve of his back.

"You bastard!" he said with feeling. "We figured you'd gone down out there in front, with Ord, when he walked up to take his medicine!"

"He took it and walked away, too," Lewellyn murmured.

Christoffersen whistled softly. "So it's him in the postoffice, then! He hasn't wasted a shot, either! That end of the street's clean, best I can see from where I was. I think they've all moved into the Spur. We've pretty well shot the back wall out of the Wagon Wheel from here. Doc thought it was Cragar in the postoffice. His house is up that way--"

"Cragar's dead," Steve told them.

McKenna stirred. "We'll all be if we don't get a lid onto this!"

Kai Lin grunted and lifted his counter gun. "Is having four shooting-sheels left.

Lewellyn saw they were all waiting on him, accepting his change and his presence without comment. Asking no questions. Waiting for his judgment, deferring to his experience.

"All right," he said rapidly. "Look, Alex, Zoe's at her father's store, sick from looking for you. Jed's alone with the woman. Go back the way I came and help Jed cover the street from his windows. Doc, you and Lin work up as close as you can to the back of the Spur. When the thing starts, out front, shoot the back door clean into the place. And save some spares if they make a break in your direction."

McKenna growled sourly. "I didn't crawl out into these damned foxtails for a back seat!"

"You've got it!" Lewellyn snapped. "But it'll be smoky enough. I'll swing on up where I can get hold of Ord before he caves in. It won't be as bad as it looks, now. Maybe one or two of Fenton's boys are good enough, and know it, to stand up to anybody. The rest of them are working for pay, not glory. They'll break. Give us luck and the right timing and we'll empty the Spur."

"You make a dog out of me, Steve," Christoffersen protested quietly. "Sehding me down to the women!"

"I told you Jed was alone with them. I said Zoe was there. Wait till you see her face and you'll know why I sent you."

Doc McKenna leaned forward. "Devore's wife is there, too, isn't she, Steve?" he asked quietly, but with unmistakable meaning."

Lewellyn stood up, ignoring the question. "Lewellyn, you're a damned

fool!" Dan murmured with conviction. Christafferson also came to his feet, his hand out. "Good luck, Steve!" Lewellyn touched the hand and started down the tracks. Fifty feet away, back of the Grant, another man rose out of the weeds. Another man with a shotgun.

"Steve!" Charlie Bissel breathed. "I was afraid you were missing. I been watching the other side for you."

"Ord still in the postoffice?"

"No. We're clean at this end. He came out. He's along the other walk somewhere, between buildings. Where's the rest?"

"Back of the Spur. Get down with them, Charlie. They know what's coming."

Bissel nodded and started up the same track Lewellyn had come down. Steve turned up the south side of the Grant, searching the opposite wall of the street carefully. It would make a difference if he couldn't find Keown. It would make a difference if Ord was down. The shooting of a gun in this kind of a thing was never so much a question of accuracy as of nerve. The finality of death was close to every men when guns were talking. Those who had no apparent fear of it, or control over their fear, had steadier hands. And Keown had nerves of iron. Two of them cut the odds on the street in halves.

He spotted Ord finally. He was standing in the mouth of any alleyway between the Courier building and Kinner's hotel. He tried to catch the man's attention, but failed. Giving up, he broke, suddenly, and sprinted across the street without drawing fire. Keown was looking at a man between his feet. A pudgy little man breathing with the slow laboriousness of a punctured lung. Ord glanced up to the balcony over the hotel verandah.

"Kinney," he said. "Must have nailed him up there. He just spilled down. Almost on top of us. He's finished."

"You all right, Ord?" Lewellyn asked. The marshal grimaced wryly and nodded. "I'm going for a walk," Steve went on. "Coming?" Ord smiled thinly, with anticipation.

"I've been waiting for you," he said.

They started along the walk. Keown did not limp. He didn't drag. But it was an obvious effort, controlled and deliberate. They moved abreast along the planking, keeping the street between them and the front of the Spur, until they were nearly opposite Lowell's saloon. Guns opened up from the windows of the Spur, but a heavy fusilade from the front of Barnage's store shortly silenced them. Steve grinned. Alex would have had time to reach Barnage's, now. He'd keep the street open from here on. Christoffersen knew how to fight.

Keown stopped for a moment, gripping an awning post for support, before they stepped into the street. He glanced apologetically at Lewellyn. After a moment, he straightened.

"Seventy-five feet--" he said softly. And he stepped out.

Lewellyn found himself thinking of the distance, also. Three feet to the step. The gap narrowed. They came up on the other walk. The door of the Spur stood before them. In the last stride, Ord Keown forced the sag from his body and shoved suddenly ahead, so that he was into the doorway a fraction of a moment ahead of Steve.

The remanants of Hal Fenton's short-grass crew were in the room. Every man was turned toward the door. Six, maybe seven, maybe eight. They fired simultaneously. Ord Keown shuddered. His body was flung roughly against the frame of the door. He half turned, his nails biting the frame for support as his knees sagged.

"They're expecting us, Steve!" he breathed.

Lewellyn did not see him fall. His eyes photographed four men. Hal Fenton was behind an overturned table, his face level with that of Ian Dreen, who sat on the floor behind the same oak-topped shelter. Curley Bower stood a little forward, toward the center of the room. Sid Miller was behind the bar. These four Steve took into account. No others. Bower's gun jerked again, so that the shot he had flung with the coat at Keown and that which struck Steve made but one elongated explosion.

It was fair shooting; it was a fair try at fulfilling the promise Curly had made the day before on Tie Creek. Steve held himself up against the shock of the bullet, leaning into it as a man will lean into a strong wind. So long as that feeling of having pressure against which to lean lasted, Lewellyn knew he could keep on his feet. After that . . . . . .

He didn't watch Bower. He didn't know where he hit the man. It didn't matter. Curly went down and that was enough. Sid Miller had his try, too. But the caution which had put Miller behind the bar made him a little slow, too. His shot went wide and he did not have time for a second. He put his gun down on the bar in front of him. He lowered his head as though to look at it in astonishment. He slid from sight as his knees buckled.

A man a little to one side of the overturned table behind which the wounded Dreen and Hal Fenton were crouching suddenly wilted as he levelled his gun. Steve saw, with detched clarity, little holes leaping into being in the partition which separated the bar section of the Spur from the back rooms and he judged Bissel and McKenna and Kei Lin had turned loose. He flung a shot against Fenton's table top. The stone turned it with an upfling of powdery dust.

A cross-shot from a nameless rider somewhere else in the room caught

under Llewellyn shoulder blade, gouging a deep bite, in and out. It pulled him around in a full turn, so that he faced the door. In that instant another man drove into the door. Steve knew he must have been only yards behind Keown and himself when they hit the door. This was a stranger. He wasn't cool like Keown, like Steve Llewellyn. He was swearing savagely and with pleasure. He hit the door at a full run and held on across the room toward Hal Fenton without breaking stride. Steve forced himself back around, planting his legs wide, and he shot Sam Green thought the head as Green came up from behind the table for a hurried shot at the big Swede charging toward him.

Christoffersen shied from the table, then, catching two of Fenton's men in a corner of the room. He shot one of them clumsily and hastily and drove the full weight of his body against the other, pinning him to the wall. The man broke like an egg. The door in the rear partition flung open. Kei Lin's counter gun dimmed the lamps with the jolt of its concussion. Hal Fenton stood up behind his table, bent, and slowly folded over its up-turned edge like a frayed and empty suit of clothes.

McKenna and Charlie Bissel were at Lin's shoulder, mirroring his grin. The grins died. Steve knew the three men were looking at him. He knew Alex Christoffersen was motionless in his corner, staring, also. He turned, slowly, and started for the door. There was a stir. McKenna's voice spoke, sharp with command: "LET HIM GO!"

~~Llewellyn touched~~ LEWELLYN TOUCHED the framing of the front door and found his way through it. He turned on the walk, with the night wind on his face, and found the rail back of the hitch rack. The front door of Barnage's store swung open and figures ran up the street. There were women among them. Beyond the women

one the livery. His horse was there. But it was too far. Too damned far. He gripped the rail tightly. Lee Bernaga hurtled past him. He heard the impact of her body against Christoffersen near the door. He heard her quick breathing and her young voice flinging the big Swede's name joyously against the night, over and over:

"Alex!"

There were two bullet holes in his body. They hurt. There was a bitterness which hurt, also. A culmination of the restrictions and the hurt and even the hatred he had for this town on the Kansas prairies. An accumulation out of the three years he had forced himself to stay within the boundaries of its narrow horizon of fences and thinking. The building he had done for a woman, in shards in an hour. The faith he had kept through three grim years of honest effort burned away as swiftly as powder because in the end he had known no other answer for Brokenbow.

He did not see Sharon. He did not hear her. But suddenly she was there beside him, before him, her body in his hands instead of the initial-scarred pole of the railing. Her voice was not like Zoe's. It was softer. Deeper. And it did not say his name. It did not say anything. It was making only formless, meaningless sounds which had meaning, nevertheless. Her lips against his face and the salt there. Blood on her arm from the stain on his shirt.

"I told you to come back, Steve," Sharon murmured. "But I couldn't wait. I came to you--and we'll go back together--"

"Back?" he said thickly.

"Brokenbow will have its peace, now, Steve. You made it--and Ord. We'll go back to the <u>llanos</u>. I was the coward, Steve. I was the fool. I want to go back. I want to begin again--where we left off that night on

Willow Creek. Steve, back to the short grass. That's where the roots are, mine and yours. That's where this had its beginning and where our beginning was. I want to go back to it--the grass and our own brand and the heat and the dust and the room to be right and sure--always--"

Doc McKenna appeared beside Sharon. He touched her arm.

"Let me help you, Ma'am," he said gently. "You're awful heavy for you to be holding up--"

"You don't understand, Doctor," Sharon said softly. "Steve is holding me up. I'm not afraid any more--" She looked at the smear on her arm. "--even of blood. He's lifted me off of my knees."

The hurt was gone out of Lewellyn. He pulled Sharon's head against the vee of his shirt with one arm.

"Why don't you mind your own business, McKenna?" he asked. The Doc chuckled softly.

"I'm trying, boy. But damned if I can patch a man if he won't lie down!"

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# THE TWILIGHT REVEILLE

by

D. W. Griffith

Registered with
The Screen Writers Guild
1945

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

***

Jim Overton.....Manager of Twilight Revellers

Patrick Aloysius Malone,Irish Character actor(middle-aged)

Joseph Castlemain.....Owner of Twilight Revellers

Paul"Pickles" Driscoll..Pessimistic actor of middle-age

Maggie Ogden.....Character woman

Molly Milton.....Orphan adopted by Company

Mrs. Charles Moultrie...Wife of THE Charles Moultrie

Hortense Ogden.....Eight year old daughter of Maggie

Claire Devereaux.....Beautiful young actress

Robert Castlemain.....Young son of Joseph Castlemain

Violinist.....With the Company

Junius Brutus Booth..... Himself

Sam Houston..... "

Davie Crockett..... "

Daniel Webster..... "

Hentry Clay..... "

Abraham Lincoln..... "

Texas Rangers

Comanches

Tonkawas

Bill Swift.....Old actor friend of Joseph Castlemain

Lone Wolf.....Leader of the Comanches

Placido.....Leader of the Tonkawas

Captain Ford.....In command of Texas Rangers

Two slaves.....

Our story begins about a hundred years ago and concerns a little group of barnstormers, strolling players, and their adventures and hardships which they take in their stride. From Chicago, then a great and promising city of two thousand people - down through the slave states - New Orleans - and on to an extraordinary adventure with the fierce, marauding Comanche Indians in the wilds of Texas. As we take our little group on their adventure, we will try to paint also a part of this young America. Perhaps it might be well to show in miniature a panoramic shot beginning with tropical Florida and go, as the imagination flies, from this tropical country northward.

The time of year is December, and as we show this panoramic shot a narrator's voice explains:

NARRATOR:
"Many young states are now united in this already vast United States that produces everything from oranges to icicles. At this time Andrew Jackson has retired to his hermitage. Martin Van Buren is President and the great Daniel Webster Secretary of State."

The voice continues with the panorama and we go as would the imagination - flying from this tropical Country northward showing mountains, hills of pine trees, and stretches of plains over which we hear the howling of wolves.

VIEW CHANGES into the night. We see in miniature a primitive, bustling little town of two thousand people just grown from an Indian village. There is a driving snow. The Narrator explains.

NARRATOR:
"From this little village - in a hundred years - has grown one of the greatest cities in the world - Chicago. It is here we introduce you to our little group of strolling players - one of the many little companies who travel from town to town barely able to keep body and soul together - in a constant state of anxiety and often hunger -

NARRATOR: (continued)
with only one thing, we might say, to keep them going and that is hope: Hope that tomorrow things will be better: Hope that the next town will bring them a full house of paying customers."

FADE IN on a box-like house. Across the front of it is a sign reading "Chicago Grand Hotel".

DISSOLVE INSIDE to a room which we recognize as a diningroom.

FLASH CLOSE VIEW of a large poster reading:

Joseph Castlemain's
TWILIGHT REVELLERS
Traveling Troupe of Entertainers
offering
LAUGHTER and TEARS
Including
DANCES * SONGS * REFINED COMEDY &
Shakespearean TRAGEDIES Including
KING LEAR
JULIUS CAESAR
SPARTACUS
ETC. - ETC. - ETC.
In the Repertoire

CAMERA MOVES BACK and we see James 'Jim' Overton (Company Manager) who is working on the poster. He is a canny-looking old smoothy and rapid-fire talker. He speaks to this effect:

JIM:
"Wait till we get to Galena! Last time I took a company there we played to $85.00".

Then Pan around the room, disclosing the rest of the company. Patrick Aloysius Malone, a small middle-aged Irishman, and Joseph Castlemain, owner of the company, an elderly gentleman of the classical school. Pan further to another middle-aged man, the silent type, whose presence endows a gloomy corner of the room with still more gloom by his melancholy air and countenance, Paul 'Pickles' Driscoll. Pan still further on to the other end of the room where we see Maggie Ogden, middle-aged character woman, who is working on a dress she is making from cast-offs for Molly Milton who is standing on a chair being fitted. Molly is about fourteen or fifteen. She is charming and attractive - the protegee of the company, having been adopted by the troupe after the death of her Father.

In the completed story, it might be interesting to show her being taught manners and morals by ladies of the company who, perhaps, were not highly gifted in either of these qualities.

MAGGIE:
"What are you so quiet about Molly?"

MOLLY: (pensively)
"I was just thinking about my Daddy."

MAGGIE: (as she continues fitting the dress)
"He was a fine man, Molly."

MOLLY:
"Oh, I do miss him so. Its just a year today since he died."

MAGGIE:
"Of course you miss him dearie. Now, lift your arms a little, so I can pin this."

MOLLY:
"I did love him so - - he had the most beautiful whiskers - like silk. He wanted so for me to become a great actress.

MAGGIE:
"Yes child."

MOLLY:
"He taught me to walk as Fanny Kenble does in Romeo and Juliet. You know, you don't step, you sort of glide - its so graceful."

MAGGIE:
"Umm yes."

Flash back to the group of men

PAT: (meditateively)
"Galena - always waiting for the next town. Tell me, why does anybody ever want to be an actor - particularly Shakespearian?"

PICKLES: (busily engaged in trimming the frayed edges of his cuffs, grunts with disgust)
"Actors!"

JOSEPH:
"That's the answer I guess - Shakespeare - the magic of Shakespeare. Plato - philosophy - and poetry, which someone has said is the voice of God Himself - and the actor has the privilege of translating all this for the world."

PAT:
"Yes, let them look down on us if they wish, but sure its a beautiful business!"

JIM: (breaking in)
"Say, did you know Moultrie's Refined Repertoire Company played to $118.00 last night? Whatever else you might say Charles Moultrie knows his business."

MAGGIE:
"I understand he's having trouble with his women - "

JIM:
"There's nothing new about that."

MAGGIE: (looking around room)
"Hortense! Hortense! Where is that child!"

CHILD'S VOICE:
"Here I am Mama."

Flash to other side of the room to an old sofa near the entrance to the room - a hat rack on one side, etc. We see a pair of child's legs sticking out. They belong to Maggie's daughter, Hortense - 'l'enfante terrible' - about eight or nine years old. Hortense' legs move up and down and are cautiously withdrawn. We see her impish face appear from under the side of the sofa which is away from the room and hidden from their view. She is busily engaged in trimming off the fringe from the bottom of the sofa. She holds a couple of peices of fringe between her nose and upper lip resembling a mustache.

MAGGIE:
"Well, what are you doing?"

HORTENSE:
"I'm not doing anything. I'm just fixing things up a little."

Flash back to group who are startled by the hurried entrance of a determined looking, middle aged woman. She looks around the room and seems quite hysterical.

WOMAN:
"Oh, pardon me - I was looking for someone. I am Mrs. Charles Moultrie."

JOSEPH:
"Oh, yes, Mrs. Moultrie, I remember you well."

JIM: (at same time)
"Yes, of course."

MRS. MOULTRIE:
"Somewhere - in - this - hotel - there - is - a - SNAKE!"

Flash to Hortense peeking out from under the sofa, who thinks the lady is referring to a real snake. She starts - looks around to discover its whereabouts.

MRS. MOULTRIE:
"I see she is not among you. It would be more like her to be in the gentlemen's parlor!"

She goes out from whence she came. The whole company looks on with open-mouthed surprise. Their surprise is not diminished when a very beautiful young woman followed by a negro waitress enters through the door leading from the kitchen. She dashes across the room and locks the door through which Mrs. Moultrie has disappeared, then turns to Mr. Castlemain.

YOUNG WOMAN: (speaking dramatically)
"Oh, please, help me!"

JOSEPH:
"Why, Miss Devereaux - what is the trouble?"

CLAIRE DEVEREAUX:
"That woman! That jealous woman! If she finds me, she'll kill me! For months she has made my life a nightmare! - - and now - now she has driven me from the Moultrie Company!"

JOSEPH: (thinking this over)
"Oh, so-o, - and you are not going east with the Moultrie Company?"

CLAIRE:
"Oh, no - no - - I'm in a desperate situation!"

JOSEPH:
"Mydear young woman, you are a gift from heaven. We have just lost our leading lady!"

CLAIRE: (gushingly)
"You mean - you will take me in your company?"

JOSEPH:
"It will be our pleasure!

CLAIRE:
"Ah, Mr. Castlemain."

Hortense has been looking on at these high doings with great interest and delight from her position under the sofa - now relieved from the thought of a real 'snake', as Claire starts with her theatrical glide to Mr. Castlemain to thank him, Hortense at that moment starts to crawl out from under the sofa. Claire's foot comes in contact with Hortense causing Claire to stumble and at the same time lose her high falluting manner.

CLAIRE: (in her own rather common voice)
"By God - what's that!"

She collects herself and glides on to shake Joseph's hand. Hortense is sprawled on the floor.

MAGGIE:
"Hortense! Hortense, darling! Are you hurt?"

HORTENSE: (rubbing her hip)
"Oh Mama, I'm wrecked!"

CLAIRE: (rubbing her ankle)(ignoring Hortense and Maggie)
"Oh, this is wonderful, just wonderful. By the way, Mr. Castlemain, could you send someone to the theater for my things? They are all packed and I am really afraid to go myself."

MOLLY:
"I'll go, Mr. Castleman!"

HORTENSE:
"I wanna go too! I wanna go too!

MOLLY: (resignedly)
"Alright - come along."

Molly and Hortense exit from room into narrow hall with steps leading upstairs. At the other end of the hall the door from the outside opens quickly and Robert Castlemain, a boy about nineteen - naive and new to show business - for that matter to the world in general, he carries an old valise and is followed by two other boys about his own age.

ROB:
"Of course he's got to take me on - he's my own father!"

FIRST BOY:
"Gee, I wish I were going."

SECOND BOY:
"This stinky town!"

ROB:
"It was my mother's idea that I go into business - she didn't want me to be an actor."

Molly and Hortense come down to doorway. Rob turns.

ROB:
"Excuse me, little girl. Can you tell me where to find the Twilight Revellers' Company?"

MOLLY: (looking at him for a moment, taking him in)
"They're in the diningroom right at the end of the hall."

ROB: (Pays no further attention to Molly, turns to his friends)
"Well, goodbye, fellows."

SECOND BOY: (derisively)
"Goodbye, actor!"

FIRST BOY:
"Goodbye - we'll miss you at the office. Goodluck!"

The boys stand to one side to allow Molly and Hortense to pass through the door. As Molly gets to the door, she turns and we see in her eyes a dawning interest in this new and young arrival. Hortense takes hold of Molly's hand and gives it a pull -

HORTENSE:
"Come on-n poison ivy, Snakey wants her valise."
(as they go out the door, we hear her chanting -)
"Last one there's a monkey -
Last one there's a skunky."

We return to the diningroom. The door opens and Rob enters. Flash to Joseph, who rises in great surprise.

JOSEPH:
"Why son, what on earth are you doing here?"

ROB:
"Dad - they let me out, at the office." (with great feeling) "Dad, I want to go with you."

JOSEPH:
"Why Rob, you know it was your mother's wish that you learn a steady business - not such a precarious one as mine."

ROB: (coming close to Joseph, he speaks with great intensity) "What's my name, Dad?"

JOSEPH:
"Why - why Castlemain, of course."

ROB:
"Can you see a Castlemain spending his life over a ledger?"

There is a pause as Joseph looks his son over appraisingly - approvingly. Then with an outburst of emotion, he opens his arms.

JOSEPH:
"Come here, you rascal."

ROB: (With a great sigh of relief and joy, goes into his father's arms, as Joseph holds him tight, then beats him on the back energetically)
"Dad."

JOSEPH:
"Oh Rob - Rob."

Fade on to exterior of cheap boardinghouse typical of that day.

Dissolve to a very poorly furnished room in the boardinghouse. Here are discovered Jim, Joseph, Pickles, and Pat sitting around and talking. Hortense is seated in the corner of the room with a shawl around her shoulders, reading. Jim is speaking to this effect:

JIM:
"Well, Galena didn't turn out so good."

PAT:
"And sure, it was the weather that did it."

JIM:
" - but wait till we get to Cairo!"

JOSEPH: (theatrically)
"Cairo - then will the winter of our discontent be made into glorious summer!" (then, with change of tone) "By God! When do we eat?"

HORTENSE: (at the pleasant thought of food)
"I'm hungry!" (then looking at her book) "How do you say C-o-m-a-n-c-h-e?"

JOSEPH:
"Comanche - a tribe of Indians."

HORTENSE:
"I know that. I'm hungry!" (she gets up and starts toward the door of the adjoining room)

JOSEPH:
"You stay here, Hortense, don't go in there - your Mother doesn't feel well."

HORTENSE: (going back to her chair)
"Oh, alright."

JIM:
"It's sure taking those two kids a long time to return with the hash. I gave them thirty-five cents, too. Maybe they eloped with it."

PAT: (looking out the window at the driving snow as we hear the wild blowing of the wind.)
"Sure, and it's a heavy storm they be going through.

Scene changes to the interior of a primitive store. Besides groceries and all sorts of merchandise, there is a counter where meat is sold. In the center is a crude looking stove. A small group of people are being waited on by the solitary elderly storekeeper. Molly and Rob enter shaking the snow from their garments. From outside there is the wild music of the storm. The storekeeper greets them.

STOREKEEPER:
"Hello, show folks. Merry Christmas!"

Molly and Rob return the salutation "Merry Christmas!" They stand a little apart from the group.

STOREKEEPER:
"Be with you in just a minute."

As Molly shakes the snow from her hair, she inadvertently pushes her hair behind her ears.

ROB:
"Why don't you wear your hair that way sometimes? It looks nice."

MOLLY:
"I can't. One ear is bigger than the other."

ROB: (with casual examination)
"It would take a microscope to tell the difference."

MOLLY:
"Think so? Thanks." (she is pleased at his remark, but nevertheless she hides both ears with her hair.)

They see a sign on the showcase reading; "HOMEMADE SAUSAGE".

MOLLY: (looking at the sign)
"Homemade?"

ROB:
"Homemade? Whose home?"

MOLLY: (rather wistfully)
"Do you like homes?"

ROB: (off-handedly)
"I like sausage."

Molly takes from her neck a ratty-looking fur piece. Though this is a pathetic piece of apparel, to her it is a treasured possession and most carefully she brushes the snow from it.

The clerk, now being finished with his other customers, waits on Rob and Molly. They count out their change very carefully and devote themselves to the serious business of making their money go as far as possible in the feeding of nine hungry troupers. The clerk suggests bologna.

OTTO KRUEGER:
"Salome is good - also its filling."

After some thought over the matter they buy a loaf of bread and a piece of bologna. The boy holding this provender they exit into the storm.

Scene of them going through the driving snow, the girl holding onto the boy's arm.

Another scene, Molly, fighting along the narrow path, falls into a snowdrift. After much floundering around not rescues her. She is panting and breathless from her exertions in trying to extricate herself from the drift, but doesn't fail to use this opportunity to hold close to Rob as he brushes the snow off her. We perceive in Molly's face her ecstatic devotion to him.

MOLLY:
"My ear - it feels frozen!"

ROB:
"Which one?"

MOLLY
"The big one."

They go out of the scene with Molly holding close to Rob.

Another scene. They pass before a small church from which we hear Christmas Carols - "Oh Holy Night When Crist the Child Was Born - ". The two go on their way, and the Christmas music is heard over the following scene.

View changes. Close against a path there is a small but cozy looking cottage, through the window of which can be seen a family group seated about a well-stocked table. A man, evidently the father of the family, is busy carving a large, appetizing looking turkey. In the background is seen a glistening Christmas tree. Rob and Molly come on scene - pause for a minute shielding their faces against the driving snow - and take in this cozy, warm scene, then go on their way.

We come to the room in the boardinghouse and our group of actors. There is a hasty knock at the door which immediately opend. Rob and Molly enter.

GROUP ADLIB:
"Well, back at last - "we thought you had forgotten us" etc.

MOLLY:
"It's snowing something dreadful - and cold. My, it's cold!"

ROB:
"Yes, we nearly got lost in a snowdrift!" (giving the brown paper sack to Jim, who is seated at a small table.)
"There you are, sir. Best we could get."

All the actors gather round hungrily. Even Joseph loses his dignity to his clamoring appetite.

JIM:
"Hunk of bologna and an old loaf of bread."

JOSEPH:
"Alas! Alas!"

ROB: (giving Joseph a little pat on the back)
"Never you mind Dad, this isn't just plain bologna, its a Castlemain special!"

JOSEPH: (returns the slap on the back and chuckles affectionately)

PAT: (to the shivering Molly, who is shaking off the snow and stamping her feet, etc.)
"Why Molly, you're shivering so, better get your wet things off."

MOLLY: (taking off her little fur-piece and brushing the snow from it carefully and lovingly)
"It's not so big, but I'm grateful to all of you for giving it to me. It kept my neck warm anyway."

Close view of Jim who is slicing bread and bologna and giving it out to the company. He takes the opportunity, when the other members are not looking, of quickly cutting off an extra piece of bologna and slipping it into his pocket.

JIM: (to Hortense, who has fallen asleep in the corner)
"Hortense! Wake up! Eats!"

HORTENSE: (waking up and seeing the food, does a somersault as she dashes to get her portion)
"Yippee! Gimmee!"

JIM: (gives Hortense hers, then turns to Rob giving him food.)
"You'd better take this in to Claire and Maggie."

Rob takes the food and going to the door leading to the next room, knocks.

Geneva moves to the adjoining room. The beautiful young Claire with only two things on her mind - men and herself - is wearing a dressing gown which is partly open displaying a pleasant outline. On one side of the little room is a cheap bed upon which Maggie is stretched. There is a half empty whiskey bottle by the side of the bed - Maggie appears to be sleeping it off.

CLAIRE: (in a sugary voice)
"Come in-en."

ROB: (enters carrying his provisions)
"Well, this isn't much of a Christmas dinner, but it's the best we could afford - bread and bologna."

CLAIRE: (taking the food)
"Oh, Robby, I'm that hungry I could eat most anything."
(as she takes the food she touches his hand)
"Oh, Robby dear, your hands are so-o-o cold." (she warms them in hers. Rob turns to Maggie, but Claire says "
"She's out - barrelhouse whiskey."

Rob turns back to Claire whose dressing gown is falling apart somewhat - she makes no effort to close it.

CLAIRE: (gushing coyly, with chattering rapidity)
"Oh, if I had known how things were with this company - goodness no!"

Rob gazes at her, fascinated by her beauty and warmed by her nearness.

CLAIRE:
"It was so sweet of you to think of me."

ROB:
"Gee, Miss Claire, I'm certainly glad You're in this company"

CLAIRE:
"Well, it was just an accident of fate. I was doing so well with Charles - er Mr. Moultrie's company - but it was difficult you know, his wife was so jealous - a sweet woman, but so old, rahlly too old to play the parts she was playing - but she had the money."

Claire is full of broad A's, really is rabid to her until she suggests herself and comes out with her own natural southern voice.

CLAIRE: (continuing - hardly taking time out to breathe) " - jealousy is a terrible thing, Robby, it got so I just had to give my notice - you should have seen Charles - or Mr. Moultrie's face when I told him I just had to leave! and John, that's the juvenile - the most beautiful eyes - he just wept! - - and Mr. Williams, he was the leading man, he just spoke right out and said "Why Claire, how can you do this to me." Mr. Graham, the heavy - marvelous too, he says "Claire, I can never play those scenes with anybody like I play them with you." It just broke my heart to leave them - such sweet boys! Charles adored me but he was so EARTHY!"

ROB:
"Jim says you are the most beautiful leading woman he has ever had."

CLAIRE: (with false modesty)
"So, so sweet of you to tell me that." (then in a sadly sweet tone) " - but I am afraid, Robby, that Jim is EARTHY too! You know my Mother - my dear dear Mother, she was always saying - do I bore you, Robby? - - that I look just like Beatrice - you know Beatrice was the pure inspiration of Dante, the great poet of France - or was it Italy? Anyhow he wrote the most divine plays! " (Rob opens his mouth to speak, but she gushes on) "she was his inspiration through all his life - like an angel - " (she breaks her mood and with baby tones) " - Robby, take a teeny-weeny piece of my bologna."

Rob takes a piece of the bologna as he looks at her with eyes swimming with admiration.

ROB:
"Beatrice - with your beauty, that's just the kind of a part you should play."

Claire is still holding Rob's hand and is pressing against him.

Flash back to the other room and see Molly who is much worried as she impatiently glances toward the door. At last she calls:

MOLLY:
"Rob, your dinner is waiting for you."

Flash to Rob and Claire.

ROB:
"Alright, I'm coming." (turning back to Claire) "I'll see you in the morning."

CLAIRE:
"Yes, in the morning."

ROB: (in a hushed voice)
"Goodnight."

Rob exits from the room. Maggie turns over rather groggily, reaching for the whiskey bottle as she mutters:

MAGGIE:
"Why, you cradle-snatcher. Can't you let any of them alone?"

CLAIRE: (the man having gone, she resumes her natural voice)
"Oh Golly, I thought you were dead to the world!"

Flash to the adjoining room. Rob sits down at the small table by his father's side and begins to eat his bread and bologna that Molly has placed before him. Molly takes her place at the other side of Rob. As he eats, she looks at him with the frank adoration of 'first love'. We see that she hasn't eaten as yet.

MOLLY:
"I waited for you."

JOSEPH: (disgustedly)
"What a Christmas! Reminds me of that fresh young Dicken's tale of the Christmas party to Pickwick - it's so different.

JOSEPH: (cont'd.)
" - Imagine that party! Six barrels of oysters! Thousand!
A whole side of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding!"

PICKLES: (taking up the story)
"A punch bowl big as a washtub with roasted apples sizzling
and bubbling in the punch!"

The little group is now inflamed by the remembrances of this wonderful feast, and through their imagination they have one of their own. What started as a dreary Christmas Eve has, through the gift of hope and dreams, become a lively one. They flash their lines with rapid pace and gusto - one line falling upon another.

ROB:
"A blazing fireplace big enough to drive a cab in - dancing and laughter."

PAT: (his face aglow)
"Roast pigs with apples in their mouths!"

JOSEPH:
"Mince pies burning with brandy! - ahh!"

HORTENSE: (hopping around on one foot and chanting)
"Mince pie! Mince pie! I wanna mince pie!"

OMNI:
"Ohh - ah - ooh - umm - mm".

PICKLES: (holding up a remnant of sausage and looking at it)
"Bologna!"

ROB:
"And remember how everyone scrambled under the mistletoe - getting kissed - what a party!"

MOLLY:
"We haven't the punch and we haven't the oysters - or all that food - we haven't the mistletoe, but I have some kisses for you - for all my foster fathers." (she starts around the circled group and gives each a hug and kiss) "Merry Christmas!"

"Me too!" (as she leaps into the arms of the first victim hugging him violently)

The manager's voice is heard over the scene with a note of hope -

JIM:
"Wait till we get to Galva - Memphis - New Orleans - Ah, that's the town!"

Molly comes to rob and stands before him hesitatingly.

PAT:
"What's the matter with Rob?"

MOLLY: (shyly dropping back into her chair)
"Oh, Rob doesn't want to be kissed."

JOSEPH: (theatrically)
"New Orleans - by the bright sword of Edwin Forrest, that's a town! Why, when I played "Richard" there, I was overwhelmed by the plaudits of the audience - and the ladies! Ah, the ladies!"

ROB: (speaking over Joseph's lines)
"Now, Now, Dad, you old scoundrel!"

JOSEPH:
"Tut-tut-tut, Rob, then "Richard" will be himself again."

As he speaks he delivers a sweeping gesture, his hand striking a bottle of ginger-beer, its contents spill over the fur piece. Molly with a gasp takes up her beloved belonging and wipes it with care.

JOSEPH:
"Oh, sorry, Molly."

MOLLY: (bravely)
"Oh, that's alright."

JOSEPH: (His hand resting on Rob's shoulder)
"No thought is dearer to we poor players than that expressed by the great poet 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast'!" (then with great simplicity) "And so in our new adventure, God bless us every one."

View changes. Two or three wagons are going through snow covered ground over very rough roads. In one of these wagons are the shivering actors - in the others are their baggage and such poor scenery as they possess. Jim is sitting next to the driver. Immediately behind them are Molly, Rob and Joseph.

JIM:
"How much further to Cairo?"

DRIVER:
"Fifteen miles - thereabouts."

Flash to distant view of the little company jogging on their way as we fade.

Fade on to theater in small town in Illinois. The billboard at side of doorway leading into the theater reads: TWILIGHT SHAKESPEAREAN COMPANY
TONIGHT

Dissolve to small dressingroom of the theater. Rob and Molly are hanging up a blanket across the middle of the room dividing the ladies' dressingroom from that of the men's. As they work, Molly is softly vocalizing by chanting "Oh Thou Who in Might Supreme" on each note of the scale. After they have hung the blanket, Molly goes to the improvised make-up table. Claire enters.

CLAIRE:
"One petit little dressingroom for the whole crowd. If Charles - er - Mr. Moultrie could see me now - and that smooth-talking James said I would have an adequate cast for 'Juliet'. Adequate indeed!"

MOLLY: (answering hopefully)
"I think we've got a lot of talent in this company."

CLAIRE:
"Just to think - in Memphis only last year they said my 'Juliet' was equal to Fanny Kemble's."

She saunters to the end of the blanket-curtain and looks in at Rob. He returns the glance with great admiration. She notices the play Rob is studying.

CLAIRE:
"Ah - 'Romeo and Juliet'."

ROB: (quietly but with great enthusiasm)
"I was just studying it. You know, I dreamed the other night that I was playing Romeo to your 'Juliet', wasn't that a silly dream?"

CLAIRE: (with great warmth)
"Oh I don't know. You just keep studying - its hard work. Why not let me rehearse you some night after the show?"

ROB: (eagerly)
"Oh, that would be great. Any time."

FLASH TO Molly who is deeply distressed at this.

CLAIRE:
"We'll do that - soon." (then with a sudden start) "Oh, dear, I really must go back to the house now and get my little things." (she puts her hand caressingly on his shoulder, lets it drop against his throat) "See you later, Robby." (she exits)

After a pause Rob, studying the play, softly reads some of the lines from the famous balcony scene. As he does this, he is looking dreamily off toward the door Claire has just passed through. On the other side of the blanket Molly is fixing her stockings, arranging her dress, etc. It is a short skirt - the soubrette type.

As Rob reads 'Romeo's ' lines, looking wishfully after Claire, Molly from the other side of the curtain, cues him by reading the lines of 'Juliet'. She reads the lines with a sincere tenderness, looking toward Rob. We believe this gives an opportunity to play a tender love scene without an unusually large field of corn.

ROB: (in wild enthusiasm)
"Jehosophat! Jumping Christmas!"

MOLLY:
"What's the matter, Rob?"

ROB:
"This 'Romeo and Juliet'! What love stuff!"

MOLLY:
"I have rehearsed 'Juliet' often with my Daddy. You know something? I'm about the same age as Juliet."

ROB: (reading aloud)
"'Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear, That tips with silver all these fruit tree tops,-'".

MOLLY: (seizing this opportunity to pour out her love for Rob, with swift and passionate intensity she answers with 'Juliet's' lines.)
"'O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon, That monthly changes in her circled orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.'"

ROB:
"'If my heart's dear love-'"

MOLLY:
"'Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract tonight: It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night! This bud of love, by summers' ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, Good night! as sweet repose and rest Come to thy heart as that within my breast!'"

MOLLY has just finished putting on her stockings. She goes across the room to the open window where her trunk is and takes a garment from it. She shakes the garment out and is smoothing it as she reads her lines. Through the window we see an exquisite early summer view. The moon is shining on the treetops. In the sky to one side is a glorious cloud effect.

ROB:
"'O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?'"

MOLLY:
"'What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?'"

ROB:
"'The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.'"

(How much of this scene will be played shall be left for further consideration. Any part of it, of course, can be cut by having Rob or Molly say something to this effect:"Oh, I love these lines - I think this is the most beautiful part of the whole scene - " etc. In this way we can use only the most effective speeches and as much of the scene as is desired.)

MOLLY:
"'I gave thee mine before thou didst request it: and yet I would it were to give again.'"

ROB:
"'Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?'"

Molly is using these lines to express her love for Rob, but Rob's thoughts are on the departed Claire.

MOLLY:
"'But to be frank, and give it thee again. And yet I wish but for the thing I have: My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep; the more I give to thee, The more I have, for both are infinite. I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!'"

ROB:
"Oh, that's where the nurse comes in." (he turns the page of the script) "Oh, this is great, this part here. 'It is my soul that calls upon my name: How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, Like softest music to attending ears!'"

FLash to door. Joseph, hidden from Rob's view, is smiling approvingly upon the scene.

MOLLY:
"'Romeo'"

ROB:
"'Mr dear?'"

MOLLY:
"'At what O'clock tomorrow Shall I send to thee?'"

ROB:
"'At the hour of nine.'"

MOLLY:
"'I will not fail: 'Tis twenty years till then. I have forgot why I did sell thee back.'"

Flash to Joseph going very quietly off scene.

ROB:
"'Let me stand here till thou remember it.'"

MOLLY:
"'I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, Remembering how I love thy company.'"

Just then we hear from outside the window, a glorious male voice taking up the next line.

VOICE:
"'And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget, Forgetting any other home but this.'"

There is a scattering applause. We flash outside to three figures standing outside the window. The man whose voice was heard speaks to this effect:

VOICE:
"Pardon me, young lady - but you spoke those lines with such feeling I could not resist getting into the scene - I am Junius Brutus Booth, and this is my dear friend Sam Houston. <u>This</u> savage looking figure is Davie Crockett, who is acting as out guide through this country."

All three are dressed as Indians. This may be difficult to explain to the audience, but it is an historical happening that Sam Houston and Junius Brutus Booth toured through all this section of the country in Indian attire. Sam Houston had been made a Chieftain by the Cherokees and Houston and Booth were great friends, bo Booth occompanied him on these larks.

From this view we also see Molly and Rob in the open window.

HOUSTON:
"Of course I know you are both young, but I am sure you have heard of our greatest actor Junius Brutus Booth."

BOOTH:
" - and I am sure you have heard of Sam Houston who, in my opinion, is America's greatest orator. He could have made his mark on any stage."

MOLLY: (in awed tones)
"Why of course we have heard of all of you."

ROB:
"Indeed we have! - - but Mr. Booth - "

BOOTH:
"Strange as it may seem seeing me in this attire, but I am Junius Brutus Booth, himself."

HOUSTON:
"Yes, we heard about your show at the hotel, and we're staying over to see it."

MOLLY:
"With you in the house, Mr. Booth, we'll all be scared to death. Of course, all I do in this show is a song and Dance/"

BOOTH:
"Nevertheless, my child, you read those lines with exquisite inflections. We will see you later - Goodbye and best of luck to both of you. 'Goodnight, goodnight! Parting is such sweet sorrow That I shall say goodnight till it be morrow!" (as they go on their way)

Flash inside dressingroom. Claire and Maggie enter as Molly and Rob turn away from the window.

ROB:
"You know who we've just seen? - - Mr . Booth!"

CLAIRE:
"You mean Junius Brutus Booth?"

MAGGIE:
"In this place?"

ROB:
"Yes - he was with his friends Sam Houston and Davie Crockett."

MOLLY:
"They're going to see the show tonight."

BLAINE:
" - and I've lost my passage!" (then with great excitement)
"Mr. Booth! Gabby, sonie, let's go through that scene
where you bring on the message - I want to show you some
business that Mr. Moultrie used in that scene. We must be
good tonight!"

They exit rapidly off scene ignoring Molly and Maggie.

MOLLY:
"Imagine playing before Mr. Booth!"

MAGGIE:
"Well, if you ask me, he was no better than your Daddy."

MOLLY: (is highly delighted at this)
"Oh, Maggie, do you really think so?" (then going to her
trunk) "I was just looking over the things he left me."

MAGGIE:
"I saw him in 'Julius Caesar'. I'm telling you, he was great."

MOLLY:
"Look, this was his toga - he wore it in his big scene."
(she picks up an old worn costume lovingly)
"This was his make-up box" (she opens the box and takes
from it a rabbit's foot)
" - and this was his rabbit's foot."

MAGGIE:
"Say, you got something there. This company certainly needs
good luck."

MOLLY:
"This is the shield he used. Feel how heavy it is."

MAGGIE: (casually lifting it and discovering it is very heavy)
"Golly, it surely is heavy!"

MOLLY:
"Yes, he wouldn't use papier mache. He had a blacksmith
make this."

MAGGIE: (as she lifts her flask to her lips)
"Well, here goes - Bobth or no Booth."

Flash to Lobby of the theater. Jim and the owner of the theater are discovered by the box-office. Jim is paying out money to the owner.

JIM:
"Well, we got enough to pay your rental, anyhow, but great scot, it doesn't leave us enough to pay our board bill! If I had known Booth and that crowd would be there, I would have gotten out handbills about them. Folks would have come to see them, if they didn't want to see the show.

DISSOLVE to outside the boardinghouse. It is early dawn and the actors are cautiously coming out of the front door, trying to make a getaway. Maggie and Jim are in the lead.

MAGGIE:
"The landlady - I'll bet she saw us."

JIM:
"No, she was asleep."

PICKLES:
"The door to her room is wide open - she is probably just pretending sleep."

JOSEPH:
"This is perfectly disgraceful! Defrauding that dear lady!"

JIM:
"We'll send the money to her. I hope the children are getting our grips out alright."

We take in full view of front of house, embracing the side as well. Down at the end of the house, we see Molly and Hortense. Molly is letting the baggage out the window from the second floor by a long rope, and Hortense is busily untying the valises as they strike the ground.

MOLLY:
"Sh-sh-h!"

HORTENSE:
"Sh-sh-h--yourself!"

Hortense has one grip already on the ground - the second is just descending. She hastily unties it and we feel that she has an inish pleasure in pulling this trick. Laden down with a valise in each hand, she staggers down the side of the house with them, ducking as she passes a low window (where the landlady is asleep) and deposites them near the group who are standing at a slight distance from the house, hidden by bushes. Jim pantomimes approval - starts as though to speak and Hortense puts her finger to her mouth "Sh-sh." By the time she gets back another grip is already on the ground. She unties this.

Flash back to Jim peering cautiously around. The other actors are in a suspenseful attitude.

Flash back to close view of Molly putting another grip out the window in nervous haste.

Flash to close view of Hortense receiving grip. Again she staggers down the path with her load and delivers it as before, while the actors assume a nonchalant attitude, as though just having a breath of fresh air in case anyone should observe them. She goes back to her position beneath the window - a grip drops down. She unties the rope and puts the grip behind her ready for the next one. By this end of the house, and near it, is a tall bush. As Hortense lets the rope go up her glance follows it. We see in close view a powerful woman's arm reach out from behind the bush and pull the grip out of sight. The next grip descends. Hortense unties it, reaches for the other, and starts with surprise on finding it has disappeared. From around the bush comes a large and stern looking woman - the landlady, who comes quickly on scene. She is followed by her husband, a little pipsqueak of aman.

LANDLADY ( MRS. GRIGGS)
"No, you don't! Where are them actors!"

We flash to the group. On hearing Mrs. Grigg's voice, Jim, Pat and Maggie start toward the children, the other actors pick up the grips they already have and start running with them - hidden by the bushes.

MRS. GRIGGS: (in ominous tones)
"So! - there you are! Trying to get away. Well, you're going to stay right here till you pay your board bill!

JIM: (giving out with the old 'oil')
"Now, Mrs. Griggs, my dear, dear madam, after your

JIM: ( cont'd)
"...arvelous hospitality and your delicious food, we wouldn't dream of defrauding you. Why, my dear madam, our next town is the best show town in Illinois, and we'll send you the money right off."

MRS. GRIGGS:
"I'm going to have you all put in the lock-up until you find the money."

MR. GRIGGS: (to his wife)
"Now dearie, sweetie," (she looks anything but a dearie or a sweetie) "It won't do any good to look them up."

JIM: (as though struck with a brilliant idea)
"My dear lady, why not accompany us to the next town! It's a great show town. Why, my other company played to $300.00 in four days! You could stand right by the box office and take your money as it comes in. Why, your little board bill would be paid in no time."

MRS. GRIGGS: (in high indignation)
"Me! Martha Griggs! - traveling around with show folks! Not on your life!"

JIM:
"Well, Mr. Griggs - he doesn't seem to be very busy. Let him come along."

MRS. GRIGGS:
"Well, for all the help he is around here - "

MR. GRIGGS: (delighted with the idea of getting away from home)
"It'll be one less to feed, Martha."

MRS. GRIGGS: (she hesitates, then although perplexed and indignant, she agrees)
"Well, see that you get right back here with that money - in a hurry!"

So on, Gringa goes along with the Twilight Novelties, perhaps we might show several flashes of similar boardinghouses and other landlords joining the company, persuaded by the blarney of the astute manager that there was hope of collecting their bills in the next town.

Fade on to scene of muddy road. It is raining heavily and the actors, seated in an open wagon, are a dreamted and disconsolate group. The driver turns to them with dialogue to this effect:

DRIVER:
"Now you folks - you've got to pay out $8.00 before I go any further."

JIM:
"My dear sir, we haven't got $8.00. We'll pay you $2.00 now and the rest when you deliver us."

DRIVER:
"Not on your life! I can't wear out my team and wagon for no $2.00. $8.00 or out you go!"

JIM: (protesting)
"But my dear sir - in this rain?"

DRIVER:
$8.00 or out!"

Nothing else left for them to do, the dispirited and bedraggled actors pile out of the wagon - far from any shelter on this lonely road.

JIM: (to Rob)
"Come on with me, Rob, we'll find something. It's ten miles to the next town and I know we can't walk it."

Dissolve to Rob and Jim coming down the road with two ox-carts. As they stop before the group of actors, they all pile into the ox-carts.

FIRST DRIVER:
" - well, we only do about a mile an hour - "

- - -and off they plod through the down-falling rain.

Dissolve to a street scene in a small town in Kentucky, situated on the Ohio river. The time is early summer. All the actors save Gladys, are parading down the street, Jim leads, carrying a banner telling of the 'big show' tonight. He is smiling and bowing ingratiatingly to the few people on the street. Joseph, in a high silk hat and flowing cape, walks with solemn dignity. Pat has an ironic air, Maggie, by his side, is all smiles. Pickles is his usual glum self. Molly and Hortense are passing out handbills. As she passes the bills, Hortense darts in and out, making faces, doing little jig-steps, and is having the time of her life. The violinist is sawing away, and Bob is at the end of the procession, beating a drum.

Dissolve to a large and rough looking shack-like building - a porkhouse. It is stilted on piles about two feet above the ground. A group of people are gathered in front, among them various members of the troupe as well as natives of the village. These natives are, as a rule, persistent tobacco chewers and spitters.

JIM: (speaking to Joseph and Pat)
"Doesn't look very inviting, but it's the best we could get. The regular hall was washed away by a flood. I've known of putting cows out of a barn for a theater, but it's the first time I've ever heard of actors taking the place of pigs!"

PAT:
"Its where the pigs lived, is it?"

JIM:
"Well, it's the only place I could find."

JOSEPH:
"Pray, what did they do with the swine?"

JIM:
"Oh, we've got them fenced in out in the backyard."

A white man followed by two slaves passes through the group - he pauses for a moment. One of the natives speaks to him -

NATIVE:
"What are you doing with them Jim Crows, John?"

WHITE HAT:
"Taking them home. Just bought 'em - got 'em cheap - only $1200." (he looks around at the crude handbills stuck on the shack, near the door.) "By crackety, when I get them home, I think I'll come back and see the show.

FAT:
"Slaves, they are. The poor creatures."

PIGSKIN:
"That's almost as bad as being an actor."

(This and the following slave episode is, as we see it, merely one of the many things these people take in their stride)

Flash to inside of the building. At one end is set up the poor scenery which the troupe has carried with them - a faded and worn backdrop, and other scenery characteristic of this kind of barnstorming company.
We then flash to Maggie who is trying out the accoustics. She is standing on the makeshift platform the actors have built. The violinist is sitting below the platform putting a new string on his violin.

MAGGIE: (trying the accoustics)
"ah - ah - ah. By Gad! Listen to that echo. I've played in many a dump, but this is the limit."

VIOLINIST:
"We all worked hard enough cleaning it up."

MAGGIE:
"Maybe you did -" (sniffing the air) "- but it still smells piggy."

Flash to group in front of the newly converted theater. Three somber looking individuals join the group. They are boardinghouse keepers - they have followed the troupe from town to town hoping to collect their money. Jim speaks to them hopefully.

JIM:
"Well, gentlemen, not much of a theater, but there's great interest in this town. You'll get some of your money here - and the next town, boys, that's sure-fire."

Lines from the melancholia collectors - "well, we hope so!" "It's about time," - etc.

Standing by the side of diminutive Griggs is a tall, thin, melancholy chap - Mr. Snipes - another of the landlords.

JIM: (taking Mr. Snipes and Mr. Griggs aside, whispers) "You'd better hurry and get your supper so you'll have time to get made-up and into your costumes."

We see that they have both been hit by the lure of the stage.

GRIGGS: "I'm going to put on a 'pip' tonight."

HORTENSE: (who has been looking on the group meditatively) "I'll show you how!"

Two boys about ten or eleven who have been looking at the billboard, turn to Hortense, sizing her up.

FIRST BOY: "Say, freckle-face, are you in this show?"

HORTENSE: (in a matter-of-fact tone) "I'm the leading lady."

SECOND BOY: "Go on! - a little onion like you!"

The first boy takes out a plug of tobacco and starts chewing.

HORTENSE: "What're you chewing?"

FIRST BOY: "Tobacco - I'd give ya a chaw, but you're too little - I can spit too - see that knot-hole?"

SECOND BOY: (interrupting) "He's the champeen spitter in our class!"

FIRST BOY: "Sure - watch!"

He spits and hits the knothole.

HORTENSE: "Aw, that's nothing. I shot a panther once - saved my Grandma's life."

SECOND BOY: (shrugging his shoulders)
"Huh! - you shot a panther."

HORTENSE:
"There was a big bear chasing a panther and he jumped right through the window of our house. It scared Grandma half to death! I picked up my Daddy's pistol and shot it right between the eyes."

The boys break into contemptuous laughter at this. Hortense, not a bit ruffled by this, looks down at their little dog as it nuzzles against her ankles.

HORTENSE:
"That's a nice dog you have."

FIRST BOY:
"D'you want him?"

HORTENSE:
"sure , I've been wanting a dog for a long time."

FIRST BOY:
"What'll you give for him?"

HORTENSE:
"I'll sneak you both into the show tonight for it."

FIRST BOY:
"That's a deal."

View changes to Verandah of small boarding house. Molly, in a dreamy attitude, is standing by the rail, leaning her head against a post. An elderly couple cross the verandah on their way into the house. The man speaks.

MAN:
"Miss Molly, soon as we eat, we are going over to see your show."

MOLLY: (in a trance-like attitude, answers absent-mindedly)
"That's good." (she looks up with an expression of ecstacy, as she murmurs under her breath) "Robby - Robby - Oh dear God, make him love me - please - please - -"

ROB: (entering from boardinghouse)
"Why Molly, wont you be late for the show?"

MOLLY: (going to his side)
"Oh no, there is plenty of time. I was just dreaming -"

BOB:
"Dreaming? (with a little laugh) "well you had better dream yourself over to the show. What were you dreaming about?" (He starts down the walk, Molly follows by his side)

MOLLY:
"Oh - just - things. I'll tell you - sometime."

We follow them down the walk. Bobby is walking rapidly, Molly is hurrying to keep up with him, her attitude one of complete devotion.

View changes to a riverhouse bar - typical of the day. Jim and Joseph enter rapidly.

JIM: (to bartender)
"Whiskey, Bill."

The bartender puts a bottle of whiskey on the bar and two large glasses. He places four fingers against the glasses as a measurement and pours, practically filling the glasses.

JIM:
"Just time for a quick one."

As they drink, the bartender leans over with an air of great importance.

BARTENDER: (pointing to the dimly lit end of the bar, where two distinguished looking men are talking, leaning against the bar)
"Do you know who those men are over there?"

JIM:
"No - who?"

BARTENDER:
"None other than" (with important emphasis) "Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay!"

JOSEPH: (much impressed by this)
"No! Really? Here, in this place?"

BARTENDER:
"Just stopped off while passing through."

Flash to end of bar

WEBSTER: (his great voice ringing out)
"Yes sir, Mr. Clay, I will say one thing for your fair state - some of the most beautiful country the eye of man has ever beheld."

CLAY:
"Praise from you, sir, is praise indeed."

WEBSTER:
"I have often wanted to visit this part of our country. Really no one knows I am here - an old trick of mine. I often get away from the affairs of state - disappear on my own, as it were." (he gives a meanful chiekle)

CLAY:
"Most excellent idea, Mr. Webster."

WEBSTER:
"Yes, it is beautiful country - beautiful/

At this an elderly man leans over the bar nearby, his eyes have a fanatical gleam as he speaks to the two.

MAN:
"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, if you will forgive this intrusion - I am a Kentuckian myself. It <u>is</u> a beautiful state, but it has no claim to PRAISE until the institution of slavery is wiped out. The keeping of human beings in bondage - as though they were beasts! It's a disgrace to mankind!"

WEBSTER:
"Here! Here!"

CLAY:
"The slavery question is a very serious one."

MAN:
"If it isn't settled soon blood will be upon us all - blood! Blood! - I say."

Flash to Jim and Joseph.

JOSEPH:
"Words of truth are being spoken! Here!"

JIM:
"Let's get back to the theater - I mean the pighouse. Don't you get mixed up in this. It's a dangerous business."

He leaves Joseph to pay for the drinks, and Joseph then follows Jim out, as we hear the voice of Webster.

WEBSTER:
"North and South - they are both to blame. The North sold them and the South bought them." (the voice fades over the lines) "Gentlemen, here's to a peaceful solution of the entire matter."

Scene changes to the wings of the improvised stage. Claire is standing with Rob by her side in an attitude of great attention. Molly enters, takes in the scene and assumes an air of indifference. Pat, who is standing nearby speaks -

PAT:
"You're on, Molly. Do your stuff."

MOLLY:
"Oh, I will alright."

Flash to Hortense also in the wings. She is tying her dog to a nail on the wall with a rough twine string.

HORTENSE:
"Now be a good doggie, Romeo, I've got to help put on the show."
(as she comes to the edge of the wings, we hear her chanting
"Romeo, Romeo, where are you, Romeo.

Flash to stage. The violinist is at his place, and Molly comes on, sprinkling sand on the floor for her dance.

MOLLY:
"Hello, people! Isn't it a wonderful world!" (she gives an infectious laugh and goes i to a neat dance routine to the accompaniment of the fiddle.

As Molly dances we flash to Hortense in the wings, who is doing an imitation of Molly and her dance with many ad-lib movements peculiar to Hortense herself. We go back to Molly who is finishing her dance.

Flash to audience. The majority of the men are in shirtsleeves. Some of those in the back rows are sitting on the backs of the chairs with their feet on the seats. Many of the rougher ones are spitting tobacco at the knotholes in the plank walls, they seem to take great pride in the accuracy of their aim.

Flash to Molly finishing her dance. There is generous applause from the audience. She comes off, not failing to assume an attitude of triumph as she passes Rob and Claire.

PART
"Here and that was fine Molly/"

Molly goes back on the stage and gives a signal to the violinist and begins to sing 'Home Sweet Home'. She sings a phrase of this and has the audience in the palm of her hand.

Flash to Hortense who is using her finger as a baton as though conducting Molly.

Flash to pigs squealing and rooting at the fence-rails. They have been penned up away from their home and are anxious to get back. They succeed in breaking through the fence and rush pell-mell back to their home.

Flash to Molly singing 'Home Sweet Home' with great sincerity and tenderness. Suddenly we hear the terrific grunting of the pigs trying to get into the hall - pushing at the boards under the stage. Through the improvised trapdoor several of the larger porkers manage to get up on the stage.

The actors, armed with brooms, props of various kinds, try desperately to get the pigs out through the trapdoor. There is an uproar of merriment and derisive shouting from the audience. Molly bravely attempts to carry on, but finds it hopeless. The pigs are all around her. She tries to shoo off one that is sniffling around her feet.

Flash to Hortense, who is in great glee over the whole matter. Her glee is interrupted by a plump young shoat who runs from behind her between her legs carrying the astonished Hortense with it. The pig goes circling around the stage trying to get out of the general hubub. Hortense seizes it by the tail and shouts for help. Molly on the other side, near the wings, sees Claire off-stage rocking with laughter. All this is rapid-fire.

MOLLY: (to Claire)
"You, you! - - You just stand there laughing - You're just a great help aren't you!"

CLAIRE: (now quite limp from laughter. Then between laughs)
"Oh, hah-ho-ho - really, I just couldn't help it, you looked so funny out there - with all those pigs milling around you - hah-ho-ho!"

MOLLY: (stamping her foot in fury)
"Funny! Funny! You wouldn't think it was so funny if it happened to you!"

Pat comes over to Molly and tries to console her as she weeps in angry indignation.

PAT:
"It might have been worse, Molly me child. Your song was a great success. 'No place like home', even the pigs thought so."

A little smile breaks through the tears, then as she realizes the ridiculousness of the scene, she begins to laugh, the tears still wet on her face.

In the general melee they haven't observed the predicament of Hortense. Maggie comes on scene with an armfull of costumes - sees her dear off-spring riding a porker 'hell bent for election' around the stage.

MAGGIE: (Dropping the costumes)
"My child! My child! - what are you doing on that pig! Get off! Get off this minute!"

HORTENSE:
"I can't! Help! Help!"

Maggie rushes on stage pursuing her child, and at the same time shouting "My child! My Child!" Molly turns and sees the pig with Hortense and runs in pursuit with Maggie.

HORTENSE:
"Stop him! Stop him!"

The pig eventually jumps down the small incline, and flees wildly down the aisle. Just as Maggie and Molly overtake the pig, it is stopped by some of the audience so abrusptly that Hortense goes flying

off its back onto one of the chairs which upsets the girls as and leaves Hortense under the chair. (During this episode we hear the excited barking of 'hounds' and the shouts of the armed audience) Maggie picks up Hortense, feeling her bones.

HAMLIN:
"Darling! Are you alright?"

HORTENSE: (although she has been terrified, the braggart will out. She speaks triumphantly)
"Did you see me ride that pig!"

Scene changes to a dimly lit woods. From around a white-barked sycamore tree appear two figures. A middle-aged negro man of small build and a child of twelve or thirteen. Their attitude is one of terror and extreme caution. We hear in the distance the baying of bloodhounds and the mournful sound of a horn. The man and child, creeping and crawling, go out of the scene.

Flash to another part of the woods and see the slave-hunters with their bloodhounds. The men are armed and present a foreboding aspect as they go out through the scene.

Flash to the two fugitives moving stealthily through the trees.

Flash again to the woods. We see the two fugitives come to the edge of a shallow stream. They start across, pause in the middle and wade up stream in an effort to wipe out the scent of their tracks.

Another flash of the hunters.

Flash back to the stage where the members of the company are doing a scene from Spartacus - the story of the run-away slave of Ancient Rome (71BC). This play engages all the members of the company except Molly.

Scene changes to exterior of dressingroom which is a small building adjoining the pighouse - a combination feed and tool house. The familiar blanket is down the middle as usual dividing the ladies' dressingroom from the men's. View changes to interior as Molly enters. She goes to the make-shift dressing table and begins to take off her make-up. We hear the murmer of the actor's voices next door.

exterior of dressingroom. The fugitive slaves enter. We see they are near exhaustion. There is an old rain barrel by the side of the entrance. They drop down crouching behind this barrel.

Flash to stage and show scene of 'Spartacus'. We hear the actor's voices rising to a climax.

JOSEPHS: (playing Spartacus)
"Hails Romans! Hear my voice!"

Show a section of the stage where three figures are standing in a group, their backs toward the audience. The three figures turn in unison and face Spartacus. Two of them are the landlords Griggs and Snipes, who look anything but noble in their Roman costumes.

Flash back to two fugitive slaves as they hear the voices on stage ringing out.

JOSEPHS' VOICE: (still reading Spartacus)
"You Romans that are with me know the taste of freedom, but you, slaves of Compagnia, are you fond of your chains of slavery? I, Spartacus, speak to you. Throw off your chains! We offer you freedom!"

OTHER VOICE:
"Freedom, yes, freedom - for all!"

JOSEPHS' VOICE:
"We will break your shackles, and you shall know freedom - freedom!"

Close view of the old negro through this speech of Spartacus. His weary face lights up with hope as he hears this message and applies it to his own situation. Seeing the nearby door, he moves toward it.

Flash to Molly alone in the dressingroom. She hears a fumbling at the door accompanied by an animal sort of a groan. She turns toward the door, then goes and opens it. We see the two fugitive slaves trembling on the doorstep. They look at Molly beseechingly and call with terror stricken voices:

SLAVE:
"Missy, help us - Missy - Missy - They will kill us! The big voice - just promise us freedom - Help us!"

MOLLY:
"Who are you? - - what's the matter?"

SLAVE:
"They beat us most to death, us slaves, Missy, we trying to get away. Don' let 'em catch us, Missy, please don' let 'em!"

Through this scene we hear dimly the voices of the actors in the play, and at times the plaintive accompaniment of the fiddle. Molly looks around bewilderedly, sees the old high trunk at one side of the room, looks again at the two pathetic negros, and coming to a decision, motions to the slaves to secrete themselves behind the trunk. As the two are scrambling to this position, Rob enters and stands transfixed, watching, as Molly throws a blanket over the trunk, thus hiding the two.

ROB: (questioningly)
"Molly?"

MOLLY: (in hushed tones)
"They are running away - they're slaves. They've been whipped! They have welts all over them! Maybe we can help them across the river."

ROB:
"Molly, you can't do such a thing! It's a terrible penalty in this country to rescue slaves. They are property! Why, in some places it's a death penalty - "

MOLLY: (with determination)
"I don't care what it is! Nobody is going to catch them if I can help it!"

We see that Rob's sympathies are stirred and he is won over to her attitude.

Flash to the slave hunters with their dogs. They are approaching the shallow stream of water where the slaves crossed. The dogs come directly across, but we see that they have lost the scent. They run up and down the banks of the stream, then cross back to the side from whence they came, and we know that the slave's trick has caused them to momentarily loose the scent.

View changes to the river bank of the Ohio on the Kentucky side. We see a rough homemade barge which the actors have procured to transport the company down the Ohio, playing the river towns. In the center of the barge stand several fairly large pieces of scenery, which they will later use for sets.

We see the various actors settling themselves down to sleep. Then we come to Rob who is in charge of the tiller. Molly comes on hurriedly with a business-like manner. She and Rob hold a short whispered conversation which we do not hear. At the front of the barge Jim and Pat are preparing to cast off the ropes by which the little barge had been moored to the dock. In the moonlight Molly, humming a little dance tune, moves toward the end of the barge, where a coil of rope is attached. As Molly knows she begins to dance as though rehearing. As she dances she glances around with a pretense of unconcern. Then still dancing, with a little side movement of her foot, she manages to kick off the short coil of rope so it falls into the water.

Flash down into the water and see a black hand seize the rope. Then we discover the two fugitive slaves hanging tightly to the ender the rope.

The business of casting off is finished, and the barge starts floating down stream. Jim and Pat wearily drop down to sleep.

Flash to Molly. She gives a casual glance down into the water. Her attitude as one of satisfaction as she continues her dance in a light and casual manner over to Rob, who is holding the tiller.

MOLLY:
"Rob, that's a good step! - did you notice? Just made it up. Did you like it?"

ROB:
"It's a good step, all right!" (change of tone) "I'm afraid it's a better step than the one we're taking."

MOLLY:
"Everything will be all right. They say it's the first cove around the bend."

ROB: (doubtfully)
"Yes - of course, that's where the swiftest currents flow. That might be enough excuse."

MOLLY:
"Exactly. We have to keep in the current."

We perceive that the barge instead of heading directly down the stream, is bearing toward the northern shore.

Dissolve to the small wharf where the barge had been moored. There are several rowboats attached to this wharf. The slave-hunters, following the bloodhounds who have finally picked up the scent, advance rapidly - look up and down the river - and the leader begins pulling one of the larger rowboats close to the wharf and the group piles in.

Flash to the floating barge.

Flash back again to the pursuers peering from side to side in search of the fugitives.

Flash to barge.

Flash back to pursuers.

Flash to northern shore of the river. We see a small cove with sheltering trees and heavy brush.

View of the barge coming into the cove. We see that all the actors are sleeping. Only Rob and Molly are standing by the tiller. Then from the shore in the parted underbrush there is a short flash of light. The flash is repeated. It is a lantern being raised up and down as a signal.

Flash to man-hunters approaching from around the bend in the river.

Flash to slaves as they let go of the rope and rise up out of the water.

Flash to man-hunters - one of the men in the boat shouts - "There they go now!"

Flash to the shore - several figures of the underground meet the two slaves and disappear with them.

Flash to the boat in pursuit. A voice cries out - "Holy smoke! There goes a thousand dollars!" - then, "It was those no-good, low-down show folks that did it!" Another voice - "We'll fix them." The boat goes off the scene.

Flash to the barge floating along. Close view of end of barge and the rope floating behind it. The pursuing boat is over-taking them. The leader of

the slave-hunters shouts - "They were holding onto that rope - " raises his gun - "You run that barge to shore. You're under arrest!"

Close view of the badly frightened Molly and Rob.

MOLLY: (in hushed tones)
"Oh Rob, what have we done - - oh, your father will never forgive me for getting you into this!"

ROB:
"Hush, Molly - hush."

Long shot of the barge moving toward the north shore, the slave-hunters following with their guns raised threateningly.

Dissolve to a small courtroom. On one side of the judges stand is the Prosecuting attorney - an aggressive and disagreeable character. By his side are grouped the members of the slave-hunters. The Prosecuting attorney is speaking.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY:
"We all know what the penalty is and we ask that this severe punishment be meted out to them."

Flash to a view of the frightened actors in the courtroom.

Flash to a tall figure whose back is to the camera and whose face we do not see. He speaks to this effect.

DEFENSE:
"Now, your Honor, I contend that there is not the slightest proof that any of these people threw that rope. If the rope had fallen overboard and if someone happened to be in the river at the same time, naturally, if they saw it, they could have seized it. Will Molly Milton kindly come forward?"

Flash to Molly who is seated between Maggie and Joseph. She is in quite a state at this mess she has got herself and the whole company into.

MAGGIE: (whispering)
"Go on, Molly, don't be scared. We're all with you."

Molly, trying to control her fright, advances.

DEFENSE:
"Now, young lady, you have told the court before that you did not pick up the rope and toss it overboard."

MOLLY: (in a small, quiet voice)
"No, sir, I didn't - pick it up."

DEFENSE:
"Well, you don't deny that you might have kicked the rope off accidentally?"

Flash to Rob who is seated by his father. He rises impulsively as though to take his share of the blame, but his father pulls him down to his seat, and whispers -

JOSEPH:
"Don't Rob, - don't interfere."

We return to Molly

MOLLY:
"Well - I - no, sir."

DEFENSE:
"You are a dancer?"

MOLLY:
"Yes, sir."

DEFENSE:
" - and in your youthful exuberance were merely practising a dancestep to be used on the stage?"

MOLLY:
( Nods her head as though in assent)

DEFENSE:
"Your Honor, may I ask the young lady to show us how she was dancing?"

JUDGE:
"Request granted."

MOLLY:
"Well, this is the step."

While the audience looks on with great gravity she does the dance she did on the barge, with the little side kick.

DEFENSE:
"Your Honor, it seems after viewing this dance, that she might inadvertently have kicked the rope off. If she did, obviously it was merely an accident. Certainly never in the world could it be called a conspiracy to defeat the law. I resent the prosecution's attempts to treat these people with scorn because they are actors. Not only this young lady, but every member of this little company deserves our appreciation and our gratitude. Their profession is the honored one of the thespis which has brought pleasure and culture to civilization through hundreds upon hundreds of years. Among the plays this little group brings to us are the works of Shakespeare - the immortal bard. They have brought even to Illinois, delight and culture - and the Lord knows we need all the culture we can get. " "

While the trial is going on, with the voices still continuing, we flash to the group of actors. In the last row is Hortense, seated behind Maggie and next to an old codger who is leaning forward intently, holding one hand to his ear, indicating that he is hard of hearing. As he leans forward a large plug of tobacco is his hip pocket edges up and nearly out. Hortense sees this and with light fingers she abstracts the tobacco plug - looks at it, then gingerly samples a small piece carefully putting the rest back into the man's pocket. Just at this the man turns around, and Hortense thinking she is caught, swallows the tobacco. She makes a horrified face as her hand goes to her throat. With an uttered "ugh" the piece goes down. The dialoghe continues over this sequence.

DEFENSE:
"Your Honor, I feel sure you will not allow these people to be further persecuted."

PROSECUTION:
"Your Honor, I object to all this. It has nothing to do with the case."

DEFENSE:
"It most certainly does have a bearing on the case. It is perfectly admissible to bring out the fact that this young lady and the other members of the company are people of excellent character. Young lady, in our conversations you stated that you are studying roles from Shakespeare. You mentioned 'The Merchant of Venice'. Could you perchance give us a little of 'Portia's' courtroom speech? - Your Honor? -"

JUDGE:
"Most unusual - but - proceed."

MOLLY:
"Well, it goes like this - 'The quality of Mercy is not strained, It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven. It is twice blessed, It blesseth him who gives and him who takes. It is mightiest in the might. It becomes the throned Monarch better than his crown.'"

Flash to the Judge. We see for the first time a rather knowing smile as he glances toward the Council for Defense. Looking toward the group of actors, he resumes his former solemn expression.

JUDGE:
"I find the evidence is not sufficient to detain these people. "(to the group) "You are all free to go about your business."

There is a movement of great relief among the actors. Maggie enthusiastically embraces Molly who is almost hysterical with relief. Joseph shakes Rob fervently by the hand then turning to the defense lawyer -

JOSEPH:
"Sir, we all thank you from the bottom of our hearts. It was indeed a fine plea you made."

MOLLY:
"Oh we <u>do</u> thank you, indeed we do!"

PAT:
"yes sir, we are most grateful. It's your pardon I ask, sir, but I didn't get your full name."

DEFENSE: (We see his face for the first time and of course it is Abraham Lincoln)
"Well, most folks around here just call me 'Old Abe'.

Flash to side of courtroom. Maggie comes up to Hortense who is holding her stomach with both hands - a picture of discomfort.

MAGGIE:
"Why, Hortense, what's the matter?"

HORTENSE:
"I swallowed something." (still holding her stomach, she runs rapidly from the room)

View changes to outside the courtroom as the actors are emerging, and with them the somber group of landlords. One of them seizes the manager by the arm.

FIRST LANDLORD:
"Look here you, we are tired of this business - pay out what you <u>have</u> got."

JIM:
"Now don't get rough. You know I am an honest man. We have had hard luck, but the next towns are real show towns! You'll get your money."

SECOND LANDLORD:
"Well, I'm sick of running around with a lot of show folks getting nothing but promises."

FIRST LANDLORD:
"So am I, I want to go home. I was going to get married!"

Griggs and Snipes are standing nearby and at the word 'married' they both shake their heads dolefully.

GRIGGS: (meekly)
"I'm not so anxious to go home."

SNIPES
"Me neither."

JIM:
"That's fine. You both come right along." (he turns to the other two)

JIM: (cont'd.)
"I'll give you each five dollars to get home on, but honest, that's all I can spare. Like I said, when we hit the good towns I'll send you the rest - You know me!"

He displays the money and the two evidently thinking it's better than nothing, accept it and exit mournfully, as the manager, followed by the two stage-struck bonifaces, goes off.

View changes. We come again to the barge. It is gaily sailing on its way. Rob and Jim are setting the scenery as a sail, and the breeze is helping to blow them on to their destination. In one corner, the fiddler is sawing out a lively air - "Old Dan Tucker", or one of the sprightly jigs of the day. Griggs and Snipes are crouched over a piece of sheet iron upon which a fire is blazing. They have skewered peices of bacon on sticks and are busily cooking them over the fire.

The whole company seems bright and cheerful and a hopeful atmosphere pervades. They pass other boats as they sail along. Rob and Joseph, in a spirit of fun, seeing a boat approaching, pick up two combat swords and lay on mightily - swords flashing and clanking against each other. Maggie is urging them on.

JOSEPH: "Lay on MacDuff, and damned be he who FIRST cries hold! - enough!"

The fiddler is going to it lustily - Pat and Molly are jigging with gusto. Hortense with Romeo is racing up and down interfering with everybody. Claire, in a Cleopatra-like attitude, is posing against a backdrop painted to represent the "Serpent of the Nile" - the other side of the drop is painted to represent a pastoral scene in which is a simply dressed peasant girl.

Flash to the approaching boat in which is a well dressed crowd who are looking in amazement at the gaiety on the barge.

FIRST VOICE:
"What on earth is that?"

SECOND VOICE:
"They must all be crazy!"

Flash to the actors highly enjoying the interest they are creating.

Flash to Molly standing by the pastoral side of the scenery that is now being used for a sail, as to Rob who is just turning the tiller over to one of the other men. He joins Molly.

ROB:
"What are you doing? Posing for that sketch?" (indicating the drop)

MOLLY:
"It reminds me of Miss Fanny Kemble. Did you ever see her in "The Country Girl?"

ROB:
"No."

MOLLY:
"Well, she was always making excuses to get out of the house to meet her lover in the park, and when her companion insisted that she could not go out at this time, she would stride up and down and say "I will a-walking go, into the park."

ROB:
"Ive heard she was marvelous."

MOLLY:
"There is a wonderful part in that play for you - the c ountry girl's sweetheart."

ROB:
"Of course it is only comedy - I like tragedy better."

MOLLY:
"They have a beautiful love scene. Oh, I remember her reading - "But my dear sweet, not even death itself can kill my love for you - it shal live through all eternity." "

We see that Rob is caught by Molly's earnestnes s and seems to become aware of her beauty and charm, when from the other side of the 'scenery sail' we hear Claire's voice calling.

CLAIRE:
"Robby - oh, R-o-b-b-e-e-! Where are y-o-u-?"

ROB:
"Here I am - I'm coming." (turning away from Molly) I'll see you later, Molly."

He exits and Molly turns away - goes to the edge of the barge by the tiller, looking off into the slightly ruffled water of the flowing river.

Flash to Rob coming on seems to Claire who is posing somewhat resembling that of Cleopatra on the painted backdrop. She is holding an old newspaper in her hand. She speaks rapidly, with great excitement.

CLAIRE:
"Look! Pickles picked it up in that last town. It was evidently left by one of the boats traveling north. The Moultry Company will be playing in Memphis about the same time we get there, and the famous Mrs. Moultrie won't be with them - that jealous old thing! - she's in Baltimore with another company. Oh, the Moultrie Company is a real company! This is a wonderful chance for me!"

ROB:
"You mean you would leave us?"

CLAIRE:
"But Rob, the Moultrie Company! - its not like this.

Rob! There might be a place for you too!"

View changes to makeshift sleeping quarters. Maggie is stretched out with a small piece of baggage for a pillow. By her side is Hortense - her dog in her arms - both sleeping soundly. Molly enters cautiously so as not to awaken them. Sorrowfully she lays down by Maggie's other side, pulling the blanket over her, looking with stricken eyes into the night.

We return to the other end of the boat where Claire and Rob are hidden by some scenery from the other members of the company.

CLAIRE: (with great enthusiasm)
"Oh, I'm so happy I just love the world." (she throws her arms around Rob and kisses him lightly - she moves back and they look into each others eyes. Rob aflame with desire, seizes Claire and they kiss passionately, their bodies swaying together.

View changes to other side of the scenery. Jim rises from his bunk, looks over the scenery, takes in the situation and goes quietly out of the scene.

Flash again to Rob and Claire moving slowly to the rail, their arms around each other, as they lean against the rail in a lover-like attitude.

View changes to the other end of the barge. Joseph is a classical figure as he stands in a thoughtful pose, looking up at the stars. Jim enters.

JOSEPH: "Beautiful night."

JIM:
"Yes, quite." (after a troubled pause) "Castlemain, - are you fond of your son?"

JOSEPH: (with simple honesty)
"I love him more than anything in this world."

JIM:
"I know its none of my business, Castlemain, - but I like the boy too, - - and I think he is getting in very bad hands."

JOSEPH: (disturbed)
"What do you mean?"

JIM:
"Well, that Claire woman - you know her reputation."

JOSEPH:
"Yes, I certainly do."

JIM:
"She and Rob - well - I saw them in each others arms -"

JOSEPH: (startled)
"You did what?"

JIM:
"Just now."

JOSEPH: (alarmed at this information)
"I will put a stop to that! I will get her out of this company this very week!"

Dissolve to exterior of Metropolitan Theater, Memphis Tennessee. Perhaps a handbill might be used to denote the location.

Scene backstage, in the wings at the theater. A heated scene is going on between Claire and Joseph.

JOSEPH:
"- - that's why I am giving you your notice. You are not the kind of woman I want my son playing around with."

CLAIRE: (disdainfully)
"You give me notice! Well, for your information, I have already been engaged by Mr. Moultrie, at a real salary, and he pays them!"

JOSEPH:
"I have nothing against Mr. Moultrie, I know he has a fine company."

CLAIRE: (breaking in)
"Yes, and he is very much interested in Rob. I had Rob read a part for him and he thought he showed great promise."

ROB: (entering excitedly)
"Say Dad, I have a chance to go with the Moultry company - "

JOSEPH: (very much hurt)
"You mean you want to leave me, Rob?"

ROB:
"It isn't that Dad - but this is a marvelous oportunity - Don't you think I should take it, Dad?"

CLAIRE:
"Surely you wouldn't stand in Rob's way, would you?"

JOSEPH: (scornfully, harshly)
"You keep out of this!"

ROB: (in protest)
"Why Dad!"

JOSEPH: (heatedly)
"I know this woman's reputation - its a foul one and I don't want you tangled up with her."

CLAIRE:
"Rob, would you believe a lot of lies about me?"

JOSEPH:
"They are not lies! I knew you were no good, but I never dreamed you would go after a naive child like Rob, or I would have thrown you out long ago - you - you degraded creature - you."

ROB: (his infatuation for Claire makes him forget everything else. He shouts furiously)
"Stop it! Not another word against Claire!" (he starts as though to strike his father, then controls himself)

JOSEPH: (seems about to counter violence with violence, but the realization of the uselessness of struggling against the blind passions of youth, finally forces him to admit defeat and he turns away from them, as we FADE.

FADE on to Dressingroom. Molly is alone at the makeup table, getting into a blackface makeup. She has one side of her face already blackened and as she applies the makeup, we see that she is crying bitterly. Maggie enters hurriedly and speaks with decision.

MAGGIE:
"Molly Milton, stop that snivveling and get some pride into yourself. Go out there and tell Rob goodbye as if his going away was nothing at all."

She gives Molly a good shake and lifts her to her feet. Molly struggles to control herself.

View changes to the wings of the theater - before the first curtain. Claire and Rob have come to get their makeup and are saying goodbye to the members of the troupe.

PAT:
"Well, Rob, the best of luck to you."

PICKLES:
"Yes, best of luck."

CLAIRE:
"Yes, isn't it a marvelous opportunity? Rob is cast now for 'Count Paris', but Mr. Moultrie says later he will give him a chance at 'Mercutio'."

We see that while Rob is excited at the turn of events, he conveys an undertone of uneasiness at leaving his father's company.

ROB:
"Yes, it is a great opportunity alright -"

Molly and Maggie, followed by Hortense come on and join the group.

CLAIRE:
"Ah, this is just the beginning - when next you see Robby he may be playing Romeo to my Juliet."

MOLLY: (giving Claire a look that would singe asbestos)
"Oh, Rob, everybody is going to miss you so! Why - nothing will be the same."

CLAIRE: (with great hauteur)
"Yes, but Robby is now at this moment a member of the great Moultrie Company. Quite a change from the 'Twilight Revellers Organization.'"

MAGGIE: (mutter to herself)
"She's worth her weight in applesauce!"

MOLLY: (shyly draws Rob a little aside from the group)
"Rob, I have something for you - to remember - us all by. It isn't much, but it's something I never thought I would give to anybody. See? it's my Daddy's rabbit's foot - that's real silver on the end. He used this when he made up for his greatest part - Julius Caesar - and - I hope from the bottom of my heart, Rob, that it brings you luck!"

Molly speaks with such tenderness that Rob, as he takes the little gift, cannot help being moved.

ROB:
"I'll use it, Molly, I promise you, for my make-up as 'Mercutio '"

Flash to wings at other side of stage to Joseph, standing in the shadows. He is looking on this scene with a sorrowful attitude.

Flash again to Molly and Rob. Molly feels she is about to break into tears, but forces herself to smile.

MOLLY:
" - and after 'Hapsburtia', Rob, I hope you get to play 'Romeo', then maybe - 'Hamlet' - - and you will play Baltimore and maybe sometime the Chestnut Street Theater in Philadelphia. I would go miles to see you there!"

ROB:
"I'm afraid it would have to be a lucky rabbit's foot indeed to fulfill all that - but thank you, Molly. I wager I'll never use this but what I think of the old 'Tilight Revellers'."

CLAIRE: (interrupting)
"Well, Robby, we had better be going if we expect to catch that boat. Goodbye little Molly," (then with mock sweetness) "I wish you success with your 'nigger' act. - Bye, bye everyone, I rehlly hope you all have better luck than you have been having!"

Rob takes up his own suitcase and Claire motions for him to take her own. Ad-libs of "Good-luck" - "Goodbye", etc., from the group.

HORTENSE:
"Goodbye, Snakey - Goodbye, R-o-b-e-r-t!"

Claire and Rob exit. Claire goes out triumphantly and Rob is close behind carrying Claire's grip as well as his own.

HORTENSE: (chants)
"Molly lost her feller - Molly lost her feller."

MOLLY:
"Oh, stop it, you little nuisance!"

JIM:
"Stop your quarreling! - Hurry up, Molly, you'll be on soon."

View changes to the dressingroom. Molly enters hurriedly and going to the makeup table, busily blackens the other side of her face, wiping away her tears with an old towel.

Dissolve to the small orchestra pit before the stage. The one violin has been augmented by two more instruments. Molly comes swirling onstage, the very picture of youthful happiness and verve.

MOLLY:
"Hello, peoples! Ain't it a great world?"

She lets out her infectuous laugh - all is seemingly sparkle and gaiety - she is indeed proving herself an actress. As she sings her song, we flash to Maggie in the wings, watching Molly - a look of sympathy on her face.

Flash to front of boardinghouse. It is nighttime. Molly comes distractedly out of the house, pauses for a moment on the porch - we get the feeling of her dispair - that there is nothing worth living for. We follow her as she goes dejectedly down the walk.

A distant view as she walks, suggesting a lonely mite in a big and empty world.

She comes to a high bank at the edge of the river. She stands swaying on the bank, a look of utter dispair on her face, as she looks into the water. We hold this attitude for a time, then she turns slowly away and goes off scene.

View changes to the porch of the boardinghouse. Joseph comes slowly out the door and drops heavily onto a bench. As he lets out a whiff of cigar smoke, a sigh goes with it. Molly comes up the steps abstractedly. She sits on the bench next to Joseph. No words are spoken. Joseph gently puts his arm around her and they sit looking off into the night, as WE FADE.

FADE ON to the corner room of a rambling building which has been converted into a boardinghouse. This room has a separate entrance. Through the window we see Claire and Rob. Rob is holding his script.

Flash inside - Rob is just finishing reading 'Count Paris'.

ROB:
"Oh, I am slain! If thou be merciful, open the tomb, lay me with Juliet'."

CLAIRE:
"It's just a wee bit fast, Robby."

ROB:
"I get so excited! I guess that's why I read so fast."

CLAIRE:
"We all have to learn, Robby. Mr. Moultrie is a great director -"(with a meaning look) "and I'll also help you."

ROB: (looking at Claire adoringly)
"I wish I had the words to tell you how wonderful you are. You know, in that white dress as 'Juliet' - Oh, such ethereal beauty - "

Claire who loves any kind of admiration, is obsessed with the idea of playing the angelic role with Rob - at least for the moment.

CLAIRE:
That reminds me of my favorite lines - 'So Beatrice went through life - An image of such pure beauty - That all men's hearts were uplifted - Beholding her!'".

Claire is crossing the floor, acting an angel of light, as she quotes these lines. She comes to the window. We see blossoming magnolia trees outside and hear from the distance, negro voices singing.

ROB: (joining her at the window)
"A description so like yourself."

CLAIRE:
"You darling!"

ROB:
"' - and the night was filled with music!'"

CLAIRE: (rather suddenly turns from the window and looks at the clock. She drops her 'role')
"Oh, Robby darling, look at the time! You must go."

ROB: (taking her in his arms he kisses her. Then in a tense voice - )
"It's not late - "

CLAIRE: (softly)
"No, Robby - not tonight."

ROB: (after a pause)
"Goodnight then - - until tomorrow?

CLAIRE:
"Goodnight, Robby darling."

ROB:
"Goodnight."

Flash to exterior as Rob comes out into the moonlit southern night, and goes down the path bordered by the magnolia trees in full bloom. His adolescent feet seem hardly to touch the ground - they are as light as his youthful, ecstatic heart. We hear the first phrase of the negro's spiritual which accompanies with music Rob's own emotions.

"My heart is a-jumpin'
And I am singing right loud
As I drive my chariot to a
Big white cloud"

We see Rob going into the distance - he stops beneath a magnolia tree - the negro voices continue -

"The tulip flowers are blooming
And the lilacs too
Roses seem a-singing
I'll go along with you"

This as we come to a close view of Rob. He lifts his arms - a gesture that seems to embrace the very sky as the negro voices sing - rising to a musical climax fitting Rob's attitude -

"I'll drive my golden chariot
Up to the big white cloud - "

Flash of the negros in the distance wending their songful way. Rob starts off the scene preserving the same ecstatic manner - stops - looks at a particularly magnificent magnolia blossom hanging low before him. He pauses looking at the blossom and starts back from whence he had come.

View changes to scene outside Claire's room. The blinds are now drawn. As Rob lifts his hand and starts to knock on the door, he hears the sound of subdued voices from inside.

MAN'S VOICE:
"I told you I would finish that scene tonight, but your face seemed to be on every page - I couldn't do any work - I just had to see you!"

CLAIRE: (in passionate tones)
"Charles, dear dear Charles! I am so glad you came."

MAN'S VOICE:
" - and we don't have to worry about my wife now - Baltimore is a long way off."

CLAIRE:
"We're not going to worry about anything tonight, Charles. This is our night."

MAN'S VOICE: (intensely)
"Darling, how warm you are."

An exclamation from Claire evidently smothered by a kiss. Bob moves brokenly away from the doorway. He is stricken as only a romantic boy of his type can be - this is his first disillusionment.

Another view - Bob comes on scene - looks ahead of him - steps quickly behind a tree and shrubbery.

View changes - a rather distant view of Claire's room and path leading to it. A youngish looking actor of the 'Romeo' type jauntily swinging a cane going down the path to Claire's room, as we fade.

Dissolve to backstage of new theater in Galveston, Texas. Joseph Castlemain is on stage playing 'Richard III'. He is going to it with great gusto.

JOSEPH:
"'A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse! Slave, I have set my life upon a cast, And I will stand the hazard of the die."

Clashing of swords accompanies music, as we pan swiftly to a small group of actors in the wings at the foot of a staircase. They are still in stage costumes. Pat comes on from up the stairway, not noticing the depressed appearance of the actors.

PAT:
"And has the ghost walked yet?"

MAGGIE:
"No, and the ghost isn't going to walk."

PAT:
"And what's the matter?"

PICKLES:
"Jim has skipped out with all the money."

PAT:
"No! You're not telling me - "

Pickles:
"But we are telling you!"

MAGGIE: ( grief stricken,as all are)
"Receipts for the whole week - the best week's business since we started out - the skunk."

Molly has been standing in an abject attitude by Maggie's side. Maggie puts her arms around her, and as she does she observes Hortense who is wearing her pet blond wig.

MAGGIE:
"Hortense! What are you wearing that wig for? Your act was over two hours ago!"

HORTENSE:
"I like it - makes me look pretty."

MAGGIE:
"Oh it does, does it?" (then looking at Molly) "Poor lamb." (then to the group) "This is one hard-luck town. We with all our troubles - and look at the Moultrie Company - Moultrie got on to that Claire playing around with the leading man and poor Rob, - his wife got on to Moultrie and Claire, and the whole company's busted up."

HORTENSE: (to her dog she is holding in her arms)
"Here we go, Romeo, starving again."

We switch to wings showing stage. Joseph is taking a bow and is taking it big. We hear the applause of the audience. Standing in the wings looking out at the stage is Bill Swift, a rough looking character - typical of Texas of that day. As Joseph comes off-stage Bill addresses him:

BILL:
"Say, Joe, that was great! (he shakes Joseph's hand with enthusiasm) "The first real acting I've seen for years."

JOSEPH:
"You really liked it, Bill?"

BILL:
"Like it! Why you were marvelous! It was worth that 300 mile drive to see you trod the boards. How I'd like to play 'MacDuff' with you once more! You remember - before I came west I was pretty good! Say, Joe, take this show to San Antone and let me play 'MacDuff'."

This conversation goes on as we follow them over to the group of disconsolate actors.

JOSEPH:
"Where's the funeral?"

MARGIE:
"Right here. Jim has skipped out with all the money!"

JOSEPH:
"Good Gad! Not really!?"

GADI:
"Yes, it's true", etc."

MARGIE:
" - and we are broke - flat as a pancake."

BILL: (excitedly)
"Well, that settles it. You've got to come to San Antone. You know, I've cleaned up out here - I'll pay double salaries and guarantee you a trip back to New Orleans. I'm just achin' to trod the boards again."

JOSEPH:
"But Bill, that's 300 miles away - and what about the Comanches? They tell me that's a dangerous trip."

BILL:
"Nonsense! That San Antone trail is as safe as Galveston. The Rangers have tended to that and - by Gad - here's the man that helped them do it!"

View changes to the hills in the Texas grasslands. Around a camp fire in a secluded place is seen a group of Indians - the fierce Comanches. A close view of the leaders and Chieftains. The famous Lone Wolf is holding forth. He is a splendid specimen of manhood. His rugged, pockmarked face suggests the magnificence of the faces chisled on the Pyramids of Egypt. He has the dignity of a Roman Emperor. He wears but one feather in his hair. The Comanches did not go in for the feathered headdress of the other western tribes.

LONE WOLF:
" - and my Father went to San Antone - my Father, the greatest of our tribe, and thirty-six of our leaders went with him under a flag of truce. Common soldiers held them all

LONE WOLF: (cont'd)
as hostages. They barred the door through which my Father wished to return to his people. Although there were ten to one against him, my Father refused to be help. They fought to be free, and all were slain by these traitors. Their blood stains the white man's fort! Our brother's blood! Tomorrow we strike to wipe out this stain upon our honor!"

OTHERS TAKE UP THE CRY:
"We strike! We strike!"

Scene changes to Galveston Inn - dining room with bar at one side. Bill and Joseph are just finishing a drink. Near them are two whitehats (Texas Rangers) in the picturesque costumes. We break in on the conversation.

BILL:
"So the Moultrie Company busted up here too."

JOSEPH:
"That's right."

FIRST WHITEHAT:
"Some day the Republic of Texas will be the greatest nation in the world. France has already honored us by sending an Ambassador."

SECOND WHITEHAT:
"When you goin' back to San Antone, Bill?"

BILL:
"Pretty soon I reckon. That trail now is quiet as a Quaker's prayer meeting."

FIRST WHITEHAT:
"They've been quiet for a long time, but you never can tell about the Comanches."

SECOND WHITEHAT:
"Yes, and it's been rumored that Lone Wolf didn't get killed in that fight five years ago."

FIRST WHITEMAN:
"If Lone Wolf is still alive, we will hear from them again one of these days."

BILL: (his natural boldness has not been decreased by the liquor he has taken on)
"Lone Wolf or no Comanche living can keep me from traveling where I blame please! Come on, Joe, let's get started."

As they exit the others call out "goodbye - good luck"

View changes to the wide verandah of the Hotel. The entire company is assembled. Bill and Joseph come on.

JOSEPH:
"Well, children, my good friend here -" (indicating Bill) "has settled our board account. He is fairly rolling in wealth and he claims if we don't do big business in San Antonio he will pay our way back to New Orleans, and Bill doesn't break his word to anybody."

JUVENILE: (who has taken Rob's place)
"I'm telling you, it's a dangerous trip. You never can tell about the Comanches - they're apt to strike any time."

HORTENSE:
"Gee, Indians! Indians!" (she throws back her head and slapping her hand against her mouth, lets out a war-whoop, at the same time doing her idea of an Indian dance)

MAGGIE:
"Hortense, be quiet!"

JOSEPH:
"I am not going to ask anyone of you to go. If you want to take the chance, it's up to you."

PAT:
"Faith, I'm with you. Sure, and we all have to stick together."

MAGGIE:
"I'm for that - after all we've been through together."

PICKLES:
"I expect the worst, but I'll go along."

VIOLINIST:
"By this time next week, I will be sawing my fiddle in San Antonio."

GRIGGS:
"I'd as soon face the Comanches as my wife any day."

SKIPPER:
"Yeah, me too."

HAGGIN: (looking around the group)
"Where's that Molly? I haven't seen her for an hour."

Flash to a shaded recess by a gate with a path leading off. Molly is standing by the gate. Resting on the gate we see a man's arm. We do not see his face but hear his voice speaking a very subdued tones -

ROB'S VOICE:
"She was so beautiful - I can still hardly believe the whole thing. Besides, I hate to come back - I would be ashamed - - how can I face my father -?"

MOLLY: (earnestly)
"Rob - your father loves you. I know how much - he's missed you.

Flash back to the group on the Hotel verandah. An actor new to the group is talking to Joseph.

ACTOR:
"Well, I am sorry, but I don't like Comanches. I am staying here."

JUVENILE:
"I am not afraid - but I kind of like it here."

Molly and Rob come on the scene. Rob goes directly to his father. Joseph is stern - Rob most humble. There is a pause as they stand facing each other.

ROB: (in subdued voice)
"Dad - - you were right - I - have learned my lesson."

JOSEPH: (sternly)
"Are you sure?"

ROB: (humbly)
"I was never more sure of anything in all my life!"

BILL: (taking in the scene)
"Joe - you have just lost your juvenile - he is afraid of the Comanches."

ROB: (to his father, ingratiatingly)
"Well, I am not. I would like another try, Dad - -"

JOSEPH:
"Well son, some people only learn through experience."
(a forgiving smile comes over his face - he reaches out his hand to Rob, who seizes it fervently)

In the doorway leading into the Hotel, Claire appears. She lounges against the door - her old arrogant self. The little group look at her in some surprise at her unhastened attitude.

CLAIRE:
"Good morning, everybody." (to Joseph) "I hear your new leading lady doesn't like the idea of a trip to San Antone."

BILL: (steps forward looking at Claire with unabashed admiration) "Where have you been? Welcome to Texas, lady, my name is Swift - Bill Swift."

CLAIRE: (turning on the old allure)
"I am Claire Devereaux. At present I am stranded - but I am delighted to meet you, sir. Good morning, Robby."

ROB: (his attitude as well as his voice, quite frigid)
"Miss Devereaux." (he turns away from her, toward Molly)

BILL:
"Joe, Miss Devereaux would have San Antone by it's ear."
(to Claire) "You are not afraid of Comanches?"

CLAIRE:
"I would risk it," (with a flirtatious glance at Bill)
"besides, they do say that a Comanche on horseback is about the handsomest think since the Crusaders."

JOSEPH: (now convinced that Claire is no longer a danger to his son, with a cold but courtly bow) "Well, Miss Devereaux, we will be glad to have you - - for this one engagement!"

HORTENSE: (blandly chanting in undertone)
"Snakey, Snakey, Snakey - gives me belly-achey - "

At this, Maggie, standing by Hortense' side, claps her hand over the child's mouth, so as to practically eliminate the end of her chanting.

View changes to scene on hillside - a valley below. Lone Wolf, mounted on a sinewy looking horse, gestures toward the valley. We see sweeping out from the chaparral a long line of Indians riding like centaurs - going down into the plain. (In the original raid there were over a thousand Indians. They swept through the plains of Texas to the Gulf of Mexico.)

Dissolve to a primitive cabin against a hill in a little clearing. We see a woman and a man, evidently her husband, with a young boy, running toward the cabin when from one side of the cabin sweeps the circling Comanches - their bows twanging death. At the edge of the cabin all three are shot down.

Dissolve to another cabin in flames. We see the Indians leading away from the flaming cabin, a half dozen horses.

View changes. In front of the Hotel are two flat-topped coaches. These are not the usual stage coaches but are the carrier wagons such aswere used by the mail carriers on these western plains. Behind the coaches is a carryall wagon, which is being loaded with scenery, props and some of the costumes. The drivers are busy hitching the four-horse teams to each coach; these are fine animals, capable of great speed. The carryall wagon is to be drawn by mules, or horses of sturdier, slower type, useful for pulling heavy loads.

There is a general air of excitement. We hear the stable boys shouting to the horses, and we hear bits of dia logue from the crowd milling about. "Get in there, Blazes!" "Back up Sorrel!" "Link those traces!" "Whoa - whoa there!" "Did you get your grips?" "San Antone!" "I got my salary in advance!"

At one side of the first coach are Pat and Rob, busy placing small baggage and Molly's trunk into the coach. On the other side are Bill and Joseph. They have a jug of whiskey between them and are harmonizing a lively tune. Claire is smiling engagingly at Bill, the new male on her horizon. Everyone is in a jovial mood, looking forward to the trip to San Antonio. Maggie lustily joins in the singing.

CLAIRE:
"What a marvelous voice you have, Mr. Swift. Rahlly, I'm just dying to see you as 'MacDu ff.'

BILL: (breaks off the song to reminisce)
"Do you remember, Joe, when we played 'Damon and Pythias' together? Those were the days!"

JOSEPH:
"They called us that off-stage too!"

BILL:
" - and the women milling around the stage door - ah, the women!"

JOSEPH: (leaning through the coach window, indicating the rifles strapped to the side of the coach, and Bill's holstered pistols)
"And now we're riding the plains with an arsenal! Bill, you certainly built yourself a coach!"

BILL:
"Isn't she a dandy? As for the arsenal, as you call it, I don't think there's any danger of needing it - but it's better to be prepared."

CLAIRE: (interrupting)
"With you along, Mr. Swift, I am sure we need have no fear."

BILL: (sees that the wagons are loaded and the horses ready)
"Thanks, Miss Claire - well, everything is ready, - let's go!" (the actors pile into the coaches) "Come on, Joe, we'll ride on top - greatest country in the world - you can see it better up there."

View changes to a ridge at one side of the valley where a group of Comanche's appear and look off into the valley.

Flash to full view of the stage wagons. The horses are trotting easily along.

Close view of Joseph and Bill seated by the driver. At the sides are several rifles in their holds. Bill and Joseph are lustily singing.

Flash inside first coach. In this coach are Molly, Maggie, Hortense, Claire, Rob and Pat. Molly is seated on her trunk petting 'Romeo'. Hortense is on the floor, her open valise by her side.

MAGGIE:
"Here we are off again. By Golly, listen to those two singing up there."

BOB: (with a chuckle)
"I never heard Dad sing like that before."

MAGGIE:
"Well, he has met his old chum and he's got you back - so why not?"

Flash to close view of Molly and Hortense. Hortense has taken her wig out of her valise and is combing it. After a few strokes with the comb, she puts it on.

HORTENSE:
"Is it on straight?"

MOLLY: (adjusting the wig)
"Now, you look real pretty."

MAGGIE: (has been looking out the window, now turns and sees Hortense) "You silly, you'll wear that wig out!"

HORTENSE:
"No, I wont."

Flash to interior of second coach and the rest of the company. Pickles is humming a doleful ditty and the violinist is sawing out a suitable accompaniment - a solemn air pervades the coach. Several small trunks partly fill this coach. On the Driver's seat are guards with rifles across their knees.

Dissolve to full view of the stage wagons on their way.

Flash of the Comanches riding swiftly toward the valley.

Flash to close view of a man seated in the back of the carryall wagon peering down the trail over which the wagons have just gone.

Flash to a view of the Indians now on the trail, in pursuit.

Flash to the man in the back of the carryall wagon which has been slowly following the two stages. He sees the Indians in the distance. He makes his way to the front of his wagon and shouts to the driver - "Comanches! Comanches on the war path!" The wagon has been going leisurely along. Now the driver whips up the horses.

View changes. The carryall wagon overtakes the passenger coaches. The driver screams out to the other drivers - "Comanches! Comanches on the war path!" Great excitement seizes all. The drivers in the first wagon coach turn, look back, whip their horses from their leisurely pace into a run.

Several Flashes back and forth from the speeding wagon coaches to the Indians shouting their barbaric cries of vengence at the top of their voices as they fly in pursuit.

During these scenes we see the two speedy wagon coaches draw away from the heavy carryall wagon.

Close view of the carryall wagon. The two men in this wagon see that it is impossible to escape the Comanches with their slow horses. They jump off the wagon and run into the chapparral and mesquite brush seeking to escape. One of the men seems to succeed and disappears into the brush but the other is struck by an arrow and falls.

The Indians come upon the deserted wagon looking over its contents. Some seize the horses reins - others mill about the wagon, breaking open boxes and trunks. In wonder and savage glee they hold up the various costumes - some of Richard III, classical Roman costumes, togas, etc. Lone Wolf and his Chieftains shout for them to come on, but various of the Indians hastily array themselves with the costumes they have picked up and go swiftly on their way.

View changes to a narrow pass in the trail. The driver of the first coach is desperately urging on his horses, when due to the pressure of this fast driving, a defective whiffletree becomes detached from the main wagon-pole. The two lead horses pull off to the side, the detached whiffletree banging against their heels. The driver hastily dismounts, and Bill and Joseph leap down to help. They run to the struggling horses to disentangle them from the dragging whiffletree and entangling traces. Pat and Rob spring out and join the other men, leaving the door open behind them.

The second wagon now comes up behind the first and finding that it has been forced to stop, swings out into the brush and passes, nearly upsetting when it strikes the rough earth, but manages to right itself and goes on out of sight.

View changes. From the side of a large rock on the edge of the trail, three white trappers appear. Two of them are quite weather-beaten and thin, but one is very stout. They sit down by the edge of the rock to eat their meal of jerked meat. The fat one has a jug and is boasting -

FAT MAN:
"There were six Comanches trying to raid my horses. I shot three of them and chased the others to Kingdom Come!"

SECOND MAN:
"That firewater is making you talk mighty big."

FIRST MAN:
"Don't make so much noise - what's that?"

SECOND MAN:
"What's what?"

FIRST MAN:
"Sounds like running horses."

FAT MAN:
"Wild horses stampeding, I guess. There are lots of them around here."

As they are looking off, from around the bend, the group of Comanches that had donned the actors' costumes, appears. Some are grotesquely arrayed in Roman togas, one of these has on his head a large and showy stage crown. One is wearing part of the costume for 'Richard III'. Several have trunks, ribbons, hose, etc., wrapped around their waists streaming out like ribbons behind them. Some have draped costumes around their horses necks. All in all they present what is probably the most fantastic spectacle ever seen on the plains of Texas, or any other country. The three trappers look upon this spectacle as though unable to believe their eyes.

FIRST MAN: (with wonder and disbelief)
"Holy Mother!"

SECOND MAN:
"Great Scots alive! What's that?"

FAT MAN: (looking at the jug, then at the Indians and back at the jug, then he throws it violently away from him)
"That rotgut! I've got 'em again!"

Groushing and scrambling madly, they make their way off through the brush, which fortunately screens them from the screaming Indians, whose attention is on the wagons anyhow.

Flash to the wagon coach. The driver and other men are just finishing their repairs on the wagon-pole.

Flash to close view of Hortense who has Romeo in her arms as she stands in the open door.

Flash to a rabbit scurrying through the brush.

Flash to Hortense and Romeo. Romeo sees the rabbit, leaps out of Hortense' arms and hits the trail.

Flash to rabbit running - then to Romeo also running.

Flash to Hortense jumpint out of the coach and running wildly after Romeo. Maggie and the others in the coach are looking out of the window on the other side and do not notice Hortense' action.

Flash to the men returning to the coach after finishing their repairs. They hurriedly resume their places - the driver sends his black snake out over the horses and they start up at a mad gallop. Maggie, who has been looking out the window on the other side is thrown violently into a corner as the coach lurches forward.

Flash to Hortense in pursuit of Romeo - her false blond curls flying about her head.

Flash to coach - terrific excitement. Bill and Joseph are seizing the rifles - preparing to shoot. Inside, Maggie is just recovering from her fall - sees that Hortense is not in sight. She looks frantically around - under the seats, behind the trunk, then cries -

MAGGIE: "Where is my child!!! (to Rob) "Did she get up with the drivers?"

ROB: (taking aim with his rifle out the window) "I don't know! I didn't see her! I don't know!"

Maggie leans out the window to see if her child is in front of the coach. Then, in her anxiety, attempts to open the door of the swiftly moving coach. Rob and Molly sieze her and prevent this mad act.

Flash to chaparral - close view of the rabbit disappearing down a hole. Romeo comes on barking excitedly. Hortense rushes on scene, silences her pet, turns, starts back from whence she came. She stops -

Flash to scattered group of Indians racing their horses. These are not the Indians who had donned the actors costumes.

Flash to Hortense. She has seen the Indians and turns, running frantically in the opposite direction.

Flash of an 'oldish' Indian a little apart from the group. He spots Hortense in the distance and turns away from the others.

Flash of Hortense running desperately, looking occasionally over her shoulder.

View changes. We see the Indian is drawing close upon her.

Close view of Hortense screaming hysterically - "Mama! MAMA! HELP!! HELP!!! The Indian is now close upon her. She runs in circles, dodging in and out of the brush trying to escape.

Flash back to the coach and the pursuing Indians.

Flash to close view of Hortense. The Indian is almost upon her - his horse plowing the ground - Hortense screaming in the wind - the Indian is now close by her side. With a screaming warwhoop he leans down from the horse and siezes Hortense by the hair.

Close view of the astonished Red Man looking with awe and amazement at the easily procured scalp in his hand. He fails to notice the steep bank he is rapidly approaching, and his horse, unchecked, goes flying and tumbling down.

Flash to the bewildered and terrified Hortense, looking in all directions at once,'saved by a hair' as it were. She runs out of the scene.

Flash to mouth of a small cave. Hortense comes on running wildly - Romeo starts barking and she holds his mouth closed with her free hand. She sees the cave and rushes into it.

Flash to distant view of the Indians in hot pursuit, the coaches flying. We see the Indians are overtaking it. They circle widly. They are for the most part, armed with bow and arrow.

Flash to driver's seat of the coach. The rifles of Joseph and Bill bark out.

BILL: "There must be a thousand of them!"

Flash inside. Rob and Pat are firing out the windows. The women are busy loading guns.

HARRIS: "By God, this is the last act!"

The Indians are now drawing closer - firing their arrows - we see them strike the side of the coach. One strikes near the window where Rob is holding his pistol in readiness.

MOLLY: (crying out warningly)
"Rob! Rob! WATCH OUT! (forgetting herself, she rushes to Rob's side as though to protect him)

ROB: (with alarm)
"Watch out, yourself!"

Quickly, he opens Molly's trunk, and before she has time to protest, roughly pushes her into it, slamming down the top and clamping it. Claire is crouched against one side of the coach laughing hysterically, as she reloads a rifle.

View changes to the ruins of a mission that had been deserted by order of the Spanish Government in 1798. The Whitehats have done a crude job of repairing part of it, and have established it as one of their posts. There are several Whitehats strolling about, others are grouped around the fort. In the background, close behind, is a corral where the Rangers' horses are kept. Here to one side is a group of friendly Indians - Tonkawas. They are friendly to the Rangers mostly because of their hatred for the Comanches. In the group is their Chief, Placido. Two white settlers, riding desperately, draw rein before the group of Rangers.

FIRST MAN: (shouting)
"The Comanches are riding the San Antone trail. Hundreds of them!"

SECOND MAN:
"They're burning and killing."

Captain Ford, Commander of this group of Rangers, steps out of the door in time to overhear the settlers announcement.

CAPTAIN FORD:
"You saw this yourself, Johnson?"

FIRST MAN:
"Yes, sir, from a distance."

SECOND MAN:
"We rode by one settlers' house burned to the ground -

the whole family dead - scalped!"

FLACIDO:
"Let my men lead the way, Captain!"

CAPTAIN FORD:
"Mount! We ride!"

We see the Rangers rush out of the scene as they and the Tonkawas go toward their horses.

View changes to the coach driving furiously. The occupants are battling with the Comanches.

Flash to the Tonkawas on each flank of the galloping Rangers.

Flash to close view of the coach. Several arrows are imbedded in its sides. An arrow impales the right arm of Joseph. He falls back with a groan, picks up one of Bill's pistols with his left hand, and starts again to fire. Bill is taking careful aim at one of the leaders of the Comanches. He fires.

A Flash of the Comanche falling from his horse, on his way to the 'happy hunting ground'.

Another flash of the Rangers, galloping.

Flash inside the coach. Pat and Rob are firing out the windows - Maggie is sobbing as she reloads guns for the men.

Flash of the Indians yelling their barbaric war cry, as they let their arrows fly.

Flash again to the top of the coach. Bill, crouched in the inset of the driver's seat, fires his rifle and takes another one from its hold. Just then, Joseph is impaled again and slumps down in the seat.

Flash inside the coach. Claire, laughing and crying at once, seizes the rifle Maggie has just loaded and fires wildly out the window.

Another flash of the Comanches, now closing in on the coach.

Flash to Bill. He too is struck down as he is about to fire.

Flash to a view embracing the whole scene, showing the Rangers with the Tonkawas bearing down to meet the Comanches. They open the way for the coach to pass through.

As the coach goes through to safety, we flash inside. Hat is still holding a rifle. The dazed Claire and Maggie are crouched in a corner. We see a view of Molly's trunk. Three arrows are impaled in it to the shaft, and we see no sign of Molly herself.

Flash to Comanches lines up in battle array, facing the Tonkawas and the Rangers. This following scene may not be necessary to the story, but it is an actual happening and one of the strangest sights ever seen on the plains of America, or perhaps any other country. Lone Wolf, whose horse has a long red ribbon attached to its mane and another to its tail, brandishes his lance, and speaks -

LONE WOLF:
"Men of Tonkawas - Chieftains, ca ters of dog, is there not <u>one</u> among you brave enough to face a Comanche in single combat?"

Lone Wolf for one moment stands alone - then from the ranks a Tonkawa rides out - a Chieftain. The Rangers look on in amazement as the two Chieftains, equipped with lances and shields, charge. Lone Wolf's lance drives the Tonkawa from his seat and he goes sprawling onto the ground. Lone Wolf emits a triumphant yell, wheels as another of the Tonkawas rides out to take up the challenge. This one is also speedily unhorsed. Then shouting a war cry to his Comanches, he leads their charge upon the enemy. Lone Wolf falls from the volly fired by the Rangers. The Comanches are torn apart.

Dissolve to the Comanches in wild retreat, being followed by the Rangers and Tonkawas.

View changes. We see the first coach pulling up behind the second coach, which had formerly got through to safety. From the second coach we see the actors piling out and running back to the coach that has just drawn up.

Flash to interior of coach. Rob is looking with horror at Molly's trunk.

ROB: "Molly - Molly - - "

Three arrows are deeply imbedded in it, and to Rob comes the sure knowledge that Molly cannot possibly have escaped death. He stands for a moment looking down at the trunk - stupified, then with a sobbing cry moves toward it. Slowly, fearfully, he lifts the top and looks into it. There crouched against the back part of the trunk, face down, is Molly. Her father's shield is partly over her, and protects her entirely. We see the three arrows sticking through the trunk, their points stopped by the shield. Rob looks on for a moment in stupified silence, then Molly slowly, in terror, raises her head over the top of the shield. When she sees it is Rob, and not the murderous Indians, she heaves a tremendous sigh of relief. Rob reaches into the trunk, and pulls her out, hugging her closely.

Flash outside the wagon. The Driver and Pickles are gently laying the dying Joseph on the ground close beside the body of his old friend, Bill. The Driver works over his wounds, attempting to staunch the flow of blood, etc. Then from the coach, Rob comes on hurriedly. Molly follows. As Rob enters the group, we hear the voice of the Driver speaking with admiration.

DRIVER: "They were fighting hero's, those two!"

Rob stands, looking down at his father, grief Stricken.

ROB: "Dad - - Dad - ".

He drops down by his father's side and gently takes Joseph's head in his lap. He looks inquiringly toward the Driver, who shakes his head as though to say - 'It's all over'.

ROB: (brokenly - tenderly)
"Oh Dad - - Dad - ".

JOSEPH:
"It's my last scene, Rob - - How dark it is - " (he makes an effort, and recovers slightly) "I love you boy - "

ROB:
"Yes, Father, I know - I know - "

JOSEPH: (slowly, laborously)
"Go on - son - and do - do - the things I tried - and failed - to do - "

BOB:
"Yes, Dad, - Yes - I will try - "

A shadow goes over Joseph's face, as he murmurs weakly, in a far-away voice -

JOSEPH:
"The rehearsal - when is the rehearsal - -" (he sinks back in Bob's arms.

Close view of Pat and Molly - their heads dropped in a prayerful attitude - as we fade.

Fade on to the other side of the coach, where we discover two mounted Whitehats. Maggie rushes frantically on the scene.

MAGGIE:
"My child, she got out of the coach - - I must go back! Take me back! I must find her!"

At this there gallops in a half dozen Rangers. As they get near to where Maggie is standing, the two front horsemen separate, revealing one of the other horsemen, a stalwart drawling Texan with a whimsical face. He draws rein with a great flourish. Seated before him on the pummel is Hortense with her dog. He holds her out before him, in one hand.

RANGER:
"I found this varmint out annoying the coyotes! Anybody want it?"

MAGGIE: (turning)
"Hortense! Hortense! My baby!" (rushing up to receive her child as she is dropped to the ground. Maggie seizes her and embraces her with great joy.)

HORTENSE:
"Mama! I was chased all over by the Indians! (defiantly) "But I wasn't scared - not a bit!" (with this she promptly passes out cold)

Dissolve to distant view of the coaches moving slowly on their way, escorted by a group of the Whitehats.

SLOW FADE.

FADE ON to

A coffee stand outside the entrance to a saloon and gambling house in San Antonio. Maggie and Molly are running this enterprise with the supervision of Hortense - they sell coffee, pies, sandwiches, etc. We see customers just leaving the stand. Both Molly and Maggie have an air of great propriety - almost primness about them. Hortense is standing at one end of the counter looking over a particularly dumb looking boy of about her own age. Romeo is by her side looking up at her adoringly."

MAGGIE:
"Do you know what we have made this week, Molly? Besides paying our board bill, we have TEN DOLLARS over! Say, this is great, isn't it? No more being chased by boardinghouse keepers, no more traveling in old wagons from place to place - and greasepaint! I hope I never smell greasepaint again as long as I live!"

MOLLY:
"Yes, isn't it just wonderful?"

Hortense is leaning nonchalantly against the counter addressing the dumb looking boy who is looking at her in awed wonder.

HORTENSE:
" - - sure - I've fought with Indians. I was <u>scalped</u> by one!"

Claire enters the scene on the arm of a gambler. He is immaculately dressed - in very loud clothes. He wears a headlight diamond in his tie. Claire is dressed fit to kill - ostrich plumes, jewelry, righ materials, etc. She pauses, looks superciliously over the cheap little doffee stand.

CLAIRE:
"Hello, Maggie - Molly!"

Maggie gives her a look

CLAIRE: (in sweetly mocking tones)
"Well, Molly, how's your 'nigger' act now?"

She exits in grandeur with much switching of her elegant skirts.

HORTENSE:
"When I grow up, rahlly, I want to be just like 'Snakey'."

Flash to Rob and Pat at work in a greasery store. Rob is waiting on a customer. We feel that he has gained in dignity since we first met him. Pat is weighing some flour sacks and piling them up. As Rob's customer leaves, he speaks -

ROB:
"Pat, don't you like this kind of life? Instead of rushing about, in all kinds of weather - nearly always on the verge of starvation - "

PAT:
"Sure, 'tis a good safe life. Mind you, we are getting our pay each and every Saturday night!"

ROB:
"Yes! That's something! Just think, we can keep hours like regular people."

Flash interior of cheap hotel. Griggs is on his knees scrubbing the floor. Snipes comes in with a valise and sets it down by the counter.

GRIGGS:
"Back just where we started from, and I'm telling you, it's good!"

SNIPE:
" - and getting our pay regular. I had almost forgotten what money looked like."

Flash to Maggie's and Molly's coffee stand. Pickles comes on.

PICKLES:
"Say, here's a letter addressed to 'Manager, Twilight Revellers Comapny". Must be on business - don't you think we ought to open it?"

MAGGIE: (taking the letter and looking at it)
"Why sure." (she opens the letter and reads aloud -

" - have opening for your company the week of the 23rs. Things look pretty good here now. Your show is the only one around anyhow.

Very truly yours,
John L. Burton, Manager
Bijous Theater, Houston, Tex.

MAGGIE: (a great joy spreads over her face)
"What do you know about that?"

MOLLY: (delightedly)
"Houston? - - and it's only a week away!"

MAGGIE: (breathlessly)
"Je-e-e-hosaphat! I've got to show this to the others."
(she dashes off scene)

Dissolve to interior of grocery store. Bob and Pat are at work behind the counter. Maggie rushes in panting for breath, glowing with excitement.

MAGGIE:
"Boys! Look!" (she brandishes the letter at them excitedly)

"We've got a booking at Houston, only ten days off!"

PAT:
"You mean quit these steady jobs?"

MAGGIE:
"I'm asking you!"

BOB: (in much excitement)
"Say, that's a great little town!"

PAT: (taking off his apron)
"Why, it's marvelous!"

BOB: (in rising excitement)
"We're with you! Let's go!"

PAT: (letting out a whoop)
"Yipp -e-e-e-e!"

Flash to little hotel. Griggs and Snipe are still at work. Maggie enters talking excitedly as she comes.

MAGGIE:
"We're booked for Houston next week, are you coming?"

GRIGGS: (hopefully)
"You mean back on the road again?"

MAGGIE:
"That's it. If we hurry, we can catch the next stage."

GRIGGS: (throwing down his mop)
"Hooray! Hooray!"

Flash to small bedroom - Molly is singing blithely as she packs. She is running back and forth with her garments, at the same time doing an ecstatic little jig-step.

Flash to another bedroom. Rob and Pat are excitedly packing their belongings. Pickles back is toward us as we open on the scene. He turns, and for the first time, we see upon his face a broad and beaming smile.

Street scene in front of Hotel. Molly and Maggie, and Hortense come out of the front door carrying their bags. Maggie looks behind her through the open door. Hortense has Romeo in her arms and is dancing about with glee.

MAGGIE:
"Here they come!"

Rob and Pat and Pickles come out the front door in a rush. Pat is swinging a cane which beats a happy rythem.

MAGGIE:
"Hurry up. We mustn't miss that coach." (she hugs Pat enthusiastically) "Ain't it just great? I'll bet we pack them in, in Houston!"

HORTENSE:
"Mama! You'll have to get me another wig!"

MAGGIE:
"Yes, Hortense darling."

Molly and Rob rush together joyfully, embracing happily.

MOLLY:
"We're off again! Isn't it wonderful?"

ROB: (in tremendous excitement, as they all move down the street)
"We'll be playing in the same company again, Molly - and maybe someday we'll be really great - and I'll realize Dad's hope - "

Out of an alleyway come Griggs and Snipe carrying their valises, out of which articles are hanging, dragging on the ground.

[illegible] AND GIRLS:
"Wait for us! We're coming - wait for us!"

They run happily after the group as the entire crowd goes singing and whistling to the future, which for the actor always spells HOPE.

As they are just disappearing around the corner, Claire comes running on, followed by the gambler, who is hardly able to keep up with her, she runs so fast, and he stumbles along as best he can, weighted down by two heavy grips.

FADE OUT

FADE IN to
The Chestnut Street Opera House, in Philadelphia. The marquee reads -

ROBERT CASTLEMAIN and MOLLY MILTON
in
ROMEO andJULIET

We see a brilliantly dressed crowd going into the theater. A sub-title is imposed over this -

" - and so in time Molly's and Rob's dreams are realized, for they have become America's greatest actors."

Triumphant music swells.

Dissolve to the lobby door, through the glass pane of which we see a superbly mounted balcony scene. Molly and Rob are on stage as Romeo and Juliet.

Across the scene in luminous letters, flash the lines -

"And all my fortunes at thy foot I lay,
And follow thee, my Lord, throughout
the world."

The music swells triumphantly to -

FINIS

the Twilight Avenger

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Our story begins about a hundred years ago and concerns a little group of barnstormers, strolling players, and their adventures and hardships which they take in their stride, as it were. From Chicago, then a great and promising city of two thousand people - down through the slave states, New Orleans, and on to an extraordinary adventure with the fierce, marauding Commanche Indians in the wilds of Texas. As we take our little group on their adventure, we will try to paint also a little of this young America. Perhaps it might be well to show in miniature a panoramic SHOT beginning with tropical Florida and go, as the imagination flies, from this tropical country northward.

The time of year is December, and as we show this panoramic SHOT a narrator's voice explains:

NARRATOR

"Many young states are now united in this already vast United States that produces everything from oranges to icicles. At this time Andrew Jackson has retired to his hermitage. Martin Van Buren is President and the great Daniel Webster Secretary of State."

The voice continues with the panorama and we go as would the imagination--flying from this tropical country northward showing mountains, hills of pine trees, and stretches of plains over which we hear the howling of wolves.

VIEW CHANGES into the night. We see in miniature a primitive, bustling little town of two thousand people just grown from an Indian village. There is a driving snow. The narrator explains:

NARRATOR

"From this little village - in a hundred years - has grown one of the greatest cities in the world--Chicago. It is here we introduce you to our little group of strolling players--one of the many little companies who travel from town to town barely able to keep body and soul together--in a constant state of anxiety and often hunger--with only one thing, we might say, to keep them going and that is hope: hope that tomorrow things will be better: hope that the next town will bring them a full house of paying customers."

EXTERIOR of cheap boardinghouse typical of that day.

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERIOR of a very poorly furnished room in the boarding-house. Here we discover a small group of actors and their company manager (James "Jim" Overton)--a canny-looking old smoothy and rapid-fire talker. The actors consist of an elderly ham of the classical breast-beating school (Joseph Castlemain); another, a small middle-aged Irishman (Patrick Aloysius Malone); another of middle age--the silent type--whose presence endows a gloomy corner of the room with still more gloom by his melancholy air and countenance (Paul Driscoll--known to the company as "Pickles").

Jim, the manager, is speaking to this effect:

JIM
(with rapid-fire intensity)
"Just wait till we get to Galena! Why, the last show I took down there wasn't half as good as this one, and we played to $85 in one night!"

PAT

"Now, isn't that remarkable?"

JOSEPH
(in a stagey tone and manner)
"Galena - then will the winter of our discontent be made into glorious summer!" (then in a change of tone with painful naturalness) "By Gad! When do we eat?"

PAT

"By the pigs in me Mother's parlor!--and that's a vital question!"

JIM

"It's sure taking those two kids a long time to return with that hash. I gave them thirty-five cents, too. Maybe they eloped with it."

PAT
(looking out the window as we hear the wild blowing of the wind and see the snow driving by)
"Sure, and it's a heavy storm they be going through. I have hopes they find something better than bologna."

FLASH TO:

INTERIOR of a primitive store. Besides groceries and all sorts of merchandise, there is a counter where meat is sold. In the center is a crude looking stove. A small group of people are being waited on by the solitary elderly storekeeper.

A girl and boy (Molly and Rob) come in shaking the snow from their garments. Molly is about fourteen or fifteen. She is charming and attractive--the protegee of the company, having been, as it were, adopted by the troupe after the death of her parents. In the completed story it might be interesting to make something of this by having her taught manners and morals by ladies of the company who, perhaps, were not highly gifted in either one of these qualities which resulted in their being much more strict than the average mother in a small town who has never had to face the world. Rob is about nineteen. He is naive and new to show business--for that matter, rather naive to the world in general.

From outside there is the wild music of the storm. The storekeeper greets them:

STOREKEEPER

"Hello, show folks. Merry Christmas!"

Molly and Rob return the salutation "Merry Christmas!". They stand a little apart from the group.

STOREKEEPER

"Be with you in just a minute."

As Molly shakes the snow from her hair she inadvertently pushes her hair behind her ears.

ROB

"Why don't you wear your hair that way sometime? It looks nice."

MOLLY

"I can't. One ear is bigger than the other."

ROB
(with casual examination)
"It would take a magnifying glass to tell the difference."

MOLLY

"Think so? Thanks."

She is pleased at the boy's remark but nevertheless she hides both ears with her hair.

They see a sign on the showcase reading: "Homemade Sausage."

MOLLY
(looking at the sign)
"Homemade?"

ROB

(looking around the store)
"Homemade? Whose home?"

MOLLY

(rather wistfully)
"Do you like homes?"

ROB

(offhandedly)
"I like the sausage."

Molly takes from her neck a ratty looking fur piece. Though this is a pathetic piece of apparel, to her it is a treasured possession and most carefully she brushes the snow from it.

The clerk, now being finished with his other customers, waits on Rob and Molly. They count out their change very carefully and devote themselves to the serious business of making their money go as far as possible in the feeding of nine hungry troupers. The clerk suggests bologna.

STOREKEEPER

(suggesting bologna)
"It's good.--also it's filling."

After some thought over the matter they buy a loaf of bread and a piece of bologna. The boy holding this provender they both exit out into the storm.

SCENE of them going through the driving snow and the girl holding onto the boy's arm.

ANOTHER SCENE. Molly, fighting along the narrow path, falls into a snowdrift. After much floundering around Rob rescues her. She is panting and breathless from her exertions in trying to extricate herself from the drift, but doesn't fail to use this opportunity to hold close to Rob as he is brushing the snow off her. We perceive in Molly's face her ecstatic devotion to him.

MOLLY

"My ear--it feels frozen!"

ROB

"Which one?"

MOLLY

"The big one."

They go out of the scene with Molly holding close to Rob.

VIEW CHANGES. Close against a path there is a small but cozy looking cottage through the window of which can be seen a family group seated about a well stocked table. A man,

evidently the father of the family, is busy carving a large, appetising looking turkey. In the background is seen a glistening Christmas tree. Rob and Molly come on scene--pause for a minute shielding their faces against the driving snow--and take in this cozy, warm looking scene then go on their way.

We come to the INTERIOR of the boardinghouse and our group of actors. There is a hasty knock at the door which immediately opens. Without waiting for the invitation to enter, Rob and Molly come in.

OMNI

"Well, back at last!" . . ."We thought you had broken your legs!" . . . etc. (ad-lib)

MOLLY

"It's snowing something dreadful--and cold. My it's cold!"

ROB

"Yes, we nearly got lost in a snowdrift!"

(He gives the brown paper sack that he is carrying to the manager who is seated by a small table)

"There you are, sir. Best we could get."

All the actors gather round hungrily. Even the breast-beater loses his dignity to his clamoring appetite.

JIM

"Hunk of bologna and an old loaf of bread."

JOSEPH

"Alas! Alas!"

PAT

"Sure now, and it does look good." (then to the shivering Molly who is shaking off the snow and stamping her feet, etc.)
"Molly, you poor little orphan, you're shaking."

Molly takes off her cheap little fur piece, brushes the snow from it very carefully and lovingly.

MOLLY
(indicating the fur piece)
"It's not so big, but I'm grateful to all of you for giving it to me. It kept my neck warm anyway."

CLOSE VIEW of Jim who is slicing bread and bologna and giving it out to the company. He takes the opportunity, when the other members are not looking, of quickly cutting off an extra piece of bologna and slipping it into his pocket.

JIM

(to Rob --giving him a share of the food)
"You'd better take this in to Claire and Maggie."

Rob picks up the portion, goes to the door leading to an adjoining room and knocks.

We go to the adjoining room. Claire, a beautiful young woman with only two things on her mind - - men and herself, is wearing a dressing gown which is partly open, displaying a pleasant outline. On one side of the little room is a cheap bed upon which Maggie is stretched. Maggie is a middle-aged and rather tough looking individual. She is the character woman of the company. There is a half empty whiskey bottle by the side of the bed --- Maggie appears to be sleeping it off.

CLAIRE

(in a sugary voice)
"Come in-n-n-n-n."

Rob enters carrying his provisions.

Rob

"Well, this isn't much of a Christmas dinner, but it's the best we could afford ---bread and bologna."

CLAIRE

(taking the food)
"Oh Robby , I'm that hungry I could eat most anything."
(as she takes the food she touches his hand)

"Oh Robby dear your hands are so cold."
(She warms them in hers)

(Rob turns toward Maggie, but Claire stops him.)

"She's out---barrelhouse whiskey."

Rob turns back to Claire whose dressing gown is falling apart somewhat---she makes no effort to close it.

CLAIRE

(gushes coyly)
"Oh if I had known how things were with this company ---goodness me!"

(Rob gazes at her, fascinated by her beauty and warmed by her nearness)
"It was so sweet of you to think of me."

ROB

"Gee, Miss Claire, we're all awfully glad you joined the company. You know, I'm new here myself."

CLAIRE

"Well, it was just an accident of fate, I was doing so well with Charles-er-Mr. Moultry's company - but it was difficult you know, his wife was so jealous. A sweet woman, but so old, rahlly too old to play the parts she was playing - but she has the money."

(Claire is full of broad A's. Really is rahlly to her until she forgets herself and comes out with her own natural common voice)

"Why do you know I never played a scene with that woman but that she tried to grab my act every time. Jealousy!"

(She is still near to Rob and looking at him with come-on eyes.)

"Jealousy is a terrible thing Robby, it just got so I had to give my notice. You should have seen Charles-er-Mr. Moultry's face when I gave my notice!---and John, that's the juvenile--the most beautiful eyes--he just wept!----and Mr. Williams, he was the leading man, he just spoke right out and said "Why Claire, how can you do this to me." Mr Graham, the heavy--- marvelous too, he says "Claire, I can never play those scenes with anyone like I play them with you." It just broke my heart to leave them--they all saw me off to the stage-coach---such sweet boys! Charles adored me so, but he was so earthy!"

ROB

"Jim says you are the most beautiful leading woman he has ever had."

CLAIRE

(With false modesty)

"So, so sweet of you to tell me that."

(Sadly sweet)

"But I am afraid Rob, that Jim is very earthy too! You know my mother--my dear dear mother, she was so sweet--she was always saying --do I bore you Rob?---that I look just like Beatrice. You know

CLAIRE (cont)

Beatrice was the pure inspiration of Dante, the great poet of France - or was it Italy?--anyhow he wrote the most divine plays!"

(Rob opens his mouth to speak, but she gushes on)

"She was his inspiration through all his life---like an angel!"
(Impetuously)

"Robby, take a teen-weeny piece of my bologna"

(Rob takes a piece of the sausage as he looks at her with swimming eyes full of admiration.)

ROB

"You should play Beatrice--you could inspire anyone!"

(She is still holding his hand and is pressing close against him)
(She draws him toward the window)

CLAIRE

"Oh look at the snow--the pure white snow --I think---Do I bore You, Rob?

FLASH BACK to the other room and see Molly who is much worried as she impatiently glances toward the door. At last she calls:

MOLLY

"Rob, your dinner's waiting for you."

FLASH to Rob and Claire.

Rob

"All right, I'm coming." (he turns back to Claire) "I'll see you in the morning."

CLAIRE

"Yes, in the morning."

ROB

(in a hushed voice)
"Goodnight."

Rob exits from the room. Maggie turns over rather groggily reaching for the whiskey bottle as she mutters:

MAGGIE

"Why you cradle-snatcher. Can't you let any of them alone?"

CLAIRE

(The man having gone she resumes her natural voice)

"For Pete's sake, I thought you were dead to the world!"

FLASH to adjoining room. Rob is sitting at the small table, and beginning to eat his bread and bologna that Molly has placed before him. As he eats we see Molly looking at him with affection.

MOLLY

(We see that she has not as yet eaten any of her food)

"I waited for you."

There is heard a scratching and a meow at the hall door. Pat, who is near the door, gets up and opens it. In stalks a hungry looking little cat who has evidently smelled the meat. It walks directly to the table where Molly still has some of her bologna.

MOLLY

"Hello, kitty!"

PAT

"It's Mrs. Perkins' kitten. If it's hungry it sure came to the wrong place."

MOLLY

"Well, she is going to have a little of my bologna anyhow."

During the following scene we show Molly giving little bits of her food to the cat.

JOSEPH

(disgustedly)
"What a Christmas! Reminds me of that fresh young Dicken's tale of Wardle's Christmas party with Pickwick. 'Six barrels of oysters!' Umm-mm! 'A whole side of roast beef and yorkshire pudding!'"

PICKLES

(taking up the story)
"'A punch bowl big as a washtub - roasted apples sizzling and bubbling in the punch!'"

The whole company has now been inflamed by remembrances of this wonderful feast, and eagerly join in the tale flashing their lines with gusto.

ROB

"'A blazing fireplace big enough to drive a cab in - dancing and laughter.'"

PAT

(his face aglow)
"'Roast pigs with apples in their mouths!'"

Joseph

"'Mince pies burning with brandy' - ahh -"

OMNI

"Ohh - Ah - ooh - umm-mm"

PICKLES

(holding up the unedible remnant of sausage and looking at it)
"Bologna!"

PAT

"And we with not even the price of a drink among us." (then disgustedly) "One jug of ginger beer."

ROB

"And remember how everyone scrambled under the mistletoe - getting kissed - What a party!"

Maggie followed by Claire enters as though to find what all the excitement is about. Molly gets up impetuously carefully putting her precious fur piece on the arm of the chair.

MOLLY

"We haven't the punch and we haven't the oysters - or all that food - we haven't the mistletoe, but I have some kisses for you--for all my foster fathers."(She starts around the circled group and gives each a hug and a kiss saying) "Merry Christmas, anyhow."

The manager's voice is heard over this scene with a note of hope---

JIM

"Wait till we get to Galena - Cairo - Memphis - New Orleans--Ah, that's a town!"

Molly comes to Maggie who is leaning against the doorway. She embraces her affectionately.

MOLLY
(embracing Maggie)
"Merry Christmas, Maggie!"

MAGGIE

"Merry Christmas Molly!" (then in an undertone) "I've already had it!"

Shyly Molly embraces Claire.

MOLLY

"Merry Christmas, Miss Claire."

Molly gives Claire a peck on the cheek, turns to Rob and hesitates.

PAT

"What's the matter with Rob?"

MOLLY
(dropping back in her chair, taking her last bit of food)
"Oh, Rob doesn't like kissing."

JOSEPH
(theatrically)
"New Orleans---by the bright sword of Edwin Forrest, that's a town! Why, when I played "Richard" there, I was overwhelmed by the plaudits of the audience - and the ladies! Ah, the ladies! "Richard" will be himself again."

with these lines Joseph delivers a sweeping gesture. His hand strikes the bottle of ginger beer and its contents spill over the fur piece. Molly utters an exclamation, takes up her beloved belonging and wipes it with great care.

JOSEPH

"Oh, sorry, Molly."

MOLLY

"Oh, that's all right."

JOSEPH

"No thought is dearer to we poor players than that expressed by the great poet "Hope springs eternal in the human breast"!" (then with complete simplicity) "And so in our new adventure God bless us every one."

FADE OUT

ANOTHER SCENE. Two or three wagons are going through snow-covered ground over very rough roads. In one of these wagons are the shivering actors--in the others are their baggage and such poor scenery as they possess. Their open wagon is a three-seater. Rob is between Claire and Molly, and the rest of the company occupy the rest of the seats. They are snuggled together getting as much warmth as possible from this contact. Claire seems to be enjoying every minute of it.

ROB

"Twas not on a night like this that in Verona Jessica stole away from her father's house."

MOLLY

(snuggling her fur piece closer about her neck)
"Not on your life. If it had been as cold as this she would have stayed inside."

CLAIRE

"Rahlly, I just love the feeling of the clean, cold wind against my face!"

JOSEPH

"Blow, blow, thou unkind wind. Thou art not as bitter as man's ingratitude."

PAT

"Might be worse. Might be snowing." (FADE OUT) go to (other side of this page --

FLASH TO: Scene in [redacted] Galena Opera House - Through window of this Opera House we see our stars on the stage and a practically empty theater.

Dissolve to:

FADE ON TO SCENE of muddy road--it's raining heavily, and the actors in the wagon are a drenched and disconsolate looking group. The driver turns to them with dialogue to this effect:

DRIVER

"Now you folks--you've got to shell out $8.00 before I go any further."

JIM

"My dear sir, we haven't got $8.00. We'll pay you $3.00 now and the rest when you deliver us."

DRIVER

"Not on your life! I can't wear out my team and wagon for no $3.00, $8.00 or out you go!"

JIM

(protesting)
"But my dear sir--In this rain?"

DRIVER

"$8.00 or out!"

Nothing else left for them to do we see the dispirited bedraggled actors pile out of the wagon--far from any shelter on this lonely road.

JIM

(calling to Rob)
"Come on with me, Rob, we'll find something. It's ten miles to that town, and I know we can't walk it."

DISSOLVE,TO:

Rob and Jim coming with two ox carts plodding up to where the remaining actors were left standing. The actors get into the ox carts.

DRIVER

"Well, we only do about a mile an hour."

---and off they plod through the down-falling rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

Outside of a boardinghouse in a small town in southern Illinois. It is early morning. The actors are cautiously coming out of this house with their grips in their hands. It looks as though they are trying to make a get-a-way. They are interrupted by a large and stern looking woman, the boardinghouse keeper, who comes quickly from around the corner of the house.

BOARDINGHOUSE KEEPER (Mrs. Griggs)

"No, you don't! You're going to stay right here until you pay that board bill."

She is accompanied by her husband, a little pipsqueak, who follows behind her.

JIM
(giving out the old oil)

"Now, Mrs. Griggs, my dear, dear madam, after your marvelous hospitality and your delicious food, we wouldn't dream of defrauding you. Why, my dear madam, our next town is the best show town in Illinois, and we'll send you the money right off. I explained to your husband last night. I thought it was all arranged."

MRS. GRIGGS

"It might have been arranged with him, but it ain't arranged with me, and I'm running this boardinghouse. I'm going to have you all put in the lock-up until you find the money."

FLASH to group of actors as they look from one to the other--some greatly humiliated, others with an expression that seems to say, "I told you so."

MR. GRIGGS
(speaking to his wife)

"Now dearie, sweetie (she looks anything but a dearie or a sweetie) it won't do any good to lock them up."

JIM
(as though suddenly struck with a brilliant idea)

"My dear lady, why not accompany us to the next town! It's a great show town. Why, my other company played to $300 in four days. You could stand right by the box office and take your money as it comes in, except the manager's share, of course. Why, your little board bill would be paid in no time."

MRS. GRIGGS

"Me, Martha Griggs traveling around with show folks!? Not on your life!"

JIM

"Well, Mr. Griggs--he doesn't seem to be very busy. Let him come along."

The perplexed and indignant woman, after some hesitation, agrees to this proposition and the matter is arranged. Mr. Griggs goes along with this company which calls itself the absurd name "The Twilight Revellers".

Perhaps here follow several SHOTS - merely FLASHES - DISSOLVING one from the other - of similar boardinghouses and several other keepers of these places joining the company persuaded by the blarney of the astute manager.

FLASH to a small town in Kentucky on the Ohio River. The time is early summer. We discover a rather large and rough looking shack-like building--a parkhouse--. It is stilted up on piles about two feet above the ground and situated on the bank of the river at the edge of town. In front of it is a group of people. Among this group are various members of the troupe as well as natives of the village. These natives, as a rule, are persistent tobacco chewers and spitters.

JIM
(speaking to Joseph and Pat)

"Doesn't look very inviting, but it's the best we could get. I've known of actors putting cows out of a barn for a theater, but it's the first time I've ever heard of them taking the place of pigs!"

PAT

"You mean it's where the pigs lived?"

JIM

"Well, it's the only place I could find."

JOSEPH

"Pray, what did they do with the swine?"

JIM

"Oh, we've got them fenced in out in the backyard."

A white man passes through this group. He pauses for a time. He is followed by two slaves. The white man is addressed by one of the group:

ONE OF THE GROUP

"What are you doing with them Jom Crows, John?"

WHITE MAN

"Taking them home. Just bought them. Got them cheap - only $1200.

He looks around at the crude handbills stuck on the front of the shack near the door.

WHITE MAN

"By jiminy!--when I get them home, I think I'll come back and see the show."

FAT

"Slaves--the poor people. For the love of Mike, it's as bad as being an actor."

This and the following slave episode as we see it is only an episode of the things that these people take in their stride.

FLASH to the inside of the building. At one end is set up the cheap scenery which the troupe has carried around with them or picked up on the way--a faded and worn backdrop and other scenery characteristic of this kind of a barn-storming company.

We then FLASH to Maggie, the old character lady, who is trying out the accoustics. She is standing on the make-shift platform that has just been built. The violinist is sitting below the platform putting a new string on his violin.

MAGGIE
(trying the accoustics)

"Ah..ah..ah. By Gad! Listen to that echo. I've played in many a dump, but this is the limit.

VIOLINIST

"We all worked hard enough cleaning it up."

MAGGIE

"Maybe you did--(sniffing the air)--but it still smells piggy."

FLASH to the front of the newly-converted theater and three somber looking individuals come on and join the group. They are boardinghouse keepers - they have followed the troupe from town to town hoping to collect their board money. The manager speaks to them with a corny hopeful attitude:

JIM

"Well, gentlemen, not much of a theater, but there's great interest in this town. I think you're all going to get some of your coin here. You'll all have to take your turn though---and the next town, boys, that's sure fire."

Lines from the melancholic collectors to the effect:

"Well, we hope so." "It's about time," etc.

Standing by the side of diminutive Griggs is a tall, thin melancholy chap (Mr. Snipes)--another of the boardinghouse keepers.

JIM

(taking Mr. Snipes and Mr. Griggs aside--in a whispered voice)
"You trust me. I'll take care of you at the box office."

GRIGGS AND SNIPES

(in unison)
"All right."

JIM

"You'd better hurry and get your supper so you'll have time to get into your makeup.

"We see that they have both been hit by the lure of the stage.

GRIGGS

"I'm going to put on a pip tonight."

DISSOLVE TO:

Small room adjoining this building--a combination feed and tool house which the actors are using as a dressing room. It has an old blanket down the middle that divides the ladies dressing room from the men's. Here on one side of the blanket is Rob arranging his make-up, etc. He is quite ambitious, and we discover him studying the part of Romeo hoping to get a chance at this part in some future performance.

FLASH to Molly at an improvised make-up table before a cheap mirror. Claire enters on the ladies' side of the dressing room.

CLAIRE

(looking scornfully around the place--then speaks to Molly)
"A pig-house! How revolting! If Charles--Mr. Moultrie could see me now!--and that smooth-talking James--he promised I would have an adequate cast for my Juliet--Adequate Indeed!--and--and now this (with a gesture grandiloquent)--Claire Lamont performing in the former abode of swine!"

MOLLY

(answering hopefully)
"I think we've got a lot of talent in this company."

CLAIRE

"Well, while there's life there's hope--but just to think - in Memphis only last year they said my Juliet was equal to Fanny Kimball,"

She saunters to the end of the blanket-curtain and looks in at Rob. He returns the glance with great admiration.

CLAIRE
(noticing the play Rob is studying)
"Ah--'Romeo and Juliet',"

ROB
(quietly but with great enthusiasm)
"It would surely be an inspiration to anyone to play Romeo to your Juliet,"

(FLASH to Molly and see that she is deeply distressed.

FLASH BACK AGAIN to Claire and Rob.

CLAIRE
(with great warmth)
"Oh, that's so, so sweet of you," (coming close to him) "Why not have a rehearsal some night after the show?"

ROB
(eagerly)
"Oh, that would be great. Any time."

CLAIRE

"We'll do that--s-o-o-n." (then with a sudden start) "Oh dear, I rahlly must go back to the house now and get my little things." (she puts her hand caressingly on his shoulder, lets it drop against his throat) "See you later, Robby." (exits)

After a pause Rob, studying the play, softly reads some of the lines from the famous balcony scene. As he does this, he is looking dreamily off toward the door Claire had just passed through. On the other side of the blanket Molly is fixing her stockings, arranging her dress, etc. It is a short skirt-the soubrette type.

Now, Rob reads the part of Romeo from the balcony scene showing by his attitude that he is reading it to Claire who has just left.

Molly, on the other side, cues him back by reading Juliet's lines. She reads these lines with a sincere tenderness looking in the direction of Rob. We believe this gives an opportunity to play a tender love scene without an unusually large field of corn.

How much of this scene will be played shall be left for further consideration. Any part of it, of course, can be cut by having Rob or Molly say something to the effect, "Oh, I love these lines--I think this is the most beautiful part of the whole scene--" etc. In this way we can use only the most effective speeches and as much of the scene as is desired.

ROB

(in wild enthusiasm)
"Jehosafat, jumping Christmas!"

MOLLY

"What's the matter, Rob?"

ROB

"This Romeo and Juliet! What love stuff!"

MOLLY

"I have rehearsed Juliet often. You know something? She was exactly the same age as I am."

ROB

(reading aloud)
"Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear. That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,-"

MOLLY

(with swift and passionate intensity answers with Juliet's lines)
"'O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon, That monthly changes in her circled orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.'"

ROB

"'If my heart's dear love -'"

MOLLY

"'Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract to-night: It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night! This bud of love, by summers' ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest Come to thy heart as that within my breast!'"

ROB

"'O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?'"

MOLLY

"'What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?'"

ROB

"'The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.'"

MOLLY

"'I gave thee mine before thou didst request it; and yet I would it were to give again.'"

ROB

"'Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

MOLLY

"'But to be frank, and give it thee again. And yet I wish but for the thing I have; My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep; the more I give to thee, The more I have, for both are infinite. I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!'"

ROB

"Oh, that's where the nurse comes in." (he turns the page of the script) "Oh, this is great, this part here. 'It is my soul that calls upon my name: How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, Like softest music to attending ears!'"

MOLLY

"'Romeo'"

ROB

"'My dear?'"

MOLLY

"'At what o'clock to-morrow Shall I send to thee?'"

ROB

"'At the hour of nine.'"

MOLLY

"'I will not fail: 'Tis twenty years till then. I have forgot why I did call thee back.'"

ROB

"'Let me stand here till thou remember it.'"

MOLLY

"'I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, Remembering how I love thy company.'"

ROB

"'And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget, Forgetting any other home but this.'"

MOLLY

"'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone; And yet no farther than a wanton's bird, Who lets it hop a little from her hand, Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, And with a silk thread plucks it back again, so loving-jealous of his liberty.'"

ROB

"'I would I were thy bird.'"

MOLLY

"'Sweet, so would I: Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. Goodnight, goodnight! parting is such sweet sorrow That I shall say goodnight till it be morrow!"

At this point of the play Claire enters.

CLAIRE

"Oh, rehearsing the balcony scene. Robby, <u>you</u> were good." (turning to Molly) "But, dear child, this is the way these lines should be read." (she reads with the theatric emphasis of the seasoned trouper, looking meaningly at Rob while speaking the lines - "Sweet, so would I: Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. Goodnight, goodnight! parting is such sweet sorrow That I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.'"

ROB

"Say, that's marvelous!"

CLAIRE

"Thankyou, Bobby." (she takes him by the arm) "Let's go out on the stage and go through that scene where you bring me the message--I want to show you--------"

They go off ignoring Molly. Molly looks off after them and then droops into a chair, a pathetic picture of crushed young love. She takes out a handkerchief, but does not use it, but lets her tears flow uninterrupted. After a time she drops down on her knees and listlessly opens her trunk. Maggie enters rapidly.

MAGGIE

"That lobster!--trying to tell me how to read my lines! I have to listen to more malarky in this troupe!" (she stops in the midst of her sentence) "What's the matter with our baby genius?" (she sees the child fondling the momentos of her father) "Oh, excuse me, I see, its Dad."

Molly is glad to have Maggie not discover the real cause of her tears.

MAGGIE

"Say, I saw him in Julius Ceasar. He was great."

MOLLY

"This was his toga - he wore it in his big scene." (she picks up an old worn costume lovingly) "This was his make-up box." (we show a box with a few valueless trinkets) "-and this was his rabbits foot."

MAGGIE

"Say, you got something there. This company certainly needs luck."

MOLLY

"This is the shield he used."

MAGGIE
(casually lifting it, and discovering it is very heavy)
"Jeepers, it sure is heavy."

MOLLY

"Yes, he wouldn't use papier mache. He always wanted things to be real. He had a blacksmith make this of iron."

MAGGIE
(taking out her flask and drawing on it mutters to herself)
"Need something in this dump! It certainly stinks."

MOLLY

"It's the pigs."

MAGGIE

"As I was telling you last night, don't you ever follow my example. You just do what I tell you to do--not what I do do, and you'll be all right. You're getting to be a big girl, Molly and kinda pretty too---I've seen the way the men are looking at you now. My own opinion ain't none of them any good." (she looks down at her dress) "Tch tch, just look at that dress. You can't go through these so-called streets without some old Kaintuck spitting tobacco juice on you. They are the chewingest, spittingest bunch I've ever met up with."

MOLLY

"Oh, I must go, it's time for the curtain, and I open the show."

MAGGIE
(as Molly exits)
"Wow 'em, baby, wow 'em!"

SCENE CHANGES to riverhouse bar.--typical barroom of the day. Jim and Joseph enter rapidly.

JIM
(to bar tender)
"Whiskey, Bill."

The bartender puts a bottle of whiskey on the bar and two large glasses. He puts four fingers against the glasses as a measurement and pours accordingly practically filling filling the glasses.

JIM

"Just time for a quick one."

As they drink the bartender leans over with an air of great importance.

BARTENDER

"Do you know who those two men are?"

He indicates the dimly lit end of the barroom where two distinguished looking men are talking, leaning against the bar.

JIM

"Ha, Who?"

BARTENDER

"None other than"(with important emphasis)"Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay!"

Joseph is very much impressed by this.

JOSEPH

"No! Really? Here, in this place?"

BARTENDER

"Just passing through. Just stopped off while passing through."

FLASH TO end of bar.

WEBSTER

(holding forth in his great voice)
"Yes sir, Mr. Clay, I will say one thing for your fair state - some of the most beautiful country the eye of man has ever beheld."

CLAY

"Praise from you Sir, is praise indeed."

WEBSTER

"I have often wanted to visit this part of our country. Really no one knows I am here - an old trick of mine. I often get away from the affairs of state--disappear on my own, as it were." (he gives a meanful chuckle)

CLAY

"Most excellent idea, Mr. Webster."

WEBSTER

"I repeat, most beautiful country, beautiful."

At this an elderly man leans over the bar nearby, his eyes have a fanatical gleam as he speaks to the two gentlemen.

MAN

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, if you will forgive this intrusion - I

MAN (cont'd)

"am a Kentuckian myself. The scenery may be beautiful, but the state itself has no claim to Praise until the institution of slavery is wiped out. This disgrace to mankind! The keeping of human beings in bondage - as though they were beasts! While we are standing here, outrages are going on against these poor souls - that would bring the blush of shame to any decent man!"

WEBSTER

"Hear! Hear!"

CLAY

"The slavery question is a very serious one."

MAN

"If it isn't settled soon blood will be upon us all--blood! blood!--I say!"

FLASH to Jim and Joseph.

JOSEPH

"Words of truth are being spoken! Hear!"

JIM

"Let's get back to the theater - I mean the pig house. Don't you get mixed up in this. It's dangerous business."

He leaves Joseph to pay for the drinks. Joseph then exits rapidly following Jim as we hear the voice of Webster -

WEBSTER

"North and South--they are both to blame. The North sold them and the South bought them."

The voice fades over the lines - "Gentlemen, here's to a peaceful solution of the entire matter."

SCENE CHANGES to the wings of the improvised stage. Claire is standing with Rob by her side in an attitude of great attention. Molly enters, takes in the scene and assumes an air of indifference. Pat who is also standing in the wings-

PAT

"You're on Molly. Do your stuff."

MOLLY
(with determination)
"Oh, I will, I will."

In front of the slightly raised platform which the troupe had built is a solitary violinist. Molly goes out on the stage.

MOLLY

"Hello, people! Ain't it a wonderful world!" (she then gives her infectuous laugh which receives a hardy response as she is sprinkling sand on the floor. She does a neat little dance routine to the accompaniment of the fiddle.

FLASH to audience. The majority of the men are in shirtsleeves. Some of those in the back rows are sitting on the backs of the chairs with their feet on the seats. Some of the rougher ones are spitting tobacco at the knots and holes in the plank walls and the side and back. These people take great pride in the accuracy of their aim.

FLASH BACK to Molly's dance. As she is finishing the routine there is a great applause from the audience. She comes off not failing to assume an attitude of triumph as she passes Rob and Claire.

PAT

"Sure, that was fine, Molly. Now when you're doing your song, don't forget the old smaltz."

Molly goes back on the stage, and gives a signal to the violinist and begins to sing 'Home Sweet Home'. She sings a phrase of this and has the audience enraptured.

FLASH to the pigs squealing and working at the fence rails. They have been penned up away from their home and are anxious to get back. They succeed in breaking through the fence rails, and rush pell mell back to their home.

FLASH to Molly singing 'Home Sweet Home' with great sincerity and tenderness. Suddenly we hear the terrific grunting and squealing of the pigs trying to get into the hall--pushing at the boards under the stage. Through an improvised trap-door several of the larger porkers manage to get upon the stage.

SCENE of the actors with brooms, props, etc., of various kinds trying to get them back down through the trap-door. There is an uproar of merriment and derisive shouting from the audience. Molly makes a brave attempt to carry on but

but finds it hopeless. The pigs are all around her. She turns to shoo off one that has come up sniffing around her feet, as she turns she sees Claire in the wings rocking with laughter. Molly turns from the performers and in the general melee runs off stage. She goes to Claire and in high indignation gives Claire a vigorous shake as she cries out

MOLLY

"Oh, You! You - You just stand there laughing - You're just a great help aren't you!?"

CLAIRE
(she has laughed until she is now quite limp. Then between laughs)

"Oh, HOH HO - Rahlly, I couldn't help it, you looked so funny out there - - with all those pigs milling around you - HOH HO!"

MOLLY
(stamping her foot in fury)

"Funny! Funny! You wouldn't think it was so funny if it happened to you!"

FLASH to Molly being consoled by the Irishman, Pat, as she weeps in angry indignation.

PAT

"It might have been worse, Molly, they might have bitten you. Your song was a great success 'No place like home'. See?--even the pigs thought so."

SCENE CHANGES. We now go to a dimly lit woods. From around a white-barked sycamore tree appear two figures. A middle-aged negro man of small build and a child of twelve or thirteen. Their attitude is one of terror and extreme caution. We hear in the distance the baying of bloodhounds and the mournful sound of a horn. The man and child, creeping and crawling, go out of the scene.

FLASH to another part of the woods and see the slave-hunters with their bloodhounds. The men are armed and present a foreboding aspect as they go out through the scene.

FLASH to the two fugitives moving stealthily through the trees.

FLASH to the improvised theater. Molly is on the stage doing a scene from Dicken's 'Old Curiosity Shop'. She is playing the part of the Marchioness.

FLASH again to the woods. A shallow stream of water. We see the two fugitives come to the stream. They start across, pause in the middle and wade up stream in an effort to wipe out the scent from the dogs.

ANOTHER FLASH of the hunters.

FLASH back to the stage where the members of the company are doing a scene from Spartacus - the story of the run-away slave of ancient Rome. This play engages all the members of the company except Molly.

SCENE CHANGES to Molly's dressing room. She is entering. Molly goes to her make-shift dressing table and begins to take off her makeup. We hear the murmur of the actors' voices next door.

SCENE EXTERIOR of dressing room. The fugitive slaves enter. We see they are near exhaustion. There is an old rain barrel by the side of the entrance. They drop down crouching behind this barrel.

FLASH to stage and show scene of 'Spartacus'. We hear the actor's voice rising to a climax--

JOSEPH

(playing Spartacus)
"Noble Romans! Hear my voice!"

Show a section of the stage where three figures are standing together with their backs toward the audience. The three figures turn in unison and face Spartacus. Two of them are the boardinghouse keepers Griggs and Snipes who look anything but noble in their Roman costumes.
FLASH back to two fugitive slaves.

JOSEPH

(still reading Spartacus)
"You Romans that are with me know the taste of freedom, but you, slaves of Compagnia, are you fond of your chains of slavery? I, Spartacus, speak to you. Throw off your chains! We offer you freedom.'"

OTHER VOICES

"Freedom, yes, freedom - for all!"

JOSEPH

(As Spartacus)
"We will break your shackles, and you shall know freedom - freedom!"

CLOSE VIEW of the old negro through this speech of Spartacus'. We observe in his weary face, half insane through his terror, that he hears this message and applies it to his own situation. He sees the nearby doorway and moves toward it.

FLASH to Molly alone in the dressingroom. She hears a fumbling at the door accompanied by an animal sort of a moan. Molly turns, looks toward the door, goes to it and opens it. We see the two fugitive slaves trembling on the doorstep. They look at Molly beseechingly and call with terror stricken voices:

SLAVE

"Missy, help us - Missy - Missy - They will kill us, help us -"

MOLLY

"Who are you, what's the matter?"

SLAVE

"They beat us most to death. We slaves, Missy, we trying to get away. Don' let 'em catch us, Missy, please don' let 'em."

Through this scene we hear dimly the voices of the actors in the play, and at times the plaintive accompaniment of the fiddle. There is an old high trunk at one side of the dressingroom. Molly looks around bewilderedly, and then looks again at the two pathetic negros. She comes to a decision, and motions to the slaves to secrete themselves behind the trunk. As the two are scrambling to this position, Rob enters and stands transfixed watching as Molly throws a blanket over the trunk thus hiding the two.

ROB

(questioningly)
"Molly!?"

MOLLY

(in hushed tones)
"They are running away - they're slaves. They've been whipped! They have welts all over them! Maybe we can help them across the river."

ROB

"Molly, you can't do such a thing! It's a terrible penalty in this country to rescue slaves. They are property! Why in some places it's a death penalty --"

MOLLY

(with determination)
"I don't care what it is. Nobody is going to catch them if I can help it!"

We feel that Rob not only admires her, but agrees with her.

FLASH to the 4 ave hunters with their dogs. They are approaching the shallow stream of water where the slaves crossed. The dogs come directly accross, but we show they have lost the scent. They run up and down the banks of the stream, then cross back to the side from whence they had come. We know that the slave's trick had caused them to momentarily loose the scent.

VIEW CHANGES to the river bank of the Ohio on the Kentucky side. We see a rough homemade barge which the actors have procured to transport the company down the Ohio, playing the river towns. In the center of this barge are standing upright several fair size pieces of scenery. Later they will use this scenery for sails when the barge reaches quiet waters.

After a VIEW of our various characters on the barge which includes Driggs and Snipes crouched over a piece of sheet iron upon which a fire is blazing. They are busily cooking bacon attached to ends of sticks holding them over the fire. We come to Rob who is in charge of the tiller. Molly comes on hurriedly with a business-like manner. She and Rob hold a short whispered conversation which we do not hear. At one side several of the actors are preparing to cast off the ropes by which the little barge had been moored to the dock. In the moonlight we see Molly come to the end of the barge--she is humming a dance tune. There is a coil of rope at the very end of the barge--one end of which is attached to the barge. As Molly hums she begins to dance as though rehearsing. As she dances she glances around with a pretence of unconcern. Then as a part of the dance step, with a little side movement of her foot, she manages to kick off the short coil of rope so it falls into the water.

FLASH down into the water and see a black hand seize the rope. We then discover the two fugitive slaves holding tightly to the rope.

The business of casting off is finished, and the barge starts floating down stream.

FLASH to Molly. She gives a casual glance down into the water. Her attitude is one of satisfaction as she continues her dance in a light and casual manner over to Rob who is holding the tiller.

MOLLY

"Rob, that's a good step!--did you notice? Just made it up. Did you like it?"

ROB

"It's a good step, all right!" (in a changed hushed voice) "I'm afraid it's a better step than the one we're making."

MOLLY

"Everything will be all right. They say it's the first cove around the bend."

ROB

(doubtfully)
"Yes, of course, that's where the swiftest currents flow. That might be enough excuse."

MOLLY

"Exactly. We have to keep in the current."

We perceive that the barge instead of heading directly down the stream, is bearing toward the northern shore.

DISSOLVE TO:

Small wharf where the barge had been moored. There are several rowboats attached to this wharf. The slave-hunters following the bloodhounds who have finally picked up the scent advance rapidly--look up and down the river--and the leader begins pulling close to the wharf one of the larger rowboats. The group piles in.

FLASH to the floating barge--

FLASH BACK again to the pursuers peering from side to side in search of the fugitives.

FLASH to barge--

FLASH BACK to pursuers.

FLASH to northern shore of the river. There is a swift current. DISCLOSE a small cove--there are sheltering trees and heavy brush.

VIEW of the barge coming into the cove. We see that all the actors are resting or sleeping. Only Rob and Molly are standing by the tiller. Then from the shore in the parted underbrush there is a short flash of light. This flash is repeated. It is a lantern being raised up and down rapidly as a signal.

FLASH to man-hunters approaching from around the bend in the river.

FLASH to slaves as they let go of the rope and rise up out of the water.

FLASH to man-hunters--one of the men in the boat shouts - "There they go--now!"

FLASH to the shore--several figures of the underground meet the two slaves and disappear with them.

FLASH to the boat in pursuit. A voice cries out -"Dang it! There goes a thousand dollars!" then "It was those no-good, low-down show folks that did it!" Another voice--"We'll fix them." The boat goes out of the scene.

FLASH to the barge floating along. CROSS VIEW of end of barge and rope floating behind it. The pursuing boat is over-taking them. The leader of the man-hunters shouts--"They were holding onto that rope-" raises his gun "You run that barge to shore. You're under arrest!" The other men in the boat raise their guns threateningly and we see the barge moving toward the north shore.

DISSOLVE TO:

Small courtroom. On one side of the judges stand is the Prosecuting attorney--an agressive and disagreeable character. By his side are grouped the members of the slave-hunters. The Prosecuting attorney speaks to this effect:

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

"We accuse these people of transporting property not their own. We all know what the penalty is and we ask that this severe punishment be meeted out to them.

FLASH to a few of the frightened actors in the courtroom.

FLASH to a view of a tall figure whose back is to the camera and whose face we do not see. He speaks to this effect:

DEFENSE

"Your Honor, these officers of the law claim that these two young people--one of them at least--threw a rope that was attached to the barge to the two fugitives thus conspiring against the law to help these two slaves make their escape. Now, your Honor, I contend that there is not the slightest proof that any of these people threw that rope. If the rope had fallen overboard and if someone happened to be in the river at the same time, naturally, if they saw it, they could have seized it. Will the young lady here, one of the principal suspects, kindly come forward?"

FLASH to Molly who is seated between Maggie and Joseph. She is naturally quite perturbed at this mess she has got herself and the whole company into.

MAGGIE

(whispering)
"Go on, Molly, don't be scared. We're all with you."

Molly advances to the position before the court.

DEFENSE

"Now, young lady, you have told the court before that you did not pick up the rope and toss it overboard."

MOLLY

(very much frightened but fighting hard for control)
"No, sir, I didn't pick it up."

DEFENSE

"Well, you don't deny that you might have kicked the rope off accidentally?"

MOLLY

"Well - I - no, sir."

DEFENSE

"You are a dancer?"

MOLLY

"Yes, sir."

DEFENSE

"--and in your youthful exuberance were merely practising a dance-step to be used on the stage?"

MOLLY

"Yes, sir."

DEFENSE

"Your Honor, may I ask the young lady to show us how she was dancing?"

JUDGE

"Request granted."

MOLLY

"Well, this is the step."

While the audience looks on with great gravity she does the

dance she did on the barge with the little side kick.

FLASH of Rob who naturally is very much troubled and worried over the situation.

DEFENSE

"Your Honor, it seems after viewing this dance, that she might inadvertently kicked the rope off. If she did, it seems quite obvious it was merely an accident. Certainly never in the world could it be called a conspiracy to defeat the law. I resent the prosecutions attempts to treat these people with scorn because they are actors. Not only this young lady, but every member of this little company deserve our appreciation and our gratitude. Their profession is the honored one of thespis which has brought pleasure and culture to civilization through hundreds upon hundreds of years. Among the plays this little group brings to us are the works of Shakespeare--the immortal bard. They have brought even to Illinois delight and culture--and the Lord knows we need all the culture we can get. Your Honor, I feel sure you will not allow these people to be further persecuted."

PROSECUTION

"Your Honor, I object to all this. It has nothing to do with the case."

DEFENSE

"It most certainly does have a bearing on the case. It is perfectly admissible to bring out the fact that this young lady and the other members of the company are people of excellent character. Young lady, in our conversations you stated that you are studying roles from Shakespeare. Your Honor, just as a proof that this is an honorable company and not to be treated like criminals, I should like to ask the young lady to give us a few lines from Shakespeare."

JUDGE

"Most unusual - but - granted."

The worried Molly is searching desperately for a good answer to this opportunity. Suddenly a smart idea occurs to her.

MOLLY

"Well, there are some very beautiful lines from "The Merchant of Venice"--Portia's speech--it is also a courtroom scene. 'The quality of Mercy is not strained It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven. It is twice blessed, It blesseth him who gives and him who takes. It is mightiest in the mighty. It becomes the throned Monarch better than his crown.'"

FLASH to a view of the judge and see for the first time a rather knowing smile as he glances toward the Council for Defense.

DISSOLVE TO:

General scene of the courtroom, then return to the Judge.

JUDGE

"I find the evidence is not sufficient to detain these people." (looking toward the group of actors) "So you are all free to go about your business."

There is a movement of relief among the actors as Maggie fervently embraces Molly and Molly herself is almost hysterical with relief.

MAGGIE

(to the defense lawyer whose face we now see for the first time) "Indeed we all thank you from the bottom of our hearts. It was such a beautiful plea you made, Mr. Lincoln."

MOLLY

"We certainly do thank you, Mr. Lincoln, indeed we do."

PAT

"Yes, sir, we are most grateful. Pardon me, but it's your first name I didn't catch---"

DEFENSE

"Well, most folks around here just call me 'Old Abe'."

After trial scene - after Lincoln defends them VIEW CHANGES to outside the courtroom as the actors are emerging, and with

them the somber group of boardinghouse keepers. One of them seizes the manager by the arm.

FIRST MAN

"Look here you, we are tired of this monkey business--shell out what you have got."

JIM

"Now don't get rough. You know I am an honest man. We have had hard luck, but the next towns are real show towns! You'll get your money."

SECOND MAN

"Well, I'm tired of running around with a lot of show folks getting nothing for it but cheap board."

FIRST MAN

"So am I, I want to go home. I was going to get married!"

Griggs and Snipes are standing together listening to these two--and at the 'married' they both look askance.

GRIGGS

(meekly)
"I'm not so anxious to go home."

SNIPES

"Me neither."

JIM

"That's fine. You both come right along." (he turns to the other two) "I'll give you each five dollars to get home on, but honest, that's all I can spare. Like I said, when we hit the good towns I'll send you the rest--You know me!"

He displays the money and the two evidently thinking it's better than nothing, accept it and do a mournful exit as the manager, followed by the two stage-struck bonifaces, goes off.

VIEW CHANGES--We come again to the barge. It is gaily sailing on its way. Rob and the manager are setting the scenery as a sail, and the breeze is helping to blow them on to their destination. In one corner is the lone fiddler sawing out a lively air "Old Dan Tucker", or one of the sprightly jigs of the day. The whole company seems bright and cheerful and

a hopeful atmosphere pervades. They pass other boats as they go their way. Rob and Pat, in a spirit of fun, seeing a boat approaching pick up two combat swords and lay on mightily--swords flashing and clanking against each other. Maggie is urging them on.

MAGGIE

"Lay on Macduff, and damned be he who cries-enough!"

The fiddler is going to it lustily--Pat and Molly are jigging with gusto. Claire is posing against a piece of scenery in a Cleopatra-like attitude. On one side of this scenery is a scene supposing to represent the 'Serpent of the Nile'--the other side is painted to represent a pastoral scene in which is a simply dressed peasant girl.

FLASH to the approaching boat upon which is a well dressed crowd who are looking in amazement at the gaiety on the barge.

FIRST VOICE

"What on earth is that?"

SECOND VOICE

"They must all be crazy!"

FLASH to the actors highly enjoying the interest they are creating.

FLASH to Molly who is standing by the pastoral side of the scenery that is being used for a sail. Go to Rob who is just turning the tiller over to one of the other men. He joins Molly.

ROB

"What are you doing? Posing for that sketch?" (indicating the drop)

MOLLY

"It reminds me of Miss Fanny Kimble. Did you see her in "The Country Girl"?"

ROB

"No."

MOLLY

"Well, she was always making excuses to get out of the house to meet her lover in the park, and when her companion insisted that she not go out at this time, she used to stride up and down and say "I will a-walking go, into the park"."

ROB

"I've heard she was marvelous."

MOLLY

"There is a wonderful part in that play for you - the country girl's sweetheart."

ROB

"I've read it. Of course it is only comedy - my part is tragedy."

MOLLY

"Oh there is more to it than just comedy. They have a very tender love scene. He is poor, and her parents try to break up their affair, and she tells him they may lock her up in a dungeon - oh, I remember her reading "But my dear sweet, not even death itself can kill my love for you--it shall live through all eternity"."

We see that Rob is caught by Molly's earnestness and seems to become aware of her beauty and charm, when from the other side of 'scenery sail' we hear Claire's voice calling.

CLAIRE

"Robby---oh R-o-b-b-ee! Where are y-o-u?"

ROB

"Here I am--I'm coming." (turning away from Molly) "I'll see you later, Molly."

He exits. Molly turns away--goes to the edge of the barge by the tiller looking off into the slightly ruffled water of the flowing river.

FLASH to Rob coming on scene to Claire who is posing somewhat resembling that of Cleopatra on the painted backdrop. She is holding an old newspaper in her hand.

CLAIRE

"Look! Mr. Abby picked it up in that last town. It was evidently left by one of the boats traveling north. The Moultrie Company will be playing in Memphis about the same time we get there, and the famous Mrs. Moultrie won't be with them--that jealous old thing!--she's staying in Baltimore with another company. Oh, the Moultrie

Company is a real company! They play only the best plays. This is a wonderful chance for me!"

ROB

"You mean you're going to leave us?"

CLAIRE

"Maybe there might be a place for you, too--I have quite a little influence with Mr. Moultrie."

VIEW CHANGES to makeshift sleeping quarters. Maggie is stretched out with a small piece of baggage for a pillow. By the baggage is a whiskey bottle forming a part of her pillow. Molly comes on cautiously so as not to awaken the sleeping Maggie. Sorrowfully she lays down by Maggie's side pulling the blanket over her looking with stricken eyes into the night. Molly's movements cause Maggie to murmur in her sleep. One hand is raised over her head and drops down upon the neck of the bottle.

VIEW CHANGES to the end of the boat. Claire is snuggling down into a more or less cozy corner and speaks in hushed tones.

CLAIRE

"This rahlly isn't the Palace Hotel, Robby, but it's not so bad - here's a blanket for you."

ROB

"Er - well - my place is up -"

CLAIRE

"Oh, never mind that,--it's much nicer here."

ROB
(lying down not too close to Claire)
"It's a beautiful night. Listen to the water."

CLAIRE

"It's better than music. Remember the old lines - 'Strange, at last we meet - closer, closer to me sweet -'."

We show a distinct view of the barge floating down the moonlit water.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTERIOR Metropolitan Theater, Memphis, Tennessee. (Perhaps a hand bill might be used to denote our location)

DISSOLVE TO:

Dressingroom--Molly is alone at a make-up table. While this theater is small and far from being ornate, it is quite an improvement over the pighouse where we last saw our little company give their performance. (It might be a good idea to have Molly making up for her black-face act) One half of her face is already made up black when Maggie, our character lady, enters hurriedly in excitement, and speaks dialogue to this effect:

MAGGIE

"What d'ya know! Rob's leaving us too!"

MOLLY

"What's that?"

MAGGIE

"You know Claire's leaving with the Moultrie Company. The last minute she must've got Rob a job too. Yes, sir, he had it out with Jim t'night and Jim said he wouldn't stand in his way. They're going off right-a-way."

Molly shows that she is stunned by this blow and (after a pause) runs out of the scene.

VIEW CHANGES to scene in wings. It is between the acts. Rob having finished his part in the show is coming on to the little group--members of the troupe.

JOSEPH

"Well, Rob, the best of luck."

PAT

"That goes for me and all of us!"

ROB

(excitedly)
"Yes, it's a great chance. I am cast now for Count Paris, but after my reading Mr. Moultrie said he is going to give me a try at Mercutio!"

Molly comes on--looks as Rob.

MOLLY

"You really leaving us--Rob?"

ROB

"Yes, I am."

MOLLY

"Were you going off without telling me 'goodbye'?"

ROB

"Of course not. I just got my make-up off."

MOLLY

"I thought you were running off without telling us."

ROB

"No, it just happened tonight. Jiminy! I am that excited! What do you think, Molly!? I am going to get a chance at Maroutia!"

CLAIRE

"That is just the beginning. Ah! Robby--when next you see him--may be playing Romeo for me."

Molly gives her a look such as would singe asbestos--then controls herself.

MOLLY

"Oh, Rob, everybody is going to miss you so! Why--nothing will be the same."

CLAIRE
(with great hauteur)
"Yes, but what an opportunity for Robert. He is now at this moment a member of the great Moultrie Company. Quite a change from the "Twilight Revellers Organization"."

MAGGIE
(having just entered mutters to herself)
"She's worth her weight in applesauce."

MOLLY
(stricken with a sudden thought)
"Oh, Rob, I have something for you. Something for you to remember us all by. You wait right here."

Molly runs off scene. VIEW CHANGES to dressingroom. Molly hurriedly enters--goes over to the old trunk--opens the trunk. We have close view of her Daddy's toga and his shield. She drops on her knees with a sudden shaking sob.

She buries her face in the old toga and uses this to wipe her tears away. Then determinedly controls herself, opens her Daddy's make-up box and takes out a treasured rabbit's foot. She again smooths away the tears, rises and goes to the mirror.

MOLLY
(to her reflection in the mirror)
"Cheese--cheese"
(this automatically puts a smile upon her face)

Molly exits. VIEW CHANGES to the little group of players. She comes on, draws Rob a little aside from the group.

MOLLY

"Rob, I've got something to give you, as I said, to remember us by. It isn't much--well, you know I haven't got much to give--but it's something I've kept all these years and I never thought I would give it to anybody. See?--it's my Daddy's rabbit's foot. He used this when he made up for his greatest part--Julius Ceasar. The end of it has a piece of silver on it--small, but it's silver--and I hope from the bottom of my heart, Rob, that it brings you luck!"
(all this speech with great tenderness)

(Rob takes the poor little gift and cannot help being moved by this act of Molly's)

ROB

"I'll use it, Molly, I promise you, for my make-up as Mercutio."

Molly feels she is about to break into tears.

MOLLY
(determinedly so that a smile will come upon her face and said as to be scarcely audible)
"cheese"---"and after Mercutio, Rob, I hope you get to play Romeo, then Hamlet--and you will play Baltimore and maybe sometime the Chestnut Street Theater in Philadelphia. I would go miles to see you there!"

ROB

"I'm afraid it would have to be a lucky rabbit's foot indeed to fulfill all that--but thankyou, Molly. I wager I'll never use this but what I think of the old "Twilight Revellers"."

MOLLY

"You know, Rob, I've never even used it myself. I've just kept it as

MOLLY (cont'd)

a keepsake to Daddy's memory."

CLAIRE
(interrupting)
"Well, Robby, we had better be going if we expect to catch that boat. Goodbye 'Little Molly',"(with mock sweetness)-"--I wish you success with your 'nigger' act.--Bye, bye everyone, I really hope you all better luck than you have been having!"

Rob takes up his own suitcase and Claire motions for him to take her own. Claire then exits triumphantly with Rob following carrying her suitcase as well as his own.

CHORUS OF VOICES OF TROUPE MEMBERS (ad-lib) "Goodbye!" "Wish you luck!" etc.

JIM

"Hurry up, Molly, you'll be on soon!"

VIEW CHANGES to Molly's dressingroom where she enters hurriedly. She is alone. She goes rapidly to the make-up table and busily begins blackening up the other side of her face while occasionally using small remnants of an old towel to wipe away her tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

Stage-in the small orchestra pit. The one violin has been augmented by two more instruments. Molly comes swirling on--the very picture of youthful happiness and verve.

MOLLY

"Hello, people! Ain't it a great world?!"

She lets out her famous laugh. The audience is caught by her infectuous laughter and responds heartily. All is seemingly sparkle and gaiety. She sings her song.

MOLLY
(singing)
"A southern man--you bet he's a man
He mows down the Alleghenys
He can drink the Mississippi dry
For breakfast twenty-five buffalos
That makes a tastey fry
I'll help him catch a thousand grizzlys
And make the fierce Comanches fly
With just one little try
And I'll help him do it
Because you know I can
All I need is just to find
The right kind of a man.
Laugh, Children, laugh with me
Laugh while you can"

Again she laughs. Molly is now proving herself an actress.

DISSOLVE TO:

Small boardinghouse bedroom. Maggie comes on--in one hand is a bottle of whiskey--she carries a cup in the other. She sits down, splashes a large jolt of the liquor into her cup and takes an awe-inspiring gulp. She gives a contented grunt then hums to herself--

MAGGIE

(humming)
"The devil with all men and then to the devil with them again!"

We hear a heart rending sob. Maggie turns and looks with a startled expression around the room but sees no one. She turns back, takes another swig, starts her humming again--Once again from out of nowhere is heard a sob. It is the kind of sob as though the person giving it was fighting to hold it back but occasionally her emotions get out of control. ~~Maggie listens, looks again around the room, sees no one, starts to take another swig of whiskey, looks suspiciously at the bottle pushing it away from her giving the impression that she thinks she is getting the jitters, then becomes reassured and takes another swig--this time putting the bottle to her mouth.~~ She gets up, takes the bottle with her, stretches out on the bed. As she strikes the bed the sob comes again. Maggie looks around then down--sensing this time where the sound is coming from. She leans over half out of the bed and looks under it.

MAGGIE

"Jumpin' jehosafrat! It's you! What are you doing under there?! What on earth's the matter with you!"

Shame facedly with her black make-up which she had not taken off streaked with tears presenting a most woe-begone figure imaginable, Molly sticks her head out from under the bed.

MOLLY

"I didn't want anybody to see me--I was on the other side of the bed when I heard you coming so I just crawled in under--Don't I look silly?"

Maggie

"You little fool! You certainly do!--Oh, it's that Rob. That good-for-nothing chipmonk! Oh, well, before you die you'll get worse shocks than this, so go on--bawl away and get it out of your system---Goodnight!"

Maggie hists up the bottle--drops back on the bed.

FLASH TO:

EXTERIOR of corner room of a rambling building which has been converted into a boarding house. This room has a separate entrance. Through the window are seen Rob and Claire. Rob is holding his script. FLASH inside--Rob is just finishing reading 'Paris'.

ROB
(with script in hand)
"Oh, I am slain! If thou be merciful, open the tomb, lay me with Juliet'."

CLAIRE

"It's just a wee bit fast, Robby."

ROB

"I get so excited! I guess that's why I read so fast."

CLAIRE

"We all have to learn, Robby. Mr. Moultrie is a great director--(pause--then with a meaning look)--and I'll also help you."

ROB
(looking at Claire with adoration)
"I wish I had the words to tell you how wonderful you are. You know, in that white dress as Juliet--Oh, such etheral beauty--"

Claire who loves any kind of admiration is obsessed with the idea of playing the angelic role with Rob--at least for the moment.

CLAIRE

"That reminds me of my favorite lines--
"So Beatrice went through life
An image of such pure beauty
That all men's hearts were uplifted
---Beholding her!"
(she is crossing the floor acting an angel of light as she does so while reading these lines. She comes to the window. We see blossoming magnolia trees outside and hear from the distance negro voices)

ROB
(joining her at the window)
"A description so like yourself."

CLAIRE

"You darling!"

ROB

"--and the night was filled with music!"

Rather suddenly she turns from the window and looks at the clock. She then slides back to the role she is playing.

CLAIRE

"Oh, Robby darling, look at the time! You must go now--if anyone should see you leaving my room late they would think----"

She looks at him with innocent eyes as though searching for the right words that she can't bring herself to say.

ROB
(with great sincerety)
"I understand---. Until tomorrow. Goodnight."

CLAIRE

"Goodnight, Robby."

Rob exits.

EXTERIOR--Rob comes out into the moonlit southern night, and goes down the path bordered by the magnolia trees in full blossom. His adolescent feet seem hardly to touch the ground--they are as light as his youthful, ecstatic heart. We hear the first phrase of the negro's spiritual which accompanies with music Rob's own emotions.

"My heart is a jumpin'
And I am singing mighty loud
As I drive my chariot to a
Big white cloud"

We see Rob going into the distance--he stops beneath a magnolia tree--the negro voices continue--

"The tulip flowers are blooming
And the lilacs too
Roses seem a singing
I'll go along with you"

This as we come to a close view of Rob. He lifts his arms a gesture that seems to embrace the very sky as the negro voices sing--

"I'll drive my golden chariot
Up to the big white cloud
Then I'll sail on the big white cloud
Right on through the blue"

This rises to a musical climax fitting Rob's attitude. FLASH of the negros in the distance wending their songful way. Rob starts off the scene preserving his same ecstatic manner--stops--looks at a particularly magnificent magnolia blossom hanging low before him. He pauses looking at the blossom then back down the path--breaks off the blossom and starts back from whence he had come.

VIEW CHANGES to scene outside Claire's room. The blinds are now drawn. As Rob lifts his hand and starts to knock on the door, he hears the sound of subdued voices from inside.

MAN'S VOICE

"I told you I would finish that scene tonight, but your face seemed to be on every page--I couldn't do any work--I just had to see you!"

CLAIRE
(in passionate tones)

"Charles, dear dear Charles! I am so glad you came.

MAN'S VOICE

"--and we don't have to worry about my wife now--Baltimore is a long way off."

CLAIRE

"We're not going to worry about anything tonight, Charles. This is our night."

MAN'S VOICE

"Darling, how warm you are."

An exclamation from Claire evidently smothered by a kiss.

Rob moves brokenly away from the doorway. He is stricken as only a romantic boy of his type can be--this being his first real disillusionment.

ANOTHER VIEW--Rob comes on scene--looks ahead of him--steps quickly behind a tree and shrubery.

VIEW CHANGES--rather distant view of Claire's room and path leading to it. A youngish looking actor of the Romeo type jauntily swinging a cane going down the path to Claire's room.

FADE OUT

DISSOLVE TO:

Backstage of new theater in Galveston, Texas. Joseph Castlemain is on stage playing Richard III. He is going to it with great gusto.

JOSEPH
(as Rishard III)

"Lay on, MacDuff; and damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!"

Clashing of swords accompanies music, as we pan swiftly to a small group of actors in the wings at the foot of a staircase. They are still in stage costumes. Pat comes on from up the

stairway not noticing the depressed appearance of the actors.

PAT

"Has the ghost walked yet?"

MAGGIE

"No, and the ghost isn't going to walk."

PAT

"And what's the matter?"

PICKLES

"Jim has skipped out with all the money."

PAT

"No! You're not telling me---"

PICKLES

"But we are telling you!"

MAGGIE
(grief stricken as are all the others)

"Receipts for the whole week--the best week's business since we started out--the skunk."

Molly has been standing in an abject attitude by Maggie's side. Maggie puts her arms around her.

MAGGIE

"Poor lamb." (then continues) "This is one hard-luck town. We with all our troubles--and look at that Moultrie Company--Moultrie got on to that Claire playing around with the leading man and poor Rob--his wife got on to Moultrie and Claire, and the whole company's busted up."

We switch to wings showing stage. Joe is taking a bow and is taking it big. We hear the applause of the audience. Standing in the wings looking out at the stage is a rough looking character--typical of Texas of that day. As Joseph comes off stage this character addresses him: (his name is Bill Swift)

BILL

"Say, Joe, that was great. That's the first real acting I've seen for years."

They shake hands enthusiastically.

JOSEPH

"You really liked it, Bill?"

BILL

"Like it! Why you were marvelous! It was worth that 300 mile ride to see you tread the boards again. Boy! I'd like to play MacDuff with you again! You remember--before I came west I was pretty good! Say, Joe, take this show to San Antone and let me play MacDuff."

This conversation goes on as we follow them over to the group of disconsolate actors.

JOSEPH

"Where's the funeral?"

MAGGIE

"Right here. Jim has skipped out with all the money!"

JOSEPH

"Good Gad! Not really!?"

OMNI

"Yes, it's true" etc.

MAGGIE

"And we are broke - flat as a pancake."

BILL

"Well, that settles it. You've got to come to San Antone. You know, I've cleaned up out here--I'll pay double salaries--and guarantee you a trip back to New Orleans. Boy! I'm just achin' to trod the boards again."

JOSEPH

"But that's three hundred miles away - and what about the Comanches? They tell me that's a dangerous trip."

BILL

"Nonsense! That San Antone trail is as safe as Galveston. The Rangers

BILL (cont'd)

have tended to that and--by God--here's the man that helped them do it!"

VIEW CHANGES to the hills in the Texas grasslands. Around a camp fire in a secluded place are seen a group of Indians - the fierce Comanches. A CLOSE VIEW of the leaders and chieftans. The famous Lone Wolf is holding forth. He is a splendid specimen of manhood. His rugged, pockmarked face suggests the magnificence of the faces chisled on the pyramids of Egypt. He has the dignity of a Roman Emperor. He wears but one feather in his hair. The Comanches did not go in for the feathered head-dress of the other western tribes.

LONE WOLF

"--and my Father went to San Antone - my Father, the greatest of our tribe, and thirty-six of our leaders went with him under a flag of truce. Common soldiers held them all prisoners. They barred the door through which my Father wished to return to his people. Although there were ten to one against him, my Father refused to be held. They fought to be free, and all were slain by these traitors. Their blood stains the white mans fort! Our brother's blood! Tomorrow we strike to wipe out this stain upon our honor!"

OTHERS TAKE UP THE CRY:

"We strike! We strike"

SCENE CHANGES to Galveston Inn--diningroom with bar on other side. Bill and Joseph are just finishing a drink. At one side are two Whitehats (Texas Rangers) in the picturesque costumes. We hear the end of a conversation that has been taking place between the Whitehats, Joseph, and Bill.

FIRST WHITEHAT

(drawling voice)
"Yes, sir, that's none other than Sam Houston himself--the President of the Republic of Texas!"

SECOND WHITEHAT

"Someday Texas will be the greatest nation in the world. France has already honored us."

JOSEPH

(looking toward the table where Houston is eating)
"What a magnificent "Ceasar"!"

FIRST WHITEHAT

"A leetle small for Texas--only 6'6"."

FLASH to a view of the "magnificent" looking Sam Houston called by the Indians "The Raven".

SECOND WHITEHAT

"--and all men. Got enough lead in him to sink a ship."

FIRST WHITEHAT

"When you goin' back to San Antone, Billy?"

BILL

"Pretty soon I reckon. That trail now is quiet as a Quaker's prayer meeting.."

FIRST WHITEHAT

"They've been quiet for a long time, but you can never tell about the Comanches."

SECOND WHITEHAT

"Yes, and it's been rumored that Lone Wolf didn't get killed in that fight five years ago."

FIRST WHITEHAT

"If Lone Wolf is still alive, we will hear from them again one of these days.

BILL

(his natural boldness has not been decreased by the liquor he has taken on)

"Lone Wolf or no Comanche living can keep me from traveling where I blame please! Come on, Joe, let's get started."

As they exit the others call out "goodbyes--Good luck!" etc.

We come to the group of actors gathered on the wide veranda of the hotel. The entire company is assembled. Bill and Joseph come on. Joe is now taking the place of the manager and has assumed the role of leader.

JOSEPH

"Well, children, my good friend here--"(indicating Bill)--"has settled our board account. He is fairly rolling in wealth and he claims if we don't do big business in San Antonio he will pay our way back to New Orleans, and Bill doesn't break his word to anybody."

The juvenile who has taken the place of Rab speaks up.

JUVENILE

"I'm telling you, it's a dangerous trip. You never can tell about the Comanches - when they're going to strike."

JOSIAH

"I am not going to ask anybody to go. If you want to take the chance, it's up to you."

FAT

"I would disgrace the old sod, by being afraid to take a little chance. I'm with you."

MAGGIE

"Bill says I might make enough to get me back to Philadelphia. I'll take a chance on all the Comanches in the Plains for that opportunity."

PICKLES

"I expect the worst, but I'm with you."

VIOLINIST

"By this time next week, I will be sawing my fiddle in San Antone."

Included in the group are the two landlords Griggs and Snipes.

GRIGGS

"I'd as soon face the Comanches as my wife any day."

SNIPES

"Yeah, me too."

MAGGIE
(looking around the group)
"Where is that Molly? I haven't seen her for an hour."

FLASH to a shaded recess by a gate with a path leading off. Molly is standing by the gate. Resting on the gate we see a man's arm. We do not see his face but hear his voice speaking in very subdued tones --

ROB'S VOICE

"All women are alike--she was so beautiful--I can still hardly believe the whole thing. Besides, I hate to come back. I would

ROB'S VOICE (cont'd)

be ashamed to face them all."

MOLLY

(earnestly)

"Why, there's nothing to be ashamed of. They all love you - everybody loves you. Come and meet them anyhow."

FLASH BACK to group on the veranda. Claire enters scene.

CLAIRE

"Well, here is Claire Lamont--back again." (to Joseph) "Is it true dear Joseph, that your leading lady doesn't like the idea of the trip to San Antonio?"

JOSEPH

"She is not the only one."

CLAIRE

"I'll risk a meeting with the Comanches."

JOSEPH

"Good enough! We would certainly like to have you."

CLAIRE

"They do say that a mounted Comanche is about the handsomest thing on horseback since the Crusaders."

ANOTHER ACTOR NEW TO THE GROUP

"Well, I am sorry, but I don't like Comanches. I'm staying here."

JUVENILE

"I am not afraid of Comanches - but I kinda like it here."

BILL

(to Joseph)

"What will you do for a Juvenile?"

JOSEPH

"Oh, I can pick up someone in San Antonio. I can teach anyone to act."

From the side in the back of the little group Molly comes on followed by Rob.

MOLLY

"Look what I found."

MAGGIE

"Well for heaven's sake if it isn't Rob,"

ROB

"Mr. Gentlemain, I overheard what you said about finding a juvenile. Would I do?"

JOSEPH

"You are not afraid of the Comanches?"

ROB

"I'll take the risk."

MAGGIE

(embracing Rob)
"Rob, we're certainly glad to see you again - come right in, the weather's fine.---What are we going to do with Molly?"

MOLLY

"I want to go with you!!"

SCENE - A HILLSIDE - a valley below. Lone Wolf, mounted on a sinewy looking horse gestures down toward the valley. We see sweeping out from the chaparral a long line of Indians riding like centaurs - going down into the plain.

DISSOLVE TO:

A primitive cabin against a hill in a little clearing. We see a woman and a man evidently her husband and a young boy all running toward the cabin when from one side of the cabin sweeps the circling Comanches--their bows twanging death. At the edge of the cabin all three are shot down.

DISSOLVE TO:

Another cabin in flames. We see the Indians leading away from the flaming cabin a half dozen horses.

VIEW CHANGES: along the road comes two flat-topped coaches. These are not the usual stage coaches, but are carrier wagons such as were used by the mail carriers on these western plains. They are followed by a carryall wagon loaded with scenery, props, and some of the costumes. The two coaches are each drawn by four horses - fine animals--capable of great speed. The carry-all wagon is drawn by Mules or horses of a sturdier slower type, useful for drawing heavy loads. In the first

coach are Molly, Maggie, Claire, Rob, Bill, and Joseph. In the second coach are the rest of the company. Molly is seated on her small trunk in the middle of her coach - the one in which she keeps her momentos of her father. Bill and Joseph have a jug of whiskey between them and are singing a lively song. Claire is smiling engagingly toward Bill--the new male arrival on her horizon. None of them are really drunk, they are merely having a jovial celebration. Maggie is lustily singing. Molly and Rob are in a thoughtful mood.

CLAIRE

"What a marvelous voice you have, Mr. Swift. Mahlly, I'm just dying to see you as MacDuff."

Break in song as Joseph and Bill chummily reminisce.

BILL

"Do you remember, Joe, when we played "Damon and Pythias" together? Those were the days!"

JOSEPH

"They called us that off stage too!"

BILL

"--and the women milling around the stage door---Oh, Boy!"

JOSEPH

"Now we're riding the plains with an arsenal." (indicating rifles strapped to the side of the coach and Bills holstered pistols)

BILL

"Aw--there's no serious danger--sometimes run into a few outlaws or a small band of indians trying to run off a few horses--"

CLAIRE

(interrupting)
"With Mr. Swift along, I am sure we need have no fear."

BILL

"Thanks, Miss Claire. Nobody travels these plains without weapons."

They resume their lively singing.

FLASH to INTERIOR of second coach. Pickles is humming a doleful ditty and the violinist is sawing out a suitable accompaniment--a solemn air pervades this entire coach.

On the drivers seats in both coaches are guards with rifles across their knees. On a ridge at one side of the trail a group of Comanches appear and look off into the valley.

FLASH view of the stage wagons. The horses trotting easily along.

FLASH of the Comanches riding swiftly out of the scene toward the valley.

FLASH CLOSE VIEW of a man seated in the back of the carry-all wagon peering down the trail over which the wagons have just gone.

FLASH to VIEW of the Indians now in pursuit on the trail.

FLASH to the man in the back of the carry-all wagon which has been slowly following the two stages. He makes his way to the front of his wagon and shouts to the driver:

"Comanches! Comanches on the war path!"

The wagon has been going leisurely along. Now the driver whips up the horses.

VIEW CHANGES: The carry-all wagon overtakes the passenger coaches. The driver screams out to the other drivers

"COmanches! Comanches on the war path!"

Great excitement seizes all. The drivers in the first wagon coach turn, look back, whip their horses from the leisurely pace into a run.

SEVERAL FLASHES BACK AND FORTH from the speeding wagon coaches to the Indians shouting their barbaric cries of vengeance at they fly in pursuit.

During these scenes we see the two speedy wagon coaches draw away from the heavy carry-all wagon. CLOSE VIEW of the carry-all wagon. The two men in this wagon see that it is impossible to escape the Comanches with their slow horses. They jump off the wagon and run into the chaparral and mesquite brush seeking to escape. One of the men seems to succeed and disappears into the brush but the other is struck by an arrow and falls. The Indians come upon the deserted wagon. Some seize the horses reins. Others mill around the wagon looking over the scenery, breaking open boxes and trunks. In wonder and savage glee they hold up the various costumes - some of Richard III, classical Roman costumes, togas, etc. Lone Wolf and his chieftains shout for them to come on, but various of the Indians hastily array themselves with the costumes they have picked up and go swiftly on their way.

VIEW CHANGES. A narrow pass in the trail. The driver of the first coach is desperately urging on his horses, when due to the pressure of this fast riding, a defective whiffletree becomes detached from the main wagon-pole. The two lead

horses pull off to the side, the detached whiffletree banging against their heels. The driver and guard hastily dismount and run to the struggling horses to disentangle them from the dragging whiffletree and entangling traces. The second wagon now comes up behind the first and finding that it has been forced to stop, swings out into the brush and passes, nearly upsetting when it strikes the rough earth, but manages to right itself and goes on out of sight.

FLASH. From the side of a large rock on the edge of the trail, three white trappers appear. Two of them are quite weather-beaten and thin, but one is very stout. They sit down by the edge of the rock to eat their meal of jerked meat. The fat one has a jug and is boasting --

FAT MAN: "There were six Comanches trying to raid my horses. I shot three of them and chased the others to Kingdom Come!"

SECOND VOICE: "That firewater is making you talk mighty big."

FIRST VOICE: "Don't make so much noise--what's that?"

SECOND VOICE: "What's what."

FIRST VOICE: "Sounds like running horses."

FAT MAN: "Wild horses stampeding, I guess. There are lots of them around here."

As they are looking off-from around the bend the left flank of the pursuing Comanches - the group that had donned the actors' costumes - appears. Some of them are grotesquely arrayed in Roman togas, and one of these so arrayed has a large and showy stage crown on his head. Another is wearing part of the costume of Richard III. Several have trunks, hose, etc., wrapped around their waistes streaming out like ribbons behind them. Some have draped costumes around their horses necks. All in all they present what is probably the most fantastic spectacle ever shown on the plains of Texas, or any other country. The three trappers look upon this spectacle as though unable to believe their eyes.

FIRST VOICE: (with wonder and disbelief) "Holy Mother!"

SECOND VOICE: "Great Scots alive, what's that?"

FAT MAN: (looks at the jug, then at the Indians and back at the jug and throws it violently away from him) "That rot-gut! I've got 'em again!"

Crouching and scrambling madly they make their way off through the brush, which fortunately screens them from the screaming Indians, whose attention is on the wagons anyhow.

1 FLASH to the wagon coach. The driverand guard are just finishing their repairs on the wagon pole. Bill with his rifle

in hand is looking down the trail and sees the pursuing Indians.

BILL

"This is horrible. I got you all in this fix, Golly, I never dreamed such a thing would happen."

(He gets back into the coach)

"Why, there must be a thousand of them."

The coach starts moving again. VIEW INTERIOR. Bill has his rifle out the window at one side and Joseph is similarly engaged at the other side. Rob takes one of Bill's pistols and turns to one of the windows.

MAGGIE

"By Gad, this is the last act!"

Distant VIEW of the Indians in hot pursuit and the wagons flying. We see that the Indians are overtaking the coach. They circle widely. For the most part they are armed with bow and arrow. The rifles of the guards and Bill bark out, they have a long range and the men are good shots. The Indians come to the side of the coach, though at a distance. Arrows begin to fly and we see them strike the side of the coach. One strikes near the window where Rob is holding his pistol in readiness.

MOLLY
(crying out warningly)
"Rob! Rob! Watch out!"

MAGGIE
(seeing Molly crouching by the side of her trunk)
"Watch out yourself."

Quickly she picks Molly up, opens the trunk and roughly drops her into it and slams down the top; then she sets about the business of reloading the guns for the men. Claire is crouched against one end of the coach laughing hysterically.

VIEW CHANGES to the ruins of a mission that had been deserted by order of the Spanish Government in 1798. The WHITEHATS (Texas Rangers) have done a crude job of repairing a part of it, and have established it as one of their posts. There are several Whitehats strolling about, others are grouped around the fort. In the background close behind is a corral where the Rangers' horses are kept. Here to one side is a group of friendly Indians - Tonkawas. They are friendly to the Rangers mostly on account of their great hatred for the Comanches. In the group is their Chief, Placido. Two white settlers, riding desperately, draw rein before the group of Rangers.

FIRST MAN

(shouting)
"The Comanches are riding the San Antone trail. Hundreds of them!"

SECOND MAN

"They're burning and killing."

Captain Ford, Commander of this group of Rangers, steps out of the doorway in time to overhear the settlers' announcement.

CAPTAIN FORD

"You saw this yourself, Johnson?"

JOHNSON

"Yes, sir, from a distance."

SECOND MAN

"We rode by one settlers' house burned to the ground--the whole family dead--scalped."

PLACIDO

"Let my men lead the way, Captain!"

CAPTAIN FORD

"Mount! We ride!"

We see the Rangers rush out of the shot as they and the Tonkawas run toward their horses.

VIEW CHANGES to the coach driving furiously. The occupants are battling with the Comanches.

VIEW CHANGES to the coaches driving furiously. The occupants are battling with the Comanches.

FLASH to the Tonkawas on each flank of the galloping Rangers.

ANOTHER FLASH to the coach. CLOSE VIEW - several arrows are imbedded in its sides. In the INTERIOR also several arrows have found their mark. An arrow impales the right arm of Joseph. He falls back against the coach with a groan, picks up his rifle with his left hand, rests it on the coach window-sill and starts again to fire. Maggie is busy loading one of the rifles, excited by the heat of the battle. Bill is taking careful aim at one of the leaders of the Comanches. He fires. A FLASH of the Comanche falling from his horse, on his way to the happy hunting ground. ANOTHER FLASH of the Rangers.

1 FLASH again to the coach. The guards crouched in the inset of the driver's seat, fires his rifle, takes another loaded one from the hand of the Texan who is between the guard and the driver.

FLASH of the Indians yelling their barbaric war cry, as they let their arrows fly. Joseph is impaled again and slumps down in the coach. (In the battle of Uvalde one fighting Texan had four arrows in him and when his ammunition ran out still held his bowie knife in hand fighting death) Claire hysterically seizes the rifle Maggie has just loaded and fires wildly out the window.

ANOTHER FLASH of the Comanches now closer to the coach.

FLASH to Bill. He in his turn is struck down as he is about to fire. Rob fires the gun in his hand, then quickly takes the gun Joseph had been about to fire, and taking careful aim, fires out the window.

FLASH to a VIEW embracing the whole scene showing the Rangers with the Tonkawas bearing down to meet the Comanches. They open the way for the coach to pass through. As the coach goes through to safety, FLASH INTERIOR, we see Bill and Joseph prostrate. Rob is still holding the rifle. The dazed Claire and Maggie are crouched in a corner. We see a view of Molly's little trunk. Three arrows are impaled in it to the shaft, and we see no sign of Molly herself.

FLASH. We see the Comanches lined up in battle array, facing the Tonkawas and the Rangers. This following scene may not be necessary to the story, but it is an actual happening and one of the strangest sights seen in America, or for that matter, perhaps in the world since the day of the Crusades. Lone Wolf, a long red ribbon attached to his horse' mane and another to his tail, brandishing a lance, speaks:

LONE WOLF

"Men of Tonkawas - Chieftains, eaters of dog, is there not <u>one</u> among you brave enough to face a Comanche in single combat?"

Lone Wolf for one moment stands alone--then from the ranks A Tonkawas rides out--a chieftain. The Rangers look on in amazement as the two Chieftains, equipped with lances and shields - charge. Lone Wolf's lance drives the Tonkawa from his seat and he goes sprawling onto the ground. Lone Wolf emits a triumphant yell, wheels as another of the Tonkawas rides out to take up the challenge. This one is also speedily unhorsed. Then shouting a war cry to his Comanches, he leads their charge upon the enemy.

Lone Wolf falls from the volly fired by the Rangers. The Comanches are torn apart.

A DISSOLVE of the Comanches in wild retreat, being followed by the Rangers and Tonkawas.

VIEW CHANGES. We see the first coach has now pulled up behind the second coach, which had formerly got to safety. The guard in front of the first coach has collapsed over the seat. The driver of the coach and Pat are carrying the dying Joseph out of the coach, and laying him gently on the ground.

FLASH INTERIOR smash. Bill is silent in death in one corner. Maggie is looking around deadly.

MAGGIE

"Molly - Molly -"

She and Rob look with horror at Molly's little trunk. Three arrows are deeply imbedded in it, and to each of them comes the sure knowledge that Molly can't possible have escaped death. They stand for a moment looking at the trunk, stupified, then Rob with a sobbing cry moves toward it. Slowly, fearfully, he lifts the top and he and Maggie look into the trunk- and there crouched against the back part of the trunk, face down, is Molly. Her father's shield is partly over her, and protects her entirely. We see the three arrows sticking through the trunk, their points stopped by the shield. Maggie and Rob look on for a moment in stupified silence, then Molly slowly, in terror, raises her head over the top of the shield. When she sees the two bending over her are Maggie and Rob, and not the murderous Indians, she heaves a tremendous sigh of relief. Maggie reaches into the trunk, and hauls her out, hugging and kissing her, while Rob looks on in speechless wonder and relief.

FLASH OUTSIDE the wagon. The dying Joseph is stretched out on the ground. The group is bending over him as he weakly murmurs-

JOSEPH

"The rehearsal - what time - is the - rehearsal--"

CLOSE VIEW of Pat and Pickles, their heads dropped in a prayerful attitude.

DISSOLVE TO:

A distant view of the coaches moving slowly on their way.

SLOW FADE

FADE ON TO a coffee stand outside the entrance to a saloon and gambling house. Maggie and Molly are running this enterprise, selling coffee, pies, sandwiches, etc. We see customers just leaving the stand. Both Molly and Maggie have an air of great propriety--almost primness about them.

MAGGIE

"Do you know what we have made this week, Molly? Besides paying our board bill, we have TEN DOLLARS over! Say, this is great, isn't it? No more being chased by boardinghouse Keepers, no more traveling in old wagons from place to place - and grease-paint! I hope I never smell grease-paint again as long as I live."

1

MOLLY

"Yes, isn't it just wonderful?"

Claire enters the scene on the arm of a gambler. He is immaculately dressed - in very loud clothes. He wears a headlight diamond in his tie. Claire is dressed fit to kill-- ostrich plumes, jewelry, rich materials, etc. She pauses, looks superciliously over the cheap little coffee stand.

CLAIRE

"Hello, Maggie--Molly."

Maggie gives her a look.

CLAIRE
(in sweetly mocking tones)
"Well, Molly, how's your'nigger' act now?"

She exits in grandeur with much switching of her elegant skirts.

FLASH to grocery store, INTERIOR. Rob and Pat are at work in the store. Rob is waiting on a customer. Pat is weighing some flour sacks and piling them up. As Rob's customer leaves he speaks.

ROB

"Say Pat, isn't this the life? No more catching boats and barges and chasing from town to town in all kinds of weather - and all sorts of hours."

PAT

"Sure, it is that! And also, mind you, we are getting our pay regular every Saturday night!"

ROB

"Yeah! That's something! Just think, we can go to bed the same time every night - get up same time every day -"

FLASH INTERIOR cheap hotel. Griggs is on his knees scrubbing the floor. Snipes comes in with a valise and sets it down by the counter.

GRIGGS

"Back just where we started from, and I'm telling you, it's good!"

SNIPES

"--<u>and</u> getting our pay regular. I had almost forgotten what money

looked like."

FLASH to Maggie's and Molly's coffee stand. Pickles comes on.

PICKLES

"Say, here's a letter addressed to 'Manager, Twilight Revellers Company. Must be on business - don't you think we ought to open it?"

MAGGIE

(taking letter and looking at it)
"Why sure."

She opens the letter and reads aloud -

"Have opening for your company the week of the 23rd. Things look pretty good here now. Will hold this booking for you. Your show is the only one around anyhow. Very truly yours,
John L. Burton,
MANAGER
Bijou Theater,
Houston, Texas.

A great joy spreads over Maggie's face.

MAGGIE

"What do you know about that?"

MOLLY

(delightedly)
"Houston? and it's only a week away!"

MAGGIE

(breathlessly)
"Je-e-ehosafat! I've got to show this to the others."

She dashes off scene. DISSOLVE

INTERIOR Grocery Store. Pat and Rob are at work behind the counter. Maggie rushes in panting for breath, glowing with excitement.

MAGGIE

"Boys! Look!" (she brandishes the letter at them excitedly) "We've got a booking at Houston, only ten days off!"

PAT

"You mean quit these steady jobs?"

MAGGIE

"I'm asking you."

ROB
(in much excitement)
"Say, that's a great little town!"

PAT
(taking off his apron)
"Why, it's marvelous!"

ROB
(in rising excitement)
"We're with you! Let's go!"

PAT
(letting out a whoop)
"Yipp-s-s-s-s-s!"

FLASH to little hotel. Griggs and Snipes are still at work. Maggie enters talking excitedly as she comes.

MAGGIE

"We're booked for Houston next week, are you coming?"

GRIGGS
(hopefully)
"You mean back on the road again?"

MAGGIE

"That's it. If we hurry, we can catch the next stage."

GRIGGS
(throwing down his mop)
"Hooray! Hooray!"

FLASH small bedroom - Molly is singing blithely as she packs. She is running back and forth with her garments, and at the same time doing an ecstatic little jig-step.

FLASH to another bedroom. Rob and Pat are packing their belongings with an air of great happiness. Pickles' back is turned as we open on the scene. He turns, and for the first time, we see upon his face a broad and beaming smile.

STREET SCENE in front of Hotel. Molly and Maggie come out of the front door carrying their bags. Maggie looks behind her through the door.

MAGGIE

"Here they come!"

Rob and Pat and Pickles come out the front door ina rush. Pat is swinging a cane which beats a happy rythmn.

MAGGIE

"Hurry up. We mustn't miss that coach." (she hugs Pat enthusiastically)

MAGGIE (cont'd)

"Ain't it just great? I'll bet we pack them in--in Houston."

Molly and Rob rush together joyfully, embracing happily.

ROB

"We're off again!"

MOLLY

"Isn't it wonderful? I have some new steps that will just wow them!"

This as they are all moving down the street.

ROB
(in tremendous excitement)
"We'll be playing in the same company again, Molly,--and maybe some-day - Romeo and Juliet!"

Out of an alleyway come Griggs and Snipes carrying their valises, out of which articles are hanging, dragging on the ground.

GRIGGS AND SNIPES

"Wait for us! We're coming, wait for us!"

They run happily after the group as the entire crowd goes singing and whistling to the future, which for the actor always spells HOPE.

As they are just disappearing around the corner, Clair comes running on, followed by the gambler who is hardly able to keep up with her, she runs so fast, and he stumbles along as best he can, weighted down by two heavy grips.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
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Collection

# THE TWILIGHT REVELLERS

by

D. W. GRIFFITH

Registered with
The Screen Writers Guild
1945

## LIST OF CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

* * * * *

Jim Overton ..... Manager of Twilight Revellers

Patrick Aloysius Malone. Irish Character Actor (middle-aged)

Joseph Castlemain ..... Owner of Twilight Revellers

Paul "Pickles" Driscoll. Pessimistic Actor of middle-age

Maggie Ogden ..... Character woman

Molly Milton ..... Orphan adopted by Company

Mrs Charles Moultrie.... Wife of THE Charles Moultrie

Hortense Ogden ..... Eight-year-old daughter of Maggie

Claire Devereaux..... Beautiful young Actress

Robert Castlemain ..... Young son of Joseph Castlemain

Violinist ..... With the Company

Junius Brutus Booth .... Himself

Sam Houston ..... "

Davie Crockett ..... "

Daniel Webster ..... "

Henry Clay ..... "

Abraham Lincoln ..... "

Texas Rangers

Comanches

Tonkawas

Bill Swift ..... Old Actor friend of Joseph Castlemain

Lone Wolf ..... Leader of the Comanches

Placido ..... Leader of the Tonkawas

Captain Ford ..... In command of Texas Rangers

Two Slaves .....

Our story begins about a hundred years ago and concerns a little group of barnstormers, strolling players, and their adventures and hardships which they take in their stride. From Chicago, then a great and promising city of two thousand people - down through the slave states - New Orleans - and on to an extraordinary adventure with the fierce, marauding Comanche Indians in the wilds of Texas. As we take our little group on their adventure, we will try to paint also a part of this young America. Perhaps it might be well to show in miniature a panoramic shot beginning with tropical Florida and go, as the imagination flies, from this tropical country northward.

The time of year is December, and as we show this panoramic shot a narrator's voice explains:

NARRATOR:
Many young states are now united in this already vast United States that produces everything from oranges to icicles. At this time Andrew Jackson has retired to his hermitage. Martin Van Buren is President and the great Daniel Webster Secretary of State.

The voice continues with the panorama and we go as would the imagination - flying from this tropical Country northward showing mountains, hills of pine trees, and stretches of plains over which we hear the howling of wolves.

VIEW CHANGES into the night. We see in miniature a primitive, bustling little town of two thousand people just grown from an Indian village. There is a driving snow. The Narrator explains.

NARRATOR:
From this little village - in a hundred years - has grown one of the greatest cities in the world - Chicago. It is here we introduce you to our little group of strolling players - one of the many little companies who travel from town to town barely able to keep body and soul together - in a constant state of anxiety and

often hunger - with only one thing, we might say, to keep them going and that is hope: Hope that tomorrow things will be better: Hope that the next town will bring them a full house of paying customers."

FADE IN on a box-like house. Across the front of it is a sign reading "Chicago Grand Hotel".

DISSOLVE INSIDE to a room which we recognise as a dining-room.

FLASH CLOSE VIEW of a large poster reading:

Joseph Castlemain's
TWILIGHT REVELLERS
Traveling Troupe of Entertainers
Offering
LAUGHTER and TEARS
Including
DANCES * SONGS * REFINED COMEDY &
Shakespearean TRAGEDIES Including
KING LEAR
JULIUS CAESAR
SPARTACUS
ETC. - ETC. - ETC.
In the Repertoire

CAMERA MOVES BACK and we see James 'Jim' Overton (Company Manager) who is working on the poster. He is a canny-looking old smoothy and rapid-fire talker. He speaks to this effect:

JIM:
"Wait till we get to Galena! Last time I took a company there, we played to $85.00".

Then PAN around the room, disclosing the rest of the company. Patrick Aloysius Malone, a small middle-aged Irishman, and Joseph Castlemain, owner of the company, an elderly gentleman of the classical school. PAN further to another middle-aged man, the silent type, whose presence endows a gloomy corner of the room with still more gloom by his melancholy air and countenance, Paul 'Pickles' Driscoll. PAN still further on to the other end of the room where we see Maggie Ogden, middle-aged character woman, who is working on a dress she is making from cast-offs for Molly Milton who is standing on a chair being fitted. Molly is about fourteen or fifteen.

She is charming and attractive - the protegee of the company, having been adopted by the troupe after the death of her Father. In the completed story, it might be interesting to show her being taught manners and morals by ladies in the company who, perhaps, were not highly gifted in either of these qualities.

MAGGIE:
"What are you so quiet about, Molly?"

MOLLY: (pensively)
"I was just thinking about my Daddy."

MAGGIE: (as she continues fitting the dress)
"He was a fine man, Molly."

MOLLY:
"Oh, I do miss him so. It's just a year today since he died."

MAGGIE:
"Of course you miss him, dearie. Now, lift your arms a little, so I can pin this."

MOLLY:
"I did love him so - he had the most beautiful whiskers - like silk. He wanted so for me to become a great actress."

MAGGIE:
"Yes, child."

MOLLY:
"He taught me to walk as Fanny Kemble does in Romeo and Juliet. You know, you don't step, you sort of glide - it's <u>so</u> graceful!"

MAGGIE:
"Umm yes."

MOLLY: (warmly)
"You're <u>so</u> good to me, Maggie."

MAGGIE:
"Now stop fidgeting."

MOLLY:
"I do love you so!"

(Impulsively, she throws her arms around Maggie, embracing and kissing her. Maggie at first appears to merely endure this, then returns the embrace with warm affection.)

Flash back to the group of men.

PAT: (meditatively)
"Galena - always waiting for the next town. Tell me, why does anybody ever want to be an actor - particularly Shakespearian?"

PICKLES: (busily engaged in trimming the frayed edges of his cuffs, grunts with disgust)
"Actors!"

JOSEPH:
"That's the answer, I guess - Shakespeare - the magic of Shakespeare. Wisdom - philosophy - and poetry, which someone has said is the voice of God Himself - and the actor has the privilege of translating all this for the world."

PAT:
"Yes, let them look down on us if they wish, but sure it's a beautiful business!"

JIM: (breaking in)
"Say, did you know Moultrie's Refined Repertoire Company played to $118.00 last night? Whatever else you might say, Charles Moultrie knows his business."

MAGGIE:
"I understand he's having trouble with his women - "

JIM:
"There's nothing new about that."

MAGGIE: (looking around room)
"Hortense! Hortense! Where is that child?"

CHILD'S VOICE:
"Here I am, Mama."

Flash to other side of the room to an old sofa near the entrance to the room - a hat rack on one side, etc. We see a pair of child's legs sticking out. They belong to Maggie's daughter, Hortense - 'l'enfants terrible' - about eight or nine years old. Hortense's legs move up and down and are cautiously withdrawn. We see her impish face appear from under the side of the sofa which is away from the room and hidden from their view. She is busily engaged in trimming off the fringe from the bottom of the sofa. She holds a couple of pieces of fringe between her nose and upper lip resembling a mustache.

MAGGIE:
"What are you doing?"

HORTENSE:
"I'm not doing anything. I'm just fixing things up a little."

Flash back to group who are startled by the hurried entrance of a determined-looking, middle-aged woman. She looks around the room and seems quite hysterical.

WOMAN:
"Oh, pardon me - I was looking for someone. I am Mrs. Charles Moultrie."

JOSEPH:
"Oh, yes, Mrs. Moultrie. I remember you well."

JIM: (at same time)
"Yes, of course."

MRS. MOULTRIE:
"Somewhere - in - this - hotel - there - is - a SNAKE!"

Flash to Hortense peeking out from under the sofa, who thinks the lady is referring to a real snake. She starts - looks around to discover its whereabouts.

MRS. MOULTRIE:
"I see she is not among you. It would be more like her to be in the gentleman's parlor!"

She goes out from whence she came. The whole company looks on with open-mouthed surprise. Their surprise is not diminished when a very beautiful young woman, followed by a negro waitress, enters through the door leading from the kitchen.

She dashes across the room and locks the door through which Mrs. Moultrie has disappeared, then turns to Mr. Castlemain.

YOUNG WOMAN: (speaking dramatically)
"Oh, please help me!"

JOSEPH:
"Why, Miss Devereaux - what is the trouble?"

CLAIRE DEVEREAUX:
"That woman! That jealous woman! If she finds me, she'll kill me! For months she has made my life a nightmare! -- and now - now she has driven me from the Moultrie Company!"

JOSEPH: (thinking this over)
"Oh, so-o, - and you are not going east with the Moultrie Company?"

CLAIRE:
"Oh, no - no -- I'm in a desperate situation!"

JOSEPH:
"My dear young woman, you are a gift from heaven. We have just lost our leading lady!"

CLAIRE: (gushingly)
"You mean - you will take me in your company?"

JOSEPH:
"It will be our pleasure!"

CLAIRE:
"Ah, Mr. Castlemain."

Hortense has been looking on at these high doings with great interest and delight from her position under the sofa - now relieved from the thought of a real 'snake', as Claire starts with her theatrical glide to Mr Castlemain to thank him, Hortense at that moment starts to crawl out from under the sofa. Claire's foot comes in contact with Hortense causing Claire to stumble and at the same time lose her high falluting manner.

CLAIRE: (in her own rather common voice)
"By Gad - what's that!"

She collects herself and glides on to shake Joseph's hand. Hortense is sprawled on the floor.

MAGGIE:
"Hortense! Hortense, darling! Are you hurt?"

HORTENSE: (rubbing her hip)
"Oh, Mama, I'm wrecked!"

CLAIRE: (rubbing her ankle, ignoring Hortense and Maggie)
"Oh, this is wonderful, just wonderful. By the way, Mr. Castlemain, could you send someone to the theater for my things? They are all packed and I am really afraid to go myself."

MOLLY:
"I'll go, Mr. Castlemain!"

HORTENSE:
"I wanna go too! I wanna go too!"

MOLLY: (resignedly)
"All right - come along."

Molly and Hortense exit from room into narrow hall with steps leading upstairs. At the other end of the hall, the door from the outside opens quickly and Robert Castlemain, a boy about nineteen - naive and new to show business - for that matter to the world in general, enters. He carries an old valise and is followed by two other boys about his own age.

ROB:
"Of course he's got to take me on- he's my own father!"

FIRST BOY:
"Gee, I wish I were going."

SECOND BOY:
"This sticky town!"

ROB:
"It was my mother's idea that I go into business - she didn't want me to be an actor."

Molly and Hortense come down to doorway. Rob turns.

ROB:
"Excuse me, little girl. Can you tell me where to find the Twilight Revellers' Company?"

MOLLY: (looking at him for a moment, taking him in)
"They're in the dining room right at the end of the hall."

ROB: (pays no further attention to Molly, turns to his friends)
"Well, goodbye, fellows."

SECOND BOY: (derisively)
"Goodbye, actor!"

FIRST BOY:
"Goodbye - we'll miss you at the office. Good luck!"

The boys stand to one side to allow Molly and Hortense to pass through the door. As Molly gets to the door, she turns and we see in her eyes a dawning interest in this new and young arrival. Hortense takes hold of Molly's hand and gives it a pull.

HORTENSE:
"Come on-n, poison ivy, Snakey wants her valise."
(as they go out the door, we hear her chanting-)
"Last one there's a monkey -
Last one there's a skunky."

We return to the dining room. The door opens and Rob enters. Flash to Joseph, who rises in great surprise.

JOSEPH:
"Why, son, what in thunderation are you doing here?"

ROB:
"Dad - they let me out, at the office." (with great feeling) "Dad, I want to go with you."

JOSEPH:
"Why, Rob, you know it was your mother's wish that you learn a steady business - not such a precarious one as mine."

ROB: (coming close to Joseph, he speaks with great intensity)
"What's my name, Dad?"

JOSEPH:
"Why - why, Castlemain, of course."

ROB:
"Can you see a Castlemain spending his life over a ledger?"

There is a pause as Joseph looks his son over appraisingly - approvingly. Then with an outburst of emotion, he opens his arms.

JOSEPH:
"Come here, you rascal."

ROB:(with a great sigh of relief and joy, goes into his father's arms, as Joseph holds him tight, then beats him on the back energetically)
"Dad."

JOSEPH:
"Oh, Rob - Rob."

Fade on to exterior of cheap boardinghouse typical of that day.

Dissolve to a very poorly furnished room in the boardinghouse. Here are discovered Jim, Joseph, Pickles, and Pat sitting around a table, talking. Under the table, the landlady's young kitten is peacefully sleeping. Hortense is seated in the corner of the room with a shawl around her shoulders, reading. Jim is speaking to this effect:

JIM:
"Well, Galena didn't turn out so good."

PAT:
"And sure, it was the weather that did it."

JOSEPH: (speaking with solemn superstition, as he fingers his horseshoe cravat pin)
"And remember, we opened on Friday the thirteenth."

JIM:
" - but wait till we get to Cairo!"

JOSEPH: (theatrically)
"Cairo - then will the winter of our discontent be made into glorious summer!" (then, with change of tone) "By Gad! When do we eat?"

HORTENSE: (at the pleasant thought of food)
"I'm hungry!" (then looking at her book) "How do you say C-o-m-a-n-c-h-e?"

JOSEPH:
"Comanche - a tribe of Indians."

HORTENSE:
"I know that. I'm hungry!" (she gets up and starts toward the door of the adjoining room)

JOSEPH:
"You stay here, Hortense. Don't go in there - your mother doesn't feel well."

HORTENSE: (going back to her chair)
"Oh, all right."

JIM:
"It's sure taking those two kids a long time to return with the hash. I gave them thirty-five cents, too. Maybe they eloped with it."

PAT: (looking out the window at the driving snow as we hear the wild blowing of the wind)
"Sure, and it's a heavy storm they be going through."

Scene changes to the interior of a primitive store. Besides groceries and all sorts of merchandise, there is a counter where meat is sold. In the center is a crude-looking stove. A small group of people are being waited on by the solitary elderly storekeeper. Molly and Rob enter shaking the snow from their garments. From outside there is the wild music of the storm. The storekeeper greets them.

STOREKEEPER:
"Hello, show folks. Merry Christmas!"

Molly and Rob return the salutation "Merry Christmas!" (They stand a little apart from the group.

STOREKEEPER:
"Be with you in just a minute."

As Molly shakes the snow from her hair, she inadvertently pushes her hair behind her ears.

ROB:
"Why don't you wear your hair that way sometimes? It looks nice."

MOLLY:
"I can't. One ear is bigger than the other."

ROB: (with casual examination)
"It would take a microscope to tell the difference."

MOLLY:
"Think so? Thanks." (she is pleased at his remark, but nevertheless she hides both ears with her hair)

They see a sign on the showcase reading: "HOME-MADE SAUSAGE".

MOLLY: (looking at the sign)
"Homemade?"

ROB:
"Homemade? Whose home?"

MOLLY: (rather wistfully)
"Do you like homes?"

ROB: (off-handedly)
"I like sausage."

Molly takes from her neck a ratty-looking fur piece. Though this is a pathetic piece of apparel, to her it is a treasured possession and most carefully she brushes the snow from it.

The clerk, now being finished with his other customers, waits on Rob and Molly. They count out their change very carefully and devote themselves to the serious business of making their money go as far as possible in the feeding of nine hungry troupers. The clerk suggests bologna.

STOREKEEPER:
"Bologna's good - also it's filling."

After some thought over the matter they buy a loaf of bread and a piece of bologna. The boy holding this provender, they exit into the storm.

Scene of them going through the driving snow, the girl holding onto the boy's arm.

Another scene, Molly, fighting along the narrow path, falls into a snowdrift. After much floundering around, Rob rescues her. She is panting and breathless from her exertions in trying to extricate herself from the drift, but doesn't fail to use this opportunity to hold close to Rob as he brushes the snow off her. We perceive in Molly's face her ecstatic devotion to him.

MOLLY:
"My ear - it feels frozen!"

ROB:
"Which one?"

MOLLY:
"The big one."

They go out of the scene with Molly holding close to Rob.

Another scene. They pass before a small church from which we hear Christmas Carols - "Oh Holy Night When Christ the Child Was Born". The two go on their way, and the Christmas music is heard over the following scene.

View changes. Close against a path there is a small but cozy-looking cottage, through the window of which can be seen a family group seated about a well-stocked table. A man, evidently the father of the family, is busy carving a large, appetizing looking turkey. In the background is seen a glistening Christmas tree. Rob and Molly come on scene - pause for a minute shielding their faces against the driving snow - and take in this cozy, warm scene, then go on their way.

We come to the room in the boardinghouse and our group of actors. There is a hasty knock at the door which immediately opens. Rob and Molly enter.

GROUP AD-LIB:
"Well, back at last!" - "We thought you had forgotten us" - etc.

MOLLY:
"It's snowing something dreadful - and cold. My, it's cold!"

ROB:
"Yes, we nearly got lost in a snowdrift." (giving the brown paper sack to Jim, who is seated at a small table)
"There you are, sir. Best we could get."

All the actors gather round hungrily. Even Joseph loses his dignity to his clamoring appetite.

JIM:
"Hunk of bologna and an old loaf of bread."

JOSEPH:
"Alas! Alas!"

ROB: (giving Joseph a little pat on the back)
"Never you mind, Dad. This isn't just plain bologna,

it's a Castlemain special!"

JOSEPH: (returns the slap on the back and chuckles affectionately)

PAT: (to the shivering Molly, who is shaking off the snow and stamping her feet, etc.)
"Why, Molly, you're shivering so, better get your wet things off."

MOLLY: (taking off her little fur-piece and brushing the snow from it carefully and lovingly)
"It's not so big, but I'm grateful to all of you for giving it to me. It kept my neck warm anyway."

Close view of Jim who is slicing bread and bologna and giving it out to the company. He takes the opportunity, when the other members are not looking, of quickly cutting off an extra piece of bologna and slipping it into his pocket.

JIM: (to Hortense, who has fallen asleep in the corner)
"Hortense! Wake up! Eats!"

HORTENSE: (waking up and seeing the food, does a somersault as she dashes to get her portion)
"Yippee! Gimme!"

JIM: (gives Hortense hers, then turns to Rob, giving him food)
"You'd better take this in to Claire and Maggie."

Rob takes the food and, going to the door leading to the next room, knocks.

Camera moves to the adjoining room. The beautiful young Claire with only two things on her mind - men and herself - is wearing a dressing gown which is partly open displaying a pleasant outline. On one side of the little room is a cheap bed upon which Maggie is stretched. There is a half-empty whiskey bottle by the side of the bed - Maggie appears to be sleeping it off.

CLAIRE: (in a sugary voice)
"Come in-n-n."

ROB: (enters carrying his provisions)
"Well, this isn't much of a Christmas dinner, but it's the best we could afford - bread and bologna."

CLAIRE: (taking the food)
"Oh, Robby, I'm that hungry I could eat most <u>anything</u>."
(as she takes the food, she touches his hand)
"Oh, Robby dear, your hands are so-o-o cold." (she warms them in hers)

Rob turns to Maggie, but Claire gestures

CLAIRE:
"She's out - barrelhouse whiskey."

Rob turns back to Claire, whose dressing gown is falling apart somewhat - she makes no effort to close it.

CLAIRE: (gushing coyly, with chattering rapidity)
"Oh, if I had known how things were with this company - goodness me!"

Rob gazes at her, fascinated by her beauty and warmed by her nearness.

CLAIRE:
"It was so sweet of you to think of me."

ROB:
"Gee, Miss Claire, I'm certainly glad you're in this company."

CLAIRE:
"Well, it was just an accident of fate. I was doing so well with Charles - er, Mr. Moultrie's company - but it was difficult, you know, his wife was so jealous - a sweet woman, but so old, rahlly too old to play the parts she was playing - but she had the money."

Claire is full of broad A's. Really is rahlly to her until she forgets herself and comes out with her own natural common voice.

CLAIRE: (continuing - hardly taking time out to breathe)
" - jealousy is a terrible thing, Robby, it got so I just had to give my notice - you should have seen Charles - er, Mr. Moultrie's face when I told him I just had to leave! And John, that's the juvenile - the most beautiful eyes - he just wept! - and Mr. Williams, he was the leading man, he just spoke right out and said "Why, Claire, how can you do this to me?" Mr. Graham, the heavy - marvelous too, he says "Claire, I can never play those scenes with any-

CLAIRE: (continued)
body like I play them with you." It just broke my heart to leave them - such sweet boys! Charles adored me but he was so EARTHY!"

ROB:
"Jim says you are the most beautiful leading woman he has ever had."

CLAIRE: (with false modesty)
"So, so sweet of you to tell me that." (then in a sadly sweet tone) " - but I am afraid, Robby, that Jim is EARTHY too! You know my Mother - my dear dear Mother, she was always saying - do I bore you, Robby? -- that I look just like Beatrice - you know Beatrice was the pure inspiration of Dante, the great poet of France - or was it Italy? Anyhow, he wrote the most divine plays!" (Rob opens his mouth to speak, but she gushes on) " - she was his inspiration through all his life - like an angel -" (she breaks her mood and with baby tones) " - Robby, take a teeny, weeny piece of my bologna."

Rob takes a piece of the bologna as he looks at her with eyes swimming with admiration.

ROB:
"Beatrice - with your beauty, that's just the kind of a part you should play."

Claire is still holding Rob's hand and is pressing against him.

Flash back to the other room and we see Molly pacing up and down as she impatiently glances toward the door. She is petting the kitten which she holds in her arms. At last she calls:

MOLLY:
"Rob, your dinner is waiting for you."

Flash to Rob and Claire.

ROB:
"All right, I'm coming." (turning back to Claire) "I'll see you in the morning."

CLAIRE:
"Yes, in the morning."

ROB: (in a hushed voice)
"Good night."

Rob exits from the room. Maggie turns over rather groggily, reaching for the whiskey bottle as she mutters:

MAGGIE:
"Why, you cradle-snatcher. Can't you let any of them alone?"

CLAIRE: (the man having gone, she resumes her natural voice)
"Oh, golly, I thought you were dead to the world!"

Flash to the adjoining room. Rob sits down at the small table by his father's side and begins to eat his bread and bologna that Molly has placed before him. Molly takes her place at the other side of Rob, placing the kitten in her lap. As Rob eats, she looks at him with the frank adoration of 'first love'. We see that she hasn't eaten as yet.

MOLLY:
"I waited for you, Rob." (as they eat, Molly drops little bits of her bologna to the kitten)

JIM:
"Molly, don't waste food on the landlady's cat."

MOLLY: (in the affectionate tones one uses to pets)
"Why, he's just <u>starved</u>, aren't you, baby?"

JOSEPH: (disgustedly)
"What a Christmas! Reminds me of that fresh young Dicken's tale of the Christmas party to Pickwick - it's so different! - Imagine <u>that</u> party! Six barrels of oysters! Umm-hmm! A whole side of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding!"

PICKLES: (taking up the story)
"A punchbowl big as a washtub with roasted apples sizzling and bubbling in the punch!"

The little group is now inflamed by the remembrance of this wonderful feast, and through their imagination they have one of their own. What started as a dreary Christmas Eve has, through the gift of hope and dreams, become a lively one. They flash their lines with rapid pace and gusto - one line falling upon another.

ROB:
"A blazing fireplace big enough to drive a cab in - dancing and laughter."

PAT: (his face aglow)
"Roast pigs with apples in their mouths!"

JOSEPH:
"Mince pies burning with brandy! - Ahh!"

HORTENSE: (hopping around on one foot and chanting)
"Mince pie! Mince pie! I-wanna-mince-pie!"

OMNI:
"Ohh - ah - ooh - umm - mm."

PICKLES: (holding up a remnant of sausage and looking at it)
"Bologna!"

ROB:
"And remember how everyone scrambled under the mistletoe - getting kissed - what a party!"

MOLLY:
"We haven't the punch and we haven't the oysters - or all that food - we haven't the mistletoe, but I have some kisses for you - for all my foster fathers." (she starts around the circled group and gives each a hug and kiss) - "Merry Christmas!"

HORTENSE:
"Me too!" (as she leaps into the arms of the first victim hugging him violently)

The manager's voice is heard over the scene with a note of hope -

JIM:
"Wait till we get to Cairo - Memphis - New Orleans - Ah, that's the town!"

Molly comes to Rob and stands before him hesitatingly.

PAT:
"What's the matter with you?"

MOLLY: (shyly dropping back into her chair)
"Oh, Rob doesn't want to be kissed."

JOSEPH: (theatrically)
"New Orleans - by the bright sword of Edwin Forrest, that's a town! Why, when I played "Richard" there, I was overwhelmed by the plaudits of the audience - and the ladies! Ah, the ladies!"

ROB: (speaking over Joseph's lines)
"Now, now Dad, you old scoundrel!"

JOSEPH:
"Tut-tut-tut, Rob, then "Richard" will be himself again."

As he speaks, he delivers a sweeping gesture, his hand striking a bottle of ginger-beer, its contents spill over the fur-piece. Molly with a gasp takes up her beloved belonging and wipes it with care.

JOSEPH:
"Oh, sorry, Molly."

MOLLY: (bravely)
"Oh, that's all right."

JOSEPH: (his hand resting on Rob's shoulder)
"No thought is dearer to we poor players than that expressed by the great poet - 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast'!" (then with great simplicity) "And so in our new adventure, God bless us every one."

View changes. Two or three wagons are going through snow-covered ground over very rough roads. In one of these wagons are the shivering actors - in the others are their baggage and such poor scenery as they possess. Jim is sitting next to the driver. Immediately behind them are Molly, Rob and Joseph.

JIM:
"How much further to Cairo?"

DRIVER:
"Fifteen miles - thereabouts."

Flash to distant view of the little company jogging on their way as we fade.

Fade on to theater in small town in Illinois. The billboard at side of doorway leading into the theater reads:

TWILIGHT REVELLERS' COMPANY
TONIGHT

Dissolve to small dressing-room of the theater. Rob and Molly are hanging up a blanket across the middle of the room dividing the ladies' dressing-room from that of the men's. As they work, Molly is softly vocalising by chanting "Oh Thou Who in Might Supreme" on each note of the scale. After they have hung the blanket, Molly goes to the improvised make-up table. Claire enters.

CLAIRE:
"One petit little dressing-room for the whole crowd. If Charles - er, Mr. Moultrie could see me now - and that smooth-talking James said I would have an adequate cast for 'Juliet'. Adequate indeed!"

MOLLY:
"I think we have a lot of talent in this company."

She answers hopefully, as she fingers the good luck coin she wears on a string around her neck. The string breaks, and the coin falls to the floor Claire picks it up.

CLAIRE:
"What's this?"

MOLLY: (as she reaches for it)
"That's my good luck coin."

CLAIRE: (scornfully)
"Humph! Can't be much good, you nearly lost it."(change of tone)
"Just to think - in Memphis only last year, they said my 'Juliet' was equal to Fanny Kemble's."

She saunters to the end of the blanket-curtain and looks in at Rob. He returns the glance with great admiration. She notices the play Rob is studying.

CLAIRE:
"Ah - 'Romeo and Juliet'."

ROB: (quietly but with great enthusiasm)
"I was just studying it. You know, I dreamed the other night that I was playing 'Romeo' to your 'Juliet'. Wasn't that a silly dream?"

CLAIRE: (with great warmth)
"Oh, I don't know. You just keep studying - it's hard work. Why not let me rehearse you some night after the show?"

ROB: (eagerly)
"Oh, that would be great. Any time."

FLASH to Molly, who is deeply distressed at this scene. She fingers her good luck coin thoughtfully.

CLAIRE:
"We'll do that - soon." (then with a sudden start) "Oh, dear, I rahlly must go back to the house now and get my little things." (she puts her hand caressingly on his shoulder, lets it drop against his throat) - "See you later, Robby." (she exits)

After a pause, Rob, studying the play, softly reads some of the lines from the famous balcony scene. As he does this, he is looking dreamily off toward the door Claire has just passed through. On the other side of the blanket, Molly is fixing her stockings - arranging her dress, etc. It is a short skirt - the soubrette type.

As Rob reads 'Romeo's' lines, looking wishfully after Claire, Molly from the other side of the curtain, cues him by reading the lines of 'Juliet'. She reads the lines with a sincere tenderness, looking toward Rob. We believe this gives an opportunity to play a tender love scene without an unusually large field of corn.

ROB: (in wild enthusiasm)
"Jehosophat! Jumping Christmas!"

MOLLY:
"What's the matter, Rob?"

ROB:
"This 'Romeo and Juliet'! What love stuff!"

MOLLY:
"I have rehearsed 'Juliet' often with my Daddy. You know something? I'm about the same age as Juliet."

ROB: (reading aloud)
"'Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear. That tips with silver all these fruit tree tops -'"

MOLLY: (seizing this opportunity to pour out her love for Rob, with swift and passionate intensity, she answers with 'Juliet's' lines)
"'O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon, That monthly changes in her circled orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.'"

ROB:
"'If my heart's dear love --'"

MOLLY:
"'Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract tonight: It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be ere one can say 'It lightens'. Sweet, good night! - This bud of love, by summers' ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, Good night! as sweet repose and rest Come to thy heart as that within my breast!'"

Molly has just finished putting on her stockings. She goes across the room to the open window where her trunk is and takes a garment from it. She shakes the garment out and is smoothing it as she reads her lines. Through the window, we see an exquisite early summer view. The moon is shining on the treetops. In the sky to one side is a glorious cloud effect.

ROB:
"'O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?'"

MOLLU:
"'What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?'"

ROB:
"'The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.'"

(How much of this scene will be played will be left for further consideration. Any part of it, of course, can be cut by having Rob or Molly say something to this effect: "Oh, I love these lines - I think this is the most beautiful part of the whole scene -" etc. In this way, we can use only the most effective speeches and as much of the scene as is desired.)

MOLLY:
"'I gave thee mine before thou didst request it: and yet I would it were to give again.'"

ROB:
"'Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?'"

Molly is using these lines to express her love for Rob, but Rob's thoughts are on the departed Claire.

MOLLY:
"'But to be frank, and give it thee again. And yet I wish but for the thing I have: My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep; the more I give to thee, The more I have, for both are infinite. I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!'"

ROB:
"Oh, that's where the nurse comes in." (he turns the page of the script) - "Oh, this is great, this part here. 'It is my soul that calls upon my name: How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, Like softest music to attending ears!'"

Flash to door. Joseph, hidden from Rob's view, is smiling approvingly upon the scene.

MOLLY:
"'Romeo -- '"

ROB:
"'My dear?'"

MOLLY:
"'At what o'clock tomorrow shall I send to thee?'"

ROB:
"'At the hour of nine.'"

MOLLY:
"'I will not fail: 'Tis twenty years till then. I have forgot why I did call thee back.'"

Flash to Joseph going very quietly off scene.

ROB:
"'Let me stand here till thou remember it.'"

MOLLY:
"'I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, Remembering how I love thy company.'"

Just then we hear from outside the window, a glorious male voice taking up the next line.

VOICE:
"'And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget, Forgetting any other home but this.'"

There is a scattering applause. We flash outside to three figures standing outside the window. The man whose voice was heard speaks to this effect:

VOICE:
"Pardon me, young lady - but you spoke those lines with such feeling I could not resist getting into the scene - I am Junius Brutus Booth, and this is my dear friend Sam Houston. <u>This</u> savage-looking figure is Davie Crockett, who is acting as our guide through this country."

All three are dressed as Indians. This may be difficult to explain to the audience, but it is an historical happening that Sam Houston and Juniun Brutus Booth toured through all this section of the country in Indian attire. Sam Houston had been made a Chieftain by the Cherokees and Houston and Booth were great friends, so Booth accompanied him on these larks.

From this view we also see Molly and Rob in the open window.

HOUSTON:
"Of course, I know you are both young, but I am sure you have heard of our greatest actor - Junius Brutus Booth!"

BOOTH:
" - and I am sure you have heard of Sam Houston who, in my opinion, is America's greatest orator. He could have made his mark on any stage."

MOLLY: (in awed tones)
"Why of course we have heard of all of you."

ROB:
"Indeed we have! -- but Mr. Booth --"

BOOTH:
"Strange as it may seem seeing me in this attire, but I am Junius Brutus Booth, himself."

HOUSTON:
"Yes, we heard about your show at the hotel, and we're staying over to see it."

MOLLY:
"With you in the house, Mr. Booth, we'll all be scared to death. Of course, all I do in <u>this</u> show is a song and dance."

BOOTH:
"Nevertheless, my child, you read those lines with exquisite inflections. We will see you later - Goodbye and best of luck to both of you. 'Goodnight, goodnight! Parting is such sweet sorrow That I shall say goodnight till it be morrow!'" (as they go on their way)

Flash inside dressing-room. Claire and Maggie enter as Molly and Rob turn away from the window.

ROB:
"You know who we've just seen? -- Mr. Booth!"

CLAIRE:
"You mean Junius Brutus Booth?"

MAGGIE:
"In this place?"

ROB:
"Yes - he was with his friends Sam Houston and Davie Crockett."

MOLLY:
"They're going to see the show tonight."

CLAIRE:
" - and I've lost my mascara!" (then with great excitement) "Mr. Booth! Robby, come, let's go through that scene where you bring me the message - I want to show you some business that Mr. Moultrie used in that scene. We must be good tonight!"

They exit rapidly off scene, ignoring Molly and Maggie.

MOLLY:
"Imagine playing before Mr. Booth!"

MAGGIE:
"Well, if you ask me, he was no better than your Daddy."

MOLLY: (is highly delighted at this)
"Oh, Maggie, do you really think so?" (then going to her trunk which has a horseshoe around ~~the lock~~)
"I was just looking over the things he left me."

MAGGIE:
"I saw him in 'Julius Caesar'. I'm telling you, he was great."

MOLLY:
"Look, this was his toga - he wore it in his big scene." (she picks up an old worn costume lovingly)
"This was his make-up box." (she opens the box and takes from it a rabbit's foot)
" - and this was his rabbit's foot."

MAGGIE:
"Say, you got something there. This company certainly needs good luck."

MOLLY:
"This is the shield he used. Feel how heavy it is."

MAGGIE: (casually lifting it and discovering it is very heavy)
"Golly, it surely is heavy!"

MOLLY:
"Yes, he wouldn't use papier mache. He had a blacksmith make this."

MAGGIE: (as she lifts her flask to her lips)
"Well, here goes - Booth or no Booth."

Flash to Lobby of the theater. Jim and the owner of the theater are discovered by the box-office. Jim is paying out money to the owner.

JIM:
"Well, we got enough to pay your rental, anyhow, but Great Scot, it doesn't leave us enough to pay our board bill! If I had known Booth and that crowd would be there, I would have gotten out handbills about them. Folks would have come to see them, if they didn't want to see the show."

DISSOLVE to outside the boardinghouse. It is early dawn and the actors are cautiously coming out of the front door, trying to make a getaway. Maggie and Jim are in the lead.

MAGGIE:
"The landlady - I'll bet she saw us."

JIM:
"No, she was asleep."

PICKLES:
"The door to her room is wide open - she's probably just pretending to sleep "

JOSEPH:
"This is perfectly disgraceful! Defrauding that dear lady!"

JIM:
"We'll send the money to her. I hope the children are getting our grips out all right."

We take in full view of front of house, embracing the side as well. Down at the end of the house, we see Molly and Hortense. Molly is letting the baggage out the window from the second floor by a long rope, and Hortense is busily untying the valises as they strike the ground.

MOLLY:
"Sh-sh-h!"

HORTENSE:
"Sh-sh-h--yourself!"

Hortense has one grip already on the ground - the second is just descending. She hastily unties it and we feel that she has an impish pleasure in pulling this trick. Laden down with a valise in each hand, she staggers down the side of the house with them, ducking as she passes a low window (where the landlady is asleep) and deposits them near the group who are standing at a slight distance from the house, hidden by bushes. Jim pantomimes approval - starts as though to speak and Hortense outs her fingers to her mouth "Shh!" By the time she gets back, another grip is already on the ground. She unties this.

Flash back to Jim peering cautiously around. The other actors are in a suspenseful attitude.

Flash back to close view of Molly putting another grip out the window in nervous haste.

Flash to close view of Hortense receiving grip. Again she staggers down the path with her load and delivers it as before, while the actors assume a nonchalant attitude, as though just having a breath of fresh air in case anyone should observe them. Hortense goes back to her position beneath the window - a grip drops down. She unties the rope and puts the grip behind her ready for the next one. By this end of the house and hear it, is a tall bush. As Hortense lets the rope go up, her glance follows it We see in close view a powerful woman's arm reach out from behind the bush and pull the grip out of sight. The next grip descends. Hortense unties it, reaches for the other, and starts with surprise on finding it has disappeared. From around the bush comes a large and stern-looking woman - the landlady, who comes quickly on scene. She is followed by her husband, a little pip-squeak of a man.

LANDLADY (MRS. GRIGGS):
"No, you don't! Where are them actors!"

We flash to the group. On hearing Mrs. Griggs' voice, Jim, Pat and Maggie start toward the children, the other actors pick up the grips they already have and start running with them- hidden by the bushes.

MRS. GRIGGS: (in ominous tones)
"So! - there you are! Trying to get away. Well, you're going to stay right here till you pay your board bill!"

JIM: (giving out with the old 'oil')
"Now, Mrs. Griggs, my dear, dear madam - after your marvelous hospitality and your delicious food, we wouldn't dream of defrauding you. Why, my dear madam, our next town is the best show town in Illinois, and we'll send you the money right off."

MRS. GRIGGS:
"I'm going to have you all put in the lock-up until you find the money."

MR. GRIGGS: (to his wife)
"Now, dearie, sweetie -" (she looks anything but a dearie or a sweetie)" - it won't do any good to lock them up."

JIM: (as though struck with a brilliant idea)
"My dear lady, why not accompany us to the next town! It's a great show town. Why, my other company played to $300.00 in four days! You could stand right by the boxoffice and take your money as it comes in. Why, your little board bill would be paid in no time."

MRS. GRIGGS: (in high indignation)
"Me! Martha Griggs! - traveling around with show folks! Not on your life!"

JIM:
"Well, Mr. Griggs - he doesn't seem to be very busy. Let him come along."

MRS. GRIGGS:
"Well, for all the help he is around here --"

MR. GRIGGS: (delighted with the idea of getting away from home)
"It'll be one less to feed, Martha."

MRS. GRIGGS: (hesitates, then although perplexed and indignant, she agrees)
"Well, see that you get right back here with that money - in a hurry!"

So Mr. Griggs goes along with the Twilight Revellers. Perhaps we might show several flashes of similar boarding-houses and other landlords joining the company, persuaded by the blarney of the astute manager that there was hope of collecting their bills in the next town.

FADE on to scene of muddy road. It is raining heavily and the actors, seated in an open wagon, are drenched and a disconsolate group. The driver turns to them with dialogue to this effect:

DRIVER:
"Now you folks - you've got to pay out $8.00 before I go any further."

JIM:
"My dear sir, we haven't got $8.00. We'll pay you $2.00 now and the rest when you deliver us."

DRIVER:
"Not on your life! I can't wear out my team and wagon for no $2.00. $8.00, or out you go!"

JIM: (protesting)
"But, my dear sir - in this rain?"

DRIVER:
"$8.00 or out!"

Nothing else left for them to do, the dispirited and bedraggled actors pile out of the wagon - far from any shelter on this lonely road.

JIM: (to Rob)
"Come on with me, Rob, we'll find something. It's ten miles to the next town and I know we can't walk it."

DISSOLVE to Rob and Jim coming down the road with two ox-carts. As they stop before the group of actors, they all pile into the ox-carts.

FIRST DRIVER:
" - well, we only do about a mile an hour --"

And off they plod through the down-falling rain.

DISSOLVE to a street scene in a small town in Kentucky, situated on the Ohio River. The time is early summer. All the actors save Claire are parading down the street. Jim leads, carrying a banner telling of the 'Big Show' tonight. He is smiling and bowing ingratiatingly to the few people on the street. Joseph, in a high silk hat and flowing cape, walks with solemn dignity. Pat has an ironic air, Maggie, by his side, is all smiles. Pickles is his usual glum self. Molly and Hortense are passing out handbills. As she passes the bills, Hortense darts in and out, making faces, doing little jig-steps, and having the time of her life. The violinist is sawing away, and Rob is at the end of the procession, beating a drum.

DISSOLVE to a large, rough-looking shack-like building - a porkhouse. It's stilted on piles about two feet above the ground. A group of people are gathered in front, among them various members of the troupe as well as natives of the village. These natives are, as a rule, persistent tobacco chewers and spitters.

JIM: (speaking to Joseph and Pat)
"Doesn't look very inviting, but it's the best we could get. The regular hall was washed away by a flood. I've known of putting cows out of a barn for a theater, but it's the first time I've heard of actors taking the place of pigs!"

PAT:
"It's where the pigs lived, is it?"

JIM:
"Well, it's the only place I could find."

JOSEPH:
"Pray, what did they do with the swine?"

JIM:
"Oh, we've got them fenced in out in the back yard."

A white man followed by 2 slaves passes through the group, pauses a moment. A native speaks to him -

NATIVE:
"What are you doing with them Jim Crows, John?"

WHITE MAN:
"Taking them home. Just bought 'em - got 'em cheap - only $1200. (he looks around at the crude handbills stuck on the shack, near the door) "By crackety, when I get 'em home, I think I'll come back and see the show."

PAT:
"Slaves, they are. The poor creatures."

PICKLES:
"That's almost as bad as being an actor."

(This and the following slave episode is, as we see it, merely one of the many things these people take in their stride.)

Flash to inside of the building. At one end is set up the poor scenery which the troupe has carried with them - a faded and worn backdrop, and other scenery characteristic of this kind of barnstorming company.

We then flash to Maggie, who is trying out the accoustics. She is standing on the makeshift platform the actors have built. The violinist is sitting below the platform putting a new string on his violin.

MAGGIE: (trying the accoustics)
"Ah - ah - ah. By Gad! Listen to that echo. I've played in many a dump, but this is the limit."

VIOLINIST:
"We all worked hard enough cleaning it up."

MAGGIE:
"Maybe you did -" (sniffing the air) "-but it still smells piggy."

Flash to group in front of the newly converted theater. Three somber-looking individuals join the group. They are boarding-house keepers - they have followed the troupe from town to town hoping to collect their money. Jim speaks to them hopefully.

JIM:
"Well, gentlemen, not much of a theater, but there's great interest in this town. You'll get some of your money here, and the <u>next</u> town, boys, <u>that's</u> sure-fire."

Lines from the melancholic collectors -- "Well, we hope so!" "It's about time." - etc.

Standing by the side of diminutive Griggs is a tall, thin, melancholy chap - Mr. Snipes - another of the landlords.

JIM: (taking Mr. Snipes and Mr. Griggs aside, whispers) "You'd better hurry and get your supper so you'll have time to get made-up and into your costumes."

We see that they have both been hit by the lure of the stage.

GRIGGS:
"I'm going to put on a 'pip' tonight."

HORTENSE: (who has been looking on the group meditatively)
"I'll show you how!"

Two boys about ten or eleven, who have been looking at the billboard, turn to Hortense, sizing her up.

FIRST BOY:
"Say, freckle-face, are you in this show?"

HORTENSE: (in a matter-of-fact tone)
"I'm the leading lady."

SECOND BOY:
"Go on! - a little onion like you!"

The first boy takes out a plug of tobacco and starts chewing.

HORTENSE:
"What're you chewing?"

FIRST BOY:
"Tobacco - I'd give you a chaw, but you're too little.

I can spit, too - see that knot-hole?"

SECOND BOY: (interrupting)
"He's the champeen spitter in our class!"

FIRST BOY:
"Sure - watch!"

He spits and hits the knothole.

HORTENSE:
"Aw, that's nothing. I shot a panther once - saved my Grandma's life."

SECOND BOY: (shrugging his shoulders)
"Huh! - you shot a panther."

HORTENSE:
"There was a big bear chasing a panther and he jumped right through the window of our house. It scared Grandma half to death! I picked up my Daddy's pistol and shot it right between the eyes!"

The boys break into contemptuous laughter at this. Hortense, not a bit ruffled by this, looks down at their little dog as it nuzzles against her ankles.

HORTENSE:
"That's a nice dog you have "

FIRST BOY:
"D'you want him?"

HORTENSE:
"Sure - I've been wanting a dog for a long time."

FIRST BOY:
"What'll you give for him?"

HORTENSE:
"I'll sneak you both into the show tonight for it."

FIRST BOY:
"That's a deal."

View changes to Verandah of small boarding-house Molly, in a dreamy attitude, is standing by the rail, leaning her head against a post. An elderly couple cross the verandah on their way into the house. The man speaks

MAN:
"Miss Molly, soon as we eat, we are going over to see your show."

MOLLY: (in a trance-like attitude, answers absent-mindedly)
"That's good." (she looks up with an expression of ecstasy, as she murmurs under her breath)
"Robby - Robby - Oh dear God, make him love me - please-please --"

ROB: (entering from boarding-house)
"Why, Molly, won't you be late for the show?"

MOLLY: (going to his side)
"Oh, no, there is plenty of time. I was just dreaming-"

ROB:
"Dreaming?" (with a little laugh) "Well, you had better dream yourself over to the show. What were you dreaming about?"

He starts down the walk, Molly follows by his side.

MOLLY:
"Oh - just - things. I'll tell you - sometime."

We follow them down the walk. Robby is walking rapidly, Molly is hurrying to keep up with him, her attitude one of complete devition.

View changes to a riverhouse bar - typical of the day. Jim and Joseph enter rapidly.

JIM: (to bartender)
"Whiskey, Bill."

The bartender puts a bottle of whiskey on the bar and two large glasses. He places four fingers against the glasses as a measurement and pours, practically filling the glasses.

JIM:
"Just time for a quick one."

As they drink, the bartender leans over with an air of great importance.

BARTENDER: (pointing to the dimly lit end of the bar, where two distinguished-looking men are talking, leaning against the bar)
"Do you know who those men are over there?"

JIM:
"No - who?"

BARTENDER:
"None other than -" (with important emphasis) "-Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay!"

JOSEPH: (much impressed by this)
"No! Really? Here, in this place?"

BARTENDER:
"Just stopped off while passing through."

Flash to end of bar.

WEBSTER: (his great voice ringing out)
"Yes, sir, Mr. Clay - I will say one thing for your fair state - some of the most beautiful country the eye of man has ever beheld."

CLAY:
"Praise from you, sir, is praise indeed."

WEBSTER:
"I have often wanted to visit this part of our country. Really, no one knows I am here - an old trick of mine. I often get away from the affairs of state - disappear on my own, as it were." (he gives a meaningful chuckle)

CLAY:
"Most excellent idea, Mr. Webster."

WEBSTER:
"Yes, it is beautiful country - beautiful."

At this, an elderly man leans over the bar nearby. His eyes have a fanatical gleam as he speaks to the two.

MAN:
"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, if you will forgive this intrusion - I am a Kentuckian myself. It <u>is</u> a beautiful state, but it has no claim to PRAISE until the institution of slavery is wiped out. The keeping of human beings in bondage - as though they were beasts! It's a disgrace to mankind!"

WEBSTER:
"Here! Here!"

CLAY:
"The slavery question is a very serious one."

LAW:
"If it isn't settled soon, blood will be upon us all - blood! Blood! - I say!"

Flash to Jim and Joseph.

JOSEPH:
"Words of truth are being spoken! Here!"

JIM:
"Let's get back to the theater - I mean the pighouse. Don't you get mixed up in this. It's a dangerous business."

He leaves Joseph to pay for the drinks, and Joseph then follows Jim out, as we hear the voice of Webster.

WEBSTER:
"North and South - they are both to blame. The North sold them and the South bought them." (the voice fades over the lines) "Gentlemen, here's to a peaceful solution of the entire matter."

Scene changes to the wings of the improvised stage. Claire is standing with Rob at her side in an attitude of great attention. Molly enters, takes in the scene and assumes an air of indifference. Pat, who is standing nearby, speaks -

PAT:
"You're on, Molly. Do your stuff."

MOLLY: (rubbing her good luck coin hopefully)
"Oh, I will all right."

Flash to Hortense, also in the wings. She is tying her dog to a nail on the wall with a rough twine string.

HORTENSE:
"Now be a good doggie, Romeo - I've got to help put on the show." (as she comes to the edge of the wings, we hear her chanting)
"Romeo, Romeo, where are you, Romeo?"

Flash to stage. The violinist is at his place, and Molly comes on, sprinkling sand on the floor for her dance.

MOLLY:
"Hello, people! Isn't it a wonderful world!" (she gives an infectious laugh and goes into a neat dance routine to the accompaniment of the fiddle)

As Molly dances, we flash to Hortense in the wings, who is doing an imitation of Molly and her dance with many ad-lib movements peculiar to Hortense herself. We go back to Molly, who is finishing her dance.

Flash to audience. The majority of the men are in shirtsleeves. Some of those in the back rows are sitting on the backs of the chairs with their feet on the seats. Many of the rougher ones are spitting tobacco at the knotholes in the plank walls, they seem to take great pride in the accuracy of their aim.

Flash to Molly finishing her dance. There is generous applause from the audience. She comes off, not failing to assume an attitude of triumph as she passes Rob and Claire.

PAT:
"Sure and that was fine, Molly."

Molly goes back on the stage and gives a signal to the violinist and begins to sing 'Home Sweet Home'. She sings a phrase of this and has the audience in the palm of her hand.

Flash to Hortense, who is using her finger as a baton as though conducting Molly.

Flash to pigs squealing and working at the fence-rails. They have been penned up away from their home and are anxious to get back. They succeed in breaking through the fence and rush pell-mell back to their home.

Flash to Molly singing 'Home Sweet Home' with great sincerity and tenderness Suddenly we hear the terrific grunting of the pigs trying to get into the hall - pushing at the boards under the stage. Through the improvised trap-door, several of the larger porkers manage to get up on the stage.

The actors, armed with brooms, props of various kinds, try desperately to get the pigs out thru the trapdoor. There is an uproar of merriment and derisive shouting from the audience. Molly bravely attempts to carry on, but finds it hopeless. The pigs are all around her. She tries to shoo off one that is sniffling around her feet.

Flash to Hortense, who is in great glee over the whole matter. Her glee is interrupted by a plump young shoat who runs from behind her between her legs, carrying the astonished Hortense with it. The pig goes circling around the stage trying to get out of the general hubbub. Hortense seizes it by the tail and shouts for help. Molly on the other side, near the wings, sees Claire off-stage rocking with laughter. All this is rapid-fire.

MOLLY: (to Claire)
"You, you! - - You just stand there laughing. You're just a great help, aren't you?"

CLAIRE: (now quite limp from laughter - then, between laughs)
"Oh, Hoh-ho-ho - rahlly, I just couldn't help it, you looked so funny out there - with all those pigs milling around you -- hoh-ho-ho!"

MOLLY: (stamping her foot in fury)
"Funny! Funny! You wouldn't think it was so funny if it happened to you!"

Pat comes over to Molly and tries to console her as she weeps in angry indignation.

PAT:
"It might have been worse, Molly, me child. Your song was a great success. 'No place like home' - even the pigs thought so."

A little smile breaks through the tears, then as she realizes the ridiculousness of the scene, she begins to laugh, the tears still wet on her face.

In the general melee, they haven't observed the predicament of Hortense. Maggie comes on scene with an armful of costumes - sees her dear offspring riding a porker 'hell bent for election' around the stage.

MAGGIE: (dropping the costumes)
"My child! My child! - what are you doing on that pig?"

Get off! Get off this minute!"

HORTENSE:
"I can't! Help! Help!"

Maggie rushes on stage pursuing her child, and at the same time shouting 'My child! My child!" Molly turns and sees the pig with Hortense and runs in pursuit with Maggie.

HORTENSE:
"Stop him! Stop him!"

The pig eventually jumps down the small incline and flees wildly down the aisle. Just as Maggie and Molly overtake the pig, it is stopped by some of the audience so abruptly that Hortense goes flying off its back onto one of the chairs which upsets the customer and leaves Hortense under the chair. (During this episode, we hear the excited barking of 'Romeo' and the shouts of the amused audience.) Maggie picks up Hortense, feeling her bones.

MAGGIE:
"Darling! Are you all right?"

HORTENSE: (although she has been terrified, the braggart will out. She speaks triumphantly)
"Did you see me ride that pig?"

Scene changes to a dimly lit woods. From around a white-barked sycamore tree appear two figures. A middle-aged Negro man of small build and a child of twelve or thirteen. Their attitude is one of terror and extreme caution. We hear in the distance, the baying of bloodhounds and the mournful sound of a horn. The man and child, creeping and crawling, go out of the scene.

Flash to another part of the woods and see the slave-hunters with their bloodhounds. The men are armed and present a foreboding aspect as they go out through the scene.

Flash to another part of the woods, the two fugitives moving stealthily through the trees.

Flash again to the woods. We see the two fugitives come to the edge of a shallow stream. They start across, pause in the middle and wade upstream in an effort to wipe out the scent of their tracks.

Another flash to the hunters.

Flash back to the stage where the members of the company are doing a scene from Spartacus - the story of the runaway slave of Ancient Rome (71 B.C.) This play engages all the members of the company except Molly.

We see two actors coming from the stage. One, dressed as a slave from Gaul, is wearing a beard. The other is smooth-faced and wears a wig. The first actor hurriedly snatches the wig from the second actor and puts it on himself. The second actor seizes the first actor's beard and adjusts it on his own face. Both step out of their toga-like costumes, disclosing entirely different costumes underneath, and as two different characters, rush back on stage.

Scene changes to exterior of dressing-room, which is a small building adjoining the pighouse - a combination feed and tool house. Molly comes on and enters the dressing-room The familiar blanket is down the middle as usual, dividing the ladies' dressing-room from the men's. She goes to the makeshift dressing table and begins to take off her make-up. We hear the murmur of actors' voices next door.

Exterior of dressing-room. The fugitive slaves enter. We see they are near exhaustion. There is an old rain-barrel by the side of the entrance. They drop down, crouching behind this barrel.

Flash to stage and show scene of 'Spartacus'. We hear the actors' voices rising to a climax.

JOSEPH: (playing Spartacus)
"Noble Romans! Hear my voice!"

Show a section of the stage where three figures are standing in a group, their backs toward the audience. The three figures turn in unison and face Spartacus. Two of them are the landlords Griggs and Snipes, who look anything but noble in their Roman costumes.

Flash back to two fugitive slaves as they hear the voices on stage ringing out.

JOSEPH'S VOICE: (still reading Spartacus)
"You Romans that are with me know the taste of freedom, but you, slaves of Campagnia, are you fond of your chains of slavery? I, Spartacus, speak to you. Throw off your chains! We offer you freedom!"

OTHER VOICE:
"Freedom, yes, freedom - for all!"

JOSEPH'S VOICE:
"We will break your shackles, and you shall know freedom-freedom!"

Close view of the old Negro through this speech of Spartacus. His weary face lights up with hope as he hears this message and applies it to his own situation. Seeing the nearby door, he moves toward it.

Flash to Molly alone in the dressing-room. She hears a fumbling at the door accompanied by an animal sort of groan. She turns toward the door, then goes and opens it. We see the two fugitive slaves trembling on the doorstep. They look at Molly beseechingly and call with terror-stricken voices:

SLAVE:
"Missy, help us - Missy - Missy - They will kill us! The big voice - just promise us freedom - Help us!"

MOLLY:
"Who are you? - what's the matter?"

SLAVE:
"They beat us most to death. We slaves, Missy - we trying to get away. Don' let 'em catch us, Missy, please don' let 'em!"

Through this scene, we hear dimly the voices of the actors in the play, and at times the plaintive accompaniment of the fiddle. Molly looks around bewilderedly, sees the old high trunk at one side of the room, looks again at the two pathetic Negroes, and coming to a decision, motions to the slaves to secrete themselves behind the trunk. As the two are scrambling to this position, Rob enters and stands transfixed, watching, as Molly throws a blanket over the trunk, thus hiding the two.

ROB: (questioningly)
"Molly?"

MOLLY: (in hushed tones)
"They are running away - they're slaves. They've been whipped! They have welts all over them! Maybe we can help them across the river."

ROB:
"Molly, you can't do such a thing! It's a terrible penalty in this country to rescue slaves. They are property! Why, in some places, it's a death penalty -"

MOLLY: (with determination)
"I don't care what it is! Nobody is going to catch them if I can help it!"

We see that Rob's sympathies are stirred and he is won over to her attitude.

Flash to the slave hunters with their dogs. They are approaching the shallow stream of water where the slaves crossed The dogs come directly across, but we see that they have lost the scent. They run up and down the banks of the stream, then cross back to the side from whence they came, and we know that the slaves' trick has caused them to momentarily lose the scent.

View changes to the river bank of the Ohio on the Kentucky side. We see a rough, homemade barge which the actors have procured to transport the company down the Ohio, playing the river towns. In the center of the barge stand several fairly large pieces of scenery, which they will later use for sails.

We see the various actors settling themselves down to sleep. Then we come to Rob, who is in charge of the tiller. Molly comes on hurriedly with a businesslike manner. She and Rob hold a short whispered conversation which we do not hear. At the front of the barge, Jim and Pat are preparing to cast off the ropes by which the little barge had been moored to the dock. In the moonlight, Molly, humming a little dance tune, moves toward the end of the barge, where a coil of rope is attached. As Molly hums, she begins to dance as though rehearsing. As she dances, she glances around with a pretense of unconcern.

Then still dancing, with a little side movement of her foot, she manages to kick off the short coil of rope so it falls into the water.

Flash down into the water and see a black hand seize the rope. Then we discover the two fugitive slaves hanging tightly to the end of the rope.

The business of casting off is finished, and the barge starts floating down stream. Jim and Pat wearily drop down to sleep.

Flash to Molly. She gives a casual glance down into the water. Her attitude is one of satisfaction as she continues her dance in a light and casual manner over to Rob, who is holding the tiller.

MOLLY:
"Rob, that's a good step! - did you notice? Just made it up. Did you like it?"

ROB:
"It's a good step, all right!" (change of tone) "I'm afraid it's a better step than the one we're taking."

MOLLY:
"Everything will be all right. They say it's the first cove around the bend."

ROB: (doubtfully)
"Yes - of course, that's where the swiftest currents flow. That might be enough excuse."

MOLLY:
"Exactly. We have to keep in the current."

We perceive that the barge instead of heading directly down stream, is bearing toward the northern shore.

DISSOLVE to the small wharf where the barge had been moored. There are several rowboats attached to this wharf. The slave-hunters, following the bloodhounds who have finally picked up the scent, advance rapidly - look up and down the river - and the leader begins pulling one of the larger rowboats close to the wharf and the group piles in.

Flash to the floating barge.

Flash back again to the pursuers peering from side to side in search of the fugitives.

Flash to barge.

Flash back to pursuers.

Flash to northern shore of the river. We see a small cove with sheltering trees and heavy brush.

View of the barge coming into the cove. We see that all the actors are sleeping. Only Rob and Molly are standing by the tiller. Then from the shore in the parted underbrush, there is a short flash of light. The flash is repeated. It is a lantern being raised up and down as a signal.

Flash to man-hunters approaching from around the bend in the river.

Flash to slaves as they let go of the rope and rise up out of the water.

Flash to man-hunters -- one of the men in the boat shouts - "There they go now!"

Flash to the shore - several figures of the underground meet the two slaves and disappear with them.

Flash to the boat in pursuit. A voice cries out - " Holy smoke! There goes a thousand dollars!" - Then, "It was those no-good, low-down show folks that did it!" Another voice - "We'll fix them." The boat goes off the scene

Flash to the barge floating along. Close view of end of barge and the rope floating behind it. The pursuing boat is over-taking them. The leader of the man-hunters shouts - "They were holding onto that rope" -- raises his gun -- "You run that barge to shore. You're under arrest!"

Close view of the badly frightened Molly and Rob.

MOLLY: (in hushed tones)
"Oh, Rob, what have we done? Oh, your father will never forgive me for getting you into this!"

MOB:
"Hush, Molly - hush."

Long shot of the barge moving toward the north shore, the slave-hunters following with their guns raised threateningly.

DISSOLVE to a small courtroom. On one side of the judge's stand is the Prosecuting Attorney - an aggressive and disagreeable character. By his side are grouped the members of the slave-hunters. The Prosecuting Attorney is speaking.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY:
"We all know what the penalty is and we ask that this severe punishment be meted out to them."

Flash to a view of the frightened actors in the courtroom.

Flash to a tall figure whose back is to the camera and whose face we do not see. He speaks to this effect:

DEFENSE:
"Now, your Honor, I contend that there is not the slightest proof that any of these people threw that rope. If the rope had <u>fallen</u> overboard and if someone <u>happened</u> to be in the river at the same time, naturally, if they saw it, they could have seized it. Will Molly Milton kindly come forward?"

Flash to Molly who is seated between Maggie and Joseph. She is in quite a state at this mess she has got herself and the whole company into. She is frantically rubbing her good luck coin.

MAGGIE: (whispering)
"Go on, Molly, don't be scared. We're all with you."

Molly, trying to control her fright, advances.

DEFENSE:
"Now, young lady, you have told the court before that you did <u>not</u> pick up the rope and toss it overboard."

MOLLY: (in a small, quiet voice)
"No, sir, I didn't - pick it up."

DEFENSE:
"Well, you don't deny that you might have kicked the rope off accidentally?"

Flash to Rob, who is seated by his father. He rises impulsively as though to take his share of the blame, but his father pulls him down to his seat, and whispers --

JOSEPH:
"Don't, Rob - don't interfere."

We return to Molly.

MOLLY:
"Well - I - no, sir."

DEFENSE:
"You are a dancer?"

MOLLY:
"Yes, sir."

DEFENSE:
" -- and in your youthful exuberance, were merely practising a dance-step to be used on the stage?"

MOLLY:
(Nods her head as though in assent)

DEFENSE:
"Your Honor, may I ask the young lady to show us how she was dancing?"

JUDGE:
"Request granted."

MOLLY:
"Well, this is the step."

While the audience looks on with great gravity, she does the dance she did on the barge, with the little side kick.

DEFENSE:
"Your Honor, it seems after viewing this dance, that she might inadvertently have kicked the rope off. If she did, obviously it was merely an accident. Certainly, never in the world could it be called a conspiracy to defeat the law. I resent the Prosecution's attempts to

DEFENSE: (continued)
treat these people with scorn because they are actors. Not only this young lady, but every member of this little company deserves our appreciation and our gratitude. Their profession is the honored one of thespis, which has brought pleasure and culture to civilization through hundreds upon hundreds of years. Among the plays this little group brings to us are the works of Shakespeare - the immortal bard. They have brought even to Illinois, delight and culture - and the Lord knows we need all the culture we can get!"

While the trial is going on, with the voices still continuing, we flash to the group of actors. In the last row is Hortense, seated behind Maggie and next to an old codger who is leaning forward intently, holding one hand to his ear, indicating that he is hard of hearing. As he leans forward, a large plug of tobacco in his hip pocket edges up and nearly out. Hortense sees this and, with light fingers, she abstracts the tobacco plug - looks at it, then gingerly samples a small piece, carefully putting the rest back into the man's pocket. Just at this, the man turns around and Hortense, thinking she is caught, swallows the tobacco. She makes a horrified face as her hand goes to her throat. With an uttered "Ugh!" - the piece goes down. The dialogue continues over this sequence.

DEFENSE:
"Your Honor, I feel sure you will not allow these people to be further persecuted."

PROSECUTION:
"Your Honor, I object to all this. It has nothing to do with the case."

DEFENSE:
"It most certainly does have a bearing on the case. It is perfectly admissible to bring out the fact that this young lady and the other members of the company are people

DEFENSE: (continued)
of excellent character. Young lady, in our conversations you stated that you are studying roles from Shakespeare. You mentioned 'The Merchant of Venice'. Could you perchance give us a little of 'Portia's' courtroom speech? Your Honor — ?"

JUDGE:
"Most unusual - but - proceed."

MOLLY:
"Well, it goes like this — 'The quality of Mercy is not strained, It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven. It is twice blessed; It blesseth him who gives and him who takes. It is mightiest in the mighty. It becomes the throned Monarch better than his crown.'"

Flash to the Judge. We see for the first time a rather knowing smile as he glances toward the Counsel for Defense. Looking toward the group of actors, he resumes his former solemn expression.

JUDGE:
"I find the evidence is not sufficient to detain these people." (to the group) "You are all free to go about your business."

There is a movement of great relief among the actors. Maggie enthusiastically embraces Molly, who is almost hysterical with relief. Joseph shakes Rob fervently by the hand, then turning to the defense lawyer --

JOSEPH:
"Sir, we all thank you from the bottom of our hearts. It was indeed a fine plea you made."

MOLLY:
"Oh, we <u>do</u> thank you, indeed we do!"

PAT:
"Yes, sir, we are most grateful. It's your pardon I ask, sir, but I didn't get your full name."

DEFENSE: (we see his face for the first time and, of course, it is Abraham Lincoln)
"Well, most folks around here just call me 'Old Abe'."

Flash to side of courtroom. Maggie comes up to Hortense, who is holding her stomach with both hands - a picture of discomfort.

MAGGIE:
"Why, Hortense, what's the matter?"

HORTENSE:
"I swallowed something." (still holding her stomach, she runs rapidly from the room)

View changes to outside the courtroom as the actors are emerging, and with them the somber group of landlords. One of them seizes the manager by the arm.

FIRST LANDLORD:
"Look here, you - we are tired of this business - pay out what you <u>have</u> got."

JIM:
"Now don't get rough. You know I am an honest man. We have had hard luck, but the next towns are real show towns! You'll get your money."

SECOND LANDLORD:
"Well, I'm sick of running around with a lot of show folks, getting nothing but promises."

FIRST LANDLORD:
"So am I. I want to go home. I was going to get married!"

Griggs and Snipes are standing nearby and at the word 'married,' they both shake their heads dolefully.

GRIGGS: (meekly)
"I'm not so anxious to go home."

SNIPES:
"Me neither."

JIM:
"That's fine. You both come right along." (he turns to the other two)

JIM: (continued)
" - I'll give you each five dollars to get home on, but honest, that's all I can spare. Like I said, when we hit the good towns, I'll send you the rest -- You know me"

He displays the money and the two evidently thinking it's better than nothing, accept it and exit mournfully, as the manager, followed by the two stage-struck benifaces, goes off.

View changes. We come again to the barge. It is gaily sailing on its way. Rob and Jim are setting the scenery as a sail, and the breeze is helping to blow them on to their destination. In one corner, the fiddler is sawing out a lively air - "Old Dan Tucker", or one of the sprightly jigs of the day. Griggs and Snipes are crouched over a piece of sheet iron upon which a fire is blazing. They have skewered pieces of bacon on sticks and are busily cooking them over the fire.

The whole company seems bright and cheerful and a hopeful atmosphere pervades. They pass other boats as they sail along. Rob and Joseph, in a spirit of fun, seeing a boat approaching, pick up two combat swords and lay on mightily - swords flashing and clanking against each other. Maggie is urging them on.

JOSEPH:
"Lay on, MacDuff, and damned be he who first cried hold! - enough!"

The fiddler is going to it lustily - Pat and Molly are jigging with gusto. Hortense, with Romeo, is racing up and down interfering with everybody. Claire, in a Cleopatra-like attitude, is posing against a backdrop painted to represent the "Serpent of the Nile" - the other side is painted to represent a pastoral scene in which is a simply dressed peasant girl.

Flash to the approaching boat in which is a well-dressed crowd who are looking in amazement at the gaiety on the barge.

FIRST VOICE:
"What on earth is that?"

SECOND VOICE:
"They must all be crazy!"

Flash to the actors highly enjoying the interest they are creating.

Flash to Molly standing by the pastoral side of scenery that is now being used for a sail. Go to Rob, who is just turning the tiller over to one of the other men. He joins Molly.

ROB:
"What are you doing? Posing for that sketch?" (indicating the drop)

MOLLY:
"It reminds me of Miss Fanny Kemble. Did you ever see her in "The Country Girl"?"

ROB:
"No."

MOLLY:
"Well, she was always making excuses to get out of the house to meet her lover in the park, and when her companion insisted that she could not go out at this time, she would stride up and down and say 'I will a-walking go, into the park'."

ROB:
"I've heard she was marvelous."

MOLLY:
"There is a wonderful part in that play for you - the country girl's sweetheart."

ROB:
"Of course, it is only comedy - I like tragedy better."

MOLLY:
"They have a beautiful love scene. Oh, I remember her reading - 'But my dear sweet, not even death itself can kill my love for you - it shall live through all eternity'."

We see that Rob is caught by Molly's earnestness and seems to become aware of her beauty and charm, when from the other side of the 'scenery sail', we hear Claire's voice calling.

CLAIRE:
"Robby - oh, R-o-b-b-e-e-! Where are y-o-u?"

ROB:
"Here I am - I'm coming." (turning away from Molly) "I'll see you later, Molly."

He exits and Molly turns away - goes to the edge of the barge by the tiller, looking off into the slightly ruffled water of the flowing river.

Flash to Rob coming on scene to Claire, who is posing somewhat resembling that of Cleopatra on the painted backdrop. She is holding an old newspaper in her hand. She speaks rapidly, with great excitement.

CLAIRE:
"Look! Pickles picked it up in that last town. It was evidently left by one of the boats traveling north. The Moultrie Company will be playing in Memphis about the same time we get there, and the famous Mrs. Moultrie won't be with them - that jealous old thing! - she's in Baltimore with another company. Oh, the Moultrie Company is a real company! This is a wonderful chance for me!"

ROB:
"You mean you would leave us?"

CLAIRE:
"But, Rob, the Moultrie Company! - it's not like this. Rob, there might be a place for you, too!"

View changes to makeshift sleeping quarters. Maggie is stretched out with a small piece of baggage for a pillow. By her side is Hortense - her dog in her arms - both sleeping soundly.

Molly enters cautiously so as not to awaken them. Sorrowfully, she lies down by Maggie's other side, pulling the blanket over her, looking with stricken eyes into the night.

We return to the other end of the boat where Claire and Rob are hidden by some scenery from the other members of the company.

CLAIRE: (with great enthusiasm)
"Oh, I'm so happy I just love the world." (she throws her arms around Rob and kisses him lightly - she moves back and they look into each other's eyes Rob, aflame with desire, seizes Claire and they kiss passionately, their bodies swaying together)

View changes to other side of the scenery. Jim rises from his bunk, looks over the scenery, takes in the situation and goes quietly out of the scene.

Flash again to Rob and Claire moving slowly to the rail, their arms around each other, as they lean against the rail in a lover-like attitude.

View changes to the other end of the barge. Joseph is a classical figure as he stands in a thoughtful pose, looking up at the stars. Jim enters.

JOSEPH:
"Beautiful night."

JIM:
"Yes, quite." (after a troubled pause) "Castlemain - are you fond of your son?"

JOSEPH: (with simple honesty)
"I love him more than anything in this world."

JIM:
"I know it's none of my business, Castlemain - but I like the boy, too -- and I think he is getting in very bad hands."

JOSEPH: (disturbed)
"What do you mean?"

JIM:
"Well, that Claire woman - you know her reputation."

JOSEPH:
"Yes, I certainly do."

JIM:
"She and Rob - well - I saw them in each other's arms."

JOSEPH: (startled)
"You did what?"

JIM:
"Just now."

JOSEPH: (alarmed at this information)
"I will put a stop to that! I will get her out of this company this very week!"

DISSOLVE to exterior of Metropolitan Theater, Memphis, Tennessee. Perhaps a handbill might be used to denote the location.

Scene backstage, in the wings at the theater. A heated scene is going on between Claire and Joseph.

JOSEPH:
"- - that's why I am giving you your notice. You are not the kind of woman I want my son playing around with."

CLAIRE: (disdainfully)
"You give <u>me</u> notice! Well, for your information, I have already been engaged by Mr. Moultrie, at a <u>real</u> salary, and he pays them!"

JOSEPH:
"I have nothing against Mr. Moultrie - I know he has a fine company."

CLAIRE: (breaking in)
"Yes, and he is very much interested in Rob. I had Rob read a part for him and he thought he showed great promise."

ROB: (entering excitedly)
"Say, Dad, I have a chance to go with the Moultrie Company -"

JOSEPH: (very much hurt)
"You mean you want to leave me, Rob?"

ROB:
"It isn't that, Dad - but this is a marvelous opportunity -- Don't you think I should take it, Dad?"

CLAIRE:
"Surely you wouldn't stand in Rob's way, would you?"

JOSEPH: (scornfully, harshly)
"You keep out of this!"

ROB: (in protest)
"Why, Dad!"

JOSEPH: (heatedly)
"I know this woman's reputation -" (suddenly notices they are under a high stepladder - in horrified tones -)
"By Gad! Get out from under this ladder! (they move hurriedly, and Joseph continues as though there had been no interruption)
"I say I know this woman's reputation- it's a foul one, and I don't want you tangled up with her!"

CLAIRE:
"Rob, would you believe a lot of lies about me?"

JOSEPH:
"They are not lies! I knew you were no good, but I never dreamed you would go after a naive child like Rob, or I would have thrown you out long ago - you - you degraded creature - you."

ROB: (his infatuation for Claire makes him forget everything else. He shouts furiously)
"Stop it! Not another word against Claire!" (he starts as though to strike his father, then controls himself)

Joseph seems about to counter violence with violence, but the realization of the uselessness of struggling against the blind passions of youth, finally forces him to admit defeat and he turns away from them, as we FADE.

FADE on to Dressing-room. Molly is alone at the make-up table, getting into a blackface make-up. She has one side of her face already blackened and as she applies the make-up, we see that she is crying bitterly. Maggie enters hurriedly and speaks with decision.

MAGGIE:
"Molly Milton, stop that sniveling and get some pride into yourself. Go out there and tell Rob goodbye as if his going away was nothing at all."

She gives Molly a good shake and lifts her to her feet. Molly struggles to control herself.

View changes to the wings of the theater - before the first curtain. Claire and Rob have come to get their make-up and are saying goodbye to the members of the troupe.

PAT:
"Well, Rob, the best of luck to you."

PICKLES:
"Yes, best of luck."

CLAIRE:
"Yes, isn't it a marvelous opportunity? Rob is cast now for 'Count Paris', but Mr. Moultrie says later he will give him a chance at 'Mercutio'."

We see that while Rob is excited at the turn of events, he conveys an undertone of uneasiness at leaving his father's company.

ROB:
"Yes, it is a great opportunity all right -"

Molly and Maggie, followed by Hortense, come on and join the group.

CLAIRE:
"Ah, this is just the beginning - When next you see Robby - he may be playing 'Romeo' to my 'Juliet'."

MOLLY: (giving Claire a look that would singe asbestos)
"Oh, Rob, everybody is going to miss you so! Why - nothing will be the same."

CLAIRE: (with great hauteur)
"Yes, but Robby is now at this moment a member of the great Moultrie Company. Quite a change from the 'Twilight Revellers Organization'."

MAGGIE: (muttering to herself)
"She's worth her weight in applesauce!"

MOLLY: (shyly draws Rob a little aside from the group)
"Rob, I have something for you - to remember - us all by. It isn't much, but it's something I never thought I would give to anybody. See? It's my Daddy's rabbit's foot - that's real silver on the end. He used this when he made up for his greatest part - Julius Caesar - and - I hope from the bottom of my heart, Rob, that it brings you luck!"

Molly speaks with such tenderness that Rob, as he takes the little gift, cannot help being moved.

ROB:
"I'll use it, Molly, I promise you, for my make-up as 'Mercutio'."

Flash to wings at other side of stage as Joseph, standing in the shadows, looks on this scene with a sorrowful attitude.

Flash again to Molly and Rob. Molly feels she is about to break into tears, but forces herself to smile.

MOLLY:
" - and after 'Mercutio', Rob, I hope you get to play 'Romeo', then maybe - 'Hamlet' -- and you will play Baltimore and maybe sometime the Chestnut Street Theater in Philadelphia. I would go miles to see you there!"

ROB:
"I'm afraid it would have to be a lucky rabbit's foot indeed to fulfill all that - but thank you, Molly. I wager I'll never use this but I think of the old 'Twilight Revellers'."

CLAIRE: (Interrupting)
"Well, Robby, we had better be going if we expect to catch that boat. Goodbye, little Molly." (then with mock sweetness) "I wish you success with your 'nigger' act. Bye, bye everyone, I rahlly hope you all have better luck than you have been having!"

Rob takes up his own suitcase and Claire motions for him to take her own. Ad-libs of "Good luck" - "Goodbye", etc., from the group

HORTENSE:
"Goodbye, Snakey - Goodbye, R-o-b-e-r-t-!"

Claire and Rob exit. Claire goes out triumphantly and Rob is close behind, carrying Claire's grip as well as his own.

HORTENSE: (chants)
"Molly lost her feller - Molly lost her feller!"

MOLLY:
"Oh, stop it, you little nuisance!"

JIM:
"Stop your quarreling! - Hurry up, Molly, you'll be on soon."

View changes to the dressing-room. Molly enters hurriedly and, going to the make-up table, busily blackens the other side of her face, wiping away her tears with an old towel.

DISSOLVE to the small orchestra pit before the stage. The one violin has been augmented by two more instruments. Molly comes swirling on stage, the very picture of youthful happiness and verve.

MOLLY:
"Hello, people! Ain't it a great world?"

She lets out her infectious laugh - all is seemingly sparkle and gaiety - she is indeed proving herself an actress. As she sings her song, we flash to Maggie in the wings, watching Molly - a look of sympathy on her face

Flash to front of boarding-house. It is night. Molly comes distractedly out of the house, pauses for a moment on the porch -- we get the feeling of her despair - that there is nothing worth living for. We follow her as she goes dejectedly down the walk.

A distant view as she walks, suggesting a lonely mite in a big and empty world.

She comes to a high bank at the edge of the river. She stands swaying on the bank, a look of utter despair on her face, as she looks into the water. We hold this attitude for a time, then she turns slowly away and goes off scene.

View changes to the porch of the boarding-house. Joseph comes slowly out the door and drops heavily onto a bench. As he lets out a whiff of cigar smoke, a sigh goes with it. Molly comes up the steps abstractedly. She sits on the bench next to Joseph. No words are spoken. He gently puts his arm around her and they sit looking off into the night, as WE FADE.

FADE ON to the corner room of a rambling building which has been converted into a boarding-house. This room has a separate entrance. Through the window, we see Claire and Rob. Rob is holding his script.

Flash inside - Rob is just finishing reading 'Count Paris'.

ROB:
"Oh, I am slain! If thou be merciful, open the tomb, lay me with Juliet'."

CLAIRE:
"It's just a wee bit fast, Robby."

ROB:
"I get so excited! I guess that's why I read so fast."

CLAIRE:
"We all have to learn, Robby. Mr. Moultrie is a great director-" (with a meaning look) "-and I'll also help you."

ROB: (looking at Claire adoringly)
"I wish I had the words to tell you how wonderful you are. You know, in that white dress as 'Juliet' - Oh, such ethereal beauty -"

Claire, who loves any kind of admiration, is obsessed with the idea of playing the angelic role with Rob - at least for the moment.

CLAIRE:
"That reminds me of my favorite lines --'So Beatrice went through life - An image of such pure beauty - That all men's hearts were uplifted - Beholding her'!"

Claire is crossing the floor, acting an angel of light, as she quotes these lines. She comes to the window. We see blossoming magnolia trees outside and hear from the distance, Negro voices singing.

ROB: (joining her at the window)
"A description so like yourself."

CLAIRE:
"You darling!"

ROB:
" -'and the night was filled with music! -'"

CLAIRE: (rather suddenly turns from the window and looks at the clock - she drops her 'role')
"Oh, Robby darling, look at the time! You must go!"

ROB: (taking her in his arms, he kisses her. Then in a tense voice-)
"It's not late -"

CLAIRE: (softly)
"No, Robby - not tonight."

ROB: (after a pause)
"Goodnight then - - until tomorrow?"

CLAIRE:
"Goodnight, Robby darling."

ROB:
"Goodnight."

Flash to exterior as Rob comes out into the moonlit southern night, and goes down the path bordered by the magnolia trees in full bloom. His adolescent feet seem hardly to touch the ground - they are as light as his youthful, ecstatic heart. We hear the first phrase of the Negro's spiritual which accompanies with music Rob's own emotions.

"My heart is a-jumpin'
And I am singing mighty loud
As I drive my chariot to a
Big white cloud -"

We see Rob going into the distance - he stops beneath a magnolia tree - the Negro voices continue -

"The tulip flowers are blooming
And the lilacs, too
Roses seem a-singing
I'll go along with you -"

This as we come to a close view of Rob. He lifts his arms - a gesture that seems to embrace the very sky as the Negro voices sing - rising to a musical climax fitting Rob's attitude -

"I'll drive my golden chariot
Up to the big white cloud -"

Flash of the Negroes in the distance wending their songful way. Rob starts off the scene preserving the same ecstatic manner - stops - looks at a particularly magnificent magnolia blossom hanging low before him. He pauses, looking at the blossom and starts back from whence he had come.

View changes to scene outside Claire's room. The blinds are now drawn. As Rob lifts his hand and starts to knock on the door, he hears the sound of subdued voices from inside.

MAN'S VOICE:
"I told you I would finish that scene tonight, but your face seemed to be on every page - I couldn't do any work - I just had to see you!"

CLAIRE: (in passionate tones)
"Charles, dear dear Charles! I am so glad you came."

MAN'S VOICE:
" - and we don't have to worry about my wife now --

Baltimore is a long way off."

CLAIRE:
"We're not going to worry about anything tonight, Charles.

This is our night."

MAN'S VOICE: (intensely)
"Darling, how warm you are."

An exclamation from Claire evidently smothered by a kiss. Rob moves brokenly away from the doorway. He is stricken as only a romantic boy of his type can be - this is his first disillusionment.

Another view - Rob comes on scene - looks ahead of him - steps quickly behind a tree and shrubbery.

View changes - a rather distant view of Claire's room and path leading to it. A youngish looking actor of the 'Romeo' type, jauntily swinging a cane going down the path to Claire's room, as WE FADE.

DISSOLVE to backstage of new theater in Galveston, Texas. Joseph Castlemain is on stage playing 'Richard III'. He is going to it with great gusto.

JOSEPH:
"'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse! Slave,

I have set my life upon a cast; And I will stand the

hazard of the die!'"

Clashing of swords accompanies music, as we PAN swiftly to a small group of actors in the wings at the foot of a staircase. They are still in stage costumes. Pat comes on from up the stairway, not noticing the depressed appearance of the actors.

PAT:
"And has the ghost walked yet?"

MAGGIE:
"No, and the ghost isn't going to walk."

PAT:
"And what's the matter?"

PICKLES:
"Jim has skipped out with all the money."

PAT:
"No! You're not telling me -"

PICKLES:
"But we are telling you!"

MAGGIE: (grief-stricken as all are)
"Receipts for the whole week - the best week's business since we started out — the skunk!"

Molly has been standing in an abject attitude by Maggie's side. Maggie puts her arms around her, and as she does, she observes Hortense, who is wearing her pet blond wig.

MAGGIE:
"Hortense! What are you wearing that wig for? Your act was over two hours ago!"

HORTENSE:
"I like it - makes me look pretty."

MAGGIE:
"Oh, it does, does it?" (then looking at Molly) "Poor lamb!" (then to the group) "This is one hard-luck town. We with all our troubles - and look at the Moultrie Company -- Moultrie got on to that Claire playing around with the leading man and poor Rob -- his wife got on to Moultrie and Claire, and the whole company's busted up."

HORTENSE: (to her dog she is holding in her arms)
"Here we go, Romeo, starving again."

We switch to wings showing stage. Joseph is taking a bow and is taking it big. We hear the applause of the audience. Standing in the wings looking out at the stage is Bill Swift, a rough-looking character - typical of Texas of that day. As Joseph comes off-stage, Bill addresses him:

BILL:
"Say, Joe, that was great!" (he shakes Joseph's hand with enthusiasm)
"The first real acting I've seen for years."

JOSEPH:
"You really liked it, Bill?"

BILL:
"Like it! Why, you were marvelous! It was worth that 300 mile drive to see you tread the boards. How I'd like to play 'MacDuff' with you once more! You remember- before I came west, I was pretty good! Say, Joe, take this show to San Antone and let me play 'MacDuff'."

This conversation goes on as we follow them over to the group of disconsolate actors.

JOSEPH:
"Where's the funeral?"

MAGGIE:
"Right here. Jim has skipped out with all the money."

JOSEPH:
"Good Gad! Not really!"

OMNI:
"Yes, it's true", etc."

MAGGIE:
" - and we are broke - flat as a pancake."

BILL: (excitedly)
"Well, that settles it. You've got to come to San Antone. You know, I've cleaned up out there - I'll pay double salaries and guarantee you a trip back to New Orleans. I'm just achin' to tread the boards again!"

JOSEPH:
"But, Bill, that's 300 miles away - and what about the Comanches? They tell me that's a dangerous trip."

BILL:
"Nonsense! That San Antone trail is as safe as Galveston. The Rangers have tended to that and - by Gad - here's the man that helped them do it!"

View changes to the hills in the Texas grasslands. Around a camp fire in a secluded place is seen a group of Indians - the fierce Comanches. A close view of the leaders and Chieftains. The famous Lone Wolf is holding forth. He is a splendid specimen of manhood. His rugged, pockmarked face suggests the magnificence of the faces chiseled on the pyramids of Egypt. He has the dignity of a Roman Emperor. He wears but one feather in his hair. The Comanches did not go in for the feathered headdress of the other western tribes.

LONE WOLF:
" - and my Father went to San Antone - my Father, the greatest of our tribe, and thirty-six of our leaders went with him under a flag of truce. Common soldiers held them all as hostages. They barred the door through which my Father wished to return to his people. Although there were ten to one against him, my Father refused to be held. They fought to be free, and <u>all</u> were slain by these traitors. Their blood stains the white man's fort! Our brothers' blood! Tomorrow we strike to wipe out this stain upon our honor!"

OTHERS TAKE UP THE CRY:
"We strike! We strike!"

Scene changes to Galveston Inn - a dining-room with bar at one side. Bill and Joseph are just finishing a drink. Near them are two Whitehats (Texas Rangers) in the picturesque costumes. We break in on the conversation.

BILL:
"So the Moultrie Company busted up here, too."

JOSEPH:
"That's right."

FIRST WHITEHAT:
"Some day the Republic of Texas will be the greatest nation in the world. France has already honored us by sending an Ambassador."

SECOND WHITEHAT:
"When you goin' back to San Antone, Bill?"

BILL:
"Pretty soon, I reckon. That trail now is quiet as a Quaker's prayer meeting."

FIRST WHITEHAT:
"They've been quiet for a long time, but you never can tell about the Comanches."

SECOND WHITEHAT:
"Yes, and it's been rumored that Lone Wolf didn't get killed in that fight five years ago."

FIRST WHITEHAT:
"If Lone Wolf is still alive, we will hear from them again one of these days."

BILL: (his natural boldness has not been decreased by the liquor he has taken on)
"Lone Wolf or no Comanche living can keep me from traveling where I blame please! Come on, Joe, let's get started."

As they exit, the others call out "Goodbye" - "Good luck", etc.

View changes to the wide verandah of the Hotel. The entire company is assembled. Bill and Joseph come on.

JOSEPH:
"Well, children, my good friend here -" (indicating Bill)
"- has settled our board account. He is fairly rolling in wealth and he claims if we don't do big business in San Antonio, he will pay our way back to New Orleans, and Bill doesn't break his word to anybody."

JUVENILE: (who has taken Rob's place)
"I'm telling you, it's a dangerous trip. You never can tell about the Comanches - they're apt to strike any time."

HORTENSE:
"Gee, Indians! Indians!" (she throws back her head and, clapping her hand against her mouth, lets out a war-whoop, at the same time doing her idea of an Indian dance)

MAGGIE:
"Hortense, be quiet!"

JOSEPH:
"I am not going to ask anyone of you to go. If you want to take the chance, it's up to you."

PAT:
"Faith, I'm with you. Sure, and we all have to stick together."

MAGGIE:
"I'm for that - after all we've been through together."

PICKLES:
"I expect the worst, but I'll go along."

VIOLINIST:
"By this time next week, I will be sawing my fiddle in San Antonio."

GRIGGS:
"I'd as soon face the Comanches as my wife any day."

SNIPES:
"Yeah, me too."

MAGGIE: (looking around the group)
"Where's that Molly? I haven't seen her for an hour."

Flash to a shaded recess by a gate with a path leading off. Molly is standing by the gate. Resting on the gate, we see a man's arm. We do not see his face, but hear his voice speaking in very subdued tones -

ROB'S VOICE:
"She was so beautiful - I can still hardly believe the whole thing. Besides, I hate to come back - I would be ashamed -- how can I face my father -?"

MOLLY: (earnestly)
"Rob - your father loves you. I know how much - he's missed you."

Flash back to the group on the Hotel Verandah. An actor new to the group is talking to Joseph.

ACTOR:
"Well, I am sorry, but I don't like Comanches. I am staying here."

JUVENILE:
"I am not afraid - but I kind of like it here."

Holly and Rob come on the scene. Rob goes directly to his father. Joseph is stern - Rob most humble. There is a pause as they stand facing each other.

ROB: (in subdued voice)
"Dad - - you were right - I - have learned my lesson!

JOSEPH: (sternly)
"Are you sure?"

ROB: (humbly)
"I was never more sure of anything in all my life!"

BILL: (taking in the scene)
"Joe - you have just lost your juvenile - he is afraid of the Comanches."

ROB: (to his father, ingratiatingly)
"Well, I am not. I would like another try, Dad --"

JOSEPH:
"Well, son, some people only learn through experience."
(a forgiving smile comes over his face - he reaches out his hand to Rob, who seizes it fervently)

In the doorway leading into the Hotel, Claire appears. She lounges against the door - her old arrogant self. The little group look at her in some surprise at her unchastened attitude.

CLAIRE:
"Good morning, everybody." (to Joseph) "I hear your new leading lady doesn't like the idea of a trip to San Antone."

BILL: (steps forward, looking at Claire with unabashed admiration)
"Where have you been? Welcome to Texas, lady - my name is Swift - Bill Swift."

CLAIRE: (turning on the old allure)
"I am Claire Devereaux. At present I am stranded - but I am delighted to meet you, sir. Good morning, Robby."

ROB: (his attitude as well as his voice, quite frigid)
"Miss Devereaux." (he turns away from her, toward Molly)

BILL:
Joe, Miss Devereaux would have San Antone by it's ear." (to Claire) "You are not afraid of Comanches?"

CLAIRE:
"I would risk it." (with a flirtatious glance at Bill)
"Besides, they do say that a Comanche on horseback is about the handsomest thing since the Crusaders."

JOSEPH: (now convinced that Claire is no longer a danger to his son; with a cold but courtly bow)
"Well, Miss Devereaux, we will be glad to have you -- for this one engagement!"

HORTENSE: (blandly chanting in undertone)
"Snakey, Snakey, Snakey - gives me belly-achey-"

At this, Maggie - standing by Hortense's side, claps her hand over the child's mouth, so as to practically eliminate the end of her chanting.

View changes to scene on hillside - a valley below. Lone Wolf, mounted on a sinewy-looking horse, gestures toward the valley. We see sweeping out from the chaparral a long line of Indians riding like centaurs - going down into the plain. (In the original raid, there were over a thousand Indians. They swept through the plains of Texas to the Gulf of Mexico.)

DISSOLVE to a primitive cabin against a hill in a little clearing. We see a woman and a man, evidently her husband, with a young boy,

running toward the cabin when from one side of the cabin sweep the circling Comanches - their bows twanging death. At the edge of the cabin, all three are shot down.

DISSOLVE to another cabin in flames. We see the Indians leading away from the flaming cabin, a half dozen horses.

View changes. In front of the Hotel are two flat-topped coaches. These are not the usual stage coaches, but are the carrier wagons such as were used by the mail carriers on these western plains. Behind the coaches is a carryall wagon, which is being loaded with scenery, props and some of the costumes. The drivers are busy hitching the four-horse teams to each coach; these are fine animals, capable of great speed. The carryall wagon is to be drawn by mules, or horses of sturdier, slower type, useful for pulling heavy loads.

There is a general air of excitement. We hear the stable boys shouting to the horses, and we hear bits of dialogue from the crowd milling about. "Get in there, Blazes!" - "Back up, Sorrel!" - "Link those traces!" - "Whoa - whoa there!" - "Did you get your grips?" - "San Antone!" - "I got my salary in advance!", etc.

At one side of the first coach are Pat and Rob, busy placing small baggage and Molly's trunk into the coach. On the other side are Bill and Joseph. They have a jug of whiskey between them and are harmonizing a lively tune. Claire is smiling engagingly at Bill, the new male on her horizon. Everyone is in a jovial mood, looking forward to the trip to San Antonio. Maggie lustily joins in the singing.

CLAIRE:
"What a marvelous voice you have, Mr. Swift. Rahlly,

I'm just dying to see you as 'MacDuff'.

BILL: (breaks off the song to reminisce)
"Do you remember, Joe, when we played 'Damon and

Pythias' together? Those were the days!"

JOSEPH:
"They called us that off-stage, too!"

BILL:
" - and the women milling around the stage door - ah, the women!"

JOSEPH: (leaning through the coach window, indicating the rifles strapped to the side of the coach, and Bill's holstered pistols)
"And now we're riding the plains with an arsenal! Bill, you certainly built yourself a coach!"

BILL:
"Isn't she a dandy? As for the arsenal, as you call it, I don't think there's any danger of needing it - but it's better to be prepared."

CLAIRE: (interrupting)
"With you along, Mr. Swift, I am sure we need have no fear."

BILL: (sees that the wagons are loaded and the horses ready)
"Thanks, Miss Claire. Well, everything is ready - let's go!" (the actors pile into the coaches) "Come on, Joe, we'll ride on top - greatest country in the world - you can see it better up there."

View changes to a ridge at one side of the valley where a group of Comanches appear and look off into the valley.

Flash to full view of the stage wagons. The horses are trotting easily along.

Close view of Joseph and Bill seated by the driver. At the sides are several rifles in their holds. Bill and Joseph are lustily singing.

Flash inside first coach. In this coach are Molly, Maggie, Hortense, Claire, Rob and Pat. Molly is seated on her trunk petting 'Romeo'. Hortense is on the floor, her open valise by her side.

MAGGIE:
"Here we are off again. By Golly, listen to those two singing up there."

ROS: (with a chuckle)
"I never heard Dad sing like that before."

MAGGIE:
"Well, he has met his old chum and he's got you back - so why not?"

Flash to close view of Holly and Hortense. Hortense has taken her wig out of her valise and is combing it. After a few strokes with the comb, she puts it on.

HORTENSE:
"Is it on straight?"

HOLLY: (adjusting the wig)
"Now, you look real pretty."

MAGGIE: (has been looking out the window, now turns and sees Hortense)
"You silly, you'll wear that wig out!"

HORTENSE:
"No, I won't."

Flash to interior of second coach and the rest of the company. Pickles is humming a doleful ditty and the violinist is sawing out a suitable accompaniment - a solemn air pervades the coach. Several small trunks partly fill this coach. On the Driver's seat, are guards with rifles across their knees.

DISSOLVE to full view of the stage wagons on their way.

Flash of the Comanches riding swiftly toward the valley.

Flash to close view of a man seated in the back of the carryall wagon peering down the trail over which the wagons have just gone.

Flash to a view of the Indians now on the trail, in pursuit.

Flash to the man in the back of the carryall wagon which has been slowly following the two stages. He sees the Indians in the distance. He makes his way to the front of his wagon and shouts to the driver - "Comanches! Comanches on the war path!" The wagon has been going leisurely along. Now the driver whips up the horses.

View changes. The carryall wagon overtakes the passenger coaches. The driver screams out to the other drivers - "Comanches! Comanches on the war path!" Great excitement seizes all. The drivers in the first wagon coach turn, look back, whip their horses from their leisurely pace into a run.

Several Flashes back and forth from the speeding wagon coaches to the Indians shouting their barbaric cries of vengeance at the top of their voices as they fly in pursuit.

During these scenes, we see the two speedy wagon coaches draw away from the heavy carryall wagon.

Close view of the carryall wagon. The two men in this wagon see that it is impossible to escape the Comanches with their slow horses. They jump off the wagon and run into the chaparral and mesquite brush seeking to escape. One of the men seems to succeed and disappears into the brush, but the other is struck by an arrow and falls.

The Indians come upon the deserted wagon, looking over its contents. Some seize the horses' reins - others mill about the wagon, breaking open boxes and trunks. In wonder and savage glee, they hold up the various costumes - some of Richard III, classical Roman costumes, togas, etc. Lone Wolf and his Chieftains shout for them to come on, but various of the Indians hastily array themselves with the costumes they have picked up and go swiftly on their way.

View changes to a narrow pass in the trail. The driver of the first coach is desperately urging on his horses, when due to the pressure of this fast driving, a defective whiffletree becomes detached from the main wagon-pole. The two lead horses pull off to the side, the detached whiffletree banging against their heels. The driver hastily dismounts, and Bill and Joseph leap down to help. They run to the struggling horses to disentangle them from the dragging whiffletree and entangling traces. Pat and Rob spring out and join the other men, leaving the door open behind them.

The second wagon now comes up behind the first and, finding that it has been forced to stop, swings out into the brush and passes, nearly upsetting when it strikes the rough earth, but manages to right itself and goes on out of sight.

View changes. From the side of a large rock on the edge of the trail, three white trappers appear. Two of them are quite weather-beaten and thin, but one is very stout. They sit down by the edge of the rock to eat their meal of jerked meat. The fat one has a jug and is boasting -

FAT MAN:
"There were six Comanches trying to raid my horses. I shot three of them and chased the others to Kingdom Come!"

SECOND MAN:
"That firewater is making you talk mighty big."

FIRST MAN:
"Don't make so much noise -- what's that?"

SECOND MAN:
"What's what?"

FIRST MAN:
"Sounds like running horses."

FAT MAN:
"Wild horses stampeding, I guess. There are lots of them around here."

As they are looking off, from around the bend, the group of Comanches that had donned the actors' costumes, appears. Some are grotesquely arrayed in Roman togas, one of these has on his head a large and showy stage crown. One is wearing part of the costume for 'Richard III'. Several have trunks, ribbons, hose, etc. wrapped around their waists streaming out like ribbons behind them. Some have draped costumes around their horses' necks. All in all, they present what is probably the most fantastic spectacle ever seen on the plains of Texas, or any other country. The three trappers look upon this spectacle as though unable to believe their eyes.

FIRST MAN: (with wonder and disbelief)
"Holy Mother!"

SECOND MAN:
"Great Scots alive! What's that?"

FAT MAN: (looking at the jug, then at the Indians and back at the jug, then he throws it violently away from him)
"That rotgut! I've got 'em again!"

Crouching and scrambling madly, they make their way off through the brush, which fortunately screens them from the screaming Indians, whose attention is on the wagons anyhow.

Flash to the wagon coach. The driver and other men are just finishing their repairs on the wagon-pole.

Flash to close view of Hortense, who has Romeo in her arms as she stands in the open door.

Flash to a rabbit scurrying through the brush.

Flash to Hortense and Romeo. Romeo sees the rabbit, leaps out of Hortense's arms and hits the trail.

Flash to rabbit running - then to Romeo also running.

Flash to Hortense jumping out of the coach and running wildly after Romeo Maggie and the others in the coach are looking out of the window on the other side and do not notice Hortense's action.

Flash to the men returning to the coach after finishing their repairs. They hurriedly resume their places - the driver sends his black snake out over the horses and they start up at a mad gallop. Maggie, who has been looking out the window on the other side is thrown violently into a corner as the coach lurches forward.

Flash to Hortense in pursuit of Romeo - her false blond curls flying about her head.

Flash to Hortense in pursuit of Romeo - her false blond curls flying about her head.

Flash to coach - terrific excitement. Bill and Joseph are seizing the rifles. Inside, Maggie is just recovering from her fall - sees that Hortense is not in sight. She looks frantically around - under the seats, behind the trunk, then cries -

MAGGIE:
"Where is my child!!! (to Rob) "Did she get up with the drivers?"

ROB: (taking aim with his rifle out the window)
"I don't know! I didn't see her! I don't know!"

Maggie leans out the window to see if her child is in front of the coach. Then, in her anxiety, attempts to open the door of the swiftly moving coach. Rob and Molly seize her and prevent this mad act.

Flash to chaparral - close view of the rabbit disappearing down a hole. Romeo comes on barking excitedly. Hortense rushes on scene, seizes her pet, turns, starts back from whence she came. She stops -

Flash to scattered group of Indians racing their horses. These are not the Indians who had donned the actors' costumes.

Flash to Hortense. She has seen the Indians and turns, running frantically in the opposite direction.

Flash of an 'oldish' Indian a little apart from the group. He spots Hortense in the distance and turns away from the others.

Flash of Hortense running desperately, looking occasionally over her shoulder.

View changes. We see the Indian is drawing close upon her.

Close view of Hortense screaming hysterically - "Mama! MAMA! HELP!! HELP!!! The Indian is now close upon her. She runs in circles, dodging in and out of the brush trying to escape.

Flash back to the coach and the pursuing Indians.

Flash to close view of Hortense. The Indian is almost upon her - his horse plowing the ground - Hortense screaming in the wind - the Indian is now close by her side. With a screaming warwhoop, he leans down from the horse and seizes Hortense by the hair.

Close view of the astonished Red Man looking with awe and amazement at the easily procured scalp in his hand. He fails to notice the steep bank he is rapidly approaching, and his horse, unchecked, goes flying and tumbling down.

Flash to the bewildered and terrified Hortense, looking in all directions at once, 'saved by a hair' as it were. She runs out of the scene.

Flash to mouth of a small cave. Hortense comes on running wildly - Romeo starts barking and she holds his mouth closed with her free hand. She sees the cave and rushes into it.

Flash to distant view of the Indians in hot pursuit, the coach flying. We see the Indians are overtaking it. They circle wildly. They are for the most part, armed with bow and arrow.

Flash to driver's seat of the coach. The rifles of Joseph and Bill bark out.

BILL:
"There must be a thousand of them!"

Flash inside. Rob and Pat are firing out the windows. The women are busy loading guns.

MAGGIE:
"By Gad, this is the last act!"

The Indians are now drawing closer - firing their arrows - we see them strike the side of the coach. One strikes near the window where Rob is holding his pistol in readiness.

MOLLY: (crying out warningly)
Rob! Rob! WATCH OUT!" (forgetting herself, she rushes to Rob's side as though to protect him)

BOB: (with alarm)
"Watch out, yourself!"

Quickly, he opens Molly's trunk, and before she has time to protest, roughly pushes her into it, slamming down the top and clamping it. Claire is crouched against one side of the coach laughing hysterically, as she reloads a rifle.

View changes to the ruins of a mission that had been deserted by order of the Spanish Government in 1795. The Whitehats have done a crude job of repairing part of it, and have established it as one of their posts. There are several Whitehats strolling about, others are grouped around the fort. In the background, close behind, is a corral where the Rangers' horses are kept. Here to one side is a group of friendly Indians - Tonkawas. They are friendly to the Rangers mostly because of their hatred for the Comanches. In the group is their Chief, Placido. Two white settlers, riding desperately, draw rein before the group of Rangers.

FIRST MAN: (shouting)
"The Comanches are riding the San Antone trail. Hundreds of them!"

SECOND MAN:
"They're burning and killing."

Captain Ford, Commander of this group of Rangers, steps out of the door in time to overhear the settlers' announcement.

CAPTAIN FORD:
"You saw this yourself, Johnson?"

FIRST MAN:
"Yes, sir, from a distance."

SECOND MAN:
"We rode by one settler's house burned to the ground - the whole family dead - scalped!"

PLACIDO:
"Let my men lead the way, Captain!"

CAPTAIN FORD:
"Mount! We ride!"

We see the Rangers rush out of the scene as they and the Tonkawas go toward their horses.

View changes to the coach driving furiously. The occupants are battling with the Comanches.

Flash to the Tonkawas on each flank of the galloping Rangers.

Flash to close view of the coach. Several arrows are imbedded in its sides. An arrow impales the right arm of Joseph. He falls back with a groan, picks up one of Bill's pistols with his left hand, and starts again to fire. Bill is taking careful aim at one of the leaders of the Comanches. He fires.

A Flash of the Comanche falling from his horse, on his way to the 'happy hunting ground'.

Another Flash of the Rangers, galloping.

Flash inside the coach. Pat and Rob are firing out the windows - Maggie is sobbing as she reloads guns for the men.

Flash of the Indians yelling their barbaric war cry, as they let their arrows fly.

Flash again to the top of the coach. Bill, crouched in the inset of the driver's seat, fires his rifle and takes another one from its hold. Just then, Joseph is impaled again and slumps down in the seat.

Flash inside the coach. Claire, laughing and crying at once, seizes the rifle Maggie has just loaded and fires wildly out the window.

Another Flash of the Comanches, now closing in on the coach.

Flash to Bill. He, too, is struck down as he is about to fire.

Flash to a view embracing the whole scene, showing the Rangers with the Tonkawas bearing down to meet the Comanches. They open the way for the coach to pass through.

As the coach goes through to safety, we flash inside. Rob is still holding a rifle. The dazed Claire and Maggie are crouched in a corner. We see a view of Molly's trunk. Three arrows are impaled in it to the shafts, and we see no sign of Molly herself.

Flash to Comanches lined up in battle array, facing the Tonkawas and the Rangers. This following scene may not be necessary to the story, but it is an actual happening and one of the strangest sights ever seen on the plains of America, or perhaps any other country. Lone Wolf, whose horse has a long tail, brandishes his lance, and speaks -

LONE WOLF:
"Men of Tonkawas - Chieftains, eaters of dog, is there not <u>one</u> among you brave enough to face a Comanche in single combat?"

Lone Wolf for one moment stands alone - then from the ranks a Tonkawa rides out - a Chieftain. The Rangers look on in amazement as the two Chieftains, equipped with lances and shields, charge. Lone Wolf's lance drives the Tonkawa from his seat and he goes sprawling onto the ground. Lone Wolf emits a triumphant yell, wheels as another of the Tonkawas rides out to take up the challenge. This one is also speedily unhorsed. Then shouting a war cry to his Comanches, he leads their charge upon the enemy. Lone Wolf falls from the volley fired by the Rangers. The Comanches are torn apart.

DISSOLVE to the Comanches in wild retreat, being followed by the Rangers and Tonkawas.

View changes. We see the first coach pulling up behind the second coach, which had formerly got through to safety. From the second coach, we see the actors piling out and running back to the coach that has just drawn up.

Flash to interior of coach. Rob is looking with horror at Molly's trunk.

ROB:
"Molly - Molly - - "

Three arrows are deeply imbedded in it, and to Rob comes the sure knowledge that Molly cannot possibly have escaped death. He stands for a moment looking down at the trunk - stupefied, then with a sobbing cry, he moves toward it. Slowly, fearfully, he lifts the top and looks into it. There, crouched against the back part of the trunk, face down, is Molly. Her father's shield is partly over her, and protects her entirely. We see the three arrows sticking through the trunk, their points stopped by the shield. Rob looks on for a moment in stupefied silence, then Molly slowly, in terror, raises her head over the top of the shield. When she sees it is Rob, and not the murderous Indians, she heaves a tremendous sigh of relief. Rob reaches into the trunk and pulls her out, hugging her closely.

Flash outside the wagon. The Driver and Pickles are gently laying the dying Joseph on the ground close beside the lifeless body of his old friend Bill. The Driver works over his wounds, attempting to staunch the flow of blood, etc. Then from the coach, Rob comes on hurriedly. Molly follows. As Rob enters the group, we hear the voice of the Driver speaking with admiration.

DRIVER:
"They were fighting heroes, those two!"

Rob stands, looking down at his father, grief-stricken.

ROB:
"Dad - - Dad - ".

He drops down by his father's side and gently takes Joseph's head in his lap. He looks inquiringly toward the Driver, who shakes his head as though to say - 'It's all over'.

ROB: (brokenly - tenderly)
"Oh, Dad - - Dad - ".

JOSEPH:
"It's my last scene, Rob - - How dark it is -" (he makes an effort, recovers slightly) "I love you, boy-".

ROB:
"Yes, Father, I know - I know -".

JOSEPH: (slowly, laboriously)
"Go on - son - and do - do - the things I tried - and failed - to do -".

ROB:
"Yes, Dad - Yes - I will try -".

A shadow goes over Joseph's face, as he murmurs weakly, in a faraway voice -

JOSEPH:
"The rehearsal - when is the rehearsal - -" (he sinks back in Rob's arms)

Close view of Pat and Molly - their heads dropped in a prayerful attitude - as WE FADE.

FADE ON to the other side of the coach, where we discover two mounted Whitehats. Maggie rushes frantically on the scene.

MAGGIE:
"My child, she got out of the coach - - I must go back! Take me back! I must find her!"

At this, there gallop in a half dozen Rangers. As they get near to where Maggie is standing, the two front horsemen separate, revealing one of the other horsemen, a stalwart drawling Texan with a whimsical face. He draws rein with a great flourish. Seated before him on the pummel is Hortense with her dog. He holds her out before him, in one hand.

RANGER:
"I found this varmint out annoying the coyotes! Anybody want it?"

MAGGIE: (turning)
"Hortense! Hortense! My baby!" (rushing up to receive her child as she is dropped to the ground. Maggie seizes her and embraces her with great joy.)

HORTENSE:
"Mama! I was chased all over by the Indians!" (defiantly) "But I wasn't scared - not a bit!" (with this, she promptly passes out cold)

DISSOLVE to distant view of the coaches moving slowly on their way, escorted by a group of the Whitehats.

SLOW FADE.

FADE ON to
A coffee stand outside the entrance to a saloon and gambling house in San Antonio. Maggie and Molly are running this enterprise with the supervision of Hortense - they sell coffee, pies, sandwiches, etc. We see customers just leaving the stand. Both Molly and Maggie have an air of great propriety - almost primness about them. Hortense is standing at one end of the counter looking over a particularly dumb-looking boy of about her own age. Romeo is by her side looking up at her adoringly.

MAGGIE:
"Do you know what we have made this week, Molly? Besides paying our board bill, we have TEN DOLLARS over! Say, this is great, isn't it? No more being chased by boardinghouse keepers, no more traveling in old wagons from place to place -- and greasepaint! I hope I never smell greasepaint again as long as I live!"

MOLLY:
"Yes, isn't it just wonderful?"

Hortense is leaning nonchalantly against the counter addressing the dumb-looking boy who is looking at her in awed wonder.

HORTENSE:
" - - sure - I fought Indians. I was <u>scalped</u> by one!"

Claire enters the scene on the arm of a gambler. He is immaculately dressed - in very loud clothes. He wears a headlight diamond in his tie. Claire is dressed fit to kill - ostrich plumes, jewelry, rich materials, etc. She pauses, looks superciliously over the cheap little coffee stand.

CLAIRE:
"Hello, Maggie - Molly!"

Maggie gives her a look.

CLAIRE: (in sweetly mocking tones)
"Well, Molly, how's your 'nigger' act now?"

She exits in grandeur with much switching of her elegant skirts.

HORTENSE:
"When I grow up, rahlly, I want to be just like 'Snakey'."

Flash to Rob and Pat at work in a grocery store. Rob is waiting on a customer. We feel that he has gained in dignity since we first met him. Pat is weighing some flour sacks and piling them up. As Rob's customer leaves, he speaks -

ROB:
"Pat, don't you like this kind of life? Instead of rushing about, in all kinds of weather - nearly always on the verge of starvation -"

PAT:
"Sure, 'tis a good safe life. Mind you, we are getting our pay each and every Saturday night!"

ROB:
"Yes! That's something! Just think, we can keep hours like regular people."

Flash to interior of cheap hotel. Griggs is on his knees scrubbing the floor. Snipes comes in with a valise and sets it down by the counter.

GRIGGS:
"Back just where we started from, and I'm telling you, it's good!"

SNIPES:
" - <u>and</u> getting our pay regular. I had almost forgotten what money looked like."

Flash to Maggie's and Molly's coffee stand. Pickles comes on.

PICKLES:
"Say, here's a letter addressed to 'Manager, Twilight Revellers' Company'. Must be on business - don't you think we ought to open it?"

MAGGIE: (taking the letter and looking at it)
"Why, sure." (she opens the letter and reads aloud -

" - have opening for your company the week of the 23rd. Things look pretty good here now. Your show is the only one around anyhow.

Very truly yours,

John L. Burton, Manager
Bijou Theater, Houston, Tex."

MAGGIE: (a great joy spreads over her face)
"What do you know about that?"

MOLLY: (delightedly)
"Houston? - - and it's only a week away!"

MAGGIE: (breathlessly)
"Je-e-chosophat! I've got to show this to the others."
(she dashes off scene)

DISSOLVE to interior of grocery store. Rob and Pat are at work behind the counter. Maggie rushes in panting for breath, glowing with excitement.

MAGGIE:
"Boys! Look!" (she brandishes the letter at them excitedly)
"We've got a booking at Houston, only ten days off!"

PAT:
"You mean quit these steady jobs?"

MAGGIE:
"I'm asking you!"

ROB: (in much excitement)
"Say, that's a great little town!"

PAT: (taking off his apron)
"Why, it's marvelous!"

ROB: (in rising excitement)
"We're with you! Let's go!"

PAT: (letting out a whoop)
"Yipp-e-e-e-e!"

Flash to little hotel. Griggs and Snipes are still at work. Maggie enters talking excitedly as she comes.

MAGGIE:
"We're booked for Houston next week, are you coming?"

GRIGGS: (hopefully)
"You mean back on the road again?"

MAGGIE:
"That's it. If we hurry, we can catch the next stage."

GRIGGS: (throwing down his mop)
"Hooray! Hooray!"

Flash to small bedroom - Molly is singing blithely as she packs. She is running back and forth with her garments, at the same time doing an ecstatic little jig-step.

Flash to another bedroom. Rob and Pat are excitedly packing their belongings. Pickles' back is toward us as we open on the scene. He turns, and for the first time, we see upon his face a broad and beaming smile.

Street scene in front of hotel. Molly and Maggie, and Hortense come out of the front door carrying their bags. Maggie looks behind her through the open door. Hortense has Romeo in her arms and is dancing about with glee.

MAGGIE:
"Here they come!"

Rob and Pat and Pickles come out the front door in a rush. Pat is swinging a cane which beats a happy rhythm.

MAGGIE:
"Hurry up. We mustn't miss that coach." (she hugs Pat enthusiastically) "Ain't it just great? I'll bet we pack them in, in Houston!"

HORTENSE:
"Mama! You'll have to get me another wig!"

MAGGIE:
"Yes, Hortense, darling."

Molly and Rob rush together joyfully, embracing happily.

MOLLY:
"We're off again! Isn't it wonderful?"

ROB: (in tremendous excitement, as they all move down the street)
"We'll be playing in the same company again, Molly - and maybe someday, we'll be really great - and I'll realize Dad's hope -"

Out of an alleyway, come Griggs and Snipes carrying their valises, out of which articles are hanging, dragging on the ground.

GRIGGS AND SNIPES:
"Wait for us! We're coming - wait for us!"

They run happily after the group as the entire crowd goes singing and whistling to the future, which for the actor always spells HOPE.

As they are just disappearing around the corner, Claire comes running on, followed by the gambler, who is hardly able to keep up with her, she runs so fast, and he stumbles along as best he can, weighted down by two heavy grips.

FADE OUT

FADE ON to
The Chestnut Street Opera House, in Philadelphia. The marquee reads -

ROBERT CASTLEMAIN and MOLLY MILTON
in
ROMEO and JULIET

We see a brilliantly dressed crowd going into the theater. A sub-title is imposed over this -

" - and so in time, Molly's and Rob's dreams are realized, for they have become America's greatest actors."

Triumphant music swells.

DISSOLVE to the lobby door, through the glass pane of which we see a superbly mounted balcony scene. Molly and Rob are on stage as Romeo and Juliet.

Across the scene in luminous letters, flash the lines -

"And all my fortunes at thy foot
I lay,
And follow thee, my Lord, throughout
the world."

The music swells triumphantly to -

FINIS

Lloyd

The White Slaveiver

From an aeroplane view, with the effect of moonlight on the water, one views the Mississippi River, shafts of light splashing the surface to heighten the grandeur, immense stretch and sweep of the stream. The effect is to lift the audience high out of its familiar surroundings, and singling that to a land strange and fascinating.

The camera descends dropping into shadows as it nears the water, and when it reaches the surface of the stream, the camera lowers until the lens is the same distance above the water as the swimmer's eyes, thus giving the audience that awesome, mysterious, slightly forbidding effect that water has upon a lone swimmer.

Moving forward, the camera picks up reflections of torch lights in the water and moving figures, which represent a party of coon hunters returning thru along the river through the woods, to the mansion beyond.

Nearer the mansion, whose reflection shows in the distance, are a group of negro women bathing together in the river, apparently nude.

As the camera comes out of the water, it approaches the Southern mansion of Judge Hardin, aglow with lights, the scene of a neighborhood gathering awaiting for its climax the return of the coon hunters who are husbands or relatives of the women and older men.

Outside the hounds and negro attendants ~~x~~ arrive first from the hunt, and farther, illuminated by pine knots are the youngish men of the hunters, among whom are Clay Britton and William Lacy. These two, great friends, pause as they hear the colored girls splashing in the water, run downto startle them with a prank, and then Clay's face is clearly shown, calling impatiently to Lacy, the effect to be given being that Lacy is taking too much liberty with the colored girls.

old home to the approach to it from the water, thus warming the audience to the place so they will want to make it their own.

The utmost inatmosphere to captivate the audience is presented here, to make the pleasant fascination of this old house persist despite the later action.

There is visiting, flirtation, camaraderie, moving about, and dancing..with a simple negro orchestra.

After the dance, Clay, Lacy, whose villainy is always cool, polished and casual, suggests to Clay they step into the card room for a little game. But punch is to be served from a brimming bowl in a corner of the room near the Judge.

A young lady, who has affectionate designs upon Clay, volunteers to preside at the bowl, even to beginning the ceremony; when Clay interrupts, asking old Martha, the black housekeeper, where Lisa is.

" No one can serve punch like Lisa " Clay insists" for the way she does it makes it taste better."

Although Clay sees it with the kindest grace, it embarrasses the young lady who has volunteered, and further causes a slight lifting of eyes, an unseemly scuffing of glasses, among the guests.

While all wait, while all eyes turn in expectancy towards the punch bowl, while a hush of drama comes into the gathering, everything pauses until from a door back of the punch bowl enters Lisa, slender, poised, attractive, gracious, anxious to serve. And she presides over the punch bowl.

While the refreshments are being drunk, the audience senses the array of pictures along the walls, the ancestors of the Mardin family, all distinctive for severe pride of family, unyielding loyalty to the honor of their name. An old friend of the Judge calls attention to them, and the Judge points out Clay as the one who must carry the family on, the family name now dying with himself, and this son of an old friend carrying on the estate as the Judge's sole heir.

As Lisa pauses, after serving the punch, the Judge turns to look at her, shocked by her resemblance to the daughter most dear to him.

Now as the party breaks up, ~~Clay~~ Lacy induces Clay to enter the card game, as he prepares the cards a quick flash showing him nicking some of the major cards. Lisa quietly disappears, and in following her, show where she has been in the room caring for several babies instead of watching the festivities with other negroes.

As she comes out with the final baby in her arms, and the last guest departs, the Judge looks at her again with deep feeling and asks that Lisa call Martha. She goes to Martha, informs her the Judge wishes to see her, touches her affectionately, inspects her loveingly, finds a shoe lace is dangling, stoops and ties it for the kindly old negro woman who is somewhat large and at great effort to tigh her laces.

Lisa returns to the reception room where the Judge still sits, his eyes upon his ancestors, in melancholy meditation. She offers to help him arise, but he will wait for Martha.

Then she goes into the card room, speaks to Clay, who greets her affectionately by arising and holding her hand respectfully but soothingly. She tells Clay he should say good night to the Judge.

Clay, immediately apprehensive-stricken as his duty is suggested, rushes out. The moment he has arisen and turned his back, Lacy had made an imposition of ~~his hand~~ Clay's hand, the cards having just been dealt.

When Clay rushed out, Lacy arose. He approached Lisa familiarly, with a mocking easy manner, held her arms as Clay did, then attempts casually to put his hands on her body. Only a tightening of his nostrils, a beading of the temples indicating emotion that he desired her. Lisa takes his hands off her, showing her modesty and self-respect, but not making any situation of it.

Lacy mocks her as to why Clay can take her arms and he most stand apart.

Lisa bows good night to him and exits, as Clay returns.

When Lisa passes through the reception room, Martha is assisting Judge Hardin to arise. The Judge looks at Lisa again, then says to Martha," We will go to the Black Room"

A st rtled look comes in Martha's eyes.

Along a corridor they come to the Black room, a room in the white hallway that has a black walnut door.

As they enter, the room is hung in black drapes, unused, a shrine always kept the same in honor of the daughter who is dead. The old Judge crawls to a window, parts the black drapes, looks out upon the river, now running black, heavy , mysterious.

room.

Martha is served a meal, and he approaches the bed with reverence and deep emotion.

Upon the first cover of the bed, his spotlight dissolves into a picture of his daughter as she was a little girl about four.

As he pulls back that cover and finds the next, the figure of the daughter about ten lies there smiling up at him.

With the pull of the hook of another cover, the girl has grown to fifteen.

And with the final cover, the girl is as she left him when she fled with her lover.

Only the head of the Judge is in the audience, and the camera shows him from the rear as he puts off his glasses and rubs them with a piece of paper, the paper instantly becoming wet, suggesting to the audience that he is weeping.

There in the bed, as if it were the body of his daughter, lie a small packet of papers.

In the card room below are Lacy and Clay, with their drinks and playing their cards, Lacy winning steadily.

The old Judge takes out the envelopes. A short flash from the first letter reads "Father Dear: As you thought refused to consider my dear Frenchman as worthy of our family, we are runnin away tax together, sailing tonight for France....." Dated New Orleans.

Another letter, dated Paris: " My pride as a Hardin will not let me lie. to you. We are not married, but....."

A third letter: " He has left me, gone now for five weeks..

Fourth letter, official script :" By your directions, this department has today delivered the girl infant of your unmarried daughter who died, to the black woman, Martha....."

vow. The old negress is horrified, shaken with emotion, almost hysterical.

"Promise never to reveal this scandal which would bring the first shame upon the name of Hardin"

The old negress promises.

"Promise when she is eighteen years old to take her back to France and live with her there as long as she needs you"

The pledge is made.

"Even if it cost your life, swear none shall ever know Lisa is my grand-daughter with Hardin blood in her."

The old negress takes the terrible oath.

" Here is her birth certificate, her freedom papers, so she will not be a slave after my death; and Clay will provide for the money"

She hands her the envelope.

Then she goes feebly to the window, looks out upon the dark, murky waters. They go out the black door, locking it.

The old Judge returns to the reception room to sit, looking upon the portraits of his ancestors.

He dismisses Martha, motioning that Clay will help him.

As he looks at the splendid array of old portraits, one he notices is tilted awry.

He calls to Clay, but at that moment Clay and Lucy are intent in their game and the call is unheard.

He drags himself from his chair, draws himself erect at great effort in a noble poise like his ancestors, and moves towards the portrait that is out of its regular line. With great exertion he moves to it, forces his hand up to adjust it, stands back to see it is straight, returns to wall to push it just an inch further.

Along the reception room the honored ancestors of the Hardin family hang severe and reposed.

Clay enters the room.

Outside, the negroes are gathering.

And no more of the scene is shown.

On the following day, a flash is shown of spade fulls of dirt that come tossing up on a mound...suggesting a grave being dug.

Again a flash shows a team of black horses in black nets drawing a vehicle unseen at funeral pace, with negroes in black leading the horses. They move along the river bank, with the river in the background.

Another flash shows kneeling people as though about a grave, with the figure of Lisa bent over in prayer, and behind her coolly observing the outline of her figure is Lacy.

Another flash shows the last spade-full of dirt as it is put on the top of a mound that resembles a grave.

But to the audience, the last of Judge Hardin is as he crumples at the feet of his ancestors.

After funeral scene, let scenery, close to ground, come along to plow ground, to shrubs then rise over a field of grain, a carrying idea that forth from ground comes always new life. Show cotton field ready to pick its season possible.

On day before picking starts, let negroes have big jubilee honor of harvest, or rycne dressed, everyone gay, Lisa to be queen of jubilee.

Ceremony, mid festivities, in first handful of cotton picked is to be carried to riverbank and thrown upon river, an olinegro pronouncing ; First bit for the old white slave that totes the water. This gives main note to title.

Before festivities show negroes going to house for special supplies, sugar etc. Lisa given it out, bountifully. Have negro asking for molasses..old keg empty..Lisa tries to open new barrel.

Then enters Nip, husky negro, who says " Let me open it butter way", and he stands back and runs and butts it. No success. Then up comes Tuck, his brother. Throughout story these two negroes should stand for brother loyalty etc, fighting occasionally, but always standing together in crisis. Tuck breaks it open. Tuck admires Lisa and would woo her if given opening.

Later in festivities, show Nip pleasantly insistent on forcing himself on Lisa. Tuck tells him to get away. Nip gets fussy, then they draw off, lower heads and butt each other, Tuck knocking out Nip. He casually takes Nip's unconscious body, carries it lightly over to river bank and tosses it in, saying " Old water cool that boy off".

This butting is for two purposes, a present comedy effect, and a biting illustration of the primitive power in the nnggr negro?

Another comedy touch is that old negro Lacy, when Lacy passes, tells boy that "Lacy eats black babies". Later show boy tending nigger baby, suddenly sees Lacy coming, hurriedly puts baby into pile of leaves, covering ~~her~~ it up, and walks away, swaggering with hands in pockets, very jaunty.

Clay as head of plantation, appears at festivities, and walks with Lisa, as courtesy to queen of negroes on this occasion, and as Lisa picturesquely dressed, fascinating etc, gets increases their situation.

Dramatic climax of festivities is when Lacy comes, looks over slaves, admires Lisa in her costume etc, and then demands that all ~~the~~ slaves be given to him in payment mortgages. That is, the moment when slaves shown happiest and gayest on the plantation, Lacy brings menace.

( The old religious instinct to worship the god of the harvest is deep in mankind, and this festivity scene will stir it up, having a very subtle and deep appeal whether conscious or not, but interesting aside from the surface drama.)

Lacy's plantation should be nearby, down or up river, and at festivities, Daphne should come, apart from Lacy, with a mulatto suitor who is in love with her and hates Lacy' There Daphne first see Lacy's infatuation for Lisa, and immediately her fury against girl she senses will unplace her in Lacy's household and affection, begin to flare.

....Until her big moment when she risks life to aid Lisa's flight later, Daphne shown in unbridled love scenes with colored lover and Lacy, tightening up a triangle there.

.... ~~Throughout this part~~ Through this part of story runs Lawyer Stitch, fussy little man Epping type, curious about everything, poking into everything, smitten with Mrs. Lee who

Also thought Stitch might be good for that scene of Abbe's with blood-hounds. Have Mrs. Lee tell him that she might listen to proposal if conditions were romantic. So Stitch finds most romantic spot under orchard tree near river bank etc and makes tryst for Mrs. Lee there.

He gets nervous around plantation, waiting for hour of tryst and since all slaves are gone, no one to exercise the blood-hounds. He volunteers to do it for Martha, with instructions to circle around and return by certain road. In ecstacy over his tryst, he forgets about road when he passes it, continues, finally is reminded time to go to trysting place, starts across field for it. There is Mrs. Lee, there is big moment for the lovers, but just as Stitch starts to kneel, he hears the distant bay of the blood-hounds, begins to hurry proposal, which finally ends with himself and Mrs. Lee most unromantically up into tree, with blood,hounds beneath.

.....

.....When Lisa is at Lacy's house, Nip and Tuck are on the plantation also. Lisa sends word to Tuck she wants him to come to her window at night. As Tuck steps through low window, Nip grabs him, a loyalest not wanting his brother to get into trouble. Then Nip and Tuck both enter her room, and both sleep on floor in front of door, protecting her against possible visit of Lacy. Earlier action shows Lacy's abuse of Nip and Tuck, and their hatred for him.

.....

Joseph was studieng for the Ministry of the Episcopal church. The belief of this church is practically the same as all protestant churches. As the protestant religion affects about eighty percent of all Americans, as well as the British Empire, all english speaking people as well as great numbers in Germany and other European countries, the hymns used in connection with the Negro spirituals at the finish of the picture reach the vast majority of the moving picture audience

It is also important to remember in this connection that the Episcopal church, through its intellectual integrity seems to feel itself to bother to be unduly censorous. In the story Joseph's sin is committed before he is ordained and after he has shown his deep repentence eliminates any fear of the motion picture censors.

When the silent version was shown cencorship was rampant, but we know of no instance where the picture was cencored in any serious manner, by even the most severe of the boards here or in England

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# White Rose

## Leading Characters

| | |
|---|---|
| Bessie Williams ..... | Later known as Tessy. The ignorant innocent young girl just out of the Orphan Asylum. She gets a job as a cigarette girl, learns about life, and gets into plenty of trouble. |
| Joseph Beauregarde ..... | The aristocratic young southerner. Descended from a long line of European nobility. Studying to be a minister. Is rather narrow minded. "Right is right, and wrong is wrong". He goes out into the world to learn about life, before taking up his callings—and discovers plenty. |
| Marie Carrington ..... | Aristocratic Belle of the deep south. The childhood sweetheart of Joseph. |
| John Howard Carrington ..... | Marie's father. |
| John White ..... | (This part, in our opinion, could be very well left out. Frankly it was in the silent version, as a favor to Mr. Joh. L. Box-office) A grocery boy, in love with Marie. |
| Mr. White ..... | John White's Father. |
| Mrs. White ..... | John White's Mother |
| Apollo..... | A negro valet, whom Joseph, in a moment of weakness, had taken from the corn-field. |
| Aunt Easter ..... | Negro house servant in the Carrington home, with whom Apollo is enamored. |
| Mr. Hobbs ..... | Landlord of the Blue River Inn. |
| Mrs. Hobbs ..... | Landlady of the Blue River Inn. |
| Myra ..... | Snake hip Cigarette girl at the Blue River Inn. |
| Mr. Fontaine ..... | Joseph's friend. |

Bishop; Deacon; Elder.

Society Debutantes and Stag line.

Waitresses and Danding girls.

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THE WOMAN'S WORK.

Lady Phyllis is frivolous and gay,even carrying her gayety to the point of daring at times. She has seen much of life and is now somewhat bored by it. There are moments when she is reckless. Yet Phyllis is good,sound at the core and when put to the test honest and loyal. But how she is inclined to laugh at those very things which, fundamently,are the roots of her true character.

Dinners and dances,garden parties and cabarets. All these come and go in Phyllis' life without provoking a ripple of interest. The London season no longer evokes a flutter in her soul.

A handsome attache of the German embassy is one of her admirers--and she has many. Dick Rutledge is another. English,of course. Athletic and honorable,naturally. The attache is an army officer.

One day at a social function the attache,Lieut.Eberhard,wagers her she cannot win the attentions of a certain young husband to a rather elderly wife . Phyllis thinks it a joke. She wins. Dick Rutledge shows her the wife in her despair. Phyllis cleverly succeeds in sending the husband back to his sorrowing mate.

Lieut.Eberhard comesto Phyllis. He has been recalled home. Must report to his corps headquarters. This news in the papers about Austria's ultimatum to Serbia,the massing of the Russians on the frontier. It all means something serious then. Eberhard leans over Phyllis earnestly,passionately. She is fascinated by the man. There is something about him that makes her almost yield to his entreaty for an embrace before he goes--perhaps never to return. Dick arrives. The scene is interrupted. Phyllis hurries from the room. Eberhard regards Dick a moment.Then departs.

Phyllis refuses to see Dick. He turns to go. The lieutenant's dispatch lies on t

dispatch lies on the floor. Dick glimpses it. He insists upon seeing Phyllis. She comes. Dick demands to know if she is in love with this Prussian-now a potential enemy. She laughs at Dick and his presumption. "He may be an enemy,but he would awfully nice in his uniform". Dick exits in a high dudgeon.

The Prussian reports to his general.

That night Phyllis makes Dick one of a party she is going with to a cafe--not one to brag about--one of those cafes that are the scene of "slumming" parties. That afternoon she had received a letter from the lieutenant. The news of war and the call for volunteers comes while they are seated in the cafe enjoying themselves hilariously. A dancing woman mounts a table and calls for volunteers. There is little response save in an attack on a German waiter. There is some bantering at Phyllis' table. She mounts a chair. Soon she has a large number of recruits whom she leads,laughing and shouting, to a nearby recruiting station.

At home when Dick tells her what a noble thing it was she laughs. "Noble--Why,I think it the funniest thing in the world the way those men swarmed around me when I smiled on them." Dick is disgusted again when the frivolous Phyllis makes fun.

The next morning a scarecrow detachment parade in front of her doors. The recruits she gathered in last night and others they have brought with them. A sign. "Lady Phyllis' guards". Phyllis laughs at the grotesqueness of it all. What is this? Dick at their head. He has enlisted. Phyllis can scarcely control herself. What will Dick do in the army without his valet.

Dick and the officer in charge visit Phyllis. Will she continue the good work for the cause she began last night. Some of the scarecrows

have followed in. One insists upon shaking hands with Phyllis--
dainty,flower like Phyllis. She shudders and gets rid of them all.
As Dick privately she admits she has had enough of it. He is half
angry. Her patriotism is no more than the bubble of champagne.
Phyllis smiles fade after Dick leaves. She considers. Some nurses
are marching with that party in the street. She turns to several of
her girl friends. To be a nurse. She calls up a friend-an executive
at a hospital--he will be delighted to arrange it.
The Prussian is seen as an aide-de-camp to his headquarters during the
progress of a battle. Dick is drilling with a detachment--through
mud and rain.
Phyllis has had a perfectly lovely nurse's uniform made. In her own
motor and accompanied by her maid she reports to the hospital.
The surgeon is interested. Her uniform will not do. The nurse who
takes her in charge gives her a gingham bag to wear. She must put
it on herself,not with the aid of her nurse. She must begin with
elementals. The kitchen floor must be scrubbed. Phyllis is shocked.
A woman in the garden. Phyllis employs her to scrub the floor. When
the nurse returns and objects Phyllis quits.
The surgeon later tells some officers,in the group is Dick,of his
experience with the new nurse. Dick is mortified. He sees Phyllis.
She weeps. Dick is abject in his apologies. Phyllis will have
nothing more to do with him. Genuinely concerned,Dick leaves.
Phyllis is all for overthrowing the government which has considered
her so lightly. She tosses her pretty nurses uniform into a corner--
with a display of anger.
A bishop's wife gets up an association to care for the "poor German"
prisoners. Phyllis becomes a member and is assigned to duty at

the railroad station near her estate. A party of prisoners leave the train one day. They are to be caged near her town. She and her girls are feeding them--to the disgust of the railroad men--when a familiar voice greets Phyllis. It is her lieutenant. He has been captured and is to be billeted in the town near this detachment of men.
The lieutenant is offered his parole and accepts it. This gives him the freedom of the city. He only need report to the commandant once or twice a day.
Phyllis has the grand idea of giving a tea in honor of Lieut. Eberhard. Her servants quit when asked to wait on the German. Phyllis and her girl friends think it great fun serving themselves. There is a local scandal,however. Phyllis remains defiant. She can see no wrong in what she has done.
Dick hears the news when he returns fagged out from a hard day's training. He is downcast.
Eberhard's parole is revoked. Phyllis visits the commandant's office to protest such an injustice. Prisoner-trust working in office takes news to Eberhard.
Phyllis is approached later to see if she will give asylum to a prisoner--Eberhard,who is being treated cruelly. Phyliis will do so gladly. She is shocked to hear Eberhard is not being treated right. It is only proper that he should escape.
There is another air raid on London. Kitchener is concerned about it. He believes the ships are guided from London in some way in order to strike so accurately. Through the progress of the evening's events K of K sees the item about the Lady Phyllis scandal. He knew her father. The inuendo of the story is false. An idea. The ~~map shows the country around Lady P~~

map shows the country around Lady Phyllis' estate ideal for a trick. He strikes the map hard. He may be able to unearth these traitors with Phyllis' aid. He summons an intelligence officer.

Eberhard escapes. Pursuit is too quick and hot. He cannot get to Phyllis'. Takes refuge in a wood cutter's hut. The family is away temporarily.

The first place the searching party is sent to is Phyllis'. She is indignant at their rudeness. They will not accept her word of honor. They upset her house dreadfully. Phyllis has more quarrel with the government.

K of K arrives at another house in the neighborhood. His hostess gives Phyllis a telephone call in the midst of the search. Phyllis will come to dinner. A soldier has been left on duty to patrol the grounds of her house.

That night K of K has a talk alone with Phyllis on the veranda of the house where he is stopping. He talks earnestly to her. Tears half well to her eyes. Footsteps sound in the hall. K of K gives her a warning glance. She begins a violent denunciation of the military authorities for leaving a guard at her home.

Meanwhile Eberhard has escaped from the wood cutter's,made his way to Phyllis' place and gotten inside cleverly without detection.

He hides in Phyllis' room to escape the servants and here Pjyllis finds him.

She gives him a room in the tower. Next day she herself takes a message from Eberhard to a certain Hindoo fakir in a small town nearby.

Phyllis fears all her servants except her personal maid.

The night of Eberhard's escape Phyliis,when alone in her room,starts a diary. It will be important. She writes in it every day thereafter.

There is a local meeting about this time, for women. "What are you doing to help win the war?" is its subject. Examples of women workers are introduced by speakers. Women munition workers, field workers, nurses, etc. It is a painful evening for Phyllis.

There is a flat roof on the tower surrounded by a rather high parapet. Here is Phyllis one night with the lieutenant. She sends him to fetch a book from her room. On the table Eberhard sees "accidently" a letter from the War department. It thanks her for her offer of her estate, but the department has determined to locate the big munition forwarding station on the estate next to hers-- just beyond the Gulm wood. Eberhard starts. The British assembling station for munitions. A blow at that.

Again, the next morning, Phyllis agrees to send a message to the Hindoo fakir. Eberhard pretends he is anxious to find out about his escape to Holland. The maid shows reluctance privately over fulfilling her mission. Finally she executes it. The fakir takes the message to a Spaniard. He reads it and sends it to the proper spot in the spy system.

Phyllis' discharges her servants--except the maid--and hires Hollanders recommended by Eberhard. The maid wavers in her loyalty to her mistress. She is half tempted to reveal to the authorities Eberhard's hiding place. As it is Phyllis' loyalty is strongly suspected. She is even warned by the local commandant. Certain of her friends begin to ignore her. Despite her insults Phyllis goes steadily ahead on her course. She confides only in her diary. Dick hears something of Phyllis' alleged attitude. He is given a furlough and determines to see her.

Eberhard has even cautioned Phyllis to be more careful. Certain field hands were threatening the house that afternoon.

Dick arrives. There is an angry scene--when Dick implores--Phyllis sways,but recovers herself. Dick discovers Eberhard's presence. Dick is overcome by the butler and carried off to a tower room. Phyllis sees him carried away ,but his accusing look lingers in her heart. As the door closes on his prison she would stop it all--but stifles her cry,stills the rising anguish in her heart.

The munition camp is finished. It is the last inspection depot. Apparently everything for the army is gathered there--the destruction of that place--camouflaged by the woods--will cripple the British army. Eberhard and his chief--the butler--are delighted. Without the aid of Phyllis house they could never locate that camp. The camouflage is perfect.

Eberhard has a chemical laboratory located just under the tower roof. To pass away his time he has told Phyllis. In reality an electrical arrangement has been built extending to lights on the roof which can only be seen from overhead. These change colors. The airships have their understanding. The camp is located exactly one mile south-west of the lights,which will signal at a certain time on a certain night. A heavy detachment of British intelligence officers have arrived in the country near Phyllis home. The shells and cannon in the great camp are shown to be fakes--merely to deceive the German spies.

Dick escapes from his prison. He has secured a gun. He determines to kill Phyllis before she shall proceed farther with her treachery. The maid runs out with loud cries. The butler or Eberhard downs Dick with a heavy book. There is a fight. Phyllis had been writing in her diary at the table. They carry Dick upstairs. They

intend to kill him. Phyllis runs up to the room where they have struggled. Her diary is found by one of the disguised German spies. He runs up to Eberhard and the butler who are with Phyllis and Dick. So Phyllis has really been betraying the spies. They lock her and Dick in the room together--posting a sentry in the hall outside. There are no windows in the tower rooms, only in the hallway outside. The room Phyllis and Dick are in is located just under the roof. There are no weapons in the room. Only a few small chemical instruments, some electrical wire, tape, etc.

The country side has been aroused by the maid. The farmers and villagers are determined to rescue Captain Dick and hang Phyllis to the nearest tree.

The German servants barricade themselves in. They can hold off the villagers--even the military until morning. By that time the airships will have come and what matters if the spies die in the morning. The fight starts.

Up in that tower room Phyllis and Dick have an understanding. Now they must try to stop the raid in some way. The signals must be prevented. But how. The bolted door, the thick stone walls. On the roof are Eberhard and the butler awaiting the motors" whirl when they will start their lights. Any minute now. To Phyllis comes the plan. Blind the lights with flame and smoke, burn up the electric connections. The roof is only wooden. They can pull down that gas fixture, which will tear away the plaster ceiling. The roof is of wooden planks with light tiles. They can beat an opening through this quickly with the wooden bar in the corner. The smoke and flames will ~~pur~~ POUR up to the roof. It means the death of Dick and Phyllis

Phyllis. They look at one another, there is the last embrace. Dick tears away the gas fixture. Seizes the hay. Phyllis has piled up with rubbish and furniture. She applies the matches. The sentry outside smells the smoke. He shouts to the men on the roof. The puntured hole up there. One runs down. They burst open the door. Dick and Phyllis take them unawares and are quickly out in the hall.

The fight between peasants and German spies continues below. The British intelligence officers are arriving. Their chief knows the truth. Phyllis must be saved from two enemies.

On the roof of the tower Eberhard tries to set the signal as the sound of the motors is heard overhead and the aeroplanes are seen faintly against the sky. He is seized by Dick,however,and amidst the flames a smoke Eberhard is finally thrown from the roof. Down in the hall the couple--pHyllis and Dick--stagger--past the door to that room where the two Germans went to their fiery death and where Phyllis turned the key on them while Dick leaped to the roof. Flames are eating it down now,but they get safely by.

The British intelligence officers break into the house. On the lawn in the light of the burning building Phyllis arrives at her own and the truth of the great deed she has done for her country is given to all.

Mr.Griffith:-

The first half of this version of "The Woman's Work" may be slow;the last half most certainly is not.

Taylor.

SCENE - A small poor room in a small town or village in Kentucky. To the right is a small fire-place - to the left a door leading out into the yard - a door in the back leading into another room. There are only three rooms and a kitchen in the house. The time is Christmas day. There are two rather elderly ladies seated at one side of the room, Sallie and Jennie. Two old gentlemen sitting by the fire-place chewing tobacco. They are seated against the jog by the fire-place - busily chewing tobacco. They punctuate their sentences with spits toward the spittoons.

First Gentlemen

I aim to buy some presents -
(He spits)
Never got around to it.

Second Gentlemen

I never did see no sense to it - buying a lot of stuff just 'cause it's Christmas.
(Spits)
Tom-foolery (Spits)
( [redacted] )
Tom-foolery - durn tom-foolery - (Spits) - Nonsense.

First Gentlemen

Got this plug for a present.
(Look's around the room)
Where's Willie gone to.

[redacted] - Aunt Sallie, one of the old ladies across the room.

Sallie

Guess he went out into the kitchen.

First Gentlemen

What would he go out there for?

Sallie

Just fooling around, I guess.

First Gentlemen

When is he going to get married?

Jennie

(Perking up)
Get around to it pretty soon now, got everything all fixed up.

First Gentlemen

'Bout time. God knows he's been waiting long enough.

Jennie

Well - he's had to take care of so many folks - never got no time for marrying.

- Ingest !

Second Gentlemen

Willis's a pretty good man.

First Gentlemen

Guess he's all right as men go.

Mary Overton enters. Sallie and Jennie go to meet her.

First Gentlemen

Here she is - here she is now.

She is a good looking - well for the neighborhood - in her late twenties. Jennie and Sallie meet her.

Mary

(Brightly)
Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas to everybody.

Omnes

Merry Christmas! - - - Same to you -

Mary

This is certainly a fine day for Christmas. It's snowing now.

Sallie

(Looking out window)
Yes Sir, looks just like a Christmas card - exactly like the one I got from Cousin Albert.

Business of the two old ladies of helping Mary off with her coat. Inject 2

Jennie

Set right down here close to the fire and get yourself thawed out.

Mary

Oh, I'm not cold at all.

Knock at the door -

Sallie and Jennie, (simultaneously)

Come in - - - Come in

Sallie

(Adding in twinkling, joking manner)
Yes, who ever it is, come right in.

John, a youngish man of about Mary's age, enters. Should be very handsome. He is well dressed - a prosperous farmer - is greeted by all the crowd.

young

Omnes

Hello, John - Merry Christmas - Make yourself at home.- Get the icycles out of your hair.

John

(Shutting the door behind him)
Hello, everybody. Merry Christmas.

(As he shuts door)
Whee! My goodness, it's getting cold.

First Gentleman

(Chuckling)
John don't loose no time - Mary no more than gets in the house and there he comes.

(This in sotto - confidentially to his wife)
Ain't doing him no good now. She's going to marry Willie.

Second Gentleman

(Same attitude)
Where there's life there's hope.

Jennie

Mary - just see - we've got more nice presents than you could shake a stick at.

Mary

I'm just dying to see them.

Sallie

Look! Look at this - mat - material for a dress - blue velvet.

Mary

(Looking at the material that Sallie takes out of the box)
Oh! It's just beautiful.

Sallie

And there's a hat to go with it.

Jennie

Look what I got - all the way from New York. Don't know how they knew I needed a coat so bad.

Mary

Where's Willie?

Sallie

Yes. Done got impatient. He'll be around.

Jennie

We didn't get to church this morning. Willie was having the old car fixed up and didn't get back in time.

Mary

Oh! I'm so sorry. Preacher McIntyre preached the finest sermon.

Sallie

Oh, now. That's too bad. Just as sorry as anything we missed it.

Jennie

Oh! Here comes Willie now.

SCENE - A small poor room in a small town or village in Kentucky. To the right is a small fire-place - to the left a door leading out into the yard - a door in the back leading into another room. There are only three rooms and a kitchen in the house. The time is Christmas day. There are two rather elderly ladies, Sallie and Jennie, seated at one side of the room. Two old gentlemen sitting by the fire-place chewing tobacco. They are seated against the jog by the fire-place - busily chewing tobacco. They punctuate their sentences with spits toward the spittoon.

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'Bout time. God knows he's been waiting long enough.

Jennie

Well - he's had to take care of so many folks - never got no time for marrying.

Aunt Wilty, who is quite deaf, even before this affliction came upon her, had a habit of breaking out into comments upon nothing in particular, but everything in general. She is busy, at present, knitting.

Aunt Wilty

Well, I always said, "Trust in the Lord". Jest don't matter what your troubles are, trust in the Lord and everything will come out all right.

Second Gentleman

Willie's a pretty good man.

First Gentleman

Guess he's all right as men go.

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(Looking out window)
Yes sir, looks just like a Christmas card - exactly like the one I got from Cousin Albert.

Business of the two old ladies of helping Mary off with her coat.

Aunt Wilty

Well, talking about pets, I had a bird for a pet once, and it was right cute, and the cat et it. I guess I jest don't have no luck with pets.

Jennie

Set right down here close to the fire and get yourself thawed out.

Mary

Oh, I'm not cold at all.

Knock at the door.

Sallie and Jennie

(Simultaneously)
Come in - - - Come in -

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(As he shuts door)
Whew! My goodness, it's getting cold.

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(This in sotto voice, confidentally to his crony)
Ain't doing him no good now. She's going to marry Willie.

Second Gentleman

(Same attitude)
Where there's life there's hope.

Aunt Wilty

I was reading in the papers that John Castleton was getting married again. 'Tain't right. If everybody jest followed the Scriptures and remembered it says if you are going to get married at all, you can only do it once. That's all I ever got married - once.
(The following line innocently, not as a wise crack)
That was plenty for me.

At this two young girls, about two years of age, enter. They are Nelly and Betty. Arms around each other - they are at the giggling gooey, affectionate age. Nelly, as though continuing a conversation they had begun in the other room -

Nelly

That's just what I told her.
(They stop to listen to the crowd in general)

Chorus

Hello, Betty! Hello, Nelly!

Sally

Where have you two been all this time?

Betty

Oh, we were just in the next room looking at the presents.

Nelly

(Giggling)
That's all, just looking at the presents.

They come down close to where Aunt Wilty is seated. As chairs are scarce they both sit on one, snuggling up to one another.

Nelly

Oh! I didn't tell you all of it. It's too funny!
(At this, with her arm around Betty, she begins whispering some nonsense that is most important to the two girls.)

The two girls are rather scantily dressed. Perhaps short socks. Even in the isolated communities ideas of style are adapted from the movies and daily newspapers, even though made of cheap material. Aunt Wilty looks them over.

Aunt Wilty

Right nice girls if they'd wear some clothes.

Jennie

Mary - just see - we've got more nice presents than you could shake a stick at.

Mary

I'm just dying to see them.

Sallie

Look! Look at this - mat- - material for a dress - blue velvet.

Mary

(Looking at the material that Sallie takes out of the box)
Oh! It's just beautiful.

Sallie

And there's a hat to go with it.

Betty and Nelly jump up to look at the dress material. Nelly, the precocious adolescent, swishes her skirt and balances back and forward on her heels, with youthful exuberance.

Nelly

It's awfully pretty!

Betty

(The more quiet one)
What I would like to see is the dress Miss Mary's going to get married in.
(At this there is a general laugh, accompanied by a look toward Mary)

Sallie

(In light reproval)
Now, Betty, don't hurry things along. Time enough for that.

Nelly

I am never going to get married. I betcha I'll get into the movies out in Hollywood.

Betty

Oh, no, you never will.

Nelly

I betcha I will. Or I'll get a job in Louisville in the coffee shop. They wear pretty dresses - the waitresses.

Jennie

Well, Nelly, I think Louisville is easier than Hollywood, its closer.
(Turning to Mary)
Look, Mary, just look what I got. - - All the way from New York. Don't know how they knew I needed a coat so bad.

Mary

Well, isn't that just too nice, and it looks warm too.

Jennie

It is warm!

Aunt Wilty

(Looking around the room)
My goodness me! Certainly everybody looks happy, jest as happy as can be. Jest goes to prove - every last one of us is as poor as a church mouse. Yet - you all look happy. Guess that must be because you are pretty good inside, after all. There is an old saying - it don't make much difference whether you are rich or poor, it's the thoughts you have got inside that counts.

Mary

I think that's about right Aunty.
(She looks expectantly around the room)
But where's Willie?

Jennie

He'll be in soon.

Callie

Yes. Some got important. Hell be around.

Jennie

He didn't get to church this morning. Willie was moving the car over first up and didn't get back in time.

Mary

Oh! I'm so sorry. Preacher Maloney's preached the finest sermon.

Callie

Oh, now. That's too bad. Just as sorry as anything we missed it.

Jennie

Oh! Here comes Willie, now.

Willy

Can't a man tell the truth in his own house?

(Change of tone)

I've been busy as a grease-eyed pig-dog, trying to fix up that radio.

First Old Man

Do you get a radio?

Willy

Yes sir, yes siree, got one at last.

(Reading from newspaper)

Two tone finish, nine tube system, wide vision dial, electric dynamic speaker. Glow worm beam station finder, two-in fries eggs and everything. That's the one we didn't get. The one we got cost $17.00 installment plan. It plays good though. I heard one in the store. Bob was helping me get her fixed up. She'll be shootin' off any minute now.

Nelly

Oh do dy. They've got the Hollywood Program on at six o' clock. Oh I want to hear that.

Sally

I want to hear that choir that sings from Salt Lake Arizony.

Jenny

Oh, you mean Salt Lake, Utah, Sally.

Sally

Well, Salt Lake, Utah, or Arizony - its all the same. Its way off somewhere. I've been readin about 'em for years, and I do want to hear 'em.

Willy

Well the man who sold this said it ~~xxxxx~~ wasn't very big, but it was plenty loud, and you can hear things all the way from New York to San Francisco.

(With a whimsical distress)

I hope you all like the radio. I'm afraid you will have to sort of eat off of that, cause we ain't goin' to have no turkey.

First Old Man

No turkey?

Second Old Man

Well, fer goodness sake, no turkey!

A mild surprise goes around the room.

Willy

Well, Bob and I you know, buy and sell these turkeys, partners, and I told him to be sure to save me a nice fat one, but they was bringin such good prices, he didn't have the heart to do it, and he went and sold them all. I've got the finest piece of roast porkas you have ever seen in all your life, and I guess we will have to make that do.

As curtain goes up we discover Bill, Second Old Gentleman, Sallie, Jennie and Aunt Wilty. The left side of the stage is filming with light, about one quarter is in darkness. There is a suggestion of a stretch of curing as if devising off a part of the room.

Bill

Well, I'm certainly glad to see you folks again. You know when you went away down south - let me see - how long was that? That was five years ago.

Sallie

Yes sir, five years.

Bill

Well, I never expected to see you back in these parts again.

Aunt Wilty

Yes, I told the preacher when he got older he needn't try to educate the people using up so much time telling how they eated, just come right down to asses and tell the people how to eat.

Sallie

(Counting up on her fingers)
It must have been five - five years and five months. It's got to be more than five years because that was winter and this is spring.

Bill

Yes, quite a lot of thing have happened since then. You know you wouldn't know Miss Susan if you'd seen her then. My goodness, she was just nothing but skin and bones.

Second Gentleman

Well she's a good-looker now.

Sallie

Well, I don't know - I said to myself at the time, "I'll bet Susie's just got one of her fits." - - You know she would always take spells all her life. If she took a notion she wanted something she couldn't have she would pass right out - get sick. Everybody would think she was going to pass right out. Then she would get everybody all worked up - get everybody waiting on her and all nice to her, and then after the mangle she would be up and around and as pert as anybody. It's a racket - that's what it is.

Jennie

Yes, there - but she was sick this time there isn't any doubt about that but she always could pull the wool over Willie's eyes. He just thought the world of her.

Aunt Wilty

What's Willie got a birthday for? Ain't no sense to birthdays - just remind you how old you are.

Bill

Well, some of your family lived pretty long.

Sallie

Not our family. There was eleven of us and there are only four left. We're just hanging on by the edge of our teeth. The pension is what saved us. Been dead long ago if it hadn't been for the pension. Just kept on living to fool the Government.

Bill

I hear tell that Miss Susie is kicking around with a man down in Louisville - said it was a fellow in the beer business.

Sallie

Goodness me! beer business?

Bill

Yes, sells beer so they tell me.

Sallie

Well, said it ain't whisky.

Bill

Sorta funny how everybody is feeling so sorry for Miss Susie and she gets ups and mets well and it was Milly all the time that was the ailing one.

Sallie

How did Willie take it when he heard that John and Mary were going to get married?

Bill

I don't know.

Sallie

Well, I guess Mary just waited so long she just got tired.

We darken the set and come to a window embrasure. Milly is propped upon the pillow. There's a soft light through the window and Willie is seated by her side. Milly is speaking -

Milly

You must have minded loosing Mary a great deal, that is if you have lost her.

Willie

Don't bother about that.

Milly

Isn't it funny - everybody thought that Mother was the sick one, but it terns out to be me that's really bad off. That's funny, isn't it? Well you know I'm sorta glad. You've been such a silly old man - let everybody get their troubles on you and - -

now you won't have to bother about me. You won't have to have me stuttering around you. It looks nice outside there, doesn't it? I can just see the church steeple over the trees. I suppose now and everybody went to church today.

Willie

Yes, I think they did. I think they all went.

Billy

I like churches. They are so nice and quiet - that is, some of them are. So you lost Mary after all.

Willie

I don't know, Billy. I sometimes wonder if we ever loose anybody.

Billy

I hope you are not going to loose me. I read in a Sunday School book once and it said -. Do you know, Uncle Willie, why people get lonely - very lonely, I mean?

Willie

No, honey, I - I never thought about it much.

Billy

Well the book said that the souls of people come out of heaven - that's where they are first born, - then they come into the human beings on earth and they get home-sick for their real home, and that's what makes us have the blues. I've got the blues now-- pretty bad too.

Interjection No. 1.

Aunt Wilty, who is quite deaf, but even before this irritation came upon her, she had a habit of breaking out into comments upon nothing in particular, but over thing in general, she is busy at present knitting

Aunt Wilty

well I always said, trust in the Lord, just don't matter what your troubles are, trust in the Lord, and every thing will come out alright.

Interjection No. 2.

Aunt Wilty

Well, talking about pets, I had a girl for a pet once, and it was right cute, and the cat ate it. I guess I just don't have no luck with pets.

Interjection No. 3.

Aunt Wilty

I was reading in the papers that John Castleton was getting married again. 'tain't right. If everybody just followed the Scriptures and remembered it says if you are going to get married at all, you can only do it once. That's all I ever got married - once.
(The following line innocently, not as a wise crack)
that was plenty for me.

At this two young girls, about twelve years of age enter, they are Nelly and Betty. Arms around each other, they are at the giggling goosy affectionate age. Nelly, as though continueing a conversation they had begun in the other room -

Nelly

That's just what I told her.
(They stop to speak to the crowd in general)

Omnns

Hello Betty. Hello Nelly.

Sally

Where have you two been all this time?

Betty

Oh, we were just in the next room looking at the presents.

Nelly

(Giggling)
That's all, just looking at the presents.

They come down ~~xx~~ close to where Aunt Wilty is seated. As chairs are scarce they both sit on one, smuggling up to one another.

Nelly

Oh, I didn't tell you all of it. Its too funny!
(At this with her arms akimbo Nelly now begins whispering some nonsense that is most impertinent to the two girls.)

The two girls are rather scantily dressed, perhaps short skirts. Even in the hesitant communities times of style are adopted from the movies and daily newspapers, even though made of cheap material. Aunt Milly looks them over.

Aunt Milly

Right nice girls if they'd wear some clothes.

Inject No. 4.

Betty and Nelly jump up to look at the dress material. Nelly the precocious adolescent, widens her skirts and balances back and forward on her heels, with youthful exuberance.

Nelly

Its awfully pretty!

Betty

(The more quiet one)
What I would like to see is the dress Miss Mary's going to get married in.
(At this there is a general laugh, accompanied by a look toward Mary)

Sally

(In light reproval)
Now Betty, don't hurry things along. Time enough for that.

Nelly

I am very going to get married. I betcha I'll get into the movies out in Hollywood.

Betty

Oh no, you never will.

Nelly

I betcha I will. Or I'll get a job in Louisville in the coffee shop They wear pretty dresses - the waitresses.

Jenny

Well Nelly, I think Louisville is easier than Hollywood, its closer.
(Turning to Mary.)
Look Mary, just look what I got. All the way from New York, Don't know how they knew I needed a coat so bad.

Mary

Well isn't that just too nice, and it looks warm too.

Willie Overton enters - he is very tall - slender, very ordinarily dressed - middle-aged - unassuming. He has given up all his life to his family. - Very poor - hardly strong enough to do the hard work required in farming - has made his life trading - odd jobs - selling blackberries and fruits in the summer - buying turkeys in lots in the fall and sell them. Eating out existance in this manner with a small aid afforded him by a small garden and the raising of chickens and a few pigs that helped to furnish food for the family. He comes down stage and answers to the "Hellos" of the newly arrived guests with -

Willie

Well there seems to be quite a gathering here today.
(Comes to Mary)
Hello, Mary! My you look pretty.

Mary

Oh! Go on - go on with your -

Willie

What's the matter - can't a man tell the truth once in a while?
(As he sits in the chair he turns to the audience)
And here's our old friend, the audience.

At this the other actors pretend to be surprised.

Mary

Why, Mr. Wilkons!
(This in protest)
Oh. Don't bother dear, you can't disturb an audience - not now days, at least. They know we're only actors playing a play. They've seen so many plays - they've been annoyed by me, particularly, so often. You can't shock them.

Sallie

(Also in protest tones)
But - Mr. Wilkson - why - what's wrong?

Willie

(Soothingly)
Now don't get excited. I haven't been drinking. I mean, too much. Well maybe I did have a little nip but nothing to speak of. But, the good little audience - by the way, it's quite little this evening - knows perfectly well that you are just playing the part of Sallie in this rural play, this alleged rural play. They have seen you before - know more about you than you dream of.

Mary

But he never heard -

Willie cuts in.

Willie

That's all right, dear. They know more about you, too.

(With a fifth meaning)

I am afraid they have heard a few things about us, but don't bother. The people out there in the audience are just lonely, ordinary beings - some of them very ordinary - just trying to forget their own troubles for a few hours. They know I'm not a country-jake, they've caught me around town too often. They know - they know I'm just playing a country fellow in this play, that I come to church and to nice to everybody, and behaves myself. Honestly.

Willie (Continued)

They know it's just playing that part. They know it's not really me. I should have said "I".

(Turns toward Mary)

What a nice little mustache you have on on this evening!

(He takes out of his pocket a make-up mustache on the end of a hair-pin)

Now, see. This mustache is stuck on a hair-pin. You see - I stick it up in my nostrils like this -

(He fits the action into words)

And - it's just as good as far as they are concerned, as that beautiful one you have on, because those birds out there -

(Indicating audience)

They know it's all make-believe business, anyhow. However, I don't think I'm going to play this part with a mustache. The darn thing tickles my nose.

(Laughing free and easily to the audience)

Well, you all will have to pardon me. I just have a free and easy feeling with you. By the way -

(Confidentially indicating Mary and John)

If this play goes on long enough we're going to have to put a love scene in between these two -

Mary and John, both slightly embarrassed.

Willie

(Willie continues in meaning tone)

I think they would do it very well.

(With a change of tone, turning to the old gentlemen)

You know these two over here have a tough job chewing that tobacco - every performance - Oh, well - come on let's go on with the show. I suppose I have got everybody so up-set with this business I think I'll just make my exit and come on - come on all over again.

(To actors)

Don't bother, I won't pull any more monkey-business.

He goes up stage, out the door, comes in again, repeats exactly the same business that he did in the first entrance.

Willie

Give me my cue, Sallie.

Sallie gives him his cue.

Willie

Well - there seems to be quite a gathering here today.

(Comes to Mary)

Hello, Mary. My you look pretty.

John:
Mary, you are not really going on with this business. You are not really - you are not really going to marry Willie?

Mary
Why! Why, of course I am.

John
I am not going to say anything against Willie. I know there isn't anybody who knows him that could do that. But - he - he's old enough to be your father.

Mary
Yes. What difference does that make?

John
Why, Mary! It may not seem to make so much difference now - but later - later it will.

Mary
There's no use of talking of this. I have made up my mind. I have given my word and I am going to keep it.

John
You gave your word. But, Mary, that was before we met. You don't seem to realize how important this thing is.

Mary
Oh, yes I do, John - oh, yes I do.

John
Look, Mary! I am not going to pull any romantic business and tell you that I cannot live without you and bring down the moon and stars and a lot of romantic gulf. But look - but think, Mary. This is important to you. I have planned this every since I got out of High School. I am planning a family and I know you want this too. If you have children you want a home for them - you want them to be raised up in the right surroundings.
(John speaks all this in a very rapid intense manner)

Mary
(Interrupting)
Please, John.

John
(Continuing)
I have added to the old place. I have got five hundred acres of the best land. I am making it really pay. My wife is not going to have to stick down here in this mud-hole. I am able now to live here in the good time of the year - then in the winter we can go to Florida - we can go to New York - to the city.

Mary
Why, John! You sound like the old melodrama. Sounds like you were trying to bribe me.

John

Oh, cut that stuff, Mary. I am talkingsense. When you get married it's a serious business. You got to - . Two people - they've got to live together.

Mary

I know - I know. Don't you think I've thought about this? Now, in this part of the world marriage means something - a great deal more perhaps than in the world outside.

John

Yes, Mary, and you and I are among the very few that do any thinking about anything. They just grow up and have children - and passion nits them in the neck and other places, and they kiss and play with each other and get all hot and bothered and they run off - - they don't know anything else to do - they get married. Why? Just so they can get to bed together - - and then more children. They don't have them thinking to bring children into the world that will grow into men and women. Most of them are just born - not a damn sight better than the animals.

(With great scorn and contempt)

Then they ask God to bless this sort of a cheap union.

Mary

Well, Willie Overton doesn't belong to this class. He may never have gone to school but he knows a thing or two and he has got the dearest and sweetest soul of anybody - well - anybody.

John

I know it. I know it. He is a regular little back-woods Jesus Christ. There isn't anybody better than he. But, what are you going to talk about? You can't keep on talking about what a sweet soul Willie has got. You and I know the world of books, of poetry, and philosophy - the world of the mind - we understand each other. We have the same things in common. I was just talking to Bookie Taylor the other day - -

Mary

Don't go Oxford on me.

John

Well, it's no disgrace that Bookie is a scholarship man from Oxford. Outside of your family, he is the only one you can really talk to down here. And, Mary, I - love - you. Damn it - the hell - I'm nuts about you. I would like to hold you - I would like to kiss you, as the guy said, till I stilled you - damn it - and hold you till I killed you.

Willie enters in time to hear the last part of this impassioned speech. Mary looks to Willie. Willie has a basket under his arm. He stops and looks at Mary and John.

Willie

Sakes a live! John - I didn't know you had it in you. You certainly can tell them when you get started.

John

I was just telling Mary in plain language that she was making a mistake in ever thinking of marrying you Willie.

Willie

(Wistfully)
Well boy, you certainly don't beat around the bush, do you?

John

There is no reason to beat around the bush.

Willie

Just wait a minute -
(Sort of struck in a heap - turning as though to hide his mixed feeling more than anything else to the basket he holds over his arm)
Really this ~~atrocious~~ - its that yellow cat, got one of its ears froze off in that last cold spell, but I have been teaching it how to act right inside the house so it don't get froze up again. Women folks don't like the cat in the house.
(Talking to the cat)
Here, Nosey, I will set you down here by the fire and get you thawed out. Don't talk back to me. You won't have to go back out in the cold tonight. Now, John, what's all the shooting about?

John

I was just giving Mary plenty of reason why she shouldn't marry you, Willie.

Willie

Well I guess it won't be much of a job of doing that.

John

The first place you haven't got the ability to make enough money to support her rightly.

Willie

(As though turning over important matters in his mind)
By guns! That's right. I nev er thought much about it - but that's right.

John

And another thing - Mary knows books - she has some education.

Willie

(Unconsciously getting a little excited, sees John's viewpoints)
By damn - that's right. A girl as smart as Mary - she ought to have more sense than to think of marrying me.

John

She certainly should.

Willie

I told her that.

John

Mary knows books, literature - she knows things and talks about things you never thought of.

Willie

(Taking up John's enthusiastical manner)
By gum! You're right there too!

John

And the most important - you're a damn sight too old for her.

Willie

That's right too. I have told her that a thousand times. I am old enough to be her father, maybe more so.

John

Then why do you let her go on - through herself away?

Mary

(Who has been sitting looking from one to the other with some indignity)
Please! Both of you! Don't take too much for granted. You are talking about me as if I was waiting here to be disposed of according to your ideas. You know I don't have to marry either one of you.

John

(In protest)
Mary!

Willie

(Anxiously)
Wait a minute Mary. Don't get on your high horses.

Mary

I will get on my high horses as you call it. It seems to me that I have something to say about the matter. You are both ramping around here as if my affairs were all up to you. Well, I'll tell you right now - they are not.

(5-yr)

SCENE - Scene between Mary and John.

John

Really, I did want to talk to you. By the way, Dumais Taylor gave me this volume. It's written by one of his class mates, William Churchwell, at Oxford.

Mary

Oh! Yes, I read the reviews of it.

John

He tells very simply how the [illegible] preached in the church today - well, the same thing was said by the Taoist eight thousand years ago.

(Then confusious)

Budha said five hundred fifty years before Christ - said if a man strikes you a blow, don't return the blow but give good for evil and your enemy will correct his ways - now Christ repeated all the wisdom he had learned from the wise men from the East and got himself built a million church spires.

Mary

Oh, I will be glad to read it John.

John

What would Willie think about Senaca's morals? Did he read it?

Mary

Oh, yes! he said he did. He pointed out part of that chapter - you know "wisdom and virture are the foundation of happiness".

John

What did he say about it?

Mary

Why, I told him about his being an old woman and he said - well you know how he draws - said he guessed being a Roman or a Greek or any kind of a foreigner didn't keep you from being a good man if you wanted to.

John

Well - very well -

Mary

That's about all he had to say about it.

John

Mary doesn't that tell you something? That just points out my argument. You and Willie are as far apart as the pole.

Scene continues as first written.

Mary

There are plenty of other men in the world.
(At this she rapidly goes up stage)

John

Wait a minute!

Willie

Why - Mary -

Mary

(As she slams the door behind her)
And <u>that's</u> <u>that</u>.

Willie starts up as though to call after her. John takes up his coat and hat - goes ahead of Willie. Willie looks out after them quite nonplused. In this silence that follows in the room is heard faintly and clearly a voice on the radio singing -

"If you know Susie as I know Susie -"

Willie stops as though to go back in the room from which the radio music is heard, and then turns - looks out the window disconsolately - turns - sees the basket - opens it - looks in and lifts out an ordinary, a most ordinary, partly grown kitten.

Willie

Well, Nosey, looks like I got my ear frosted too. How's the ear getting on? Oh, it looks all right. Well, you won't have to stay out in the cold this winter. There's no good for a lady cat like you anyhow - all of those tom-cat models around. You will come back with so many of them - then we will have to put you out in the cold.

The door slowly opens and Mary comes quietly in. Willie busy with the cat does not hear her.

Willie

(Still talking to the cat)
Well, I guess all you female cats are all about alike. Rub them the wrong way - and my goodness me - don't they fly up. Don't mow at me, silly. Well - guess we are both silly. Well, you stay around and be a good cat and maybe when spring comes - maybe I will find you a good Tom - young, good-looking and handsome - then maybe one member of the whole family will get married anyway

Mary advances down stage to Willie. So close that he hears her.

Mary

Well, you certainly are some nut.

Willie

Oh! You came back.

Mary

Looks that way.

Willie

What did you call me?

Mary

Just a plain nut - but a sweet one.

Willie

Yes, I notice the bees do swarm around me. Don't dare go near the hive.
(Looking around)
Where's John?

Mary

I am here to talk about you.

Willie

(Change of tone)
Yes, Mary. Mary, I'm sorry I lost my temper.
(With great tenderness)
Now don't you say anything more about it.

Mary

(Steadily)
When are we going to set the day?

Willie

(Eagerly)
You mean - -

Mary

Don't I speak plain English? - the day for the wedding.

Willie

Oh! Mary! You are quite - you are right sure you are not making a mistake?

Mary

Quite sure.

Willie

Well, wait just a minute. Don't be too sure.
(As he talks he goes up stage to closet in back)
Before we make it for good, I have got to show you something.
(T akes from the closet in back the family Bible)
You know I've been lying to you.

Mary

And I have always bragged of you as one man that was not a liar.

Willie

Well, maybe I don't exactly lie, but I don't tell the truth. Look at this. That is one time I was really born. That makes me just five years worse than I led you to believe. Don't know why everybody is so anxious to keep records for - gives me a pain.

Mary

(Slightly displeased as she looks at the record)
What difference does it make - I love you.

Willie

Say that again Mary.

Mary

I love you!

Willie

Listen. I'm going to swear and - everything. Damn it, Mary - damn - damn it - I'm crazy about you Mary. I dream about you Mary - day-time - night-time. Why, only last night I dreamed I saw you just as clear - a white breasted angel in the heaven, and I was a cold heaver in hell.

(Very fast)

Mary, I love you. I kicked the devil in the pants and tried to climb up to you.

(He kisses her awkwardly but with determination)

Mary, you feel so warm. Mary you smell so sweet.

(He kisses her again)

Mary - hot damn. Mary, I'm going to tell everybody. Nosey look! She's come back.

Mary

Don't, Silly. Not so loud - not so loud - everybody will hear you.

Willie

Let them hear. I'll tell the world, the devil, and God himself - anybody that wants to listen.

(He grabs Mary again - looks over her shoulder as he embraces her)

Oh! Mary, look out that window. I'll swear for a minute I thought there were honeysuckles blooming and the green grass waving. Listen. Can't you hear.

Mary

What?

Willie

The angels singing.

Mary

It's the radio, Silly - it's the radio.

Willie

It's an angel's radio then.

Mary

Don't. Don't, you will muss me up terribly.

Willie

I will muss you worse. I'm going to tear you to pieces. Oh! - now white - your throat - now white -. Don't you understand, Mary, I am going crazy. I've never been hungry - hungry for a woman for thirty years. I never had one - country-jake - fool. I've burnt - I've acted - I've hurt -

Mary

Willie, don't - don't -

Willie

Now I've got one - got the best one. Oh, most beautiful - oh, my God, Mary - oh, ain't this the cat's pajamas.

He holds her. They seem to tremble together. There is white music from the radio. His head drops down upon her breast. She holds him close - rapping him and rapping him in the spirit of maturnity.

Lights in the room from this scene have been dimming. The light from the window from the outside actuated by a strange glow.

Willie

(With a tense mysterious reverent tone)
Mary! Mary!

Mary

(Catching some of his mysterious air)
What - what is it, dear?

Willie

The icicles on the eaves - the snow behind the branches - listen -

Mary

Yes. Yes, dear.

Willie

I saw it just as clear - the face - the face of Jesus there.

Slow curtain. The curtain moves up again, immediately, showing the two slowly disengaging from the embrace.

Mary

(Now to actors)
Did I do the part any better tonight?

Mr. Wilkons

(Tenderly)
Oh, you were fine, dear. You seem to get right in to the spirit of it.

Mary

Oh, thank you.
(Slowly disengaging herself - wiping her eyes with her handkerchief)

Wilkens

(With humor)
Don't be in a hurry. I like the position.

Mary

Oh - oh, hush - you -

Stage hand. An electrician in shirt sleeves - bottle of beer in one hand and a sandwich in the other.

Electrician

Mr. Wilkons, did I get that spot light right tonight?

Mr. Wilkins

Yes, Tom. I thought it was pretty good. Think if you got a little more yellow in it it would be better.

Electrician

(Wolfing the sandwich - washing it down with a good gulp at the beer bottle - talking with partly filled mouth)
I was working on it so may have missed my dinner.

Lights have quickly changed so that there is a spot from overhead lighting up the area around Wilkons. Another side back light illuming the other side of the stage. A well dressed gentleman of about Wilkons' age comes from the wing, right. Wilkons sees him.

Wilkons

Hello! How are you? Were you out front tonight?

Other side of the stage. Mary crosses slowly - stops - rearranges her dress. John comes on. He is in his shirt sleeves.- newspaper in his hand - mules on his feet. They make him walk with rather a Chinese effect.

John

These damn shoes - so tight I can hardly walk in them.

Mary

(Coming to him)
Did you watch to see - did you think I was any better?

John

(This in rather hushed confidential tone)
Damn winch. Damn beautiful - I'll be damn if I know how you played the scene.

Mary

Hush. Not so loud.

John

Go on to hell with that - let them hear.

Mary

I have got to fix up my make-up.

John

Well, before you go, I 've got something I want to tell you and I don't mean maybe.

Lights dim on the two as they go up stage. Lights go up on Wilkens shaking hands with his friend.

Wilkens

Well, Bill, how did you like -

Friend

Don't ask me. I don't like - you know I don't like this kind of a show. What ever did you try to play a part like that for?

Wilkons

Oh, I don't know. I sorta like it. It's a sort of a mushy sort of a damn fool - -. You know I would like to be that sort of a guy, myself - a regular, good, some old fellow.

Wilkons is much more victory now than he was while playing the part of Willie. As he talks he is taking off his coat.

Wilkons

(Continuing)
You know - a regular good guy and live in the country and have a nice little house, flowers, a wheat-field, chickens, cows, and a wheat-field.

Friend

Yes, you've said that twice now. You know flowers and wheat fields don't bloom all the year around.

Wilkons

Yes, but it's beautiful -
(This in a poetic Shakespearian manner)
And at night the moonlight tips with silver all the fruit tree tops -
(As he finished this peroration he turns to his ballet who is a middle-aged negro who has just come out.)
Jim, you ought to watch my clothes.
(This in an entirely different manner - feeling around to the back of his trousers)

Wilkons (Continued)
See that? That suspender hanging on one button - . I thought sure I was going to loose my dear pants in that last scene.

Jim
I'm sorry - come on - get them off and I'll sew a button on right away.

Wilkons
All right, Jim. You haven't got much time - there's a short intermission.
(Turning to friend in enthusiastical tones)
Isn't the little girl just beautiful? I think she is the most beautiful girl ever on the stage.

Friend
(With some sarcasm)
I think that is about the fiftieth time I have heard you say that - all different girls too.

Wilkons
Oh - but - this is real. Did you notice her hair? - and what eyes. And she's got the best figure. Well - well, those little small legs - heart-shaped up to the hips.
(In hushed almost reverent tones)
And those young breasts - did you notice? Just stand up and look like they were going to break out of her blouse. Wonderful - marvelous -

Friend
(With same sarcasm)
Why don't you marry the girl?

Wilkons
By God! That's just what I'm going to do.

Friend
It would be a change for you.

Wilkons
Oh, you old sinister -
(Putting his arm effectually around him)
Come on up to the dressing room - just time for a couple of sniffers before I go on again.
(They go off - this time for good)

Curtain goes up. Scene setting as first act
Voice of two old gentlemen outside, respectively.

Voice

Hello! Hello in there! Anybody at home?

The two old gentlemen come in carrying an old-
fashioned antique love seat.

First Gentleman

Well, guess everybody has gone.

Second Gentleman

Well it looks that way.

First Gentleman

Well we'll just set it down here. This old piece of furniture has
been in the house for goodness knows how long.
(Chuckling)
Mary always admired it. Willie heard about it so he bought it off
of us.

Second Gentleman

Well, I guess they are going to get married pretty soon now.

First Gentleman

Yes, and I am certainly glad of it. That dern family of Willie's
imposed on him all his life and there wasn't one of them that had
any spunk and that was Susie and she went off and married that
man from up in Cincinnati. He makes lots of money - everybody says.

Second Gentleman

but some folks say that he spends it as fast as he makes it. He
just gets a salary.

First Gentleman

Certainly did look funny - see Jennie, Sallie and Willie all going
away - mighty-ni filled up the car.

Second Gentleman

Yes, and they were all dressed up too. Just as happy and excited
as a lot of kids. They say it's a mighty pretty country they're
going to. Say the weather is not as changeable as it is up here.
A stranger was telling me the other day that if a man could live
in this part of the country and not die he could live anywhere.

First Gentleman

(Just putting some wood on the fire)
Ought to keep this fire going. 'Bout to go out.

Second Gentleman

Well, I think I'll just sit down and make myself at home till Willie
comes back. I want to ask him about that tobacco.

At this there is a knock at the door - First old gentleman goes up to the door and opens it. There is Mary accompanied by Nelly and Betty.

First Gentleman

Come right in - make yourself at home. It ain't my home but then Willie don't care.

Mary

Where did Willie go - anybody know? Nelly said she saw him going away early this morning.

Nelly

Yes, Daddy said he saw him - said he seemed in an awful hurry. Looked like he was bothered about something. That's what Dad said.

First Gentleman

Search me - don't know nothing about it. He told me yesterday - anytime today he would be here - but he ain't.

Mary

(Looking at the love chair)

Oh! He went and bought it and I told him not to.

First Gentleman

Well, you have got to be careful about admiring anything because if he has the money he will go right out and grab it.

Betty

It does look funny to see this piece and nobody in it.

Nelly

(Wisely - having her arm around Mary)

There's going to be somebody in it soon.

(She giggles knowingly)

Won't there Miss Mary?

Mary

Never mind you - never mind.

(To First Gentleman)

Well, I just brought over a book that he asked me to lend him. I'll just put it down here on the table. Are you going to stay here long?

First Gentleman (Bill)

Well, yes. I expect to stay a right smart piece - get that tobacco business settled.

Mary

Well, if he comes in you can just tell him I left this here for him.

First Gentleman

Well, Bill and me will stay around - save burning our own wood. Willie always keeps a good warm fire burning anyhow.

Mary

(Going up door exiting)
Well - goodbye - everybody.

Sally and Betty

Goodbye. I'll be seeing you.
(They exit)

Bill

By gum! So she slashed and had stayed around. You know she is so pretty I just like to look at her. Think of old horse-faced Willie getting a pretty girl like that.

Second Gentleman

Well, looks like luck has turned on Willie at last.

As they sit making themselves at home by the fire old Jim comes in. He has a bundle made up of some old shirts. The bundle itself wrapped in an old shirt - tied around with a piece of rope.

Bill

(Looking at it)
Hello! Hello, son - where do you think you're going?

Jim

(Coming down by the fire)
Well, I thought the big man would be sorta lonely by himself and I thought I would just move in - sorta move in with him.

Bill

Well, did you ask Willie anything about it?

Jim

No sir, I didn't think it was right to trouble him by asking him cause you see if I'd ask him he would have to sorta figure about it one way or the other and that would cause him a lot of trouble so I am just moving in - then he won't have nothing to do about it.

Second Gentleman

You certainly got it all figured out, haven't you Jim?

Jim

Yes, I's always pretty good at figures.

Bill

What have you got wrapped up there?

Jim

Just my next to the skin clothes. I thought I'd bring in the other things and the furniture later - they're at La Grange. I'll get around to that some other time. When is the big man

Jim (continued)

seeing Bessy?

Bill

I don't know - nobody seems to know. We're just waiting for him, but, Jim, you don't do that - - move in on Mr. Willie like this. Did you know he is going to get married?

Jim

Well - I - I ain't aiming to stop it.

Bill

But he ain't going to have no place for you here.

Jim

Oh, I ain't aiming to take no room. I's just going to take a little dog corner to sleep in. I wont bother none of them in the daytime. I stay over at the court-house most of the time.

Bill

Yes, I know you. Jim, I know you never miss a court session. What are you always doing in that court-house, Jim?

Jim

I's sleeping - generly I's sleeping

(Pause)

In case the judge or the big man ever needs me - I just like to be on hand.

(He is playing aimlessly with his medals and referring to one of these)

Ain't that too bad? I have done lost it. Guess he fell off.

Bill

What fell off?

Jim

Mr. George Washington done fell off.

Bill

You are certainly a patriotic American. Arn't you?

Jim

Yes, I gess I's one of the few left - me and Mr. Willie and Miss Mary. We're going to be awful happy here in my new home. I think it was very lucky for the big man to get rid of all that family.

There is heard the sound of an automobile coming to a stop outside the house. Bill and the other old man get up and go to the window. Jim moves his stool to the side of the fire-place and sits up against the fire-place as though to make himself as small and as little in the way as possible, and so sits with his little bag between his feet.

Bill

(At the window, quite excited)
Jumping gehosephat! It's Willie!

Second Gentleman

What has he got? What has he got?

Bill

Why, he is carrying somebody. Well, I'll be dog-goned! That looks like Susie he's got in his arms. And who's that little girl?

Second Gentleman

George no.

Bill opens the door and Willie with his older sister - a helpless bundle in his arms, enters followed by her daughter, a pail delicate looking little creature of about fifteen, and Bob, a middle-aged man of about Willie's age, a sort of a partner as it was.

Susie

(Complaining in that strange queer voice)
Oh, it hurts so - that jolting - that jolting - it hurts so.

Willie

(in consoling tones, as one speaking to a helpless child)
Never mind now, Susie. Never mind. We've got you home at last. Here, Bob - move the cot up by the fire, here.

As Bob is putting the cot in it's place, Willie stands for quite a pause with his sister in his arms and her child standing - a helpless figure by his side. The cot being finally arranged, Willie goes to it and places Susie gently down upon it. He puts the cover over her carefully.

Willie

Now - now. Ain't this fine?

Susie

Yes, Willie, this is awfully nice - awfully nice to get home - awfully nice.

Willie

(Turning to the young girl)
Here, give me that grip. You sit down here by the farm to get warmed up. I'm going to have a heater put in that car next week - got it all order and it will be in. That's it, sit up close.

Milly speaks with a slight almost imperceptible She dwells on a few words in her speech, but otherwise her sentences are of one level even

tongue. She draws out the word yes so that it sounds like yeeeeh-ess and the word sass after the s has stopped.

Willy

Yes sir,
(She is shivering as she talks)
I was not told, no sir
(shivering)
not very - -
(in that same fearless sustained manner)
It was awful good of you to bring us back here.

Willie

Oh, that's all right, Susie. Remember that the doctor said that you should not have any excitement. You are going to get you plenty of good milk, just like he has told us - eggs and everything.

Susie

You are an awful - you are a good man, Willie. You are a good man. It happened just like that - my husband. You know he was always so strong and to go - to die so sudden - - just like that. Never left us anything but debts.

Willie

Now, now. The best thing for you is to take a little nap and I'll stir around and fix up something nice for you to eat.

At this old Jim stirs- puts his head around the corner of the fire-place.

Jim

Mr. Willie, I'll lend you back that setting hen if you wants it.

Willie

Hello, Jim! What are you doing here?

Jim

I jest moved in. Yes, I thought you'd be lonely over here and I jest moved in. I didn't know nothing about Miss Susie coming in.

Willie

Well that's kind of thoughtful of you Jim.

Jim

Yes sir, I thought so.

Susie's couch has been placed so that it is right by a small stand on which is the radio.

Susie

(Looking toward the radio)
Why, Willie, you have got a radio - a new one.
(She turns the dial)
Oh! I'm so glad. You know I used to keep it going nearly all the time - then you know I had to sell it after Mormon died.

She turns the radio on and a male voice is heard - softly at first.

"Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello - Waiting for me." At this Bill and the second old Gentlemen start toward the door.

Bill

Well, I hope - hope you get better soon, Susie.

Susie

Oh, I'm going to be all right now.

Bill

(To Willie)
I brought your love-seat over.

Willie

Yes, - so I see. I paid you yesterday.

Bill

Oh, yes, you paid me. I thought we might straighten out that tobacco business but I will wait till after you get things settled here.

Through this speech Willie as before had been directed to the love-seat. He stood looking at it.

Willie

(Absent-mindedly)
Yes, I'll straighten that out tomorrow or the next day. There isn't very much to straighten.

The two men go out the door.

Bill

Well, Goodbye.

Second Gentleman

See you later.

The music on the radio continues. Willie picks up a grip and a large package that had been brought in upon their arrival and goes off into the next room. The music continues playing. Susie is turned away from the radio but is listening. Milly is

sitting in the same impassive position. The song comes to an end. Susie, flatly, turns the knob - radio continues - static noise

Announcer

Stocks took a decided turn for the worst today, very little being in sight - all the leaders followed U.S. steel, that lost five points in 5 years trading.

Willie has entered during this broadcast - goes to the window - stands looking out. Jennie turns the dial - another voice -

Announcer

Of course Germany bitterly resents the boycot against her. There is no doubt that Germany intends to get back her colonies that she lost in the war. There is also no doubt that Mussolini is hand in glove with Germany. Franco must aids with Great Britain. Nine million lives lost in the late war and for what purpose? There is a - - -

Jennie turns back to the dial and tries to find something more interesting.

"This is the San Francisco Board of Trade. We welcome you again - - -"

The dial is turned. A grand opra voice peels out a snatch of ? . Again the dial is turned. A blinking blair of swing jazz - again the dial turns.

Voice

The treatment of this disease is the important part. Caught in it's early stage tuberculosis is curable.

At the word 'tuberculosis', Willie turns and looks toward Susie. Milly also turns slowly toward the radio. The voice continues -

Voice

most important is watchful care of the patient. While fresh air is needed, drafts must be carefully avoided, and, of course, plenty of good nourishing food, fresh milk and eggs. These foods are nourishing and assimilating. A patient suffering from tuberculosis, and this applies also to those taking care of the patient, must not expect miracles. It takes a great deal of patients and, of course, a great deal of time.

Again the dial is turned.to the Voice of the Street.

Announcer

What's your name, young lady?

Voice

Mildred Western

Announcer

(Jestingly)
I suppose then you come from the East.

Young Lady's Voice

(In the usual embarrassed manner of people brought up to the radio and behind this the usual street noise)
No, I come from Brooklyn.

Announcer

Oh, that's right. Near New York isn't it?

Young Lady's Voice

Yes sir, right across the river.

Announcer

Married?

Young Lady's Voice

(Giggling)
Not yet but I hope to.

Announcer

Well, a pretty girl like you -
(Girl giggles)
Here's a chance for one of us to get in. Well, Miss Western, what famous Moving Picture Star, when if she wanted more salary, used to threaten by saying "I think I main go home"?

Young Lady's Voice

That was Marlene Dietrich, wasn't it?

Announcer

No, you're wrong there. Don't you go to the movies much?

Young Lady's Voice

All I can afford.

Announcer

Well you ought to know better than that. That was Gretta Garbo.

Young Lady's Voice

(Giggling)
Oh, I knew it was one of those two foreigners but I couldn't think which one.

Announcer

Miss Western, I want to ask you a question. If you had two suitors - one of them an old man with plenty of money and the other a good looking young man without any money - which would you choose?

Young Lady's Voice

I would grab the young one and take a chance.

The dial moves. Willie goes slowly to the mantel-piece. There is quite a large photograph of Mary on the mantel-piece. While the radio is going on, he takes the picture very quietly without any evidence of emotion, cleans the glass that covers the photograph - this business slowly and with deliberation - then restores the picture to its place. The radio continues.

Announcer

Oh, so you will take a chance? Well, that's what everybody seems to be doing these days. Well, ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry but this concludes our broadcast today. The Voice of the People is heard at this hour every day of the week except Saturday and Sunday. Goodbye.

At this last broadcast, Susie has dropped down into the pillow - appearing to go to sleep. Willie goes quietly over - turns off the radio. Willie turns toward Milly.

Willie

I wonder if we could move her into the next room without waking her us.

Milly

Yes, I think so - when she sleeps, she sleeps awfully good.

Willie

I have got a good fire in the stove. It's nice and warm in there. She can have her sleep out there without anybody troubling her.

Willie goes to the head of the cot - Millie goes to the foot.

Milly

Yes, let me help you.

Willie

It goes easy. It's on rollers.

Between the two they manage to roll the cot slowly out of the room. Old Jim, who in his position by the side of the fireplace, has been pretty well hidden. At this point he gets up - starts toward the door - shakes his head in some solemn to indicate that he seems to have lost his home. He goes back and gets his little package and exits. Willie enters. Millie crosses by him and goes into the center of the room. Willie closes the door carefully--comes down by the table.

Willie

Sit down, Milly. I guess we will have to let you sleep in here, Milly.

Milly

I thought I could sleep in the same room as Mother. We don't want to crowd you any more than we have to.

Willie

No, I don't think so, Milly. That's not a very good idea. I'll take the other room and if she wants anything - - and if she wants anything I'll leave the door open then if she wants anything she can call me.

Milly

Yes.

Willie

You can leave the door open - that will be all right and between us we can take care of her all right.

Milly

Yes.

Willie

You don't look any too strong yourself.

Milly

Oh, I'll surprise you. I'm as strong as I can be. I did have a bad cold but I'm over that now. And - then - we were so worried we didn't know what to do. It was awfully cold - that room. I think this - today is the first day I have gotten good and warm - you know what I mean - all through - for months. You know Maw hated to write to you - thought she would get a job - said you had plenty of trouble yourself.

(Looking at the picture on the mantel-piece)

Whose picture is that? Is it some one of the family, isn't it?

Willie

No. She isn't one of the family.

Milly

My goodness! Isn't she pretty? Well, wish I could be pretty like that. I used to make it up in my mind that I was so pretty. When I went down the street everybody said isn't that the prettiest girl.

During this Willie has been studying an old battered notebook.

Willie

(Absent-mindedly)

Well, beauty isn't everything, Millie.

Willie

(still studying his notebook)
Are you good at figures, Milly?

Milly

No, sir. I am better at geography than anything else.

Willie

Well, you don't mind my figuring out loud, do you? I seem to do it better that way. Two hundred and fifty dollars is - - two hundred and fifty dollars - lets see -

Milly

Maybe I had better leave you alone. I will go in and see how Maw is.

Willie

All right.
(Indicating one page)
Two hundred - no. Wait a minute. One hundred and fifty I did have -
(Turning another page)
Two hundred turkeys. We figure we made thirty cents out of every turkey. That's sixty dollars. Thirty dollars for Bob and thirty

Milly

Just to think - I'll never toss that coin to the church again.

Willie

You mustn't talk that way.

Milly

Well, it's the truth. Don't you bother about it, dear old Willie, I guess you are what everybody says you are - yes-s -
(She stutters on the word and finally gets it out)
s sap, just s sap. That's a hard word for me to say. What's on the radio?

Willie

I don't know. I'll try something for you.
(Willie turns the dial)

Voice

(Advertising)
If you want to have that skin that can just love to touch, don't fail to get Rucka Toilet Soap. We want to introduce to you one of the most famous beauties of the screen - Miss Vadena Goldfair.

Female Voice

(Quite affected)
I am very thankful to be on this program and also to add my view to the praise of Rucka wonderful toilet soap. "Wash and you shall be clean" comes true when you use this -

The dial turns to soft jazz - the music of "Franky and Johnnie" in jazz-steppo)

Milly

I wonder if I'd tried that soap at the same time I was trying to be beautiful - maybe that would have helped me. I guess it's too late now. I wanted to be a movie actress once. I want to tell you something terrible Uncle Willie. You know I wrote to Hollywood - this is the first time I ever told anybody and I stold a picture that Mother took - one of the snap-shots. I sent it in with the letter. It took me two weeks to get that letter just right. It was a pretty picture - the way they took it. It didn't look much like me, and I waited for weeks and weeks and they never answered my letter - they never answered it. I heard some of the words to that music you were playing on the radio. Do you remember them, Willie?

Willie

Well, not exactly. Something about Franky and Jonnie. They were lovers.

Milly

Did they get married?

Willie

Well, I don't - to tell you the truth I don't exactly remember.

Milly

You know I wanted to get married all my life but I guess it's too late now unless

(Slowly and hesitatingly)

unless -

Willie

Unless what, Milly?

Milly

Unless - I was just thinking last night, no boy ever told me he wanted to marry me - not even just in fun.

Willie

Well, I guess that was just bad judgment on their part.

Milly

Won't you do it?

Willie

What do you mean, Milly?

Milly

Suppose you just make believe and ask me. It's just in fun. Because I've only got a very short time to live, anyhow. Please-- won't you?

Willie

Well, dear, I don't think I know how.

Milly

You have got to know how. You asked Mary, didn't you?

Willie

I guess I did but I don't remember how I did it.

Milly

Oh, just ask me.

Willie

(Looks at her with winsome tenderness)

Well, Milly, how about you and me getting married?

Milly

(A little impatiently)

Oh, that ain't the way. Say my full name. That's the way they do in the books.

Willie

(Repeats)

All right. Milly Stonestreet, will you be - will you marry me?

Milly
You forgot the best part. You didn't say I was pretty - maybe beautiful. You just say, - you are so pretty, so beautiful, I just have to marry you.

Willie
(Repeats)
You are so pretty, so beautiful - I've just got to marry you.

Milly
Oh, that's it. That's the way. That's nice.

Willie
(With a change as though he had just awaken to an obvious fact)
Why, Milly, you know something? Why you are beautiful. I don't know why I have never noticed it before. Why, you are just as pretty as - as anything.

Milly
(With great intensity considering her weak condition)
Oh, you're just lying to me - you are just plain lying.

Willie
Honest to God I am not. Why - your face is all a shine. It's just like lights on - lights on a Christmas tree.

Milly
(As though she had just discovered something quite extraordinary)
The book was right - the book was right.

Willie
Yes.

Milly
I love you, Willie. Oh, I love you so much. I have just loved you always, I guess. And it really shows pretty on my face - it really does?
(With great intensity)
It really does?

Milly
(With a formality)
Then I will be your wedded - no - lawful wedded wife. Until death do us part.
(Pause)
Now you say it.

Willie
Yes. Until death do us part.

Milly
You see - that's nice. It won't be hard on you at all because it's only a few more hours. I'm so happy. Even if I did have

Willy (Continued)
to go and die before I got a man to tell me that I was pretty, but maybe - maybe that about people being homeless - people's souls, for heaven - maybe it's true and that's why I am happy too. I'm going home.

Willie

Dear, dear, child.

Willy

Hy! How the wind is blowing.

Willie

Yes, it's some storm come up.

Willy

Look!
(She is looking out the window)
How the trees - they are bending
(She half raise herself in the bed with a desperate effort. Willie puts his arms around her. She continues.)
See those two big ones - bending - they are bending. Hold me! Hold me tight - tight.
(Then in a terrible voice like a partially suppressed scream)
THE TREES ARE FALLING - THE TREES - THE TREES ARE FALLING!

During this scene the music has changed, perhaps to a sympathetic orchestra that is breaking to its climax as the curtain falls. The lights dim quickly. The music dies down. There is a slight pause. From out of the darkness comes the voice.

Voice
I remember well, dear radio audience, It was the day of the big storm - just a year ago that I prophesied to you that this Government of ours -

The lights fade up. We discover Bill in the center of the stage, going through his pockets. The voice continues.

Voice
That this Government, mind you, would become Government really for the people. Not merely in theory but actually. Look around you today and see what fast improvements are being made. I do not say that the ___?___ is here yet, but the improvements are manifested on all sides. On the east to the west - on the north to the south.
(All of this in oratorical flamborical manner.)

At this Willie enters - turns off the radio as the voice says, "I repeat".

Willie

Not to me, you won't.
(As he turns off the radio

Bill

Willie, when you paid me my share of the - that crap money, did you - it was - $10 bill you gave me, wasn't it?

Willie

Yes, it was. One of our very best $10 bills.

Bill

Well, I just wanted to know. I must've lost $o/ somewhere. I can't account for it.

Willie

Oh, I guess you will find it. Did you figure that beer you bought?

Bill

Yes, I figured that in.

At this Willie pulls a side curtain - takes out a half filled beer bottle.

Willie

Will you have some?

Bill

Well, no, I just broke off one over at the store.

Willie

(Holding the beer bottle up to the light)
Why, it's about half-full.
(Taking a pull out of the beer bottle)
No use in waisting it.

The door leading outside is partly open. At this Susie, quite plump and healthy looking, with a new hat and what is very obviously a new get-up, the clothes quite showy and decidedly too young for her, enters very busily.

Susie

Howdy, everybody!

Bill

My, ain't we all dressed up.

Susie

Do you like it? They told me at the store that this had was the only one like it in Louisville.

Willie

(Drily)
That's too bad.

Susie

(Taking him up)
What's that. Don't you like - what do you mean by that?

Willie

Well, to think of all the other ladys folks, ay, won't they be disappointed.

Susie

Well, all of them that see it will.
(Continuing)
Oh, isn't this just a beautiful day?

Bill

Yes, it certainly is a fine day.

Susie

I don't remember of a day as nice as this day.

To feel that she has something to say and is a little embarrassed just how to spring what we feel is for her evidently some surprise.

Bill

I said yesterday that I thought the weather was better, but I remember -

Susie

but today the sun has been shinning and shinning - just shinning.

Willie

Well, when you get through telling the day how nice it is - what's on your mind?

Susie

Well, Willie, I just don't know. After I got here it is just hard to tell. Of course, I know you understand everything.

Willie

Yes, almost everything.

Susie

Well, it's just this, that I think you've been taking care of me about long enough and you know you were so nice to Milly and were so nice to Jinnie and you were so nice to Sallie, and it's been so many years you've been nice. Now lets see -. Oh, Well, I guess that don't make so much difference after all because - because you remember as well as I do and I, myself, would not be surprised if you didn't remember better.

All of this is rattled off in a very rapid voluble manner and followed in a great episode as though she had just discovered the fact.

Susie

I was just saying that none of us are getting no younger.

Willie

Yes, there's some truth to that.

Susie

Indeed there is - indeed. Well, Willie, I never - I just wanted to tell you about - about Mr. Roland Henderson. You see, I wanted to surprise you and I have been going to tell you for quite a spell but - you see - Mr. Henderson is a very careful man. He's just like all those real high grade men, you know, that they are slow but just - you know, very very sure. I just said the other day, I never knew a man that you could trust. You know, a man that you could depend on like Mr. Henderson, Roland Henderson, that's his full name. Not exactly either. His middle name is Charles.

(Looks at a table at the side of the room)

Well, I'll declare to goodness! You've moved that table. I don't know why you wanted to put that table in the middle of the room. I think tables look terrible in the middle of the room and that's where everybody puts them. Oh, but I was talking about Mr. Henderson. I know you will just like him.

Willie

Well, I wouldn't be surprised, but I guess I'll have to sort of meet him first, don't you think?

Susie

Now there - you said just the right words, because you see I didn't want to tell you until I asked you.

Willie

Well, asks me what?

Susie

Why, ask me to marry him, of course. You see, as I told you before, he is a very cautious man - slow and steady like. Last night - it was about nine o'clock - it was a beautiful night last night too, and he came right out and asked me. And I know you will like him. He's just crazy about books and he's the grandest man and you must just meet him.

Willie

Well, I'm willing. Where is he?

Susie

He's right here.

(At this she calls in honey tones)

Oh, Mr. Henderson!

(Calling outside)

Roland! Roland! Come in, please. It's all right. Everything is all settled.

At this a very large substantial person in a policeman's uniform enters. He seems

bulged out of the uniform a little, otherwise is a most important and impressive looking character.

Susie

(proudly)
You see he is a policeman. I didn't tell you that but that's what he is. Roland, this is my brother.

Willie

Glad to meet you. How are you?

Mr. Henderson

Oh, I'm fine, thank you. Just as fine as I can be.

Susie

Oh, I forgot. This is Mr. Bill.
(Turning to Bill)
I mean Mr. Wilhoit. Bill is his first name. Of course it's really William but everybody calls him "Bill".

Bill

Howdy-do.

Mr. Henderson

Oh, I'm fine. Just as fine as I can be.

Susie

Well, I guess we'd better be going - just came to tell you the news, and get my things.

Willie

Can I help you? Susie, want me to help you get fixed up?

Susie

No, I tended to all of that this morning. Got everything out in the car. You put them in the car, didn't you Roland?

Mr. Henderson

Yes, got all in the car. Fit in just fine.

Susie

You see, Roland has got a new car. It's a Plymouth and runs just like silk. Don't it Roland?

Mr. Henderson

Yes, just fine. I was a little worried when I first bought it. Some of the boys said they weren't no good, but it's just fine.

Susie

Oh, there is just one thing more, Willie. I wonder if you'd mind me taking this couch. You know you told me I could have it - you remember when I was not feeling so well - about three or four years ago. Of course, the family album belongs to me. Mother said if you didn't want it I could have it.

Willie

Oh, I guess that's all right. I've got a couple of more couches around yet, anyhow - enough for me.

Susie

Oh, that's so nice, Willie, you always were the best man. All right, Roland, just tuck it out. We can find room on the back of the car. We'll just tie it on good.

(Roland picks up the chair and starts out with it. He is stricken by a sense of social duty at the door.)

Well, I'm certainly glad to have met you. We'll see you again sometimes.

Susie

Oh, yes, after we get settled and fixed up. Willie, you don't mind me taking this old daily, do you? It's not very clean anyhow.

Willie

No, go right ahead.

(Questionly)

See anything else you would like? How about the fireplace?

Susie

Oh, no, Willie. There you go joking. Besides, we don't need fireplaces in Louisville. We've got an appartment, steam heat and everything. Oh, my goodness, it must be getting late. We must go. Goodbye. Goodbye, Willie. Goodbye, Bill.

(indicating Mr. Henderson who has just gone out)

Ain't he grand - ain't he just grand.

Willie

He looks all right.

Susie

Oh, I knew you'd like him. I just knew it. Well, goodbye, goodbye.

(This as she is hurrying out the door)

A voice is heard outside.

Voice

Well, Roland, how is it coming. Got it fixed up?

Willie

(At the door looking out)

Do you need me to help?

Mr. Henderson

No, I got it fixed?

Susie

Yes, Jim helped him.

Mr. Henderson

Yes, everything is just fine.

Willie

(At the door)

Yes, you - looks like it is pretty well fastened.

Susie

I'll just get in. Ain't this a pretty car, Willie?

Willie

It sure is.

Mr. Henderson

Well, we're getting on now. Goodbye, everybody.

Susie

Goodbye! Goodbye!

Willie

Good luck!

Sound of the motor starting and of the car going away. Willie stands in the doorway for a time. Bill is at the window.

Bill

Well, I guess they are all gone now.

Willie

Yes, I guess they are.

Bill

Yes, makes you sorta lonely here by yourself.

Willie

Well, I've still got the cat, and the radio is lots of company.

Bill

One good thing - when I'm left by myself I won't have to listen to that damn radio.

Willie

Watch out, you are starting out swearing.

Bill

Well, I can do that too. I do that quite seldom when I'm by myself. So long. I must be getting on.

Bill exits. Willie looks after him for a while, then closes the door. Then comes a lonely figure down the room - goes off into the other room - then to the side window then to the mantel-piece - takes up the

picture of Mary and looks at it, repeats softly to himself, her last words--"As long as we shall live", he stands for a time, puts the picture back in its place, goes first to where the rough axe (absent-mindedly), makes a movement as though to set on the rough cut, of course, it's gone. Then goes to the kitchen chair in the room, there's a knock at the door.

Willie

Come in!

After a pause the door opens and Jim enters. He has a small sheep looking greta. Comes slowly down center.

Jim

I done brought you a hen back, Mr. Willie. It's a kind to take the place of the one I borrowed some spell back.

Willie

That's good.

Jim

I kept minding to bring back that other hen. Sorta put it off so long she up and died, but this one is a mighty good hen.

Willie

Well, put it out there in the back yard, Jim.

Jim starts off, stops, scratches his head, looks back at Willie.

Jim

I guess you is all left by yourself, ain't you?

Willie

Well, yes, I guess so.

Jim

What are you aiming to do with three rooms now? You can't sleep in all of them at the same time.

Willie

No, I reckon not.

Jim

There's a mighty nice sorta dog corner in that room you used to sleep in.

Willie

Yes.

Jim

I was wondering - just wondering.
(pause)
That'd be a mighty nice corner for Old Jim.

Willie

(Absent-mindedly)
Well, we'll think about that, Jim.

Jim has started to go out the outside door but at this he says-

Jim

(Very quietly)
Thank you, sir. Thank you, sr. Willie.
(Takes off his hat and goes into the side room.)

Curtain. Goes immediately up. Willie changes to Wilkons, the original actor.

Wilkons

I'll never play another part like this damn fool as long as I live.

Gets up and stretches. Helena enters.

Wilkons

Why, I thought you had gone home long ago. I thought you had gone home long ago, dear.
(Turning to side entrance to valet)
You got that drink ready?

Negro comes with the high-ball prepared on a tray.

Wilkons

Well, bring here here. I'm about to pass out.
(Takes a stiff drink)

Helena

I want to talk to you.

Wilkons

Yes, darling, go right ahead.

Helena

You know I can never forget how kind you have been to me.

Wilkons

Oh, forget it, dear. You give me more happiness than any human being that ever lived. My God, what a Juliet you'd make, standing there in that light. By God, you certainly are marvelous.

Helena

(Gaining sudden power)
I must - just must tell you. I'm going to get married.

Wilkons

Get married?

Helena

Yes - to John.

Wilkons

(Storming indignantly)
To that little whimper-snapper. Why, Helena you are the most beautiful woman on Broadway - through yourself away on that puny juvenile. He's the worst actor on the stage - that is, outside of myself.

Helena

I won't have you talk that way about him. I love him - I love him. You never understand. And he loves me.

Wilkons

His love - he loves you. Why that piece of punk don't even know what love means. Jesus Christ, Helena, through away that beautiful face, that beautiful body, that lovely soul on that cat's carmite. What is his love compared to mine, Edwind Wilkons, the greatest lover on ? Why even the papers say that. Do not marry him, Helena. Stay with me. By God, I love the very ground you walk on. My heart here will beat and lain for a century dead - would start and tremble at your feet and would blossom in purple and red. Helena, even the damn fool who wrote that could not express how much I love you.

Helena

(Desperately)
I can't help it. I'm going to marry John.

Wilkons

(In desperate intensity)
Helena, I'll make you the greatest actress on Broadway - the greatest in the world. I'll put star dust in your hair. I'll make you the most famous woman in the world. We'll love each other. Our love story will be the most famous one on earth. My love is set with flaming jewels, with moonlight, with roses. I'll strew your bed with camellias - white ones - soft white camellias.
(All very rapidly)
I'll rap you around with my genius. I'll cut my soul into silver strings - the best part of my soul and rap that beautiful body in it. Damn it, I'm mixed up in my authors but I mean everything I say.

Helena

Don't, don't talk like that. It's so wonderful - my heart- you're breaking it.

Wilkons

I want to - that beautiful heart - that pink, glad, glorious heart that only I could appreciate. That beautiful heart - passionate heart. I can feel it now pulsing against mine. I'll break it,

Wilkons (Continued)
so help me God, right square into.

Helena
Don't. Oh, darling, you're killing me.

Wilkons
(Seizing her and holding her and treating her roughly, embracing her passionately)
And then I will see it together with this silver thread of my fathomed love - with my overwhelming love. Darling, how sweet you are tonight. Your body so sweet - sweeter than the perfume in your hair. My perfume, that your love gave to his beloved.

Helena
(Swept off of her feet yields to the sat a moment with great passion)
Darling, oh it's magnificent to have a love like yours.

Wilkons
Sweetheart, star of the world, angel of the halls and heavens, kiss me again - again. One more, and this the last. I did not mean that. This is not the last.

Helena
Oh, lover of all lovers---old devil of the angels soul.

Wilkons
My God, but this is life. Now, will you talk about marrying that worm, that peanut, that atom on the tail end of a louse. Don't talk about it to me - you marry him.

Helena
(Trying to break away)
Don't - don't. We must not do this. I didn't tell you all the truth.

Wilkons
What the hell do I care. You never did tell the truth.
(Through this Helena is muttering don'ts and nos.)
Don't keep saying <u>don't</u>.

Helena
I just married. You made me forget. I'm already married. That's what I was trying to tell you.

Wilkons
What?

Helena
(Desperately)
That's what I was trying to tell you. We were married last night. John wanted to come and tell you also but I thought it was better that I come and tell you.
(Sobbing as she talks)

Wilkons

Why didn't you tell me before? You haven't talked to me like tonight for months. You used to talk like that.

Helena

I do love John. He is near my age.

Wilkons

You mean I'm getting old.
(Helena still crying)
Well, after all we must all yield to the master time. I see your side, Helena.

Helena

And I have a great chance here, Mr. Wilkons, and I know you would not stand in my way. I am going to play the leading part opposite John in Mr. O'Neil's latest play.

Wilkons

(The actor in him is really and sincerely hurt at this)
Well, well, they say it's a wonderful play.
(rulling himself together)
I suppose this is goodbye then.

Helena

Well, I'll be seeing you at places. This shouldn't break our friendship.

Wilkons

Helena, one of the best lines that I ever had to read was a very true one. "There's no such thing as friendship between a man and a woman. It's either love or hate or nothing."

Helena

Maybe so. I thank you for all of your kindness, just the same.

Wilkons

Well, I suppose I should thank you for all the beautiful things you have given me, but I don't feel like it now, so get the hell out of her and leave me alone.

Helena

(Going)
Goodbye. Goodbye. Goodnight.

Wilkons

Goodnight.
(Almost to himself)

Although he is still hurt, finds consolace in continuing to act - parting goodnight- parting with such and parting.

The stage manager has come out at the latter part of the scene accompanied by the electrician and valet. The stage manager gives a laugh. Wilkons turns to him.

Wilkons

What are you laughing at me for?

Stage Manager

Well, I guess on and you and Miss Helena were engaged.

Wilkons

Miss Helena and I were rehearsing a scene in a new play we have been going over.

Stage Manager

Huh, huh, sounds pretty good to me.

Wilkons

No Henry. I can tell you, my old, old friend, the truth. Helena has left me. Yes I grew grey hair and then she loved no more.

Stage Manager

(Knowingly)

I wouldn't take it so seriously. I heard little Nelly talking only last week. You know, she's that little kid that plays a bit in the first part.

Wilkons

Yes.

Stage Manager

Well, little Nelly said that she thought that any actor as handsome as you and that you - well, the few grey hairs you have are most becoming.

Wilkons

Well, quite a few have told me that they have a distinction, but that's flattery - that's what they all say.

Stage Manager

Well, Mr. Wilkons, I knew about Miss Helena but she wanted me not to say anything so she could tell you herself.

Wilkons

Helena is - was a brave soul.

Stage Manager

So I've been thinking - I believe that little Nelly could play Helena's part just as good as anybody.

Wilkons

You think she has sufficient talent for that part?

Stage Manager

Well, she is the understudy and I have rehearsed her several times and she is the most excellent. Of course, that is just my opinion. You have to be the judge of that.

Wilkons

Well, it won't take long to find out. If anybody knows talent when they see it, I can congratulate myself in that line.

Stage Manager

Well, I took the liberty -

Wilkons

Yes.

Stage Manager

I'm keeping her here tonight, thinking you might be able to see her.

Wilkons

All right. Where is she?

Stage Manager

Right here.

(He calls)

Miss Nelly! Come in here, please!

A slight pause and then Nelly, dressed for the part in fluffy, most becoming virginal white, makes an affective entrance and stands a shy and ingenuous picture, easily finding the spotlight.

Stage Manager

(To Wilkons)

Quite a picture, isn't it?

Wilkons

(Quite admiringly)

Yes, she is beautiful.

Stage Manager

I would like for her to go over that one little scene for you. That is, if you have time.

Wilkons

In the interest of art, sir, time is nothing.

Stage Manager

(Wisely)

Miss Nelly, rehearse that little scene that you do as Mary in the end of the last act. Come on - don't be afraid.

Nelly

(In obviously palpitating tones)
You don't mean for me to stand right up here and do that scene before Wilkons?

Wilkons

Don't be nervous, child. Don't be nervous. I'll read my lines for you.

Nelly

Oh, Mr. Wilkons, I'm just scared to death. You know I think you are just a wonderful actor. Oh, I don't mean actor - just you yourself. I admire you so much.

Stage Manager

Don't be frightened, dear. Get yourself together. This is a chance in a life time for you.

Nelly

Oh, I know - I know that. You don't have to tell me that. I would do anything in the world to be a good actress under Mr. Wilkons.

Stage Manager

Now just that little scene where you embrace. I thought you did that rather well. See now, Mr. Wilkons puts his arms around you.

Wildons

Yes, like this.
(He suits the action to the words)
Then you rest here for a time. And you say, "Dear, dear Willie".

Nelly

(Repeating his lines)
Dear, dear Willie.

Wilkons

Why, that's excellent. You did it beautifully.

Nelly

(Still in Mr. Wilkons' arms - a gush of youthful enthusiasm and happy expectancy)
Oh, Mr. Wilkons.

Wilkons

Now come. Let's try that little part again. Take your time, dear. Don't hurry.
(She pulls a little away and then looking up into his face, starts again into his arms)

Curtain. As curtain descends Nelly is speaking.

Yes, dear, I love you all my Bully life.

Real curtain and final curtain.

The play is laid in an old farm house in Shelby County, Kentucky. The time is summer. It is just after supper. Through the window right, we view a summer night. There are haystacks of new mown hay seen;through this window, it might be advisable to have a scent of this new mown hay wafted out to the audience; if this is done, it should be almost imperceptible, so that the audience only imagine they get the sweet scent of a summer night.
There is discovered, right down front, a boy and girl of about 12 or 14; the girl is about 14 and the boy is 12. The girl's name is Elizabeth Teasdale (she likes her nickname "Flashy"). She is just up from Louisville, visiting a neighboring farmhouse. The boy's name is John Howard Holly. He is copying from a short story of Bret Hart's, "The Outcast of Poker Flat". Being a precocious youngster, the country school teacher has given him this story to study, knowing his ambition to become an author, and the teacher having told him this is a perfect short story.
Now, directly opposite them, front stage left, Elizabeth's sister is seated. She has a book of verse in her lap. By her side is a boy of about her own age. He watches her as she reads.
Upstage, left, is the grandmother of the house, reading a newspaper by the light of a coal-oil lamp.
Center, back, rocking in a rocking chair, is seated the older daughter the daughter of the house, a vibrant, red-haired country girl. She is rocking back and forth and this rocking must suggest a vehement, suppressed emotion.
Right, upstage, are two children-- a frail, delicate looking little girl of seven and a sturdy looking boy of nine. The girl is called by the name of "Baby"; the boy by the name of "Bill".
Seated, right, close to the children, busy at work sewing, is the mother of the house-- a well preserved woman of about 35. While she has the tragic air about her, she has still preserved her beauty She suggests eternal motherhood, with the patience and tolerance that befits this state of motherhood.
A light effect dims all the figures on the stage save the old grandmother and Rose, the older daughter of the family.
The grandmother, while likeable, has sort of a bitter humorous love of putting everybody in their place.

Grandmother. Don't seem possible to get anybody with brains in Washington. Here's a good 'un-- Government pays farmers all over the country to plow under their crops, then when the cropping time comes there aint no crops. Goodness me, goodness me, aren't they silly. (At this, she giggles with great glee) (Turning to the older daughter) Did 'ja hear that? I said the government pays 'em to plow under their crops and then when the cropping time comes there aint no crops! (With great disgust, looking at the daughter) Seems t'me you are as deaf as I am.

Daughter (absentmindedly). I heard you.

Grandmother. Of, you did, did you? If those men in Washington had had any brains they'd have waited to see if they had any crops before they paid for them, and then in case they had more crops than they could use, they could have paid the balance. Well, men aint got no sense nohow, particularly politicians;aint had a decent President since George Washington and Andy Jackson. (Turning again to the daughter) Did 'ja hear-- I said we hadn't had a decent president since Andy Jackson and George Washington.

Daughter ( in same dead, uninteresting tone) I heard you.

Grandmother (sarcastically) Well, that's nice of you. (In an aggrieved tone) Goodness me, what do you keep rocking back and forth like that; you'll wear that chair out; that chair has been in the family over a hundred years.

The mother speaks. (In colloquial, unperturbed tones) Rose, you want to be careful of that dress,you've got to wear it to church tomorrow; I ironed it all out special for you, you know.

Rose. I'm watching it, Ma.

Mother. Brother Johnson's comin over from Shelbyville; He certainly does preach fine sermons.

Rose. Yes

Mother. I was just worrying what horse we could use to drive us to church. Joe says all the horses are all worn out from working them

so hard this week mowing the hay.
Rose. Well, I guess we could skip one Sunday.
Mother. I'd sure like to hear Brother Johnson.
Grandma (turning to the mother) What's that, Mary, you are talking about?
The mother, Mary (in loud tones) I said I'd like to hear Brother Johnson tomorrow. He's comin' from Shelbyville to preach over at Rockridge church; I said he's the best preacher we get.
Grandmother: Don't know about that, but I do know he's the best chicken eater.
(Mother smiles; grandmother looks triumphant at this hit, adjusts her specs, goes on reading) (Mother smiles tolerantly and bends her head to her sewing)
Rose, the daughter, lays her head on the back of the rocking chair closes her eyes, but keeps on rocking.

We go to the younger sister and younger son of the house, down stage, left. She is reading softly, her head bent over the table. Will is close to her, leaning his hands on the table and watching her with boyish adoration.

Evelyn, reading. (She is reading in a low, tremulant voice). "She is coming-- my own, my sweet. My heart would hear her and beat had I lain for a century dead would start and tremble under her feet and blossom in purple and red. She is coming-- my own, my sweet" (She stops reading)
Will. Say, that's a grand kind of lovin', sounds like-- that's a grand kind of lovin'; he'd be just as crazy about her if he lived a hundred years as he was when they first met.
Will (after a pause, hesitatingly) Gimminie, that's certainly some lovin'.
Evelyn. I guess that's the only kind of lovin' that amounts to anythin'. You know, Pa and Ma still got it bad and they've been married 18-- no, 19- years. Will. Well, it don't happen often, I guess.
Evelyn. Well, I imagine it's just the people's own fault.
Boy. Say, I don't know how you and Flash get to be sisters-- you certainly don't talk alike.
Evelyn. Oh, Flash is smart-- I guess I'm just dumb, that's what she says, anyhow .
Will, I don't see nothing dumb about you.
Evelyn. Of, Flash won't let me go around with her crowd. Say, believe me, they're on the hop all the time.
Will (hesitatingly) Well, don't you hop with 'em?
Evelyn. They won't let me; they say I'm a slow poke and haven't got enough sense to go in out of the rain. (Sighs) Well, I guess maybe they're right.
Will (indignantly) What do ya mean, they're right? Say, Evelyn listen to me, I don't know how to tell you. You know, the first afternoon when you sat down in that chair right over there and I was sitting opposite you right by the fireplace-- hones' to goodness, it just seemed like the whole world and everything had just changed. Boy! I just got hot and cold all over. Seemed like I just wanted to fly; I just wanted to do something. Seems 't sort of look like a sunset got into the room and everythin' was red and blue and everythin' was all trembling and, oh, I never felt such a grand feeling in my life, and I just prayed that you'd stay up here in the country and never go away. You know, you had that little pink dress on and the pink stockings, and the light came right through the window and got on top of your hair and first I wanted to die right then; then I wanted to live forever. Oh, gee, I don't know what I wanted, but I'm tryin' to tell you.
Evelyn (after an embarrassed pause) We all 're goin' over to Rockridge church tomorrow and I just got that pink dress starched and ironed and I'm going to wear it.
Will (in disgust) That's just my luck; they worked the horses so hard this week we don't think we'll have a horse to ride over to church with.
Evelyn. Oh my, I'm so sorry.
Will. Never mind, I'll be there; it's only 6 miles; if we aint got no horse I'll walk-- I'll--

Evelyn. Well, how ya goin' to get across the creek?

Will. Don't you bother about that; I have to cross it going to school, don't I?

Evelyn. Yes, but with all these rains- it's high, pretty high now.

Will. Oh, it aint so high to ford; it aint so high to ford-- aint more than up to your chest.

Evelyn. I, well, you might get drowned.

Will. Not me-- I've forded it before. Say, I've been swimming ever since I was 5 years old.

Evelyn. Well, don't look at me all the time like you did last Sunday-- you ought to pay more respect to the preacher.

Will. I'a listenin' to him.

Evelyn. You may have listened to him but you weren't looking to him.

Will. Oh, shucks, I've heard him a dozen times before, but I never seen nothing like,- well, never mind.

(Lights dim on them, and brighten up on Flashy and John . There is a table to their left and behind it and on its side is an old, frayed screen, evidently a wind-brake to keep off the draft from Granny or the mother while reading at the table)

Flashy (a thin, flaming little brunette, but with well developed high, adolescent breasts) (She has her hands between her legs and is fidgetting in the chair will ill-suppressed adolescent passion.)

Flashy speaks. Say, what in the name of God are you always working for?

John. Say, I'm going to be a writer some day, I've already got some stuff I've been writing ever since I was nine years old. Miss Forbes, that's our teacher, she gives me books to read and study out how the real writers write.

Flashy ( still wiggling) Don't be silly; there's plenty of time to learn that when you get older. Say, John (this in a very confidential and a hushed sort of a tone) I bet you never saw a girl that's got real silk stockings.

John (slightly embarrassed) No, why-- well, girls don't-- they don't wear 'em up here in the country.

Flashy. Don't I know it,- gee and do their legs look terrible! I wasn't goin' to wear these until Sunday to church, but I knew we was comin' over here tonight for a spell and I wore 'em just for you, John. Don't you think they're pretty? (her skirt, naturally, is about 6 inches from her shoes, but at this, she raises the skirt crosses her right leg over her left, as she pulls her skirt up almost to the knee)

John (still more embarrassed, gives sort of a fl~~xxmy~~eeting glance at Flashy)

Flashy. Oh, you aint working! (At this, she puts her left hand down over the books he is reading and flattens it on the table) Look 'it-- look 't. (John takes a better look) (At this the grandmother's voice is heard).

Granny. I say, here they got another drouth in Kansas-- seems that's all they do in Kansas-- have drouths, cyclones and reformers.

Mary. Yes, I heard about it.

Grandmother. You know, we came mighty near going there once. Glad we didn't; laws out there worse than anywhere. Don't let you do nothin' you want to. No, the only thing they let you do out there is somethin' you don't want to do.

(Light up again on Flashy and John)

Flashy. Look, John, too, see-- I got yellow garters, red roses on 'em-- look 't, aint they pretty.

John (takes a look and is very much embarrassed) I see 'em.

Flashy. Well, you have to admit they're pretty. (At this, she shows a little of white flesh of her leg and John turns away)

John. Say, you shouldn't -- yoy oughten to do that, Flashy, that aint nice.

Flashy. I don't see nothin' wrong with 'em.

John. Well, nice girls shouldn't do that.

Flashy. John (in a hushed, impressive voice) John, it's such a nice-- the night is so nice and it's moonlight-- come on, let's go out behind the barn.

John. What do 'ya mean, what for?

Flashy. We'll play house; all the boys and girls in Louisville I go around with do that. You don't know anything, do you're dead; I'll show you somethin'. (At this, she puts her hands carressingly on his leg).

John. Don't do that,- what 're doin?

Flashy. Say, I'm just crazy about you, John, you know that the other morning when I tried to catch you before you got out the garrett, I mean, before you got all dressed.

John. Why, you're terrible, you haven't got any sense at all. Why, if they caught you chasing me around that room before I got my pants on, why, everybody would have through it was something terrible.

Flashy. Well, it was sunday and nobody was in the house; they'd all gone out and if you hadn't run so fast away--

(At this, Flashy makes as daring and ferocious attack upon him as the law allows; John struggles away from her, frightened out of his life)

John. (in a strange, frightened, but a hushed voice so that the others in the room do not hear) Don't do that-- don't, I say, don't do it. Let me alone.

(At this, he disengages her hands; turns away; goes quickly out of the room. Flashy, after a moment's pause, looking around to see if anyone has observed this-- and overwhelmed with desire-- goes quickly out after him.)

on the stage
At this, the lights dim slightly. They brighten on Evelyn and Will.

Evelyn.is still reading.

Will. Don't read it all to yourself-- read out loud, read somethin to me.

Evelyn. I was just finding something good-- I was just looking for somethin' good to read to you.

Will. It all sounds good to me, when you read it.

Evelyn. I read somethin' awful nice in her the other day, but I don't know just -- just don't seem to find it.

(As this speech is going on, we move from the side, adopting my new method. After this side of the stage is in darkness, it is not perceptible to the audience until the figures are shown upon the screen. On the screen we see John running wildly through the orchard. Flashy is in hot pursuit.)

(The next flash shows John coming to a clump of bushes; he hides behind it. Flashy, runs by him for a few feet, stops dead in a trance; not seeing John ahead of her, she turns swiftly around. As John steps,or stirs, to get out of his hiding place, she is too quick for him. She siezes him and kisses him passionately.)

Flashy. What are you pretendin' to run for; you know you don't mean it; put your arms around me; hold me-- that's it.

John weakens for a moment, giving Flashy time to press hard and close against him, giving him kisses ~~xixi~~ in wild fashion, malling him around with passion; with abandoned hands playing with him, until John, overwhelmed with distaste, throws her roughly away and runs like a wild deer through the trees and shrubbery. Flashy recovers herself where she had been thrown against the heavy branches of the shrrubbery , starts after him.

We next flash to John, with that strange, mysterious fear upon him, running. He turns sharply right, going into the deep thicket. Flashy comes on the same scene; turns and looks around dispairingly and then, shaking with disappointed passion and rage, blurts out--

Flashy. The damned fool! The idiot, the God damn fool. (Rearranges her dress, turns back towards the house and as she goes off out of the scene) Oh, to hell with him.

We come to John in his hiding place; peeking out, also, rearranges himself, murmurs to himself--

John. Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun. I wonder if all the girls are like that in Louisville. ( and goes slowly, watchfully, out of scene)

We come back to the sitting room; all the characters are in the same position.

Flashy comes in with an affected, casual air; she has a dipper of water in her hand; takes a drink out of the dipper as though to intimate that she had just gone out for a drink of water. Throws what is left of the water out the door and puts the dipper on the shelf by the door. Comes down unconcernedly to the chair where she had been seated before.

Flashy. Say, Mrs. Holly, that's certainly good well water you got here; I don't know how you keep it so cool when you haven't got any ice.

Mrs. Holly. Yes, everybody says that's the best drinking water there is around anywhere.

Bill. Would you like a drink of water, Evelyn?
Evelyn. No, not now. I had some when I first came over.

At this, John comes sheepishly in through the door, takes up the dipper, reaches outside, as though the bucket was just outside the door, takes a good, long drink.

Grandma. (who had dropped her paper at Flashy's entrance, now turns her attention from Flashy to John, who is drinking lustily) (with some sarcasm) You two children seem to be awful thirsty.

John. Well, it's hot.
Grandma. What's that? (Holding her hand to her ear)
John (in a loud voice) I said it was hot.
Grandma. What? I never noticed it-- aint no hotter than usual.
John. No? Well, all right.
Grandma. Where ya been?
John What's that?
Grandma. You heard me-- where have ya been?
John Nowhere.
Grandma. What do you say?
John (quite embarrassed, wiping his forhead, in a loud tone) I said "Nowhere".
Grandma. Nowhere-- there aint no such place.
John (comes down to his old chair, but pulls it away from Flashy as if to be in safety)

Flashy looks at him scornfully as John sits shamefacedly in his chair. With brazen unconcern, Flashy looks around at Rose, who is still rocking in her chair.

Flashy to Rose. What's the matter with you tonight, Rose? You look like you got somebody-- somethin' inside you that's about to make you bust?
Rose. I'm all right; can't I rock; can't I sit down in a chair without everybody picking on me?
Flashy. I wasn't picking on you. Aint you comin' back? I want you to come back-- I's planning for you to come back to Louisville when we go-- pay us a visit-- gee, you'll havelots of fun down there.
Rose. Well, I'd certainly like to come-- get away from this place. If we can just get Ma to sell the farm, Mr. Gibson's made us a pretty good offer; we'll all go down to Louisville and live there.
Flashy. Gee, that'd be great. Mrs. Holly, why don't you do that. Certainly 'd be great for all the children; they could go to school and everything.
Evelyn. Yes, sirẹe, Mrs.Holly, that certainly 'd be grand for them. You wouldn't have to bother about a horse to go to church on Sundays. It'd be right there by you.
Rose. "Yes, that's what I tell her, and there's Baby all sick.
We see Baby during this time has gone to sleep with her head on the table.

Little Jacob, the 9 yr. old boy. Say, Ma, that'd be just grand. I don't see why we stick in this hole for.

Rose. Don't nobody see we don't make any money -- starving to death up here. It don't do no good.

The mother. Hush, Rose, hush, you've got visitors.

Rose. Oh, that aint visitors; aint they our cousins; anyhow, they all know about it.

Mother. Please, please-- you all keep bothering me, I'll never get this shirt finished.

At this, there is silence for a time. Evelyn quietly reading, still watching her. Flashy, holding out a ruffled pleat of a dress The little girl child asleep. Jacob mumbling to himself. John yawns, stretches his arms up and at this, there is heard in this silence, the sound of footsteps in the room above them-- slowly at first, and then pounding faster and faster-- the suggestion of some wild, animal thing in the ominous tread of these footsteps in the silent house; back and forth they go. There is a tense, aierie feeling prevades all the characters in the sitting room downstairs.

John, with his hands up in the interrupted yawn, slowly raises his head, looking upward.

The mother, still and tense, stops her sewing.

Flashy, turning slowly around, after a long, silent pause from all.

Still the footsteps, ominous, mysterious. After a long pause through this, there is heard just a suspicion of a sorrowful wind stirring the leaves outside the window. After this is held long enough to get over the dramatic effect, Evelyn speaks in a whisper.

Evelyn. What, what,- what-- what's that?

Will (in the same subdued tone, from which he cannot keep out a certain mysterious dread and horror) It's-- it's him.

Evelyn. Oh, oh-- yes, I know, I-- I know, I-- I understand.

Rose (ceasing her rocking, with rigid indignation, with a suppressed vehemence) He's at it again; that's-- he's goin' into another spell. Ma, for God's sake, I don't see how you stand it; it aint right to make us stand it. You got a chance now to sell the farm; sell it, sell it. (looking upstairs) Send him away, send him away where they'll take good care of him; they'll take better care than we can take; get us to send him away; sell the farm; we can make out somehow in Louisville and you can get a doctor for Baby and let the young ones go to school; we'll keep boarders, roomers-- I'll work; John can work; get out of this hell-hole or I'll be cookcoo,too.

The mother (protestingly* Rose, Rose, don't, don't say that-- don't talk that way.

Rose. Why not talk that way? Look at Babe and no doctors here,- nothin' that mean anything; I'd like to know how she came out so sickly aint no good for nothing-- allof the rest of us are healthy enough.

Mother. Rose, please please--

Rose. Please nothing. You don't owe him nothing. It's all his fault he got that way, and if you want to know the truth I think that's how baby got that way, too. It's his fault. Send him away, mother. Sell the farm. Send him away. Send him away, for God's sake, don't be a fool. You don't want to live all your lifetime through like this.

The tramp, tramp continues.

Mother. (in low voice, with tremendous sincerety) Rose, don't talk that way, and now we got visitors, too.

Flashy. I guess we'd better be going home. Come on, Evelyn.

Rose. Stay where you are; there's no use you going home. You know all about it, anyhow. Your mother's comin for you at nine o'clock.

Evelyn and Rose, who had risen and started as if to leave, don't quite seem to know what to do, but decide to sit down)

Rose. We're just tryin' to put some sense into Ma's head and get away from here, and put him where he belongs.

Mary, the mother. Now, Rose, Why do you have to bring that up again? You know how bothered I am. I don't know what to do. I guess you're

right, we ought to go-- it's a pretty good price for the farm. We could get along some way, but I just can't do what you want me to do. I can't send him away; they say they treat 'em awfly rough in these asylum places.

Rose. Well, what good is he to you here? It's his own fault he's like he is; if he hadn't been running around so much he wouldn't have been in that shape.

Mary. Rose, you don't know what you're talking about. You don't know him at all-- you don't him like I know him, like I've known him I'm sure I've got troubles and I guess I ought to do what you say, but I just can't do it-- I can't do it. It was right over at the Rockridge church where we all go, and the Gilberts and the other Hollisses and both our families, and the Gibsons and the Hedges, and everybody we know was all there in the church, and Mr. Johnson-- he was the one that married us. I know I ought to do somethin', but I don'tknow what to do, cause I's brought up all my life-- if you make a promise you've got to keep it, and right up there in front of all our neighbors and right at the altar, it was in God's church, and I promised and he promised (pause here) we promised, well it was like that "for better or worse to cleave unto each other, until-- until death do us part". (Getting stronger) Oh, God, I don't know what to do. (Forgetting the people that are around her and saying this as though a prayer to God, himself) Oh, dear God, you say that the Book says that you keep your eye on even every little sparrow-- what am I to do, what am I to do-- how can I fix it so I can take care of these children -- I got to take care of him, there's no argument about that, there's isn't any argument about him from nobody. Do you hear that, children? Cause I promised "until death do us part", and I got to keep that promise and I'm going to keep that promise.

End of first scene.

Second Scene, First Act.
The room Upstairs.

We see a distraught, troubled figure of a man about 40 yrs. of age. He should be dark, tall and, dispite his afflication, handsome, pale of face, somber eyes, for the most part seemingly dead, as though life had closed its door on him-- yet, at times, come flashes of flaming brilliancy.

He is suffering from an erratic form of paresis; he's walking at the opening of the scene, impatiently up and down, with a steady, almost maniacal tread.

There is a window left and a window back stage. Against the wall left, behind the window, is a bed. We see, as he goes to the window, that the windows are barred. After a short time of this walking in silence, save for the sound of his footsteps, the door, right, slowly opens and Mary comes in. She turns and looks toward her husband, who is at the window left, with his back turned. She quickly and as silently as possible locks the door behind her and puts the key in a pocket of her dress. She crosses the room softly; she stares for moment, looking at him as he stands dejectedly, looking out into the night.

Mary. Well, Ballard, did you enjoy your dinner?

Ballard. Who's that bothering me now?

Mary. I'm not bothering you, Ballard.

Ballard. Oh, yes, you are. Now, if you've come around to try to get me to buy you some more beer you're damn well mistaken, cause I've bought all I'm goin' to buy-- say, who's the new girl? By Jesus, she's a good looker-- that's all right, Monnie, I'm not makin' anythin' out of it-- I'm not after her.

Mary. Oh, Ballard, Oh, please (as though more to herself than to him) Oh, I was in hopes I wouldn't have to hear this again.

Ballard. Say, listen, red head-- Now, I know you're the best piece in the ~~six~~ whole damn hoar-house, but I'm not goin' to buy no more beer and that's that. Oh, is that so-- you've got a man that buys you champagne, well, let him buy it. Say, the street's certainly full of youngsters tonight-- never heard so many hell of a"honeys and dearies and darlings, and Come on in" in my life. Sure, I sold my hogs-- I got a good price for 'em,too. I raise the best hogs in Shelby County.

I'm goin' to be rich some day and I'll tell you somethin'-- those New Yorkers that are down here to Louisville-- you've seen 'em-- been running around on my farm-- they say I've got oil, and you know I'm not telling nobody else where it is, but I know, all right. My God, I wonder if spring is ever goin' to come. Jesus, It's been cold as hell-- longest winter I ever remember.

Mary. Ballard, don't you ever remember nothin' else, but this.

Ballard. Say, the doctor says if I keep on talking to you --

Mary. Was just tryin' to get you to remember something else.

(Ballard looks vacantly around the room)

Mary. Do you want somethin', dear? I've got you a nice pitcher of cold water. You know, Flashy says its the best water she ever tasted-- of course, you don't remember Flashy.

(She pours a glass of water and starts towards him with it. As she gets near him, Ballard turns and looks at her and the expression on his face turns into malignant disgust and indignation)

Ballard. Say, now don't come honeying around me, you red-headed bitch. I came down here to beat hell out of you and I'm damn well going to do it. Oh, you didn't do it, you didn't do it-- Oh, no, I know you you didn't. Well, there's nobody else-- say, you red-headed slut. Jesus, what a fool you made out of me/ All the money I should have spent on Mary and the children I spent on you, and you gave me the old rhall, and something else, besides, that guy that bought you the champagne must have rotted you up, all right,- now you give it to me. Damn it, I've been all swollen up. God, how it hurts,- put myself half out the window in the cold tryin' to stop it burnin'. You did it-- I know how you're lyin'-- you gave it to me, I tell you, and I am rottin' up with it. No, I didn't see no doctor till it was too late. I didn't know what it was-- just a country hick, till you taught me.
Oh, no-- I guess -- I won't beat you up, I guess you've had your troubles too, we're both rotten. I'm the rottest one of the two. You didn't betray nobody, did you? And put them up on a nasty cross, like I did Mary. Oh, you're just a poor bitch-- you asked me, but I didn't have to go, did I? God, I wish they didn't make any mirrors; I have to look at myself. No, listen, I won't beat you up-- to hell with you! I'm just getting out-- let me out, I say. Where the hell is that window? I just want you to open that door. I want to get out of this hoar-house-- damn it, if I get out, I'll never go backin. Your fine stinks-- your cushions, and your soft beds, they're white on top-- they're all rotten between 'em-- just what they are, all right, you bet your sweet life, they're hot they got dung underneath, just plain dung. I could use a plainer word, like the kind you'd use, but since you're a woman, after all, I won't do it-- just hair and hide-- hair and hide and it all stinks, as rotten fish-- that's what it, rotten fish, and I thought it was grand. I want Mary-- that's what I want (he changes his tone to a plaintive, mournful, appealing call) Mary, Mary, gee I remember Mary, you know what she used to sing-- what Mary used to sing. She didn't sing any of those nigger songs and dirty songs. Yes-- she never did-- she used to stand right up there in the pew and her eyes-- well, just the clearest eyes, the sweetest eyes-- don't know why I ever went away from them. I wish that song would come she used to sing, "Wash me, wash me in the bloodof the Lamb, and I shall be whiter than snow-- I shall be whiter than snow."
I'll be whiter than snow when they stick me under the dirt. How far do they put you under the dirt? eight feet? I'd like to go down about 100 ft.

Mary. Ballard, Ballard, I suppose you won't understand (she tries as she had tried before, but still always hopeful, that something will stir through his clouded brain and, if nothing else, just make him realize who she is) Ballard, Ballard, don't you understand, please,- I'm Mary.

Ballard. (In reminiscence) I got it on you-- one thing, you're the sweetest thing that ever lived in this world. Yes,sir, the sweetest thing that ever lived in this world. I wish I could say it better, but I got it on you, Mary-- you proposed to me, that's how we got married. You remember, we was comin' home from church, and right by

the graveyard-- don't know why the hell country-jakes like to walk by graveyards-- down in the lane where they had honeysuckle vines, down by the rail fence, what do you call them-- they look like lilies only they're yellow-- one place where the rail fence, they'd taken out a couple of rails and made sort of b to sit down on, and there's a nigger over by the cabin and a banjo, and he was singin' "Sweet Marie, sweet Marie, come to me, sweet Marie" (in a very natural, colloquial tone) . And we sat there, didn't say nothing for a long time, and it was certainly some nice summer afternoon, too. And you sort of smuggled up close to me, you did, Mary, now don't you deny it, you did. Then I started to say somethin, cause I laid off in my mind for weeks and weeks, and weeks, to ask you to marry me. God, it gets lonely in the country without a woman-- I guess it gets lonely for a man anywhere without a woman. The trouble is some of us want too God damn many.

And you remember, I spoke to you and called you by name, and I just couldn't say what I wanted to say, and, like a damned fool, I say there and didn't say nothing. Mary (the tears running down her face) says:

Mary. Oh, Ballard, Ballard, am I likely ever to forget that afternoon?

Ballard (not looking at her, but out the window into the moonlight) speaks. I can just hear that nigger now, and he sang them words (he hums it softly) "Ive a secret in my heart, sweet Marie, a tale I would impart, dear to thee every damn daisy in the dell knows my secret and knows it well, and yet, by gimminee, to you I cannot tell, sweet Marie".

Mary. and I didn't say anything.

Ballard. Have you got something to say? I just let all up then and knew I had a grand idea, and I said, "Mary, just what that nigger's singing, that's just my fix, exactly, and Mary said, "Oh, Ballard, I love you so and I'll marry you any time you want to".

At this, Ballard looks reminiscently. speaks: So, I got it on to you, you certainly popped the question to me right on that old rail fence, but you're the sweetest thing in this world and, Jesus am I glad that nigger happened to be singin' that song, cause I was that dumb from peewee might have come along and grabbed you off and I'd never had you-- sweetest thing in this world.

At this, there is a silence for a time and then through the open window comes from a distance the sound of a negro's voice singing in staccato, pagan-like wail "She's my baby and I knows her name. She's my one and only Baby, just the same. Oh, de, da, da" (This in terrific savage-like call, with jazzy rythmn) "My only one Baby; she's comin' now; does I love her-- Yes and how. My baby, my one baby comin' now".

At this, a ragged orchestra, with a horn or so bleats out and then a voice, "Whooppee (a high, shrill voice ) Whoopee, see all them niggers is comin's (this voice comes in after chorus of the negro who is leading the singing , voice cries out, "We're goin' to dance our dogs off this night, this Saturday night, cause we got to go to church in the morning".

Mary turns and listens. It's the darkies having a Sat. night dance down in the flats. The singing swells in volume and Mary goes and closes the window. It dies down.

Ballard. Well, Monnie, well, that's great dance music. Come on,baby, we're goin' to tear this roof down tonight. Don't bring me no beer-- I want the good, old whiskey and whiskey and plenty of it. Come on, babes,- hello, blondy, where have you been all this time-- upstairs,did he pay you? Sure,yes, that's right-- $2, and its worth $20. Come on with that music, boys and put some ginger into it. Certainly goin' to raise hell tonight (goes around the room as though speaking from one to another of his memorized, wild party days). (Then he suddenly stops) I'm goin' to get the hell out of here, believe me-- I'm drunk. Believe, I'm cockeyed, I'm goin' upstairs, believe me, I'm rotten I can't do it any more, I'm going out and find Mary.

( He goes shuffling from one place to another) Mary, Mary, that you? Don't run away from me, Mary. I know I'm wrong, but you've got to wash me, you've got to have me washed in the blood of the Lamb, Mary, I don't want to be whiter than snow,- its too damn white-- just a little, light yellow will be good enough for me-- just clean off some of the filth and dirt, just a little, Oh God, Mary, you talk to him. Jesus, never goin' to listen to me? any more? He's got my number you're damn right he has. Mary (he starts in another corner of the room-- all this quietly and very natural, almost a colloquial voice) Mary (he goes to mother part of the room) Mary, for (he goes to one part and then another, then mother, shuffling, shambling, a pitiful wreckage of what was once a man) Mary, Oh, she's got away fromme again. Damn it, I don't know where she's gone;now, look here, God, I've got tired looking for Mary and it says all over the church you -- I'm talkin' to you now, I want to find Mary. Yes, and I'll get a towel and dip it in the blood of-- what the hell it is-- and wash me, and I don't think you are any woman's God. I don't think you mean anything. I guess you do, too, cause there wouldn't be anything like Mary-- she's got God in her, that's what they call it-- Love, I guess-- that's it, Love, I guess that's it, Love, it aint sleeping with a hoar. Mary's got God. Mary,and so there is a God, there's got to be.

Mary. Oh, Ballard, Ballard!

Through this, occasionally, is heard the wild jazz music of the negroes in their Sat. night party. Exhausted, Ballard, with his shambling insanity, drops down on his knees by the window-sill.

Ballard (broken and half sobbing) When I die, oh bury me deep, bury me down on 29th St. Bury me down by Jim Todd's well, so when I wake I can get-- a highball, No, I don't want a highball, not now, not today, anyhow (this in pitiful, broken tones) I don't want anything on Christ's green earth, but just once more to get on my and hold my Mary right close by my side, and I know if I get her, she'll forgive me, cause she just forgives everybody. I know she'll get Jesus to come right down and help her wash me whiter-- no, not that white-- wash me a nice, pale yellow-- won't you,Mary--Oh, sweetest thing in this world, Mary.

(His voice goes off into a droning, distant sound) Mary -- Mary. At this, the lights dim down, and the back wall, to the right, which is a paled transparency, fades away, and we see and hear the wild, barbaric of the Sat. night jazz party the negroes are giving. Holding close to one another, men and women, dancing wildly, the cheap orchestra bleating, blaring out, shriek the tremendous negroes voice singing a wild negro version of a song, interrupted with shrieks. laughter, and other voices among the dancers that take up the chorus, the "Ohs, ohs," and the Ahahs "I love her I love her long I love her hot and I loves her strong -- Oh Oh Ah Ah I grabs her and we goes to bed I keeps her till she's nearly dead - Ho - ho -- My honeystew, my honeystew-- Mybedtime light and my mornin' dew-- I loves her long the whole night through"

(This shrieking, wild music, accompanied by the steady undertone of a drum, punctuated by the rythmic sound of the treading, whirling, imperfect time of their feet upon the hard ground)

(My final verse rises to a triumphant madness, "I wants my Mary that blackape, I wants my Mary, and she's got a shape. Though her face, it's like a black, black ape, but she's got the works, and she's got shape-- I wants my black, black

(Echoed by the chorus -- We wants, we wants that black, black ape")

(They take it up: "Oh, lade de, oh la de de oh bury bury me where that black, black ape - but she's got a shape; she never shakes in a featherbed-- oh, how she works, she's got a shape-- that black, black ape." "Get them mosquitoes out of here; one bit me on the rear; one bit me on the foot; one bit me on the ear; get them mosquitoes out of here; they interfere with my black, black ape. One bit me on the nose, right there in the grass, and one, he bit me -let that pass, let that pass"

(This rises to a tremendous, shrieking yell, barbaric climax, as the curtain falls.)

Next Scene.

In the distance is heard the negro voices, still jassy.

There is a gauze curtain behind the draw-curtains. As the curtains open, there is heard, lower first and growing louder, a sound like a great swarm of mosquitoes, hissing, hissing wierd sound going all through the following scene. It is a swamp. The back-drop showing a swampy stretch of stagnant looking water. There is strange, wierd looking trees, fungus dropping from their branches, rotten logs and stumps, wild, dismal looking. Grass here and there and on the side of the scene this is dimly lit with dull blue. On the ground, a yellow mist here and there, is seen lights from the wet ground. There is a blackish-looking mosquito sitting by a log on a low stump. Actors made up as mosquitoes are walking here and there, some in the low branches, and their conversation should be in the tone imitating as nearly as possible the buzzing drone of a real mosquito.

Two young mosquitoes, left, walking close together.

First Mos. Well, Mr. Muscatee certainly threw some party tonight I'll say that much.

Second Mos. And how! It's the finest water I've ever tasted.

Lady Mos. Aint it just grand; it's just full of such beautiful-- I should say, such exquisite tadpole eggs and delightful dung. Why, it's just so thick, its like soup.

First Mos. And that dead fish smell, isn't it just marvelous? Why, I just want to whoop it up every time I take a drink of it.

2nd Mos. Well, if you whoop it up tonight, baby, its going to be with me and nobody else.

1st Mos. Oh, of course, honey, you never catch me out with anybody else.

2nd Mos. I never catch you is right! I don't know where you are half the time.

1st Mos. Well, honey, you can certainly trust I.

2nd Mos. Oh, hush, Mr. Muscatee is getting up to say something.

Mr. Muscatee. Fellow ladies and gentlemen mosquitoes, I hope you like my party; I know that you'll just love my drinking water If you take enough it, it certainly will make you feel grand, but don't take too much, cause we must remember our position in life.

(Buzz among the mosquitoes grows louder)

Chorus. Its just perfect, this is the dirtiest, sweetest spot I was ever in in my life.

Lady's voice. Oh, everything is just so fitting.

Cynical voice. (A rough, rasping voice) Well, I don't think its so hot, I want to get away and get in some good bites on some of those ratty human beings ; they've got all the nets up tonight. God, I haven't had a good whack at a white leg for so long, I just think I'd kill myself.

Second voice. Why, didn't you do well down at the party down there at that dance?

Another. Well, my eye. Why, what's wrong, Jesus Christ, What was wrong? It was just a lot of lousey negroes.

Company of Mos. And are they tough (shows his bill) Look, I damn near broke it off tryin' to get through their thick hides.

Cynical Mos. Look, I broke my bill off,look-- God, how it hurts-- on that big black buck singin'. He got so excited his pants nearly fell off and I jumped with joy; I made a bee-line right for his rear, that's how I broke my bill; he wouldn't pay any attention to it, he thought it was a thistledown.

announces

Black Mos. (at entrance) Mr. and Mrs. Jersey enter-- two hauty looking mosquitoes (buzz) Oh, that's the oldest family in America, the Jerseys.

First Mos. Well, they don't need to be stuck up just cause they come from Jersey. If we had swamps like they got in Jersey, we'd be just as fat as they are. Look at that belly!

(At this, the Jersey Mosquito pats his full stomach, as he receives the flattering adulation of the crowd)

Jersey gentleman Mosquito. Well, well (in a business-like, patronizing voice common to business men of success) Well, well-- I don't deserve so much credit; it's true I've worked hard, studied my business, and its true, I admit, that I'm a big success. He and my wife have the largest store of lava, perhaps, in the United States, but, still, it was only-- luck had a great part to do with it-- of course, I did watch the winds and the tides-- found out the good places, and so we stirred up our hordes and by keeping a sharp lookout on which way the wind blows in our business, I anticipated- I had studied the forecast of the tide of things we got a breeze going into New York, we got plenty of food-- very nice food, perfumed food, - white legs, brown legs, all white folks, and got another breeze coming back to Jersey and brought home the bacon-- pardon me, I mean the blood.

(Echoes of "Lucky, lucky man)

( Mr. and Mrs. Mississippi and Miss Mississippi, a family come in, Miss Swampy, Miss Fungus, Mr. Bajou.)

First Mos. You know, they're not to be sneezed at. Do you know that the great King sometimes comes down there?

2nd. Mos. Who do you mean?

1st Mos. Oh, I mean, Mr. Yellow Fever , why, he's the great King Why, Mr. Yellow Fever Mosquito, himself, oh he's the great King-- the last time he came through, he was just from China! He did perfectly marvelous work-- marvelous, perfectly marvelous (his voice goes higher and higher in admiration). He wiped out the human beings that think they're so hot. Why, Mr. Yellow Mosquitoe's Army in China wiped out 20 million Chinks in 2 months! !-- He said he'd done better, but his sweetie run away from him and his whole army was disorganized while he was chasing the little bitch.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Ohio River and Mr. and Mrs. Charleston, So.Car.

Mr. King, Lord Almighty Malaria (announced by Black Mos.)

(murmurs from everybody) Oh my God, Oh what an honor-- Oh, isn't this perfectly marvelous-- imagine, Mr. Malaria is coming!

(With great pomp and ceremony, the Black Mos. announces again: "Lord, High Prince, His Excellency, Mr. Malaria!"

Malaria (a dullish, yellow-brown and drab white, struts majestically in, receiving the applause, bows, murmurs of admiration)

Mr. Malaria. I'm really very glad indeed to be here; its been rather dull the last night or so, and I think I've sort of lost my pep. (To the host) My host--

The host. Honored Sir, honored sir.

Malaria. I want to charge up on some of your nice, sticky water-- you've been-- I don't seem to be doing quite as well -- It is true I have a few hundred thousands of white folks shivering, sweating, shaking and moaning and but for that dastardly, dirty criminal called "Quinine", I would have done much better-- much better, but I think after I charge up on God's own, dear, pure water in the swamp, I will have great stories to tell you when next we meet.

(As he goes in among the crowd, the Black Mos. - the Major Domo- shrieks out)

Black Mos. Everyone be quiet, he's coming, he's coming!

(From the audience) Who is it-- who is it, tell us!

Major Domo. A mighty conqueror, the great General-- Conqueror of worlds, greater than the human Napoleon, greater than Grant, greater than Alexander, greater than any and all the Generals the humans ever brought forth-- YELLOW JACK, Yellow Jack, the Emporer-- YELLOW JACK, THE EMPORER!

(At this, a mosquito made up in brilliant yellow and black, with gorgeous, shining wings outstretched, his head bowed forward with a long, yellow bill, enters)

(The hissing of the mosquitos sounds grows louder until it becomes almost a tempest; the boughs of the trees move a little; there is a moaning wind, and in the distance where the negroes are singing, their song becomes a melancholy moan)

(Yellow Jacket advances into the crowd that give way before him. Little groups of mosquitoes. "Won't you join us, Emperor? The English of "won't you join us?" (from another group)

Yellow Jacket (in a harsh, ominous, croaking voice, yet still trying to preserve the mosquito buzz) "Let me alone". (To another party) "Get out of my way". (To another group) Canis cheapskates How dare you speak to me! Where is His Highness, Malaria-- he is the only one I can afford to be seen with-- my position, my position can't you understand? What will the world think of it if they knew that Yellow Jacket associated with such cheapskates! Make room-- make room!

Yellow Jacket. Gentleman Malaria, and how is Your Highness this evening?

Malaria. Very well, indeed, thank you, Your Imperial Majesty. I suppose your health is good.

Yellow Jacket. Very good, very good, but business, business is rotten.

Malaria. Mine is a little dull-- I've had a little slump, myself, recently.

Yellow Jacket. They are draining the swamps-- its getting so there are only a few places where you can get a nice dirty-- dirty drink with a kick to it.

Malaria. Well, Your Majesty, here at last you will find a spot uncontaminated by the filthy hand of man. It is just perfectly woosey, perfectly woosey-- let me show you the way, Your Majesty.

Yellow Jacket (looking at the dirty, filthy pool, stage center) (taking a drink) Oh, perfectly delicious, isn't it filthily delicious. I feel better already already.

A little feminine mosquito, all in silver with purple spots, on leaving one of the party, voices are heard; - "Oh, where are you going, Tarte?"

Tarte. I'm just going for a stroll.

(She strolls towards Malaria and Yellow Jacket, who are hobnobbing.

Malaria. Did you hear this one? There was a traveling salesman, and-- (whispers in his ear)

Yellow Jacket (laughs uproariously) This one I heard in China before I got on a troop boat and hid myself traveling to this country perfectly marvelous-- its the dirtiest, dirtiest story you ever heard dirtied. (He whispers into Malaria's ear)

(Malaria, in his turn, laughs uproariously) Yellow Jacket.

(Malaria, straightening up, glimpses little Tarte) /Say, Your Highness, who's that little sweetie?

Malaria (looking) You mean little Silver Wings? Damned if I know, but she's some peach.

Tarte. Good evening, Your Highness. Good evening, Your Majesty.

Yellow Jacket. Well, little girl, what are you doing out all alone?

Tarte. Oh, I'm just a poor little orphan and I'm so bewildered at the magnificent party and I never dreamed I'd ever get a chance to see such marvelous, marvelous persons as you are. I've been trembling all over ever since you came in.

Malaria. Well, you never need to feel out of place anywhere. You know, I just dote on thin little legs and you certainly have got 'em. Baby, you do look hot. Got anything on tonight?

Tarte. Oh, well, I don't go out at night, not very late.

Yellow Jacket. Oh, now, what's your name, I didn't hear it?

Tarte. Oh, just plain Tarte. I come from a great old southern

family, but I've gone down in the world, and I'm just called "Tarte" but I am a good girl; of course, I go out occasionally, but I'm a good girl.

Malaria. Oh, I knew that when I first saw you-- that's written all over you-- come over and have a drink. Its the finest, dirtiest piece of water I've seen for a long time-- and is it strong!

Tarte. Oh, no, that's too strong for me. I just took one little sip and it nearly knocked me over. If I took two or three drinks of that (she giggles) I don't know what I'd do-- I might just do anything.

Yellow Jacket. Oh now, baby, don't be like that, take a chance take a chance, kid.

Malaria. Oh, you can trust us, we wouldn't harm a shadow on your wing. We'd just like to have you come out with us and get a little friendly-- we're so lonely, we're strangers here, you know. I've just been up from Louisiana. We'll just have a little drink and a little something-- catch a couple of little white ankles or wrists or necks, and have a nice little dinner, and that's all.

Tarte. Oh, Your Majesty-- Oh, Your Highness, Oh, I am so honored.

Malaria. Oh, don't mention it.

Yellow Jacket. Don't even talk about it. Come on- Come on,now, have a good drink and then we'll start out.

Tarte. Oh, I know youse. Even if you are the Emperor and Kings, I know youse-- the men are all alike. You fill me full of that stuff and then I know what you'll want-- I know what you're up to--

Malaria. What could we want?

Yellow Jacket. I don't know what you're talking about.

Tarte. Ah, yes, you do. I know, and I'm just a poor little innocent little girl-- innocent, but not dumb, I repeat And after you fill me full of that strong water and I go flyin' around with you, I know, I know-- and you'll grab me up there in the woods and thickets and you'll try to go to bed with me-- I know, they all do that or try to.

Yellow Jacket. Ah, ridiculous!

Tarte. Well, I like you, Mr. Yellow Jacket, I knew you were a gentleman just as soon as I saw you.

Yellow Jacket. Isn't that nice

(talking to Malaria) Of well, they're plenty more. plenty more-- I see one right over there that's looking right your way.

Tarte. And I know a nice, dark place up in the swamp; of course, I trust you, you know, but its so dark-- well, if you cut up just a little, nobody on earth is going to see you (she giggles)

At this, Malaria protests. Your Imperial Highness, after all, I saw her first, and I appeal.

Yellow Jacket. Appeal-- to whom do you appeal?

Malaria. I'm going to appeal to God, himself.

Yellow Jacket. Oh, tut, tut-- where is he?

Malaria. Well, don't you see him, sitting on the throne up there? He's sound asleep now, as usual, but, by God, I'll wake him up. God! God, God! God!!

(There is a light that falls on the great mosquito God-- must give the impression of a gigantic mosquito with a burdened look, an impressive figure, high above the others)

Malaria. Sound asleep, just like all the other damn Gods; they give you a lot of promises and tell you they'll watch over you and all you have to do is to call on them-- Jesus, you get into a lot of trouble and you pray your belly out, and not a damned thing happens I've seen those humans ~~xxxxxx~~ human beings pour gasoline on a whole army of us in the swamps and anti-mosquito bites just burning us up, so we'd get down on our knees and pary to Him, and he don't even answer-- He just let us got on and die, and suffer and rot-- the hell of a God he is.

(Protests from other mosquitoes) Aetheist. Blasphemy-- terrible!

(Again Malaria calls) God! GOD! It's me-- I'm talking to you-- it's me!

(God wakes up) What is all the trouble down there?
Malaria. Oh, He did answer for once-- this is a miracle(!

(All the mosquitoes bow down, murmurs of excitement, fear and repentance)
Malaria Mos. God, I didn't mean to do it; she led me astray she tempted me, and I fell down hard.

(Other female mosquitoes. I fought him as hard as I could, God, and he just forced me.
Another mosquito. I didn't mean to bite him; he was my brother-- before I knew it he was dead-- I was in a daze-- I didn't know anything about it until after it was all over-- forgive me, I wasn't to blame.
Another mosquito. Don't send us to hell, we don't like it.

Malaria Mos. God, I appeal to you. His Imperial Majesty has taken my Tarte away from me, and I saw her first.
God. Tarte? Tarte! ?
Malaria. Yes, she, the most beautiful female in all the swamp.
God (meditatively) Tarte-- Tarte-- she's news to me.

Yellow Jacket. Oh, great, dear God; Oh marvelous God; Oh magnificent one-- God of all the Swamps and Muddy Water-- Tarte loves me and don't love Malaria-- she's mine.
God. I don't know what you're talking about-- don't bother me I've important things infinitely more important things-- I've made laws for you. They're divine laws-- you know the laws. You have your own free-will. Obey my laws!
Malaria. But my Tarte, my Tarte-- I can't live without her.

(God, turning over the pages of an enormous book) I have no particular laws about Tarte, about this Tarte, or any other Tarte. Enough! This is the miracle of all the world that I appear to show my Divine Prescense to you. I cannot be bothered by these little trifles. How can I have my mind stuffed full of "Tartes"! My Spirit goes even now to the Heaven Star of all the Mosquitoes, Evear-- I should be there swifter than Light-- a billion, billion tribillion miles-- spread the news to all the mosquito world. I go to prepare the way for you, where there are things like the human things, only they are all fat and juicy-- these human things in our heaven weigh 5,000 lbs.!

(Rapture among the mosquito mob) Oh, 5,000 lbs. Imagine!
God. And they are all fat, fat, I tell you-- fat and juicy.
(Murmurs of exaltation among the mob)
God. And, listen, listen to this-- they don't wear no clothes at all. (Another Voice)
Mosquitoes (in rapture) Oh, me, Oh, what a feast! I want to die right now and get to heaven.
God. And the cows weigh 20,000 lbs. and they're all fat! And the horses weigh almost as much, and all of them are so fat they can't run fast, and I'm getting them still fatter and-- possums as big as these cows down here, and they are golden yellow streams, only different mosquitoes -- the most beautiful, thick, filthy water you could ever dream of, and there's dirty mist all the time-- and you'll have houses of rotten wood, and fungus-- just imagine, beautiful, soft, smelly fungus-- smelly wood, and great black crocodiles that you can ride on their backs, in the beautiful, glorious streams all filled with tadpoles and filth and black mud-- and filth, beautiful, beautiful filth!
Mosquito Mob. Oh, I'll never sin again.
Another voice. I'll stay away from that gal as long as I live.

Exiled mosquito on edge of group-- the one that bit the skunk. (In trembling, frightened voice) Oh, Mr. God, what about the skunks? I bit one and it's simply terrible, God.
God. What was that insignificant pip' I heard? I heard distinctly a weasoned pipe from one among you. How dare you? Where is it?

Skunk Mosquito (in a frightened, small voice) Beg your pardon, sir, I'm awful sorry, it was just only me.

God. Brainless one, dumb idiot-- no more sense than to bite a skunk. Away with you!

Skunk mosquito. Yes,sir, I'm going.

God. All, all of you, there will be no skunks in our heaven-- not a - nary a single skunk. The skunks and the gasoline and the anti-mosquito bite-- they'll all be in hell, and if you don't obey my laws, that's where you'll have to go-- right down to hell!

(Moans from the mob) Oh don't-- have mercy, have mercy on us!

God. And in hell the waters are as clear as crystal, and there are no snakes and no crocodiles nor alligators and no sweet, sweet, beautiful filth-- and you'll have to wander by the clear, crystal streams that flow out of the nose of hell,and the grass is a clear, brilliant green and it is full of awful, terrible roses and honeysuckles, and sweet perfume-- you can't eat it-- you can't bite the sweet perfume-- you can't get anything to eat out of the waters-- they're too clear, and there will be streams flowing with gasoline, and it'll look just as nice, but it'll burn you if you drink it, and I'm building lakes of anti-mosquito bite.

Mob. Oh terrible, oh horrible-- have mercy, have mercy on us!

God (whimsically) Well, all you got to do is to obey my laws and you can go up to the fat, human things, the fat cows, and all the rest of it; but don't, and I'll send you to the clear streams of Hell!

Malaria. And you won't let me have my Tarte?

God. Oh, for Pete's sake, forget the Tarte-- I ascend-- I ascend I ascend!

(Voices sing: "Glory to God, Glory to God in the Highest-- Glory to God!")

Yellow Jacket (seizes Tarte) Come on, honey-bunch, we're going to have a hot time tonight. To hell with hell and heaven both.

Malaria. (dropping on his knees) Oh my Tarte, I've lost my Tarte!

Counsellor by his side. Don't bother, your Highness, the world the swamps are full of Tartes.

Malaria. I will forget it -- I'll put women out of my life from now on.

Counsellor. Yes, your Highness-- quite right, your Highness.

Malaria. I'll plunge myself into work. I'll do such great things that Tarte will look up and say, "Oh, my God, look what I missed". I'll kill more human beings than Yellow Jacket ever dreamed of slaying. To arms! To arms!! To murder!! To war!! To shivers and shakes and burning fevers for those human beings! To arms-- to arms! Follow-- follow to victory-- to greater victories!

(Swarms of mosquitoes. The mosquitoes on foot romp off, and a flock of them in the air, on invisible wires, fly across the scene as the curtain descends)

Addenda for First Act.

Grandma (slapping, as though at a mosquito, with her newspaper) Drat these mosquitoes-- shouldn't, ought t' be more careful about leavin' that screen door ajar.

Rose (in unconcerned voice) Yes, Doctors nowadays say mosquitoes' worst enemies human beings has got-- say they's a sort of mosquito, if it bites you y're sure to have malaria.

Grandma, What's that?

Rose. (in louder voice) Oh, I just said that the doctors say that you get malaria fever from mosquito bites.

Granny (giggling) That's just like those new-fangled doctors. (In high scorn) Get malarial fever from a little mosquito bite? Of

all the silly things I ever heard of. I tell you, by Granny, there aint but one thing's worse than politicians, and that's doctors-- particularly them new-fangled ones- that's how I got my deafness two years ago. Just had some wax in my ears, and I was pickin' it out with my toothpick-- and gettin' better-- and Mary insists on gettin' that new-fangled Dr. from Shelbyville.

Mary. Well, mother, everybody says he's a fine doctor.

Grandma. Fine! Hum, fiddlesticks- he said 'twas terrible picking my ears with a toothpick, and I was gettin' better-- what does he do, but stick a couple of irons in 'em and nearly killed me, and I've been deaf ever since-- darn fool, and (her voice rises) charged $20-- $20 just to make me deaf!

Mary. Well, mother, you might have been deaf, anyhow.

Grandma. Nonsense. Why, when Mary Wilkins- Mary Wilkins says-- she calls herself now since she got more money-- sister got the pneumonia and a new-fangled doctor put her in a cold room-- didn't give her no whiskey or nothing-- gave her drugs. Why, it was so cold in that room, when I went over to see her, I took a horse blanket to put around me; of course, they killed her, of course; they just froze her to death ; froze her lungs right up. Now, I see by the papers, they're comin' back to the old treatment-- hum, if I get pneumonia, don't send for none of them new-fangled doctors. Just begin by givin' me a couple tablespoonsful of whiskey-- good,straight whiskey-- and then up towards the ninth day when I get sicker and sicker, pile on more whiskey-- and keep me in a warm room.

Rose. Do you think that'll cure you?

Grandma. Well, that's the way Dad used to cure 'em. Anyhow, if I don't get cured of pneumonia, I'll die drunk and happy and not know nothin' about it. Well, you can get one doctor in and that's old Doc Winkle-- he knows.

Rose. Why, Grandma, old Winkle's 96 yrs. of age-- he's too old to know anything-- he's dead on his feet.

Granny (indignantly) Dead on his feet, is he. Well, I could tell you a thing or two. Aint 89 my last birthday? And didn't he always take care of me? Indeed, dead on his feet?! (More indignantly) Hum, why, it was only two yrs. ago when I had that bad cough and I got Joe to bring over Doc Winkle-- I's scared you'd get some new-fangled one, and -- we're in the room by curselves, and he took the cover down nd put that rubber thing against my chest and he says, "O, pshaw, yes,sir, yes,sir, why Martha there aint nothin' the matter with you, just a bad cough -- your lung's just as clear as crystal." Then he looked down at me-- I's lying on the bed, with the cover down and had my chest exposed, of course, so he can hear good-- you know, doctors get us gals, young or old, at their mercy when they get you lying down ~~xightxthatx~~ like that.

Mary. Oh, mother, don't talk like that.

Granny. Why not, it's the livin' truth. Then he stood up and he looked at me with them clear blue eyes.

Rose, Oh, nonsense, how could a man as old as he is-- nearly 100-- have clear blue eyes?

Granny. Well, his is; they's clearer than yours, but

Rose. All right, all right.

Granny. Then he sort of half shut his eyes and he looked at me,lying ~~xixx~~ there all uncovered and defenseless-like, and I saw little sparkles come in 'em, and he says, "Martha (that's what he ~~x~~always calls me) you remind me of what old Ben Franklin used to say-- yes, old Ben Franklin.

Rose. What Ben Franklin?

Granny. I never seen such ignorance in my life. Ben Franklin was one of the biggest men in the American Revolution-- I suppose you never heard of that, either?

Rose, Yes, I heard about it, I heard about it all right, but it don't do me no good,now.

Granny (continues) Yes,the doctor, Doc Winkle keeps that little sparkle in his eyes and he says, "You know, old Ben Franklin said the younger men made a mistake just goin' after young women" . Says,

"You know, their necks may get all wrinkled up", he says, "But the body keep on just like a youngish woman -- Yes, the face's all wrinkle all up, but down below they aint wrinkled, they aint wrinkled, down below.

Rose. What do you mean by "down below"?

Granny (indignantly) I mean "down below"-- do you want me to make again a picture of it-- I mean, down below. No sir, no sirree, old age wrinkle aint dead on his feet. I've seen men before and when you see that look in that eyes, you know they're still alive, and he's still got a voice that's got a twang of old Bull of Bashan, that you read about in the Bible.

(At this, Granny giggles) I know, I know 'em, I don't tell everythin' I know.

Mary. Ma, don't talk that way before the children-- don't talk that way. There're children here.

Grandma (looking around at the two young ones down below) You mean those two up from Louisville children-- Seats alive, you all's blind as bats - those two children, Mary, they know more-- say, they know more than you'll ever find out!

We come to Ballard's room. He is now asleep. Mary is gently tucking a light cover around him; she stops at the foot of the bed and looks at him, sorrowfully, hopelessly; then she goes over to him and kneels softly at the bedside; she seems to be praying a silent prayer. Then she looks at him, at his face, and it seems she sees him through a mist of tender memories, as he used to be; then gently, very gently, caresses his hand that is lying out from the sheet that is partly covering him; then slowly rises, goes very quietly over to the window in the back and sees that the mosquito screen is fully down at the bottom. Then she crosses in the same manner, to the window left

(It might be well to have shown before this, that Ballard, in his agitation before Mary's entrance, had struggled with the mosquito screen, raising it as though to get more air in the room.)

Mary sees that this mosquito screen stops near the window, conveying the idea she sees that the screen is up. As she takes hold of it and starts to pull it down, there is a scream from outside the door and the sound of a falling body. It is young Jacob who has fallen down the steps. The mother, startled, stops her action and runs quickly, but quietly, to the door.

You hear Jacob whimpering, but loud voice;- "I fell down the steps; oh, I got a pump-- oh, it hurts."

Mother. Oh, Jacob, let me see; oh, you've got a big bump already; what were you doing?

Jacob. I's hungry; I's goin' down to the kitchen and it was dark and I fell.

Mother. Oh come on right downstairs; come on, mother'll fix you up; I got some arnica down and I'll-- you're not hurt bad, I don't think.

Jacob. Oh, I feel terrible-- my leg, it hurts too, where I fell on it.

(Ballard on the bed, turns, wakened by the noise and, as he turns, restlessly, throws the sheet off him.)

(After a slight pause, there is heard, drawing nearer and nearer, the ominous buzzing sound as of mosquitoes approaching. It draws nearer until it's thrumming quite loud against the window.)

The malarial mosquito's voice, indistinct, more than ever buzzing in imitation of the whiring song of the mosquitoes, is heard:

Malaral Mos. The - way - is - clear The - screen - is - up The - screen - is - up. Now - Now - is - the time.

(A blackout fades off the scene, but the mosquito sound keeps going on. The blackout fades, dissolves up into light)

We see a middle-aged doctor-- a mature, but youngish looking Dr. with his bag on the chair beside him. Ballard is moving feverishly on his pillow; the doctor has been going over him carefully and is just finishing the job. He rises and crosses the room. Mary follows him across the room.

Mary (speaks in the usual, hushed sickroom manner) (anxiously). Well, what is it, Dr. What is it now?

Dr. He has a very bad case of malarial fever, Mrs. Holly.

Mary. Oh-- malarial fever?

Dr. Yes, Didn't you see? He's bitten all over his body by mosquitoes and some of them must have been the malarial kind-- you know, the ones that carry malarial germs.

Mary. It's my fauly, doctor; it's my fault.

Dr. What do you mean by that?

Mary. Well, it was several nights ago-- oh, it must have been about a week ago, I found the mosquito screen, I suppose Ballard must have lifted it-- it was a warmish night-- and I was just going to put

it down when I heard Jacob outside make a terrible scream and then a sound of a fall, and it scared me so I didn't know what on earth was wrong, and I ran out to find out, and it was Jacob had fallen down the steps, and he was awfly scarf and had a bump comin' on his head, and his leg was hurt and I forgot all about the screen and took him downstairs to try to fix him up.

Dr. Well, you can't blame yourself much for that.

Mary. No, and I didn't notice it went clear out of my mind-- till I brought his breakfast in the next morning, and then I saw it and then when he got sick, I thought it was just part of his regular illness, and then when he got worse and worse, I sent for you and couldn't get you right away.

Dr. No, I was over at Simpsonville with a bad case of pneumonia; I simply couldn't get away, that's what made me late. Well, its malaria all right, and a bad case; you must prepare yourself for it; I'll do the best I can.

(He takes out a box) You are to give him these pellets, one every 3 hours and give him 2 of these little pellets, you see, see these,- these little like pellets, these pellets are to help the heart. Give him one of these-- 2 of these about 4 times, yes, about 4 times a day. You start on it right away; get me a glass of water, I'll give him these first and then I'll be over tonight again. One of the principal things we've got to watch is the heart; we've got to keep that going.

(The doctor goes back to the bedside; as he starts to sit down, he says, "Get me some fresh water, will you please, and a glass")

Next Act.
The living room again.

(In order to make a quick change, think Ballard's bedroom could be set inside the living room, as the bedroom should be small and easily be jackknifed off in a very short time."

(Grandmother is busy pottering around, dusting off the table, chairs, and so on. Mary, the mother, comes into the room)

Granny. (looking at her) Well, Mary, how is he?

Mary. I'm afraid the end is coming soon. (after a pause, she goes across the room; she seems like a poor, little, distracted animal in deep trouble, not knowing which way to turn) I'm afrais he's dying, Granny, just to think, so early in life. Poor Ballard dyin'-- Oh, Granny, life is just terrible, isn't it? (She doesn't seem to be addressing Granny, in particular, but more as though of one thinking out loud)

Granny. Mary, it doesn't do no good, to be tearing yourself to pieces like this. Mrs. Simpkins just came over to watch, so you could take a little rest-- why, you haven't had no sleep to speak of for five or six days.

Mary. Well, I try hard to sleep, Grandma, but my dreams are worse than being awake. I know it's terrible, Granny, to say this, but its true, its true,- I wish you were younger, Grandma.

Grandma (driving) you aint the only one wishes that.

Mary. Then you could take care of the children. I know its wrong to say it-- I don't think God'd blame me much, cause when he dies, I only wish then when he dies I'd go right with him.

Grandma. Why, Mary, you mustn't talk like that; you got to pick yourself up together; you've got all the children. Goodness, don't you love your children; goodness, I thought you always loved your children so much.

Mary. Oh, I do, Grandma, you know I do, but I don't know my as long as I've known Ballard; I've loved him ever since I was 10 years old, and I never loved anybody else like him, and now he's goin'-- but I suppose I'll have to stay here without him.

Mary continues:

Grandma, I do hope the Bible's true and there is another place-- Oh, I could wait then, cause I don't care what Ballard's done, I know him-- nobody else knows him like I do, exceptin' its God, He knows him, too. If I was only sure-- oh, I'm sure, there's another life after this one's over-- then I could work with the children as long as I lived, cause then I could keep on thinkin, "There's another week gone by, and there's another month gone by, and another year gone by,- and not so many more years before I'll meet him again." I try to think that, and yet I keep wondering, wondering.

Grandma. Now, Mary Holly, don't you go on tearing around raving like that, I just don't understand you. Wouldn't it be better for him; you know it will be better for the whole family when he goes. He doesn't get anything out of anything and you don't get anything out of him, Mary, now just why don't you come right down tobrass tacks and be reasonable; You've got to use more common sense and don't get so flighty. I know this is a hard thing to tell you, but you know he's been already dead for five years; that isn't your Ballard up there; that isn't the boy you used to be in love with up there, you know it absolutely aint. Ballard's already gone, and that's just a suffering sort of shadow like up there and if you want the common low-down truth, the quicker he goes, the better off everybody'll be, including himself. And if after he dies, you'll just have to go on taking care of a shadow.

Mary. (after a pause) In sickness and in health so long as we both shall live, till death do us part.

Grandma. Well, I know it, that's all right, but you're already parted, Mary.

(As Mary goes by, still pacing around the room, Grandma seizes her by the arm, leans against the table, and pulls Mary to her. Mary rests her head on the old, strong body of her old mother

Grandma. Just calm yourself down, now, Mary. You've got to remember, you've got your children, remember, and you've got some very nice ones and you'll find lots of pleasure watching 'em grow up and taking care of 'em. Of course, they won't do much what you want 'em to do, but it don't make no difference. You'll take pleasure watching 'em grow up, anyhow.

Mary. Oh mother, mother.

Grandma. You know, I sometimes think you didn't have enough children. Of course, you didn't have so much time,cause if you had more children and they weren't as nice as they were, you'd have to b more. I had my troubles, too, you know, and younger, when I was your age and I had so many brats runnin' around I didn't get much time to worry. See, you've only got four of 'em. I don't know how it happened but they all behave themselves so well they aint enough trouble for you, and I had fourteen. When you got that many, you don't get much time to think about other things. Most of them were hellions. Most of 'em are sitting right out there in the yard now, clutterin' up the porch, and wearing out the grass. They all came-- most of 'em all came back when they heard about Ballard. Now you just listen to your old Ma and try not to keep thinkin' about goin' away with Ballard, cause you're a Christian, and that aint right-- you just can't do it. Yes sir, Yes sirree, I had my first baby before I was 17-- he's out in the yard ~~xxxxxx~~ there now, andnow he looks older than I do, and they told me when I was gettin' near 50, my time for borning babies was over. I knew they didn't know what they was talking about-- didn't I suprise 'em-- I bored you when I was 54, and I could have born some more if. And I'll live to a hundred, or know the reason why. Yes sir, yes sirree, I was 54 when you was born, and just to spite 'em, I made you the best and sweetest baby of 'em all.

(At this, Mary starts away from her) Mary. What-- did somebody call, is that Mrs. Simpkins? (At this, she breaks away from her mother and runs and listens at the foot of the steps, but hearing

no reply, she sits down in the chair, right, by a table - a rocking-chair. She looks straight ahead, rocking slowly back and forward.)

(At this, the baby comes in; she has a slight limp, presents a pitiful little figure as she comes and stands by her mother's chair. She stands with her hand leaning on the chair as the mother stops rocking for a second; then asks in a small voice: "Ma"

Mother. Yes, baby (still not looking at the child)

Baby. How's-- how's daddy?

Mary. He's quite sick, baby.

Baby. I know that, Ma. He's been sick for five years, hasn't he?

Mary. Yes, baby.

Baby. Ma, won't I ever get to see him? That's a long time not to see your own daddy.

Mary (turning and looking at her) You see, baby, he's been so sick all these years that nobody could see him, except me and the Dr.

Baby. Then I won't never see him?

Mary (looking at her, and a great love and tenderness coming into her face as she looks at this invalid child) Yes, baby, you'll see him, I think you'll see him soon.

(At this, a great motherly love comes into Mary's face; she reaches out and takes the child in her arms and pulls her up on her lap)

Mary. Oh, baby, I haven't been paying enough attention to you recent.

The baby (crying) That's all right, Ma. I know you had so much troubles -- that's all right-- I don't mind it much.

Mary. I love you, baby, just the same, my own baby, you're goin' to have somebody to love you all your life. Ma'll take care of you.

(Mary holds her baby close to her breast as the baby steals her little hands up around her mother's neck)

(At this, Tubey, quite excitedly, followed by Rose, enter)

Tubey (to the Grandma) I done bring him; he's right out in the yard; I told him to wait till I seen you.

Grandma. (makes a gesture of silence)

Grandma. Here, Rose, you and Tubey take Mary in the next room and we'll all make herlie down for awhile; she hasn't had no sleep 'tall. Well, you don't have to sleep, Mary, but you can just go and lie down.

At this, Grandma goes to her very gently to the baby and speaks: "Now, come on, baby, I'm goin' to get your Ma up and see that she gets a little rest; she's just wearin' herself all to pieces.

Baby. All right, grandma, I'll go with her.

Grandma (putting her arms around Mary) Now, come on, you're a big baby, too, honey, my own honey-lamb, that's it, now, honey-lamb, you got to do what your Ma says-- she never whipped you before, but she's certainly goin' to give you a good spankin now, and you're goin' to feel it,too-- come on, get out of that chair.

(Mary gets up listlessly; Grandma takes hold of her, then turns her over to Rose) (They start to door,left, and Mary turns)

Mary. Well, let me know when Ballard wakes up.

Grandma. I'll let you know (Grandma is still partly holding on to her) I never seen such a child in all my born days. I might have knowd you'se goin' to have trouble - the way you used to love that sorrel pup -- that dog she was and no good for nothin' that's the only time before this you ever disobeyed me. You didn't mind me, you remember, honey, when you sneaked that little bitch up in your room and would hide it, and when that dog died, you'd never have another dog-- you're just a "one-dog" woman, and that's the worst thing in this world. Oh, I won't scold you, Mary. Now, go on

and get some sleep, cause I tell you, Mary, nobody loves dogs better than I do, but I love a lot of 'em-- I don't just spend it on one.

(As Rose and Tubey take Mary off, Grandma stops, takes off her specs and wipes her eyes. At this, a big, mangy hound comes in through the door, sniffling around)

Grandma. (finishes wiping her eyes) Yes, sir I do love dogs. (sees the dog wandering around the room, and in a sharp, most unloving tone) What you doin' in here, you mangy hound? Get out of here!

(At this, she seizes the broom standing against the side of the wall and starts with great vigor, as though to commit dog slaughter, banging on the table and the floor, chairs, etc.) (This can be made as much of according to how smart the dog you get) (Can be easily arranged by having the dog fed under the table in the center of the room).

(Finally, she chases the dog out and shows great relief; then she stops, prinks up her dress a little, and seeing Doc Winkle, speaks:

Grandma. Come on in the house, Winkle-- come on in, doctor (She stands in the center and old Doc Winkle enters) Old Dr. Winkle is not the typical tottering man of 96 generally pictured, but, as he is taken from a character in real life, who at one hundred years of age, is still practising medicine, though he carries a cane and shows by his looks he is no "spring chicken", he still walks erectly, and while his voice is slightly hoarse and, naturally, is not the voice of youth, it is still big and powerful and has quite a little sparkle still left in it. He talks in a loud tone, slightly oratorical,and differs from the other characters-- somewhat in the manner of the oldtime preachers and lawyers who orated through the smallest matters in life.) He enters and looks rather fiercely at Grandma.

Doc Winkle. Well, Martha, How be you?
Grandma. I'm not so very good.
Winkle. What the hell did you want with me?
Grandma. Don't talk so loud, you know Ballard's sick upstairs.
Winkle. Well, if he's like Doc Wilson says he is, he couldn't hear me if I was thunder, and besides I'm not talking loud. (he, however, makes small effort to lower his oratorical tones)
(Grandma comes down-stage and Dr. Winkle follows her)
Grandma. Well, I know it; aint any use, but I think you know more than all these new-fangled doctors like Wilson, and I thought you might see him,-Ballard, and see if--
Winkle. It aint no use in my seein' him; he's got the fever; its just got to take its course-- besides, Dr. Wilson aint no new-fangled doctor-- he was with me for years, there aint nobody better around this country. I don't want to go ahead of him, but he'll be over in about a half hour and I'll go up with him, if you think'll do any good. But I know damn well it won't do any good.
Grandma. Well, Mary's takin' on; you know, she's just one of those "one-dog women. I tell her it'd be better for all of us everyone if he does die; of course, I know its terrible, but still--
Winkle. There aint nothin' terrible about dying-- got to do it sometime; of course, I'm not expectin' to do anything like that, myself, but still-- Martha, I've seen so much of life-- livin' and death, and I've brought those little mites of flesh they call babies out, and if its a good, healthy baby he starts yelling for life as soon as he gets out of his mother's womb, and they generally go on yelling and moaning until they die-- I get so used to seein' 'em born and seein' 'em die that its all one and the same to old Doc

Winkle. You get so used to it, you can't take either one of 'em serious.

Grandma. Well, that's good. If you feel that way about it-- the doctor's comin' back in about a half hour, and I guess there's nothin' to be done, anyhow.

Winkle. Not a damn thing. From what Wilson tells me, he's just burning up with a fever, and he's done everythin' can be and he's a hell of a good doctor, and he's the only one I'm goin' to have when I get sick-- I'm bound to get sick sometime. Aint got no whiskey around, Martha?

Granny. You know well enough we aint got-- we don't have no whiskey in this house.

Winkle. Well, I didn't think you had, but no harm in a fellow having a little nip. If I'd thought about it, I'd brung some over.

Grandma. (looking at him admiringly) You still do look great, Doc. My goodness, what a man.

Winkle. Well, I feel good; I don't notice much difference the last 40 years in my feelings (at this, he laughs uproariously)

Grandma. Don't laugh out, don't laugh out loud like that-- not today-- upstairs-- what you laughin' at, anyhow, what's so funny, anyhow?

Winkle. I was just laughin' at-- you was at the Camp meetin' when old Bishop Williams made that speech: he's one of us old-timers, too, you know. He finished up a sermon and it was a good one, too, and, remember, he said "Brethren and sisters, trust in the good Lord and he'll carry you through". And he went on "And I trusted him and he certainly carried me through-- the winds, the hot xxxxxxx sun of ninety xxxxx summers have shone on this old head, the storms and winds of ninety winters have broken its boughs and branches, but, thank God, the old root still stands"! That's just what he said.

Grandma. Why, you firty, old skunk, what do you mean by that?

Winkle. I don't mean nothing-- that's just what he said. I started to applaud him. By God, he stood up there with his belly pushed out-- he's still some man, andI'm a doctor and I know somethin' about it, and I don't believe he's braggin'.

Grandma. You dirty-- you know just as well as shootin' that what he meant was that the power of the good Lord would preserve the churches and the right things.

Doc Winkle. Yes, sir, I know, I know.

(At this, the two boys, Will and John, come in door,right. They have been working at the threshing machine, in overalls and the dust of the wheat and straw is on them. They come down to grandmother. John speaks)

John. Howdy, doctor.

Winkle. Howdy, John. Howdy, Will.

Will. Howdy, doctor.

John. Well, grandmother, how is he now?

Grandma (in a quiet voice) Well, I guess he aint no better boys.

John. No better, eh?

Grandma. No, I guess not. You boys will have to wait awhile for your dinner, cause I knowed you were busy helpin' the threshing and I didn't think you'd get off for dinner so soon, so I sent Tubey over to get Dr. Winkle, but she's cooking on it now, and I guess it won't be long.

Grandma (to doctor) Come on and see Mary, Doc, cause she's almost as bad off as Ballard; I'm scared to death what's goin' to happen to her.

(As they start to the door, Mrs. Hobson enters, followed by Flashy and Evelyn, her daughters)

Mrs. Hobson. Well, as we're going back to town tonight, I just came over for to say goodbye to you all.

Grandma. Well just come on in and rest a minute. He's very sick; it don't seem like he's goin' to live through the night-- this is Dr. Winkle, Mrs. Hobson, and these are her two daughters-- they just been up from Louisville and they goin' back home tonight.

(While Grandma moves up center, Flashy moves down toward John, who is seated, right stage, tilted back in the chair resting from his hard labor. Dr. Winkle, as she walks by him, seems to pick up interest. Flashy stops half way down stage, giving a contemplative look at John, who seems to be half asleep) (Winkle follows her casually down and looks at her admiringly. Flashy gives him a once-over)

Doc Winkle. Say, where in the hell did you come from? I aint seen you around here before.

Flashy. Well, I've been here all summer.

Winkle. Well, I guess you must have had a pretty good time.

Flashy. Yes.

Winkle. Say, you're the damnest best lookin' girl I've seen around these parts for a long time.

Flashy. Well, I guess that's right.

Winkle. Oh, yes, guess you're that one-- you're the one I heard the farm boys over at Gibson's talkin' about-- hem, they all say you're quite a card.

Flashy. You don't believe everything those farm hands say, do you?

Winkle. I don't believe anything anybody says, but I know if you was visitin' around me when I was a farm hand, the sparks 'd fly, be flyin'.

Flashy. Say, how old are you, anyhow?

Winkle. Ever read the bible?

Flashy. Sure, I've read some of it.

Winkle. Well, you look up the age of the old bird called "Methusaleh"-- I was born two days after him.

Flashy. Say, you're the-- I know, you're older than God, but say, I'd like to have met you when you was younger.

Winkle. Well, I aint so old yet-- wish you was stayin' up longer.

Flashy. Say, You've got more sense than all these young ones around here; anyhow, I guess you know a thing or two.

Winkle. Yes, and then several.

Grandma. (coming down between them) Now, you old skalliwag, come away from that girl. My God, aren't you never goin' to get no sense?

Doc Winkle. I am not goin' to get in no trouble, I'm not doin' nothin'.

Grandma. No, I don't think you would; that aint what I'm scared of; I'm scared of her; you come on away before she does the gettin'. Com' on, Doc; come on in and see Mary.

(At this, Grandma, followed by the doctor, go out into the next room, but Doc, stopping at the door and giving one last approving look on Flashy. Flashy, as doctor exits, throwing an alluring pose, gives him a teasing smile, and utters "At his age-- what a man!"

(Flashy slowly saunters up the back; picks up a newspaper and starts reading, leaving Will and Evelyn down-stage, standing by the table)

Evelyn. I'm so sorry, Will, about your father, but I guess, after all, it might be for the best. They tell me, Will, that you haven't seen him, or talked to him, for five years.

Will. Well, I guess that's about right, but I remember him very well, and I don't suppose nobody ever got loved like my Ma loves him. Yes, I remember; you know, he just used to come in-- it seems to me like I remember he used to be changin' all the time, and he'd come in sort-of silent like, and everybody, except Ma, was sort of afraid to talk to him, and he got so, towards the last, he'd hardly sit down at all. He'd sit down, then go out, walk around a little-- he loved baby, you know, better than any of us. I remember, just as well (they had to sort-of carry her then, you know) they'd bring her in and sit her down in a chair and we were all scared we wouldn't even open our mouths-- the funny way Pa'd look at baby. He'd just sit and look at her and not say a word, and I heard something one night, and I never could understand it.

Evelyn. What was that?

Will. Why, he was lookin' at her one night, and he said "poor baby, my poor baby", just to himself-like, "my poor baby" and then he went on and said "it's all my fault, my fault" and then he got up and walked around the room. Gimmin a, I was scared to death. I never saw anything so funny-like. Then he came right back and sat down beside her close, just lookin at her again-- and then, seemed so funny, he just started crying. And you know what kind of a little voice she's got, always been sickly like that and she said, "Why, daddy, what's thematter?" and then she went over to him, with sort of a limp, and then he took her right up in his arms and in his lap, and he held her tight. I thought he'd squeeze the life out of her (I was scared). All he says was "God, forgive me", that's what he said, he talked to God like he was in a church, andthen he said "I love you, baby" He went on somethin' terrible,- "I love you, baby". And then when Ma came he put her down back in the chair and then he sort of looked like he was goin' to give her another kiss and then he didn't do it. And then he never even spoke to Ma, but went out of that door smack out of that door and then I never saw him again until they brought him home, all sick. You know, Ma went and got him and brought him home.

Evelyn (looking at him with adoring, sweet eyes through all this) Poor Will, poor Will, what a time you've had.

Will. Well, I haven't had any worse time than the rest have.

Evelyn. But I don't know the rest of 'em so well like I know you. Say, we've been up here now over two months, and I've been seein' you almost every day!

Will. I just don't know what I'm goin' to do after you go back to town.

Evelyn. I don't know what I'm goin' to do,either; well, I-- well, I won't say it.

Will. Go on and say it.

Evelyn. No, I can't.

Will (hesitatingly) You know, older folks get such funny ideas you know, I've been tryin' to tell you this right out loud for some-time, but its awfly hard to say, but I know you'll understand,cause you understand everything in this world. Of course, the older folks would think it was foolish, hearing me talk this way, but its not foolish. You don't have to live till you've got a long beard to know what feelings mean, and when I said my prayers last night, I prayed for you, Evelyn, and I prayed to God that you'd love me like I love you, cause I do, and I prayed that he'd keep us both until we get a little older; and then, Evelyn, you're goin' to marry me and I'm only going to have you, and you're going to be my wife-- my own wife, forever and ever, and I'm not never goin' to want anybody else.

Evelyn. I will be your wife, Will, and I've been promising God over and over again that I'd be a good girl if he'd just let me have you.

Will. Oh, Evelyn, Evelyn, and I'm goin' to work myself almost to death and I'm goin' to make money and get a place-- now, I've got somethin' to work real hard for. Gee, you know, out in the threshing field what one man said another man says, "Why, that little Will he does as much work as an average man." And he didn't know, and I was thinkin' about you every time, and I threw every one of those bundles of wheat into that threshing machine, just like you was standin' there lookin' at me, and that's how I'm goin' to keep on workin' till-- I don't know what time, but it'll be something; of course, we might go to town, and then I could see you often. (Will:

Evelyn. Oh, wouldn't that be grand-- just grand; Anyhow, town or country, I'll work for you, dear, and at the right time I'll come and get you.

Evelyn. And me, too-- I'm goin' to study hard and I'm goin' to be, well, I won't promise, but I'll bet you there won't be a better wife in the world than I'm goin' to be.

Will. Oh, gee, gee,how I love to hear you talk-- say something for me, if its only just a little short word, won't you say it?

Evelyn (trembling, as are both for that matter, looking into each other's eyes, close together) What is it, Will?
Will. Say "husband".
Evelyn. All right (tremulously and slowly) My-- my- husband.
Will. (triumphantly, still deadly serious) My wife.

(They look at each other for a moment and then Will says.
Will. Thank goodness, now it's all settled and nothing-- nothing can ever change that.

(At this, there is a quick entrance at the door, right, made by Dr. Wilson, followed by Grandma and Dr. Winkle. They stop at the foot of the stairs; when Mary comes in rapidly, with a light cover she had evidently, absentmindedly, taken opp the bed from where she had been resting, around her shoulders)

Mary. Oh, Dr., I'm so glad you came.
Grandma. Mary, why didn't you rest?
Mary. Oh, I'm rested; hurry up, doctor, go on up.
Dr. Wilson. I guess he's still sleeping. Mrs. Simpkins hasn't come down.
Grandma. No, she hasn't come down; she said she would if there's any change-- she's a fine nurse, you know-- nursed everybody in this neighborhood. If she aint good for anythin' else, she's good for that.
(Mrs. Hobson follows them down; looks for a moment at their retreating figures, and turns and says:)
Mrs. Hobson. Well, they don't want to say goodbye to nobody, so I guess we might as well be goin', children-- come on, Evelyn. (She addresses Flashy as "Flora") Flora, are you asleep, Flora?
Flora. Oh,no, I just dozed off a little; what's the matter now?
Mrs. Hobson. Well, we better go on to our packin'-- everybody so troubled in this house, aint got no time to say goodbye-- come on. Goodbye, John (all this is said in a quiet, subdued tone).
John. Goodbye, Mrs. Hobson.
Mrs. Hobson. Goodbye-- well, if you boys should come to town, I hear you talking about it, you be sure to let us know, and come around and see us.
(John makes no reply. His attitude is dubious, but Will says earnestly)
Will. The very first day I get there, Mrs. Hobson, if we do get there, I'll be around, Mrs. Hobson. (Turning to Evelyn) Goodbye, Miss Evelyn.
Evelyn. (in a trembling voice) Goodbye, Mr. Will, I certainly do thank you, Mr. Will, for your very kind attentions while we've been visitin'.
Will. Goodbye, Miss Evelyn, and I certainly enjoyed the attentions as much as you did, and I'm goin' to see you all very soon.
(John stays down-stage, but Will goes up, as though to show them out the room. Exit out door, right upstage)

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(As stage is in darkness and they are pushing on the bedroom set, we hear the voices of Mrs. Hobson and the children saying Goodbye.)

Mrs. Hobson (as though getting into a wagon or buggy) Goodbye, Will; we'll be seein' you soon.
Evelyn. Goodbye, Will, we'll be seein' you soon.
Will. Goodbye, goodbye; ~~Mrs. Hobson and Evelyn~~
Mrs. Hobson and Evelyn (as though disappearing in the distance) Goodbye-- goodbye.

(After a pause, Will's voice is heard as though out in the yard)

Will. Well, Uncle Tom, Uncle Will 'n Aunty.

Uncle Tom and Uncle Will (voices off stage) We're just waitin' out here in the yard till your mother calls us in.

(Murmurs of feminine voices, as though there were eight or ten different couples)

Voices (still off stage) Yes, we're just been out here waitin'.

Will. Well, don't you-all want to com' in the house. He and the doctors have all gone upstairs.

Uncle Tom's voice. No, we think we'd better wait till your Ma calls us; we're doin' all right out here. We're havin' a good snack out in the shade-- there's so many of us that we'd just clutter up the house if we went inside.

Will. Well, all right, then.

Next Scene is the Bedroom Upstairs.

(Dr. Wilson is sitting at the head of the bed. Mrs. Simpkins, the neighborhood nurse, a portly, middle-aged woman, is stolidly sitting in a chair on the other side of the bed, some distance away from it.
Dr. Winkle is standing upstage, back of Dr. Wilson.
Mary is at the foot of the bed, standing, under the terrific strain, watching.

(There is a long pause, and Wilson speaks in a subdued voice as though more to himself than to anyone in particular)
Wilson. It's the turning point-- its the turning point!

(Another pause and Grandma speaks softly to Mary)
Grandma. Its the turning point.
Mary (looks at Ballard and then looks up as though to say, "God help us, God help us", but <u>doesn't say</u> anything.

(All have a strained, watchful, waiting look. Another pause)

Wilson (quietly to Winkle) The pulse is about the same; do you think we'd better give him another injection?
Winkle. Don't you think we'd better wait a few minutes; I've got it all ready (he turns to the table where the hypodermic is placed) (He takes a piece of cotton, takes the cork out of the alcohol bottle and wets the cotton)
Wilson. It's all sterilized, isn't it?
Winkle. Yes. I've got the alcohol ready.
(Wilson (carefully, again rolling up the sleeve of the sick man's nightgown)
Winkle. Is that the right arm?
Wilson. Yes, I gave the last one in the other arm.
Winkle. Changing any? Dropping any?
Wilson. Hardly a tremor, hardly a point lower. Be ready; I don't want to give any more unless I have to. If it drops 2 points lower, we'll have to, though.

(Another pause)
(At this, Ballard seems to move, as though the body was putting up its last effort in the grim battle against death)

Wilson. Its still holding; its the time right now.
( Winkle xputs the hypodermic into the sterilizing bottle, takes it out, puts it in another bottle and fills the needle . There is another slight pause, and Wilson, hardly able to conceal a little hope in his voice speaks)
Wilson. Its over-- its over.
Mary (at the foot of the bed, thinking it means the end, utters in a suppressed, barely heard exclamation)
Mary. Oh God-- Oh God-- Oh God.

(Mary seems about to sink to the floor, but holds desperately to the foot of the bed, and then Grandmother puts her arms around her, to give her what support she can.)

Wilson (still holding to the pulse) (to Winkle) Not yet-- its holding all right and he's over the crisis.

Winkle. Temperature?

Wilson. I can't take it, but its better, I can feel it is better.

Winkle. Good.

Wilson. It certainly is better, there's no doubt about it.

Winkle. I guess Mary will have him, than, such as he is.

(At this, Ballard turns weakly, faintly, on the pillow; his eyes open; he ~~kinkans~~ looks listlessly and rather inquiringly towards the doctor; then his eyes fasten on Mary)

(There is much time taken here, as Mary goes slowly-- a little step, another-- another-- another, towards Ballard)

Ballard. (in a a very far-away voice, but very unlike his other voice-- sounding cool and sane) Mary-- Mary.

(Another pause)

Mary. Ballard.

Ballard. Oh Mary, Mary.

Mary. Oh Ballard, oh Ballard-- you- know- me!

Ballard. I-- of course, I know you; why shouldn't I know my wife. (this in a slow, weak tones) Sweetest- thing- in this- world.

(Mary drops slowly down on her knees, by the bedside, suppressing a sob of joy deeper than words)

Ballard. That's ~~the~~ you, doctor, that's you, isn't it? I guess I must have been sick.

Wilson. Yes, you have been quite sick, Ballard, but you're going to be all right now, I'm sure. Yes, Mary, he's going to be all right now, I'm quite sure. We're going to "quinine" him a lot, and get rid of this malaria.

Mary. But, doctor Wilson--

Dr. Wilson. We mustn't take now much; he needs some rest; I'll tell you more about it later. You see, the fever got rid of all the other impurities and now he hasn't even got so very much fever, but we can get rid of that.

Winkle. You need this? (Indicating the hypodermic)

Wilson. No, we won't need it. The pulse is much easier; we'll just give him a couple of those pellets on the table and that'll give the heart all the boost it needs.

Winkle. He's comin' through I can just see by his eyes -- he's comin' through as sure as shootin'.

Mary. Doctor, will it be all right, all right, if I could kiss him just once?

Ballard. I wish you would, Mary-- seems like I've been some place, I don' know where-- away off-- seems like I've been wantin' Mary to kess me for, I don't know how long.

(The doctor moves a little away, still holding the pulse. Mary draws close to Ballard, leaning over; they look into each other's faces)

Ballard (dreamily) Sweet-est - thing - in this world.

Mary. Ballard, Ballard, Oh I'm just so glad to have you home

(She kisses him very tenderly and gently and lays her face on the bed down by the side of his arm. Ballard looks up)

Ballard. Well, there's old Doc Winkle here,too-- I got all the doctors,- how did this all happen? I feel good. I don't know Why, I just feel like I've been through somethin' and got out of it-- I just want to do somethin'. Winkle, you ol' skalliwag, swear for me, won't you-- I can't.

Winkle (glad of the chance to relieve his emotions) Sure it's a God damn miracle!

(With that, he blows his nose and crosses over to Grandma, leaving Dr. Wilson still holding the pulse, and Mary caressing the sleeve of the nightgown that the doctor has just pulled down.)

Grandma. (in suppressed tone) My, he's all right again.

Winkle. Yes, he is. (Wilson speaks.

Grandma. Well, what happened, how did it happen? Winkle, I guess I'll unsaying have to take back some of what I said about these new-fangled doctors. I've been readin' about it-- never took so much stock in it, but I guess they're right.

Grandma. What - about what?

Dr. Winkle. Why, they found out sometime ago that malarial mosquitoes, put on a man with a trouble like Ballard had, and they fill 'em full of malaria, and the malaria fever burns out the other poisons-- when the nerves of the mind aint quite so well, and cure 'em right up! then, all they have to do is to cure the malaria and make a man as good as he ever was. And, of course, quinine'll do that-- quinine, a specific for malaria, and cures it right up.

Grandma. Well, for goodness sake!

Winkle. Say, you know that Doc Wilson was tryin' that all that time: he's studied up all about it-- well, he's a good doctor even if he is a little new-fangled.

Curtain.

East 1st.
La Palma.

Opens up in the sitting-room of Mr. Albert Martin (now the husband of Flashy).

Time is twenty-five or thirty years later.

Will is seated by the side of Evelyn. She has a 5 or 6 months old baby in her lap. Flashy, or Flora (now the wife of Mr. Albert Martin) is seated, reading a report of the Women's Reform Association of California, of which she is the president.

(At rise of curtain, a severe, rather mannish-looking woman enters and goes to Mrs. Martin. She has glasses attached to a slim ribbon, which add to her business and practical like appearance; she comes with quick, decisive steps to Mrs. Martin)

The secretary. Mrs. Martin, the Association are very anxious for you to sign this document today, as it is all, of course, according to your dictation; they expect to send copies to all the club members, and your idea about the ~~terrific~~ terrific need for censorship of motion pictures, need

Mrs. Martin. Yes, Rebecca, there be no argument about that. We all certainly must do something to stop those terrible kissing scenes, and the licidiousness that they are just sending out broadcast from those Hollywood studios.

Rebecca. As you say in your article, Mrs. Martin, the most corrupt influence the world has ever known. Why, that-- you remember the scene in that picture we saw only last night -- between Clayton Webb and Vera Wolton?

Mrs. Martin. Do I remember it? I timed it-- why, that kiss lasted nearly half a minute, with their lips close, right close glued together. I could hardly look at it, but I knew it was my duty to get the exact length of the osculation, and I got it.

(Flashy, now Mrs. Martin, speaks in a precise, business-like mature, middle-aged manner-- and as surely, being busy with the things of the world, forgotten her own youth)

Rebecca, the secretary, Here's the pen, Mrs. Martin.

(Mrs. Martin, trying it out on a piece of paper before she puts it on the important document, speaks.

Mrs. Martin. Well, I hope it writes better than the other one you had, Rebecca.

Rebecca. A brand new one-- you'll find it quite all right.

(As she finishes signing the paper, the secretary takes it and goes out quickly)

Mrs. Martin. You know, Evelyn, you ought to thank your stars you're-- you have one thing to be thankful for. You know, Mr. Martin's position, of course, is so big in the world, as the head of the Textile Industry of America, that it just forces me, as his wife, to carry on in the style expected of Mr. Martin's wife.

Evelyn. Oh, yes, sister, I imagine it must be very tedious.

Mrs. Martin. No, I don't say it is tedious-- its-one has a duty to perform, and one performs it as best they can. You know, it was our Association that closed all those terrible houses in Los Angeles and we passed that law-- we got a law passed about those terrible women on the street-- they've got so brazen and bold they just solicited right in front of everybody. If they are caught at it now, they are put away for one year for the first offense, and two years for the second. Of course, its hard on those women, I know, but we must protect the womanhood of America. If you left it to the men and the politicians, nothing would ever be done. And, of course, the moving pictures-- if you ever see them, you understand how dreadfully immoral they are. All they think about is making money. They'll stopp to any irregularities and immorality to do that, but

they're going to find out very soon, through our association, that they must mend their ways.

(At this, she takes up another paper, adjusts her glasses and begins reading intently)

Will (looking at the baby in Evelyn's arms) Evelyn, I think she's goin' to look just like you-- thank goodness, she's got blue eyes.

Evelyn. Yes, husband.

Will. That sounds awfly funny; I never hear any other women say 'husband'.

Evelyn. Well, you know, I got in that habit years ago and I can't break it. Oh, of course, I never say it before company.

Will. You don't, don't you? Oh, you don't say it much but you forget sometimes and break right out with it.

Evelyn. Do you mind, Will?

Will. Well, to tell you the truth, I don't mind a bit-- I like it.

Evelyn. I'm afraid, Will, we're goin' to have to love this one much, cause I guess its goin' to be the last (looking at baby)

Will. Well, we've got a corn-crib full of 'em, and I'm sort of glad, cause I get scared to death everytime you have a baby. Then you can spend the rest of your time baby-ing me-- I don't mind it-- God know I'm trouble enough.

Mrs. Martin (dropping her paper for a second) Evelyn, where did you say William was?

Will (taking up the answer) Oh, Bill's at Center College, doing great. And Evelyn and Dolly are at Berea, and John and Jim are in high school.

Evelyn. Oh, we did wish that theycould come along-- goodness, how they'd just love to come to California. Of course, Aunty's taking care of the two at high-school, and the others don't need it.

Will. We didn't think it'd-- of course, it wouldn't be right to take 'em out of school.

Evelyn. Well, we never will be gettin' over being grateful to you for invitin' us out here.

Mrs. Martin. Well, I don't know how I come to think of it. I's just goin' over some papers and found an old picture that was taken up at Shelby County when we went up there one time, and I just said to my husband I'd just love to bring my sister and her husband out to California; and he said, "Sure, bring 'em out-- I like company". Just think, Will, when Evelyn came out here, it was the first time I'd seen her in 20 years, and we'd never even written any letters-- our family don't write letters. Why, we hardly knew each other-- in fact, I don't think we did, at first-- if I'd of met you at the station I wouldn't have known you, to pick you out and, of course, when Evelyn came in here and I knew what train she was comin' on, of course, I knew it was her. I was so busy I couldn't get away and sent the car down, and he couldn't find you.

Evelyn. Well, it don't make any difference; we're here!

(At this, the husband, Albert Martin, enters. He is quite a nice looking man in his early sixties. But you can see he is preoccupied and all over him is written that the most important thing in his life is business. Such a man, busy at the glad to have a home for a little rest at night-- no imagination outside of his own business.

Martin. Hello, everybody. Hello, everybody! Well, I've got him Mes,sir, I got him, when everybody's trying to get him; they want him at the Men's Club and they want him at the Rotary Club-- of course, his secretary says he never goes to any of those things. Its a big feather in our cap, too, to get John Holly to visit your home. Greatest author in America-- there isn't any doubt about it!

Mrs. Martin. Yes, I told Evelyn that we met him at the moving-picture show last night, and I didn't think so much of the picture,

if you ask me; but the audience seemed to think it was grand-- too much lovin' and kissing in it-- of course, I wouldn't have known him from Adam, until he was pointed out to me. He had a lot of people around him-- secretaries, and moving picture folks, and all, but my husband spoke to him and said that we used to know him out in Kentucky, and he came over to speak to us, and was very nice.

Martin. Well, I-- he's makin' a lot of money on that book, "The Rise and Fall of Rosie Lennox"-- they say he made a fortune out of the book and the stage play turned him in a couple hundred thousand dollars, at least 2 or 3 hundred thousand dollars; and the picture paid him $150,000 for the motion picture rights. And that's just one-- he's written about twelve ~~xxx~~ or fifteen -- 15 or 20--books, and nearly all of 'em have been big hits.

Mrs. Martin. You know, I read some of 'em, and I thought they were pretty good. I never dreamed that ~~xxxx~~ I'd ever known him till I read something about him living in Shelby County and where he was born, and where he lived up at Rockridge. And it suddenly dawned on me, "he must be that same John Holly that we met when we used to go up to the country. Don't know much about him except he used to come over to the house (here she smiles complacently)-- tried to get me to take walks, and we talked a lot, as I remember. Seems to me I remember him begging to ride in the surrey with me and mother. I don't know-- mother said it was me he wanted to ride with-- over to church. I's too young, then, to think much about the boys. I remember, though, I think he was a pretty nice boy. Of course, nobody ever dreamed he's goin' to be so famous, then. I always thought he seemed a little dumb. He'd sit and look and throw sheeps' eyes at me, and I wouldn't know what was the matter with him.

Evelyn. Where's mother and daddy?

Mr. Martin. Oh, I put 'em in my American car-- they liked that better than the Rolls-- to have a little ride. They're going to come back, though, and see John; they're so proud of him. That's the greatest married couple I ever saw in my life. Last time I saw 'em, he had his arms around her, before the car started off-- right in front of all the people-- I' tempted to -- Next time~~x~~ I send 'em out, I'm going to get a "Just Married" sign and stick it on the back!

I think its the funniest thing how, when Mary gets out of the room, goes into the dining-room or kitchen, or some place, if John doesn't notice her go, in about 2 or 3 minutes he gets nervous and fidgety and says, "Where'd Mary go?" and then he goes botherin' ar~~dundx~~ after her.

Will. Well, they say he's done that ever since-- well, they nearly lost each other once, and I guess that made a big impression on him, cause he's seein' to it that he don't lose her again.

Martin. Well, I certainly don't blame him. Well, in fact, I don't blame either one of 'em-- couple like that don't want to lose each other.

Will. Will, I guess they'll have many years, too. Da'ja ever hear about our Grandma?

Albert. No, I don't think I ever did.

Will. You know, she lived to be a hundred years old. She always said she'd live to be a hundred-- and she ~~xxxxxxx~~ nearly didn't! The doctors couldn't understand how she kept up when she was so sick, but she just up and told 'em that she was goin' to live to be a hundred, and they wasn't but a few more weeks to go, so they needn't worry about the medicines; and on her hundredth birthday she said, "Well, I did it!",-and went to sleep, just as unconcerned-- in fact, sort of triumphant and happy about it. Well, she said she'd found out all about like she wanted to know, and she didn't mind trying to see-- to find out what the other thing was like.

Mr. Martin. Oh, I hear the car-- isn't that our car?

(Goes quickly off, door left; immediately reenters with John Holly)

Martin. Well, here he is; here's our great genius, John Holly

(John Holly enters. While quite middle-aged, he is marvelously well preserved, groomed to the smallest detail, immaculately dressed, and carries an air of great distinction)

Mr. Martin. Well, this is my wife, Mr. Holly. You met her last night for a minute.

John. Oh yes, I remember quite well, and how are you today?

Mrs. Martin. Oh, very fine, indeed, thank you. You should know your brother--

John. Well, I'm ashamed to say I hardly do. Our lives have been in such different channels, and I seem to be so busy-- of course, I do most of my writing in England and only occasionally visit America. Hello, Will.

Will. I certainly am glad to see you, John. Its about 20 years since we met, isn't it?

John. I'm afraid you're right-- that sounds terrible, doesn't it? And very few letters! Well, that's the way of the world. But I heard enough to know that you were getting on fine Lots of children and everything? And your wife?

Will. Yes, my wife-- and my baby, too.

John. And both of 'em look very dear and charming. I suppose you know, Mrs. Holly, that I have no children. Sometimes, I wish-- oh, well, I don't know-- I just. I had one experience with marriage but we've been separated these twenty odd years-- her religion doesn't allow of a divorce, and well-- things just drifted and-- (a pause) So here we are! What a beautiful place you have here, (John turning) Mrs. Martin. These red and gold walls, and all those gorgeous flowers out in your garden there. I wish I were a painter now instead of an author. Geraniums ten feet high-- just look! Red flowers, and red and white, and--

Mrs. Martin, Yes, we like it pretty well.

Mr. Martin (entering with a tray of mint juleps) Now, Mr.Holly, here's a real old-fashioned Kentucky mint julep-- I really think that's why you came over.

John, Well, I'd certainly like to taste one.

(Albert passes the mint julep to all but Evelyn. As he gives Will his, he says:)

Albert. I know Evelyn, you don't take anything, so I'll have the butler bring you in some fruit punch just as soon as he gets it fixed up. (To his wife) "Here, dear, won't you take a little sip?"

Mrs. Martin. Now, you know, Albert I never drink.

Mr. M. Well, I thought you might just on this occasion.

Mrs. M. Well, I'll drink this little sip of water and it means just as much.

(As Albert is busy putting the tray up on the back-stand, Mrs. M speaks)

Mrs. M. Mr. Holly, I know you're a great genius and a famous man and all that, but I just-- before I ever-- before I'd ever met you, I read a little of some of your books.

John. Well, its awfly nice of you.

Mrs. M. Now, I've got you here- you've got to stand it!

John. Well, what's wrong-- fire away.

Mrs. M. Well, the books that I read-- that picture that I saw last night taken from your book--

John. Yes, it is pretty bad, I admit, but I don't think that's altogether my fault. Not a very artistic production, I'm sorry to say.

Mrs. M. Oh, I guess it was artistic, all right, but I mean-- I just can't understand why you have all that kissing and hugging in your books. You authors just don't seem to write about nothing but love and all kinds of lov, too-- they just seem to write about nothing but passion and kissing, and women chasing after men, and

men chasing after women. I just-- it just boils us all up, and all the women of our Reform Association are of exactly the same mind. You know, there are lots of people that don't like that sort of thing.

John. Well, I'm awfly sorry, but we try to write about life as it is.

Mrs. M. Well, I think you could find parts of life much better than some of the things you write; of course, I really shouldn't say this, since you're my guest, but I just thought maybe it might have an impression on you and do some good.

(She turns to some papers as though to push them out of her the way, as she finishes her speech, and John ~~was~~, whose memory is evidently much better than her's, says in a low voice)

John. Well, of all the-- say, don't you remember?

Mrs. M. What did you say, Mr. Holly?

Holly. (after a pause) Oh nothing, I was just thinking about the old Rockridge Church, I think you went over there once or twice, didn't you?

Mrs. M. Yes, you know, I remember being up in that country and about all I remember-- that's distinct~~ss~~ in my m~~e~~mory-- was going to that church-- regular~~ly~~, oh, that was a long time ago.

John.(gives her a) look,then smiles a sophisticated smile) You know, I'm afraid I'll have to be going soon. They all want me to see the matinee they've made some changes in the picture, and then I'm going to have father and mother and Will ~~a~~d Evelyn, and all of you, if you would just like to come, over to the hotel for a big dinner and a little celebration tonight.

Mrs. Martin. Oh, you must-- you ought to wait just a few minutes My daughters are coming in for luncheon; they go to a private school here, and Jerry,'that's my oldest, she's mad about your books. I try to keep her from reading some of 'em-- excuse me-- but I guess she must have sneaked them in, for she seems to know about most all of 'em. What time is it, Albert?

Albert. Well, it's 12:30, they should be in any minute.

(Atthis, there is a door,left of the open window, through which the flowers of the garden can be seen, and the California sunlight is seen, which opens. It is on a raised platform and there are three or four steps leading down. A brilliant, slim brunette, with loose short hair pushed back of her forhead, a sophisticated, alluring sub-deb, enters. She stands for a few seconds at the top of the steps, in an alluring, graceful pose. As she comes down the steps, she pauses again, her eyes fastened on John.

(There follows a younger sister, a palish blonde, much resembling Evelyn in her youth. A boy is by her side. The young blonde girl speaks)

Younger girl. Won't you come in, Bob?

Bob. No, I've got to get back to school. Remember, I get all the dances tomorrow night!

Blonde girl. Didn't I promise?

Bob. Sure, and wear my pin!

Blond girl. Did I ever wear anyone's else?

Bob. No. No. Hurray! Hurray! Be seein' you!

Jerry (the older daughter, brunette) comes nearer.

Mrs. Martin. Jerry, this is Mr. John Holly, the author. My daughter, Mr. Holly.

Jerry. He doesn't need any introduction. I know him by his pictures; he looks just like I imagined he would (she comes down towards John)

Albert. Now, Mr. Holly, you don't want to eat that lunch~~e~~on at that hotel. You stay here and have one with us.

John (with a little flash of a look at Jerry) Well, I rather think

you're right-- I would like to have a home-cooked meal for a change.

Jerry. Hurray!! And won't I knock these girls at school's eyes out when I tell 'em I just had luncheon with the great Mr. John Holly.

Albert. Well, I'll go out and get everything started.

Mrs. Martin. Now, don't you interfere, Albert (this to Albert as he is disappearing) Never mind, I'll have to go and see about it, myself; if he starts interfering with the servants, I won't have any. (She follows Albert out of the room)

(On the other side of the room, a nurse enters. Evelyn rises.)

The nurse. You better let me take her and put her to bed she needs her sleep.

Evelyn (still holding baby) No, that's all right-- I'll take her.

(She goes off, following the nurse, and Will strolls after them)

(The little blonde daughter gives a look at John and Jerry and goes off with Evelyn and Will)

Jerry. (Flaunting her sex, alive, vivid) Say, you're the one man in all the world I wanted to meet, Mr. Holly, you know I've read everyone of your books, and I just love 'em and, boy, was that picture last night hot? Well, I'm saying.

John (taking her in) I'm certainly glad you liked it.

Jerry. Oh, how I just wanted to meet you!

John. I'm glad about that.

Jerry. You do write the grandest love scenes of anybody living-- or dead, either. Say, Mr. Holly, what are you doing tonight?

John. Well, I don't know; you know, I don't go around so very much-- I mean, in strange places like this. I don't know anyone much here.

Jerry. Its a moonlight-- there's going to be a moon tonight.

John. There was a moon last night-- glorious moon. I took a ride by myself-- the air was all full of the odor of orange blossoms, honeysuckles, flowers. Oh, I knew how beautiful it was-- My God, this is the most glorious country-- and yet, I was never so lonely in my life.

Jerry. You mean you were riding by yourself?! No women?

John. Nary a one.

Jerry. I don't know how I can believe that, cause you're supposed to have had more love affairs than most anybody in this country-- more women crazy about you than you could count. Oh, I know, I've read and heard.

John. Well, don't believe everything you read or hear; to have had all the love affairs I'm accused of, I'd have had to be twenty men instead of just a poor one.

Jerry. Listen, Mr. Holly, I've got to go back to school soon, but before they come back-- (pause) I've got a spiffy little roadster all my own - a Chrysler. I hate to say this, but don't you think you could get away for tonight-- and we will ride through the moonlight and honeysuckles and all, and then you won't be alone. Oh, we'll ride and ride and ride, and you'll talk and talk, and talk!

John. Say, that sounds magnificent-- you know, you are certainly some beautiful creature.

Jerry. My God, I hope you really mean that.

John. But I'm old enough to be your father-- grandfather,almost.

Jerry. Don't pull that stuff. I like 'em old. I tell you what to do, Mr. Holly -- get it right-- just 4 doors before your hotel the main entrance, there is a Gent's furnishing store--name is Jacob-- right out of the bible.

John. I know - I bought some handkerchiefs there this morning.

Jerry. Well, at eight o'clock exactly, I'll be there. Its a Chrysler roadster-- come and hop in and we'll go places.

John. Well, what'll your mother and people say?

Jerry. Oh, I-- don't make any difference, I'm my own boss-- I'm always gypsying around. They can't tie strings to us girls now-a-days, thank God.

John. By God, I'll do it, I'll be there!

Jerry. If you're not, I'll ring you at the hotel and come up and grab you.

(Both with suppressed enthusiasm, on fire)

Jerry. They're coming back (in a low passionate tone) I'll show you things! everything-- oh, this is going to be my night of nights! And for this night you're going to be my man!

John. Okay, my girl.

Jerry. That's the talk, and I know a parking place where there's never anybody, away up on a high mountain, and the ocean's below, and the moon will be shining on it tonight-- just like you write about, Darling.

John. You darling. Jesus, I'm glad I met you.

Jerry. You'll be gladder still before this night's over, sweetheart. Oh, into the moon, into the moonlight, we'll ride-- into the moon!

John. Through the flowers, through the perfume of the honeysuckle and the roses and the orange blossoms, and the tang of the ocean, into the moon-- right smack into the heart of the moon, we'll ride and ride, and ride!

(Albert and his wife come, bursting into the room.)

Albert. Well, everything's all ready. Sorry to have left you alone so long.

Jerry (in an unconcerned voice) Oh, I think I entertained him. I was telling him how much I liked his books.

John (also in the same unconcerned tone) Yes, You know we authors just love all the-- we just "eat up" all the praise we can get, and Jerry's a good hand at it.

Albert. Well, come on-- luncheon is all set -- mint juleps 'n everything.

Jerry. Go on in, Daddy (in a voice that is used to running her parents) go on in, daddy-- we're coming.

Albert, And I'd like, afterwards, to take you for a ride, Mr. Holly, and show you our golf club-- well, just give you a nice ride around the town.

John. Thank youvvery much. I wouldn't mind a ride, its a beautiful town you have here.

Albert. Oh, yes, prettiest town in California, we think -- some marvelous rides around.

(After they go upstage, Albert repeats, "Come on, now-- come on in."

Jerry. We're coming. (Turning to John, in low voice) You like to ride?

John. Yes, with you, into the moon!

Jerry. This very night, darling-- ride-- and ride- into-the moon!

Curtain.

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SCENE - "The Jennie G. Snap"

This is a very democratic institution. It is a long room. There is a soda fountain to the right, behind this soda fountain a long smeary mirror, around the mirror is a painting of lilacs with lilacs hanging down. For decoration, a very outstanding advertisement of the cigarette girl in a nicely painted, very scanty bathing suit. Behind the counter at the end is a part of a boiled ham and dishes for making sandwiches. Limburger cheese with onions and ham sandwiches are about the only food served. Above this is a refrigerator - uncertain temperament - giving to gurgling and jumping occasionally. These sudden outbursts of this refrigerator are often so violent as to shake a large coal stove. This stove has a pipe going directly up to the ceiling. Down the center of the room is a curtain attached to brass poles that divides the purer side of the establishment from the more desolate crowd that drink beer and even occasionally spike their coke with strong water. To the left of the curtain are two booths with tables. On each side of these booths are benches. There is a small entrance and curtains between them and the audience that can be used when the characters that occupy these booths want seclusion.

At opening of scene a middle-aged gentleman is busy sucking coco cola out of a bottle through a straw. A youngish woman is taking off a couple of bottles from the counter off left. Two young girls just dropping in from High School. Another young girl comes busily in. They exchange salutations.

Omnes

Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!

The third young girl looks over the counter, sees no one there, goes rapidly around the counter, slices off a piece of ham, places it between two slices of bread just as the waitress reappears.

Third Girl

Hello, Jennie! I'm hungry. Here's a nickel.

Waitress

(Mechanically)

Thanks.

Third Girl

(Airly)

O.K.

(Goes on to first young girl, tears her Coca Cola bottle out of her hand and takes a good drag.)

First Girl

Hey! That's the last!

Third Girl

Don't be stingy.

Another group breezes in. Sit at table left of curtain but not in booth.

Omnes

Ay, it's cold. Oh! Good! I'm hungry. Well, I'm just telling you what he said to me.

Two of the young girls no more than sit down until they spring up - push through the curtain -

The Girls

Three cokes, Jennie.

back to table.

Randolph Crittenden. He is very lean, very tall, and lanky. He is fairly well dressed but clothes unpressed and hang loosely about him. He has a light weighted old overcoat and a slouchy soft hat. He comes in rather quickly, sits himself down by the side of the table where the three girls are already seated. In this scene there is none of the stagy hello business, as the things they do now they do practically every day.

Randolph

(As he sits down - nonchalantly and quietly)
Hello.

Only one of the girls answer him. Others do not resent his off-handness but merely don't think the affair worth talking about.

A Girl

Hello!

Randolph only lifts his hat partly off his face which does for a salutation, pulls one knee up to a level with his chin, resting his foot on the top round of the chair. From this nonchalant position surveys the world in general. The girl with the sandwich - hands

are resting on the table - still holding the partially eaten sandwich. Randolph tosses her wrist casually in his hand and equally reserves -

Randolph

How's the meat?

At the same time raising her hand and, of course, the sandwich to his lips and tosses a fair sized bite. Not arousing or causing a scene about it. Just very casually and quietly. He restores the hand, and the girl in a dull manner shows no resentment or that anything out of the ordinary has happened. Randolph then tosses the bottle that belongs to one of the other young girls, politely removes her straw which she holds in her right hand - lifts her bottle of coke - tosses a good sip - restores the bottle - leans over the table looking at a small fashion book that two of the girls are pouring over.

B Girl

(Looking at magazine)
Frankie has got a coat just like that.

C Girl

Well, she is tall. Looks better on her than it would on you.

B Girl

I don't know. I'm nearly as tall as she is.

C Girl

Oh, you are not. You only think you are. She's tall.

Randolph

Sure she's taller than you are.

B Girl

How did you get in this?

Randolph

I know. I measured her last night. Tall and broad and awfully sweet.

B Girl

You told me that last week.

Randolph

Sure, but that was another day.

At this a young girl of about sixteen enters. Rather darkish clothes - a coat the length of her skirt. She doesnot wear a hat. Her hair,

which is very dar, is pushed back off of her forehead. At the side it has a belligerent sort of a wave. There is something slightly belligerent about her, yet, this hardly expresses her attitude. The attitude is slightly dressy but not aggressive - not too much so. She passes the booth where the gentlemen, after finishing his meal, is idling away his cigarette. As she does so she says, "Hi". (This one syllable exclamation which she uses quite often is done in a sharp rising inflection.)

man at table

Good evening!

The girl, without seeming to look either right or left, passes the little group at the table left of the curtain. Utters the same salute -

Hi Girl

Hi!

Two other girls murmur an unconcerned"Hello." She reaches over behind the counter, turns on water faucet, gets herself a glass of water, throws it down. As she does so, Jennie C. enters with a tray of three empty coke bottles. The girl, having finished her water, strides off - meets Jennie C. - tosses the old familiar sterotype greeting.

Hi Girl

(Repeating)
Hi!

Out she goes - then after thus in reaching the world stocks rapidly off.

Lights come up on table at which Randolph Crittenden is seated. Randolph begins casually bragging.

Randolph

Yes, all the men in our family were tall. Maw says I'm the shortest one. Of course, we came from Virginia. Maw said that John Randolph of Roanoke was one of our ancestors. Yes, that's why I left Chattanoogs. It wasn't much. You know we Randolphs and Crittendens are quick on the trigger after being in this country.

A Girl

Did you really shoot him?
(In only slightly concerned tones)
Did you really shoot him, Ranny?

Randolph

(Pleasantly)
Randolph to you, Miss Perkins. That's what they say. Well, a gentleman must protect his honor. Of course, it's not like the old days. They say father hardly enjoyed his breakfast unless he had a shooting before breakfast, and as for grandfather, why he practically lived on gun powder and used the small pistols to pick his teeth with.

C Girl

(Still looking at fashion book)
That's a good coat but I hate that cheap imitation fur.

B Girl

I don't. If I can't have sables and mink rap me in bunny.

Randolph

Wait until my inheritance comes in. I'll buy you all - well, rabbit coates anyhow.
(Slightly grandiloquent)
Yes, as a Kentuckian descended from Kentucky I expect to hold up the honor of our name. You know, I have been greatly encouraged by prospects in Louisville.

As Randolph begins to sail up in the clouds of ostentation Jenny G. calls.

Jennie G.

(In slightly lifted tones)
Ranny! Time for you! Oh, Ranny! Take over the counter!

Randolph is not at all perturbed by this interruption that he fancies.

Randolph

O.K.

He takes up the empty coke bottles on the table, saunters over behind the counter, takes his empty bottles from the girls leaning against the counter. A middle-aged lady enters.

Mrs. Bington

One ice cream cone.

Randolph goes on to fill the order.

Randolph

Pretty cold food for this time of the year, isn't it?

Mrs. Bington

Well, I'm the one that's getting it.

Randolph

Yes, guess you are. Pretty cold just the same.

Mrs. Bington

Have your own way.

Randolph

I hear you come from down in the southern part of Kentucky. There are a few Crittendens and Randolphs down there, ain't there?

Mrs. Bington

May be but I never heard of them.

Randolph

Well, if there are any of them down there you would have heard of them.

Mrs. Bington

(Looking him over)
I guess we'd heard of them too.

Randolph

Yes, they are not - our family is not a family that isn't noticed. They have been here about every since Virginia and Kentucky was settled. You know I'm - you know, in direct descent, I am the last of the race.

Mrs. Bington

(With some sarcasm)
Petered out to almost nothing, didn't they?

Randolph

Well, I'm just starting you know. They may hear from me yet. Yes sir, I'm just starting.

Mrs. Bington

(Looking at the counter)
See you give yourself plenty of room to go places.

Lights dim down on all except booth far left. At end of this booth comes a middle-aged woman accompanied by a young and beautiful girl - Mrs. Timberlake and her niece, Bessie.

Mrs. Timberlake

Now you just sit down here, Bessie. I have got, just got to have that out with that lawyer now.

Bessie

All right, Aunty.
(Smiling)
You know what Mr. Guthrie said. He wouldn't let me be caught dead in this place.

Mrs. Timberlake

Oh, well, you just stay in here for a few minutes. There isn't any other place to go. I do hear it's pretty bad - all over here and everything and those young girls. They were smoking cigarettes right out in public.

Randolph enters.

Randolph

Hello! Hello! Anything I can do for you?

Mrs. Timberlake

Well, Bessie has to stay here for a few minutes, I suppose I ought to buy her something.

Randolph

No, no. Not at all. Nobody ever does - just sort of a meeting house. Bring in your knitting and everything.

Mrs. Timberlake

(Not very quick on the up-taking)

Never thought of that. Didn't bring any knitting.

Randolph

Well, of course, you didn't have to. That was just sort of theory speaking as it were.

Mrs. Timberlake

Are you the waiter?

Randolph

Oh, my dear lady - a thousand times no.

Mrs. Timberlake

Well, what <u>are</u> you doing?

Randolph

Well, at the present I am just helping the lady out.

Mrs. Timberlake

How is that?

Randolph

Well, I'm just waiting.

Mrs. Timberlake

Thought you said you weren't a waiter.

Randolph

Well, I am and I am not.

Mrs. Timberlake

When do you expect to make up your mind?

Randolph

Well, lets forget the whole business. I am, in fact, as perhaps you may know, Randolph Crittenden of the Virginia Randolphs and Crittendens, but at present, owing to circumstances, I am in sort of a state of adversation.

(All of this politely and rapidly)

And if you would like a coke, ham sandwich, beer or anything, I'll bring it to you.

Mrs. Timberlake

No, thank you. My niece will just wait. You said it was all right. I am coming back in a few minutes and I want a glass of milk.

Randolph

The fluid will be waiting for you, guaranteed from our very best cow.

Mrs. Timberlake exits.

Randolph

(Turns to Miss Bessie)

I don't mean to be personal but you get better looking every day, which is quite a thogh job, if you ask me, because you were the prettiest little honey I ever saw in my life.

Bessie

You seem to be in good practice today.

Randolph

Yes, I'm pretty good. I'm just a man that - well, a man that don't know about love business isn't worth talking to. Not meaning to be vain or anything, but I know that love business from A to Z. There was a leading ? in Chattanooga. The very last time I saw her she said to me, "Honey, when you talk you make the roses blossom in the winter time." But, Miss Bessie, I'm serious with you. You've got everything.

Bessie

Oh, thank you.

Randolph

You know, Mr. Taylor is taking half a dozen people down to the Henry Clay in Louisville tomorrow afternoon for a little swimming party in the pool. Miss Bessie, I want you to go with me. Get out your old swimming suit. The water is nice and warm and we'll have a grand time.

Bessie

I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Crittenden. I'm going to tell you something. I suppose it will give you a laugh, but there is no man living, that has seen me in a bathing suit yet.

Randolph

Well, I'm not laughing.

Bessie

Well, you can if you want to.

Randolph

Don't smoke cigarettes or nothing, to you?

Bessie

Not yet.

Randolph

Suppose you go to church every Sunday? Every sunday morning at eleven o'clock? Find you at church at your mother's apron strings?

Bessie

No, not quite.

Randolph

Why, don't your mother go to church?

Bessie

(Quickly)
It happens that my mother is not living.

Randolph

(With a sincerity)
Oh, gee, excuse me - excuse me. I'm just a blame damn fool.

Bessie

I thought you knew that.

Randolph

Oh no. You know I have only been here a short time.

Bessie

Yes, but it's such a small place - everybody knows everybody's business.

Randolph

What church do you go to.

Bessie

The Baptist. I sing in the choir.

Randloph

Gee, that's great. I'll be around next Sunday.

Bessie

That'll be good.

Randolph

I should say it will be good. Listen, when I start singing in

Randolph (Continued)
that choir - - you know in Owensboro, when I sang in the choir there - - that is a methodist church - - I had only been there a few weeks when they said the attendance had changed something tremendous.

Bessie
For the better?

Randolph
Yes - why yes - why of course.

Bessie
Why I thought you said you came from Chattanooga.

Randolph
Oh - I - no, no - I was born in Shelbyville. Oh I've been all around, Chattanooga, Owensboro. Why I was in Cincinnati for two weeks.
(At this Mrs. Timberlake reenters)

Mrs. Timberlake
Go a on, Bessie. Mr. Roberts said he would have to see me next week.

Bessie gets up.

Randolph
(As Bessie exits)
Call again!

Randolph exits. Comes back to fountain. Several young men have joined the group of girls.

First Young Man
Hello, Kanny! Saw you were busy and we waited on ourselves. Two cokes and a bottle of beer.

Randolph
Thanks.

A Girl
(At table)

As one of the boys has put a nickel in the victrola it begins to grind out some swing music. She gets up - goes to the boy leaning over the table. He is dressed in a leather jacket - sweater underneath. She gives him a little slap on the sholder, peeps down in the pocket of the jacket, pulls out the handkerchief, spreads the points out. He leans his head against her's while she does this.

Boy

Pretty, pretty.

Next to them A Girl, who is alone, is standing with her back to a boy and is busily combing her whole hair, which leans to the rap of her hands. A Girl is quietly chewing gum but not in an exaggerated manner of the stage.

A Girl

Oh, that's good enough. Come on let's dance.

In all this there must be no suggestion of obvious sentimental business. It's just the love play of adolescence but seen in thousands of places throughout the country. As in these small towns, they all know each others families and also the young girls go much further than they would dare to in the larger cities. Owing to the code, particularly, the boy will only go as far as the girl is willing. To exceed their bounds might mean real trouble. Too easy on the trigger to invite any rash attempts at forcible seduction, etc. About three couples get up and do their version of the "Big Apple".

C Girl

(After a short dance)
My goodness me. It's five o'clock. I've got to go home and get supper.

B Girl

I'll be going with you. I want to do some lessons before supper time.

As they are getting on coats several of the girls are lalogagging with the boys. The Hi Girl of the previous scene enters, repeating the same business, goes by each group with the familiar "Hi". Only one of the boys in the first group answers, with an unconcerned "Hello". Hi Girl goes to the counter, reaches down as before, but instead of getting a glass of water turns to Randolph as she picks up a bottle of coke in one hand she gives him a nickel with the other.

Hi Girl

Hi!

Randolph

Hi, yourself! Fooled me.

The girl turns her head sharply in assent as she goes quickly out - taking the bottle of rum with her.

The general lights are coming up. The others are putting on coats. General exodus of the young girls. A small group of older men enter.

Leader of the Group

Three beers!

They take their beers and drink out of the bottle - standing at the counter.

Second Man

This is a great place. The kids sort of clean out about this time of the afternoon.

Third Man

Yes, and the beer drinkers come in. Is that the idea?

Second Man

Oh, not exactly stated that way. The sheep and the goats are sort of mixed up all the time here.

Lights darken and come up again. The two booths to the left fully illumined. A middle-aged man in costume resembling that of a hunter, accompanied by a young man similarly dressed, enter. They are trappers, followed by a woman in late middle-age. She has a massive square-jawed face. She is accompanied by a well dressed beautiful vivid girl. Her costume should be modeled on the flamboyant style of the Bazaar motion picture actresses. Middle-aged man, Mr. Ware. Young man, Mr. Boyle. The elder woman, Mrs. White. And the young girl goes by the name Afrie. As they enter they are met by Randolph.

Ware

Bring us the usual.

Randolph

Coming up!

As Randolph exits right, the party comes down to the two booths. The girl flounces into the booth left. The two men take the seat beside her. Mrs. White starts to sit with them and then instead takes her place in the other booth.

Ware

Come on, sit down here, Lizzy.

Lizzy White

No, too crowded.

Lizzy White

No. Too crowded.

Boyle

Oh, come on - plenty of room.

Lizzy

No. This is good enough for me.
(She speaks in rough nosed, rather loud voice)

At this Randolph enters with four bottles of coke and four glasses.

Randolph

Here we are!
(Sets down the bottles and glasses)
If you all want anything else, Mrs. Jinkins will wait on you.
(He stops and looks with great interest at the beautiful young Afrie)

Randolph

If you don't mind I might come back and join you.

Lizzy

Sure.

Ware

It's O.K. by me.
(As he is talking he is taking out a pint of whisky and is busy mixing it with a coke.)

Afrie

(Speaking with a magnetic low vibrant draw)
Yes, come back.

Boyle

(Now has the whisky bottle - speaking to Lizzy)
Here it is.
(At the same time he offers her the bottle.)

Lizzy

No thanks. I'll use this. I know what it is. Made it myself.

As she speaks she takes out another pint bottle. She has on a rather old rough mink coat - made out of the second class mink - habitant to the neighborhood. She has a little trouble getting the bottle out from a large pocket shown in her rough strongly made dress, and in doing so, unpreceived by the others, takes out of one side of this double pocket a 32 revolver. She puts the revolver quickly but carefully back and throws a heavy weight slug into her glass of coke.

Boyle

That's a damn lousy collection of pelts we've got so far.

Mary

That Floydcross section is the place. I got the best run of minks over there last year I ever got.

Boyle

You must have got them all. About all we have got so far is skunks and coons.

Lizzy

(Inducting her coat)
Well, you don't see no better coats than this anywhere.

Randolph

(Enters carrying his bottle of beer. She takes a seat out of the beer bottle)
Well, here's how - success is on the way at last. While killing time until my inheritance comes in, I've been doing some writing. Just had a letter from the publisher in New York saying it was great stuff - send them more.

Afrie

Oh, Mr. Randolph, so you are a writer now?

Randolph

Oh, just a bit of verse and short stories and that sort of thing. I was always a great admirer of General Morgan our great confederate raider.

While he seems to address the general company we feel [redacted] that he is talking for the benefit of Afrie alone.

Randolph

(Reciting)
Down Kentucky gragrant lanes
Where sweet wild roses blow
Laughing o'er their saddle bow
Comes Morgan's men.
Their leaders swearling wide,
Saddle clanking at his side
Reined his horse a bower beside
And looked on Helen standing there
Not in the wide world none so fair
As Helen with her golden hair.
(He finishes these lines, throws a deflecting look at Afrie)

Afrie

That's beautiful - beautiful.
(Takes a good swig at her drink at the same time.

Randolph

Wait until I get a few more drinks then I'll really get hot.

Afrie

I - oh, I do so love poetry.

Lizzy

You know, Afrie was the smartest girl in the Louisville High School. Writing poetry and that sort of stuff was just "nut soup" to her. You know she named herself.

Randolph

She did a good job - Afrie -
(Drawing out the last word)
That's a name you could sing. What does it mean?

Afrie

The full name is Afrie Deity.
(This with a beautiful pose)
You know I was born on the sea. I was born on the foam of the sea.

Randolph

I believe that all right.

Afrie

My sisters were Astrareth, Lillith, Isthar, and Isis - goddess of love.

Ware

(Reading a small dirty looking notebook)
Seven skunks to you. Four for my traps. How many coon skins did you get yesterday?

Boyle

(Who is being wrapped up in contemplation of Afrie)
Oh, forget the business. I came around here to get drunk.

Lizzy

(Who has been watching Boyle's deep attention to Afrie. Just throwing down a whisky without benefit of the coke)
Boyle! Boyle! Come over here.
(With what she thinks is a fascinating smile but in reality is more of a leer)
I got something to tell you - something important.

Boyle

Play-kidding me all right, Lizzy. I'll be right over.

Lizzy

Hurry up, deary.

Boyle

Soon as I finish this drink.

Randolph

Because me, miss Afrie. Are you working now in Louisville?

Lizzy

(Laughting)
Her work. Work - that's a good one.

Afrie

Oh yes, I'm studying now. I'm studying dancing.

Randolph

That's great.

Afrie

I sometimes dance for a few special friends at the management at the Greyhound. You meet the most interesting men. I met Mr. Venington only last week. You know, the New York Veningtons. He dropped $10,000 at Roulette that night.

Randolph

My goodness, that's a fortune.

Afrie

To him - just a trifle. And he came to my table for consolation. Afterwards we danced and danced and talked and talked -
(At this Afrie opens her coat, incidentally her dress a little)
He talked like an angel - not like one of those insipid angels, but an angel with crimson wings.

Boyle

(Fascinating - leaning closer)

Afrie

(In sotto voice - warning)
Watch out! Watch out! Don't, don't! She's watching.

Randolph

He lost a lot of money last month at West Baden but it was not important. When I get my inheritance -

Lizzy

(Gets up, crosses to Boyle and takes him by the arm)
Come on, honey, Come over and talk with me.
(At first with honey tunes, then angrily)
Come on, I said.
(She pulls Boyle up and across to her own place.)

Boyle

(Putting his arms around her)
That's all right, honey. I'm here, ain't I?

Ware, freed of his rival, pulls Afrie over to him, snuggling close against her. After a short mild snuggling, Afrie disengages herself.

Afrie

Don't, don't ruffle - you'll

By this time the party shows plainly the effect of the liquor.

Randolph

(In maudlin manner)
To all the wide world
Where ever I may roam,
I'll come back at last
To the feet of my foam,
My foam.

Lizzy

(To Boyle in maudlin and guttural tones)
You big, handsome boy. You - my honey lamb - my dear, dear old sugar lump.
(While one hand is pawing him the other inadvertently pulls out the pistol with which she seems to be toying)
My honey - lousy buster. Mama'll put a bullit in you some day - as sure as Christ.

Randolph

(Singing drunkly fragments of a jazz song)
I love you by night, I love you by day. I could just kiss your life away.
(At this Randolph seizes Afrie)
Kiss me, baby. Kiss me.

Ware

(Disengages his hands in a terrible flair of rage)
Take your hands off of her.
(At the same time his hand inadvertently reaches back in his hip pocket)
Do you want your damn guts blown out? Let her alone.

Afrie

Don't! Don't! What are you doing?

Boyle

Cut it out. What are you trying to do, start something here?

Afrie

Yes! For Peet's sake, pipe down.

Lady in charge of the restaurant comes in.

Jennie G.

If you people can not behave yourselves I'm just not going to let you come in here any more.

Ware

(Straightning up - taking his hand away from the threatening pocket)

Ware (Continued)
Oh, that's all right. I didn't mean nothing.
(Mixing up drinks)
Have a drink - forget it.

They all take drink except Lizzy who is watching Boyle.

Boyle
(To Afrie)
Take it easy girly. Take it easy.
(This with great solicitude)

Afrie
Oh, but it's just terrible. Why are the boys always fighting over me.

Boyle
Oh, that's all right duckie an angel. Sorry that things had to go on like this before you.
(Patting her a little too affectionately on the shoulder - the one furtherest from him so it forces him to put his arm around her.)

Lizzy
(To Boyle)
It's all quiet now, honey. Come on back. Come on back.

Randolph
(After the trouble is subsided - impressively)
Well, they say I killed a man once. I don't want to have to do it again but I could.

Ware
(Starts as though to resent this, thinks better of it)
Oh, forget it kid, forget it.

Lizzy
Yes, we came in here for a good time. If you ask me, this is a hell of a way to have a good time.

Boyle
(Puts his arms around Lizzy)
My sweet - my baby, baby, baby.

While Boyle is embracing Lizzy, he is looking at Afrie to whom he gives a leering smile and wink.

Afrie
That's - that's right. Now, let's everybody be friends.
(Breaks into song)
"Love thy neighbor, You'll find it pleasant labor -"

Randolph

(Taking up the song)
"Love thy neighbor -"

Tara

(singing)
"We won't go home until morning, We won't go home until morning -"

Boyle

Come on, let's go please.

Lizzy

Wuan't get too drunk. Save up for my birthday - Saturday night, remember.

Boyle

That's right. Saturday night is going to be the big works.

Lizzy

(To Randolph)
You're going with us, ain't you?

Randolph

Yes indeedy - yes indeedy.
(Sings)
"Way down yonder in the corn-field -"

Crowd joins in drunkenly.

"Way down yonder in the corn-field -"

Curtain.

Timberlake home. An old-fashioned sitting room. Fireplace left. The room is of an irregular shape. There is a long window through which can be seen, stained glass windows of the village church. Mr. Timberlake, a middle-aged man is sitting near the fireplace. The Aunt, whom we have seen before, and Bessie are just finishing cleaning up the supper dishes. There are three children, ranging from about seven to twelve years of age, busily at work with their school lessons. They occasionally pause and take a look to Bessie to ask her a question. Occasionally is heard the drone of the preacher's voice in the church.

Aunty

Well, I certainly do feel bad about not going to church tonight.

Bessie

Well, you went to church this morning, and you know how hard it was raining when church was beginning. I don't think it's a good idea to go out in that rain even if it is so close.

Aunty

Well, of course, I just stayed in with Harry. With that cold he has got, it would be criminal to go out.

Mr. Timberlake

Yes, Dr. Blaydes told me that I was courting pneumonia if I went out of this house for two or three days.

There is a pause as we hear a country choir in which a real shrill soprano is taking lead.

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by fear we shall see it afar -"

Aunty

Ain't that pretty.
(This in sort of a soft voice)
You know I could just die listening to pretty music.

Youngest Child

Bessie, how much is seven times nine?

Bessie

Seven times nine is sixty-three, honey. Seven times nine is sixty-three.

There is a silence while the music continues.

Boy (Of about ten)

(After a pause)
Bessie! When did George Washington cross the Delaware?

Bessie

Wait a minute. Not so fast.

Boy

Well, you know everything.

Bessie

Not quite. Oh, I know, Christmas night in 1776.

Another pause while the music continues. A knock at the door.

One Little Girl

Somebody at the door.

Reginal

Go and find out who it is.

Little Girl

You go.

Aunty

(Working at the last of the dishes)
Children, one of you go and open the door.

Reginal

Yessm, we're going.
(To the little girl, commandingly)
Go on. Go on and open that door.

Little Girl

Do it yourself.

Aunty

Children, I thought I told you to go open that door.

Reginal

Yessm, we're doing it.
(Intense whisper)
Go on and do it.

Little Girl

(In rising temper)
I won't.

A very loud knock - loud and long.

Aunty

Children! Children! Quit your fighting.

Little Girl

He makes me do everything.

Reginal

I don't neither. She won't do nothing.

Aunty

(To the other little girl who has said nothing and has been busy at her dishes)
Bettiana, you open that door.

Bettiana

Oh, my hair is not fixed.

The two children are about to come to blows across the table over this question.

Aunty

For land sakes, keep a body waiting out there all night until you two fight about it.
(Separating the two belligerents - still has the dish-towel in her hand)
Reginal Timberlake, I never saw such a stubborn boy in all my days.
(During this the religious music continues)
You know I'm busy. Go on now.

Reginal

Oh, I'm going. This time of night it ain't nobody nohow. Knock at the door at this time of night - 7:30
(Sullenly starting to open door)

Little Girl

Goody, goody, goody. Had to do it.

Boy stops at door, brushes his hair back. The business having no purpose as the hair falls right back as it was before.

Reginal

Who is it?
(As he puts his hand on the knob, not opening the door)

Little Girl

Go on and open the door and find out.

Reginal

(As he begins opening the door turns to the little girl)
Shut up, won't you!

In the meantime Bessie is busy taking off her apron - setting herself right by the mirror at back stage. Aunty wiping her hands with towel. rolling down her sleeves, etc. Again the knock is heard - louder than ever, at which Reginal opens the door with a jerk, leaving Randolph's fist knocking in the air.

Reginal

(Slightly belligerently)
What do you want?

Aunty

Ask him in. Who is it?

Reginal

(Still not opening the door any wider)
Oh, it's just that soda fountain jerker.

Cassie

(Coming down)
Oh! It must be Mr. Crittenden. Ask him in.

Reginal

(Half reluctantly)
All right, she says you can come in.

Mr. Timberlake, in the meantime, has had his hands clasped around intensly, listening to the music next door. Randolph enters with the same self-confident jaunty air.

Randolph

I thought I'd just drop in. I have never been over before.

At this we hear the preacher's voice in the church.

Voice

Now bow your heads in prayer.

Mr. Timberlake

(In quiet but commanding voice)
Children - your prayers. Children - on your knees.

All the family, obedient to their master's commands, drop on their knees and repeat the Lord's Prayer - leaving Randolph standing, slightly perplexed, as they finish their prayer. Reginal and the little girl, who have dropped their heads on the table, raise their heads and are about to get up when Mr. Timberlake continues.

Mr. Timberlake

And, O Lord, our Father, bless this little home. - -

Aunty gestures to the children and they go quickly back to their more or less worshipful attitude.

Mr. Timberlake

(Continuing)
Bless our gracious presence around us and continue to bless us with thy peace and quietude. Amen.
(Shivers a little - then in exactly the same tone, he turns to Randolph who has quite forgottn to close the door)
Close the door, young man.

Randolph
Yes, Sir. I forgot - I mean that's what I'm doing.

The door is an an old house and has to be closed a certain way. The spring not holding it opens again.

Mr. Timberlake
Try it again. It's a difficult door.

Randolph pushes it closed again. His hand is some distance above the lock as he is not on to how the door is opened. As he turns away again, the door opens.

Reginal
(In disgust)
Say, didn't you ever shut a door before?

Reginal takes hold of the door and being on to how it is done, closes the door securely.

Mr. Timberlake
(Gravely)
I don't think I have met this young man before, Bessie.

Bessie
Oh, this -
(Randolph speaking over her)

Randolph
Randolph Crittenden, is the name,sir.- of the Virginia Crittendens and I might add the Virginia Randolphs.

Reginal
(Innocently)
He's a soda fountain boy at Jennie G.'s.

Mr. Timberlake is so used to his children that he hardly hears them.

Randolph
I have just come to Cedarville. The family plantation was at Shelby.

Mr. Timberlake
(Fastening a still glance on him)
And what can I do for you, Sir?

Randolph
(Becoming slightly embarrassed)
Nothing, nothing - why, that is -
(Hesitating)

Mr. Timberlake
Don't quite understand. May I ask you why you are here, young man?

Randolph

Well, I thought I would just - just - well, you see I'm sort of visiting.

Mr. Timmerlake

That's very nice - very nice of you.

Randolph

And you see Miss Bessie - I met Miss Bessie at the shoppe.

Mr. Timmerlake

I hope not often.

Bessie

I only happened in there once, Daddy.

Aunty

Yes! I told her to stay in there while I went across to see Mr. Bullet. You see, that was the day -

Randolph

And I came to express my opinion, if you allow me to say that Miss Bessie is a very charming - well, she is very charming.

Mr. Timberlake

Thank you, Sir.

Randolph

And I wish - I just thought I would like to - like to talk to - with her.

Mr. Timberlake

Well, sir, go right ahead. She's right here. You might even sit down for a few minutes.

There is a sofa at center. Bessie is at one end and Randolph takes his place at the other.

Bessie

Has it stopped raining?

Randolph

Oh, yes. It stopped quite a time ago.

Bessie

We've been having quite a lot of rain this year.

Randolph

Yes, it's been quite damp.

Bessie

(At a loss for conversation)
It rained quite a lot last year too.

Randolph

Yes, so they tell me. I was not here.

Bessie

Yes, it was - quite sad.

Randolph

I thought, Miss Bessie, you might be interested to know, I had some good news from the publisher in the East about my poetry.

Bessie

Oh, about your poetry. That's very good, isn't it?

Mr. Timberlake

(In a dubious tone)
You write poetry?

Randolph

(Who needs some encouragement takes out his piece of paper)
This is a verse that they complimented so much from New York.
(Reciting in manner usual to young authors over their own compositions)
"Down Kentucky's fragrant lanes -"
(Stops and repeats this)
"Down Kentucky's fragrant lanes -"

At this the little girl lets out a good yawn, closes her book with more noise than necessary. Randolph stops for the interruption and again reperts -

Randolph

"Down Kentucky's fragrant lanes
Where the sweet wild roses blow,
Laughing o'er their saddle bow,
Comes Morgan's men.
(Pauses as though to get more breath to go on)

Little Girl

Daddy, goodnight. I'm going to bed.

Mr. Timberlake

All right, dear.

She goes to him and gives him a little kiss. The other girl who has fixed herself up in the rear does not kiss her daddy but says-

Other Little Girl

Me too. Goodnight.

Aunty, who has been listening, as she embroiders the sound of the needle and thread going through the material can be heard with a steady rhythmetic rasp, particularly, during the pauses.

Aunty

Reginal, now go on to bed.

Reginal

Oh, naw. I want to stay up and watch him.
(Indicating Randolph)

Aunty

Reginal.

Reginal

All right. I'm going.
(He takes up his book but does not go. Sits looking fixedly with the air of a young predatory savage at Randolph)

Aunty

(To Randolph)
That's very nice poetry.

Randolph

Well, I - Well, I didn't quite finish it.

Mr. Timberlake

(In the patient voice of one inhered to inflection)
Is there more to it?

Randolph

Oh, there's quite a lot.

Reginal

Oh, leave him alone. I want to watch him when he does it.

Aunty

Reginal, I thought I told you to go to bed.

Reginal

(An air of youthful ? )
I'm going.
(He makes another move to go but again slumps back in his chair)

Randolph

"Down Kentucky's fregrant lanes - "

Mr. Timberlake

I think we've heard that part.

Randolph

Where did I - where did I stop at?

Bessie

I think it was where - comes Morgan's men.

Reginal

Yes! You just got him there. I thought maybe it was going to be good.

Randolph

- James Morgan's men -
(Quietly so as to be sure to get through with it)
Their leaders spurring side,
Saddle cleaning at his side
Reined his horse a closer beside
And looked on Helen standing there
Not in the wide world none so fair
As Helen with her golden hair.

There's more to it but I think I will read it some other time. I'll send you a copy when it gets published.

Reginal

Oh, I thought maybe you was going to do something.

The children run up to the old-fashioned closet behind the fireplace, get out their night gowns and get behind the screen that conceals them those in the room but only partly from the audience. There is a narrow winding staircase to the right. After each one gets on their gowns, they hop-foot across the room and up the steps. Reginal follows, as did the others, gets his night gown and goes down behind the screen to change for evening. All must have the same business of running to warm their feet, which the audience sees. (As close to the fire as possible before making their escape.) As Reginal goes behind screen, the Aunt has raised her head from her knitting - turns to set it down on the table. In doing so, her face is turned toward the window. She stops transfixed.

Aunty

There - there he is again.

Mr. Timberlake

What are you talking about?

Aunty

That's the second time I have seen that man this evening. What's he always prowling around here for?
(She is very much perturbed.)

Mr. Timberlake

Oh, I guess - I imagine it's just one of that crowd. That same old bootleg crowd.

Aunty

Yes, but he looks like he is hiding at the edge of the church there. You'd better not take it so lightly, Joe. They may be waiting for you. You know you put in a complaint against them.

Mr. Timberlake

Ah, that was a long time ago. If they would have wanted to harm me

Mr. Timberlake
Oh, that was a long time ago. If they would have wanted to harm me they would have done it then. It's nothing to worry about.

Aunty
Nothing to worry about! Didn't they blow John Hutton's head off only three months ago while he was sitting in the kitchen?

Timberlake
Well, there is nobody could prove that it was that crowd. Hutton has had enemies all his life - always beginning quarrels.

Through this Randolph and Bessie have turned looking toward the window. An atmosphere pervades the room.

Aunty
Looks like he is looking in this way too.

Mr. Timberlake
Ah-h pull down the shade and you can't see him.

All this is played rather rapidly.

Aunty
Pull down the shade? What good will that do?
(Continuing)
Oh, now I think he is going.
(Going nearer the window)
Yessir - looks like a man and a girl. I can hardly see them - on the other side of the street. Yessir, it looks like she is following him. Goodness sakes alive, we've had the nicest town in the world to let prohibition - then those boot-leggers came right in here. Now and after prohibition they set a penitentiary right down outside of the town - murders and bad people all around and you know in the last few weeks I have had the most terrible dreams. I just tell you something terrible is going to happen.

At this we see Reginal wiggling his toes close to the fire as though they were sufficiently warn - dashes madly from behind the screen - rushes by Aunty. Aunty's mind being on the terror outside is caught unaware - she lets out a terrible scream. As he rushes by he gives her skirt a good jerk.

Aunty
(Screams)
Mercy!

Reginal gives a sarcastic laugh, then rushes up the steps.

Aunty

(Breathing heavily)
Goodness, I thought they had me sure.

Randolph

(Rising)
Well, if you are worried, I'll go right out and see what it is all about.

Aunty

Oh, no - I - I just think I'm sort of nervous. My dreams, I suppose. You know there is somebody - guess it's that crowd. Why do they pick next to the church? I can not understand. You know there is hardly a morning that you don't see beer bottles and whisky bottles all piled up right outside the church.

Mr. Timberlake

Oh, that's just a convenient place to throw away their empty bottles, I suppose.

Aunty

Well, I think they might be a little more considerate.

Randolph

Yes, it does seem that way.

Aunty

Well, nothing seems to bother Joe. That man isn't afraid of nothing.

Mr. Timberlake

(This without count but sincerity)
What is there to be afraid of? Everybody's fears are just in their own mind. It took me sometime to get it, but if you have faith there is nothing to be afraid of for I believe that He is able to take care of his own. There's so much beauty in life. There is nothing there to be afraid of. And I think and have faith that we are all children of God, so certainly there is nothing in death to be afraid of.

Randolph

You know, Mr. Timberlake, that's just a - just a marvelous idea.

(Looking at Bessie)
If you will excuse me, I noticed something so nice and different and sweet like in Miss Bessie's face the first time I saw her.

(Now looking at Mr. Timberlake)
I just understand now where it comes from.

Aunty

(In low voice as though talking to herself)
That's smart - feeding the cow to catch the calf.

Mr. Timberlake

(Who is always living in sort of a cloud of his own thoughts, who hears or seemingly hears only what they wish to hear and really seems not to need to hear anything as they have suffieint

Mr. Timberlake (Continued)
conversation within themselves)
Bessie was always a good girl.

Aunty
Too good for anybody around these parts. When I came into this house she just took care of the children and everything. Don't seem reasonable but almost as good as I can.

Randolph
You know, Mr. Timberlake, that - in less than another year I am going into quite an inheritance.

Mr. Timberlake
That's very good. Be sure to use it - be sure to be careful and use it to the best advantage.

Randolph
Oh, I'll do that, sir. I first expect to get myself a nice little house on the edge of the town. You see, I want a farm as a part of it - sort of behind it. Not such a large farm, but where I can chickens, hogs, etc., and yet have it close to the road so I can have a sidewalk so it will make it convenient going places - I mean church and, of course, later on, school.

Mr. Timberlake
Mr. Jessie has got a place very much like your idea. Now, since their children have all gotten married, they want to get rid of it. Only two of them - want to get nearer to the center of town.

Randolph
I have had my eye on that very place. Of course, the house would have to be fixed up. My idea was to have that new kind of insulation but on the inside so as to make it warmer in the winter. And have the cellar fixed up so they could put - well, I would want steam heat or a furnance.

Mr. Timberlake
Yes, these cold winter nights - they would certainly be nice.

Randolph
Of course, it will be sometime before I will get my inheritance and I am just scared to death I will loose that place. But, of course, there are plenty of places. It might be a better idea to build a new house entirely.
(Randolph in doing this is actually owning and building these houses. Talks rapidly with enthusiasm.)

Mr. Timberlake
Well, young man, remember - more important than anything else, whether your house be little or big, righ or poor, is to have love in it.

Randolph

(Giving a most meaning look at Bessie)
Oh, yes. There is going to be plenty of that in the house.

Mr. Timberlake

Love! Not only for your wife but for your neighbor and for the world. And most important - Love of thy God whom thou must adore before all else.

Randolph

Yes sir.

Mr. Timberlake

And now, young man, we will leave you.

Aunty

Yes, let the two young folks be alone for a spell.

Mr. Timberlake

I am not acquainted with you as yet, young man, but you seem a very good sort. You belong to our church?

Randolph

I am singing in the choir next Sunday.

Mr. Timberlake

I am very glad to hear that, Sir. I love my Bessie and I trust her.
(Smiling blindly on him)
I trust you both, so I leave you here together.

Aunty in the meantime has gone to the top of the steps.

Mr. Timberlake

(Continuing)
Bessie always retires at nine o'clock. You will remember that, Mr. Crittenden.
(Looking at the clock)
It is now five minutes of nine.

Randolph

Thank you, sir.

Mr. Timberlake goes slowly up the stairs. As he disappears around the corner -

Randolph

Your father is a very fine man. He seems a man of sterling character.
(He speaks this very loud as though he hopes the voice will carry up the steps)
Like a man who doesn't say much but means what he says.

Bessie

He does.

Randolph

(Taking out a watch)
Gee! We've only got four minutes.

Bessie

You don't need the watch, the clock will tell you.
(Indicating large clock at the side of the room)

Randolph

(Still holding on to her in low but intense rapturous tones)
Gee! It's great to be in love, my you are beautiful. It's grand. It's all cold and dark outside - all light and warm in here. Oh, love, don't you like me some?

Bessie

Yes, I do - I - I've liked you since I first saw you.

Randolph

Oh, you know, I never really loved anybody before. You know, I mean really - say down. Oh, it's so marvelous.
(Change of voice)
Goodness! Only two more minutes to tell you everything. Oh, I want - I want to tell you so much. I dream about you. When I think about you I get so hot all over. Oh my God! A minute and a half.
(He makes a move to take her in his arms - his hands on her shoulders - pulling her toward him)

Bessie

Please! Don't! Don't!

Randolph

Don't you want me to?

Bessie

(She is moving backward toward the door and he is following her)
Don't!'

Randolph

Oh please - just one - just one.
(Looking at the watch again)
I have only got a minute.
(With rising insistence)
Bessie, please.

Bessie

No, not now - now now. It's so late.

Randolph

Just a little one - little bit of one. I'll take it home with me. I'll hold it under my coat. It'll keep me warm all the way.

Bessie

No, not now. I said not now. Maybe some other time.

Randolph

I'll take it home to bed with me and cover up my head and hold it close - very close - all night long. It's only a half minute. It's less and I'll dream such dreams with your kiss.

Bessie

Don't, but I do want to tell you something. Oh, something, something very important. I do want to tell you.

The clock strikes.

Bessie

Oh my goodness!

Randolph

Go on! What was it? Tell me!

Bessie

Well, it's this - 

Mr. Timberlake's Voice

Bessie! Bessie!

Bessie

Yes, Daddy!

Mr. Timberlake

It's nine o'clock.

Bessie

Yes, Daddy.

Randolph

Go on - finish what you were saying.

Bessie

I can't. He'll be down - I tell you, he'll be down.
(Very breathlessly and rapidly)
There's a special service tomorrow night. Maybe you might take me home.

Randolph

Tomorrow? Tommorrow night?

Bessie

Yes, and I'll tell you.

Mr. Timberlake's Voice

Bessie!

Bessie

I'm coming, Father!
(To Randolph)
You just must go.

Randolph

I can't tomorrow night. I - I've got business. Is Sunday night all right?

Bessie

Yes, Sunday. Sunday night, anyway.
(rushing him out the door)

Randolph

(Whispering passionately as the door closes)
Goodnight! Goodnight!

Bessie

Goodnight!

She looks door, turns away to the steps, then goes across the room and fixes the coals at the fireplace. She turns out the light. The room is lit only by the light coming down the stair way. She looks out the window as she crosses into the light.

Bessie

(Uttering a stifled self scream - standing transfixed)
Randolph! Don't! Watch out!

Mr. Timberlake appears at the top of the steps in his old worn bedroom gown.

Mr. Timberlake

What's the matter, Bessie?

Bessie

(Recovering herself)
Everything is all right.

Mr. Timberlake

It sounded like you were startled - you were frightened.

Bessie

(In a strange voice)
Out by the church, there's some one waiting for Mr. Randolph. It looked like they were about to harm him.

Mr. Timberlake

Yes.

Bessie

They didn't - I guess it was a friend. They just went off together.

Bessie starts up the steps. Mr. Timberlake still with an air of being somewhat puzzled, turns and goes up steps - disappears from view. Bessie, half way up steps, stops, leaning over the banisters in a tragic intense position as the curtain falls.

SCENE - Interior. An old church has been made over into a residence. There is a space in front, to the right, with a door leading into the principal room. There is another door up center. The left of the church has been unchanged. There are large church windows left and one in the left center in the back. This one in the back has a weather stained and worn glass but there can be distinctly seen a figure of the Christian.

Discovered on the scene, Boyle, Mara, Lizzy and Afric, another rather youngish man and women.

A rather large victrol is going blatently at the opening. Against the wall is a church bench. In front of it a rough table. Along the left wall there are several church benches. On the pulpit steps is an old chair. Part of the pulpit is shown. As the curtain rises, three girls and two boys are entering, and are greeted by the crowd already discovered.

Omnes

Thought you'd never get here. Come right in.

The crowd discovered and those already are very much under the influence of liquor.

Lizzy

(Displaying several whisky bottles and glasses on the table)
Here's the stuff, already.

First Girl

(Of the new arrival)
My God, Bob, it's a church. What's the big idea of living in a church?

Lizzy

Ah, well, it was an old run down church. Hadn't had services for years. I got the damn thing cheap - made a house out of it. The

The right side is fairly well lit. The left side, the border of the church, is in darkness save the steady beam, recurring light from an airplane guide. These beams come through the window - light up the scene at regular intervales.

First Girl

(As she is speaking this beam of light runs by the window, left, and goes on)
My God! What's that?

Bob

It's an airplane guide, dummy.

Lizzy

Yes, that's a hot one. We get our place lit up for nothing.

Boyle

(Going left toward the isle of the church)
She's certainly shinning clear tonight.

Lizzy

(Pint bottle of whisky in her hand, taking a gulp out of the bottle, follows him, her arms around him)
Watch us when the light hits us. We look like two angels just getting ourselves married.

Third Girl and her partner are dancing boisterously to the music of the victrola.

Second Girl

(Pulling up her dress)
Don't look nobody. Can't keep my damn garter fastened.

Second Boy

(Bending over)
If you can't look at it, what was it made for then?

First Boy

Oh baby! Maggie has got on red panties. Hot stuff! Hot stuff!

The beam of light travels so that it falls on Lizzy and Boyle.

Lizzy

(With drunkened laughter, arms around Boyle's neck)
Look at - - ain't we beautiful? Mr. Jesus Christ and everybody!
(At this she indicates the figure in the window)

Afrie

(Joining Boyle and Lizzy)
Look at - and here's the sweet virgin herself.

As Afrie buts her arms around Boyle's neck, Boyles returns the caress with Ware turns from the victrola.

Ware

(Calling loudly)
Afrie! Come here! Come Here!

Afrie

(Snuggling against Boyle)
I'm doing too good here.

Vare

Come here - damn you! Come here!

Afrie

(Calling back at him)
Don't you swear at me. I don't belong to you. I don't belong to no man - to no damn man. I'm born of the sea - of the sea foam. I'm as free as the waves.

Boyle

(Embracing her again)
That's telling them, honey.

Lizzy

(Trying to disengage Afrie's arms from around Boyle's neck)
Go on won't you. You can't have all the men.
(Indicating Boyle)
This is my man.

Vare

(Angrily, starting in a threatening manner toward Boyle)
Take your arms off of her, I tell you.
(At this there is a knock at the door)

First Boy

Pipe down, you. For Cripes sake, pipe down.

The knock comes again.

First Boy

Somebody is here.
(He shouts)
Come in!

Randolph enters.

Afrie

(Disengaging herself from Boyle)
Oh, here he is now. We were just talking about you.

Lizzy

Yes, thought about giving you up.

Randolph

Hello, everybody!

Afrie

(To the group)
This is Mr. Randolph Crittenden.
(To Randolph)
Mr. Randolph, this is the gang.

Third Girl

(From the group that came in)
Oh, here's a man for me.

Afrie

(pouring a heavy drink of whisky in a glass that already has some water in it)
Get him if you can.

Randolph

No, beer is my limit.

Afrie

No beer tonight, beautiful. Got to take this.

Afrie is dressed in an inexpensive but alluring evening dress, quite low cut, thin material to show her figure to the best advantage. Randolph looks at her with undisguised admiration.

Randolph

Lady, can't refuse - just can't refuse you anything.

Afrie

That's the - that's the talk.

Randolph drinks it down.

Afrie

Come on, lets dance.

All except Ware and one couple on the steps dance a few wild steps. Lizzy is whirling Boyle around - talking as she dances.

Lizzy

I love you, honey! Ain't nobody going to get you away from me. Nobody.
(She repeats the words, singing to the music that is being played)
Nobody is going to get my man. Nobody is going to get my man.

Afrie

(To Randolph)
Say, Mr., you sure can step some.

Randolph

Anybody could step with you. Boy, this is some party.

Boyle

Eat and get drunk for tomorrow - tomorrow -

Lizzy

(Finishing the sentence)
Tomorrow is another day. That's good, tomorrow is another day.

Second Girl

(Stops as the music ceases and the dances stop)
There goes that damn garter again.

She again pretends to turn away from the crowd as she starts fixing it.

First Girl

Oh look at - there she goes again. She thinks she's got pretty legs.

Third Girl

Yes, she's always showing them. Some excuse or another.

First Boy

Yes, go on baby, show us the panties again. She's got on red panties. Pretty, pretty.

Second Girl

I will not. Shut up will you - all of you. It's my garter. I can't help it.

First Boy

Oh, come on. Give us a treat.

Third Boy

Yes, lets have a stripped-tease act.

Second Girl

(As she straightens her garter, manages to pull down the underwear so as to give them a flash)

Afrie

(Not to be outdone)
Oh, I got trouble too.
(Raises her skirt enough to give everybody a good view)

She and Randolph had just finished another drink. As Afrie had poured this it was a very hefty one, being in reality several drinks in one, and he quickly shows it's effects.

Randolph

Beautiful, beautiful. My God, they are as white as snow.

Afrie

Of course, didn't I tell you I was born of the foam. I am that way all over.

Boyle, inflamed by this gesture from Afrie, jerks away from Lizzy.

Boyle

(Seizing Afrie)
Come on. Oh, baby! Hot stuff.

Lizzy

(To Boyle)
Now let her go. Let her go, I said.

Boyle

Oh, just one more - just one good one.
(As he says this he reaches down raising her dress)

Mary

(In great anger)
Let her alone, Boyle! Let her alone!

Randolph

Take your hands off of her. She's my partner. I'm dancing with her.

Afrie

Don't fight, boys. Don't fight. Watch me. I'll dance for you all. Turn on the music.

One of the boys turn s on the victrola. Afrie goes into the center of the aisle of the old church, lifting her dressshigh, waltzing up the aisle, singing with the music. She dances up to the pulpit.

Afrie

I'm dancing as Afrie Deity did in the olden days. She used to show herself - naked - and they worshiped her. On your knees, all of you. All of youmen, on your knees. Worship me! Adore me! Love me! All of me. Love me - all parts of me. I am the goddess of Love.

Randolph applauding drunkenly, falls into a chair back of the combination table and desk. As he does this he knocks over a glass. It runs into a drawer which is slightly opened. There is a towel on the table, that they have been using, by a plate of sandwiches and a partly cut ham.

Randolph

Oh! Look what I've done.
(He seizes the towel and wipes up the table. Opens the drawer so as to wipe the inside, then with an exclamation -)
Oh! Look what I found!
(Takes out a large revolver. Flashes it drunkenly.)
I am Jessie James. I am Baby-face Randolph! Stick 'em up boys!

Girls scream, half laughing in protest.

First Girl

Put that thing down. It might go off.

Randolph

(Dropping gun)
Well, if it did go off I'd get my man. Don't like to brag, but I'm one of the best shots in Kentucky.

Kara and Boyle are to the left of the stage gloating over Afrie - hidden by the petition that goes down the church from a direct view of Randolph.

First Boy

(Going into room from door right)
Oh! Look what a nice room - couch and everything.

Second Girl

(Running into room)
First man that catches me can have a kiss.

First Boy

(Turning off the light so that the room is illumined by the passing signal light)
I'm running.
(To the air of singing in the dark he hums)
"Kissing in the dar, Kissing in the dark-"

Third Girl

Me too. Catch me if you can.

Lizzy

Where is my man?
(Calling out)
Where's my man! Boyle! Boyle, where are you!

There are flashing views of the girls running, of the men following, with screams and giggles, etc. First Girl's voice heard from inside room.

First Girl

Let me alone! I said kisses. Don't! Let me alone!

Second Girl

(Climbing over benches at the left side, persued by one of the men)
Don't, you'll tear my dress.

Man's Voice

I got you! I got you!

This continues for a little time. A rush and blur of figures with screams and false protest. Afrie at the beginning of this disappears from the pulpit through one of the doors in the petition. Boyle's voice is heard.

Boyle's Voice

Afrie! Afrie!

Kara's Voice

Where are you, Afrie? Where are you, Afrie?

Randolph's Voice

Darling, darling, of the foam!

Lizzy is discovered by lamp which she has just turned on.

Lizzy

What the hell is going on here! Come on in the light you -

Various figures come dishevelled through rooms and doors with ribald murmurs and laughter.

First Boy

(Looking at watch)
My God! It's one o'clock. We've got to drive to Louisville. Come on, everybody. Let's get going.

Second Girl

Oh, no, the party has just begun.

First Girl

That's enough out of you. We've got to go home.

First Boy

Yes, it's a long drive too and I've got to do it.
(At this he crosses to the door)

Lizzy

What's the hurry? Plenty more to drink.

Boy at the door

Save it for the next time. I'll be seeing you soon.

Second Girl

Oh, I don't want to go home.

First Girl

Out with you. Come on.

Afrie

Wait, we'll see you off.
(She exits)

Randolph

(Looking after her)
Watch the step beautiful. Watch the step.

Boyle

(To Randolph)
Say you, you think you're a fast worker, don't you?

Randolph

What do you mean - fast worker?

Boyle

(With intensity)
You know damn well what I mean.

Lizzy

(Coming out of room - to Boyle)
What are you troubling - what are you bothering about? You want to let Afrie alone.

Boyle

I'm not bothering her.

Lizzy

Don't tell me. You've been following her around like a dog all night. Where do you think you get off anyhow? Do you think I'm going to stand for that? Well, if you do you have got another guess coming.

Ware

That's right. You've got one woman, ain't you never satisfied?

Boyle

Lay off of me. Ain't this a free country?

Lizzy

(Maudlinly)
Enough to break a woman's heart, that's what it is. For cripes sake, I thought you'd get over it. If it ain't one girl it's another. No more than turn my back then you are chasing some skirt.

The sound of the automobile is heard as it goes away. Afrie enters.

Afrie

Lets turn out the little light. Turn out the little light. It's so much prettier with the search light going by.
(She tuns out the light)
Look! It's buautiful. It's making music. It's making music of life. Damn beautiful - damn beautiful.

Randolph

Yes, it's beautiful. Everything is beautiful. Afrie is beautiful

Afrie's voice is ahead. The figures are indistinguishable.

Afrie

DonIt - don't, you are hurting me. Not so tight.

A man's voice
Let her alone, damn you. I told you to let her alone.

Another man's voice
Take your hands off of her. Take your hands off of her.

Another man's voice
You damn fool, you ask for it and you're going to get it. You know who I'm talking to.

Lizzy
Shut up you drunk bastard you. Shut up!

A man's voice
(Again)
You son-of-a-bitch. I'll show you.

At this there is a fusillade of shots. A man's moan. A woman's sharp scream and then another one. In the play of light a man is seen to fall. We do not see who has fired the shot. Then Lizzy's voice in terrible drunkened sobbing moan.

Lizzy
He's dead. He's dead. Oh cripes, cripes. Oh Jesus, he's dead.

A Man's voice
Oh shut up, will you! Shut up that moaning.

The lone wailing moan continues.

Another Man's Voice
This is a he l of an out, this is.

Another Man's Voice.
Well, don't be standing around like this. We got to do something.

Another Man's Voice
What are you going to do?

Another Man's Voice
Well, we ain't going to leave him here. We've got to get rid of him some way.

Another Voice
Where are you going to take him?

Another Voice
How in the hell do I know. You can't leave him here.

Another Voice
(Rummaging at the side of the room)
Here, help me get these sacks. You can't cary him out like this. Come on, you can't stand there like a damn dummy. Come on and do what I tell you.

There is the undefined figures seen moving over the prostrate body.

One of them

The head first, dummy.

The other

My God, he's heavy.

The other

Shut up - hurry up, will you?

Lizzy

(Still moaning)
Oh, it's terrible - it's terrible. Why don't somebody shut off that damn radio?

The radio is playing a jazz number boisterously.

Man's Voice

Get it up on my shoulder. Lift, won't you. Stop your trimbling. Get yourself together.

Voice

I'm not going with you. I'm going to get away from here.

The other voice

You're not going away from here, you're going with me.

The Other Voice

Keep that gun away from me - Keep that gun out of my belly. I'll go with you - I'll go.

As the figures move toward the door, the curtain falls.

NOTE - If possible a dumb scene shown through gauze with mysterious lighting. Two figures carrying the body appears from right.

Voice

(In subdued mumbled tones)
He's heavy - heavy as hell. You carry him. It's your turn now.

Other Voice

No, no. I don't want to carry it. Oh, the blood! It's cold already.

Other Voice

(Lifting the load)
Stand still, damn you. Toss it.

First Voice

What's that? There's somebody in the trees there. Stand still.

Other Voice

Oh! Jesus!

First Voice

I don't think it's nothing.

Second Voice

Yes it is - yes it is. I see it. It's something grey - it's something gray. It's moving - it's moving.

First Voice

It's the w ind. It's moving the sycamore branches.

Second Voice

I tell you, it ain't. It's a man.

First Voice

Come on we'd better get off of this road. We'll take it to a shed. Nobody ever goes there. My God! What's that? - listen.

Second Voice

Oh! Good God! It's coming this way too. It's coming this way.

First Voice

Hurry up - hurry up. Get off of this road.

As the figure carrying the body starts to go faster he stumbles and falls.

Second Voice

Now, you done it. Get up - get up.

A light as from an approaching automobile begins lightening up the scene. It is a narrow white path of approaching doom. The sound of the approaching car growing nearer.

First Voice

Help me! For Christ's sake, help me! Hurry!

Second Voice

I am helping you.

After a time of struggle they succeed in getting the gruesome burden over the man's shoulder who had been carrying it. They started to scramble over the fence that is by the side of the road. The light now fully on them.

Voice

Hurry - Hurry! For God's sake, quicker.

The light indicates that the car is almost upon them. It switches up-stage as though the automobile was making a turn.

Second Voice

Stop! Stand still! He's going off of the road there.

First Voice

Maybe - maybe he didn't see us.

There is a sound of the car coming to a stop.

First Voice

The damn fool, he'd better stay where he is, that's all.

Second Voice

He's getting out of the car.

First Voice

He's better stay where he is, that's what I'm telling you.

Second Voice

No he ain't - no he ain't. He's getting back in the door again.

Sound of the car starting up.

First Voice

He's gone. I'm wondering if he saw us.

Second Voice

Do you think he did? Do you think he saw us?

First Voice

Oh, the hell with him. Come on, lets get off of this road.

As they stagger as though to get off og the road, lights are turned out.

SCENE - Usual court room scene. Afrie is on the witness stand. She is very becomingly dressed. A courtesy display of legs. The state prosecutor, a dapper individual with a prominent Adam's apple.

Prosecutor

You said your name was - I don't quite catch it.

Afrie

The name is Afrie.

Prosecutor

The full name, please.

Afrie

Afrie Deity Amilene Hudson.

Prosecutor

Very pretty.

Afrie

Yes, - uh - Afrie Deity means born of the foam.

Prosecutor

Yes, I remember.

Afrie

A gentleman friend suggested it. He said I was so white. I mean - my skin.

Prosecutor

Yes. We understand. Now, Miss Afrie Deity Amilene Hudson, what is your occupation?

(Rising) Counsel of Defense

I object.

Prosecutor

What grounds, Mr. Williams - -

Counsel of Defense

(Appealing to the judge)

Your honor, I claim that the young lady's occupation has nothing to do with this matter.

Prosecutor

Your honor, it is most important to know the character of the young lady, therefore, I ask that my question be maintained.

The Judge

(Mechanically)

I see no harm in this line of questioning. You may proceed.

Counsel for Denfese takes his seat.

Prosecutor

(Continuing)
I repeat the question. Miss Afrie Deity Amiens Hudson, will you please state your occupation?

Afrie

Well, Sir, I am a - - I am a - - well, I hardly know what to say.

Prosecutor

We merely ask your occupation.

Afrie

Well, I've done quite a few things. Nothing in particular.

Prosecutor

Well, will you kindly name them, young lady. One or two will suffice.

Afrie

(Smiling with satisfaction)
Well, I suppose that of an .

All the court take a note of this. The Judge rising his head in some surprise.

Prosecutor

?

Afrie

Yes, I think that's it?

Prosecutor

Will you kindly tell the court. Perhaps they have forgotten, the duties of a &

Afrie

(Now beginning to enjoy himself)
A , your honor, gentlemen, all, was, in the days of antient Greece, a very highly honored occupation.
(She hesitates)
You see -

Prosecutor

Kindly proceed.

Afrie

A society composed, generally, of young and beautiful girls who were - - the ladies - the female - companions and consolers to the important men of that day.

Prosecutor

You mean a prostitute, Miss Afrie?

Afrie

Oh, my goodness, no! They are entirely different. They are entirely different from - from that word.

Prosecutor

The word is prostitute, Miss Afrie

Afrie

Entirely different from that - entirely different from that word you just used.

Counsel for Defense

Your honor, I object most vehemently. Is it the duty of the court to drag this pure young girl's name into the mud? Outrageous! Outrageous! Never in all of my history have I heard such unseemly disgraceful examination.

Prosecutor

Your honor, I deny Mr. Williams' accusations. I demand myself from such unseemly language. Your honor, I wish to put before the court that this witness is an immaculate liar and we can not believe one word she says.

Judge

(Pounding on the desk)
Order! Order, please! Mr. Williams, I think the Prosecutor has the right to bring before the court the nature and character of this witness. You may go on.

Prosecutor

Now, Miss Afrie Deity, is it not the truth that you were an inmate of Madam Burns' house on 17th and Liberty in Louisville, Kentucky?

Afrie

Why, that's perfectly ridiculous.

Prosecutor

Please answer the question, Miss Afrie? yes or no.

Afrie

Well, I - I boarded there for a time.

Prosecutor

Oh, you boarded there.

Afrie

You see I was bery young and innocent and I just thought it was a nice regular boarding house.

Prosecutor

And you thought it was all right in this nice regular boarding house to intertain to the fullest extent - you understand me - each and every man that came to the place?

Afrie

Well, they were so lonely - - and I didn't entertain women and every man. Nothing of the kind. I had a very select set of customers, if you want to know.

Rendolph's Defense

Miss Afrie you know that this young man, Rendolph, is accused of a crime that will send him to the electric chair?

Afrie

Yes, I suppose so.

Defense counsel

Who has coached you in this conspiracy?

Afrie

I don't know what you mean, sir.

Defense Counsel

Have you talked with Mr. Young, the counsel for your mother, Mrs. Lizzy White, and Mr. Ware?

Afrie

No sir.

Defense

You know you have talked with him.

Afrie

Yes, sir, but not about this case.

Defense

Do you remember when Mr. Ware was quarrelling with Mr. Boyle over you?

Afrie

No, sir.

Defense

Well, you know that they have quarrelled over you?

Afrie

I do not remember.

Defense

Don't you remember - don't you recall in the Tea Shop in town when they raised voices so every one could hear, about you?

Afrie

I don't remember.

Defense

Didn't they quarrell over you the very day of the murder?

Afrie

I don't remember.

Defense

Didn't your mother also quarrell over Boyle's attention to you?

Afrie

I don't remember.

Defense

Miss Afrie, do you know what it means to commit purgery - to lie?

Afrie

Yes sir.

Defense

Do you attend Sunday School?

Afrie

No - no, sir.

Defense

Do you go to church?

Afrie

No sir.

Defense

Didn't you ever go to church?

Afrie

No sir.

Defense

Why not?

Afrie

I never got around to it.

Defense

And you swear on this witness stand that you never heard Boyle and Ware quarrel over you?

Afrie

I don't remember.

Defense

You were at that party on December 15th.?

Afrie

Yes sir.

Defense

How were you dressed, Miss Afrie?

Afrie

Oh, I was dressed all in white - all in white.

Defense

All in white?

Afrie

No. I had a scarlet bow here -
(Indicating bow. Afrie is all excited talking about herself)
and scarlet at the wrist.

Defense

(Quickly)
And a scarlet pettycoat?

Afrie

Yes sir.

Defense

And pink underthings, I suppose.

Afrie

No, I don't bother with them.

Family Counsel

Your honor, I object. This trial is a serious matter. What - what in the name - what has this young lady's underthings got to do with a murder trial?

Judge

Mr. Defense, I think the objection is in order. What has this line of inquiry got to do with the case?

Defense

Your honor, I wish to show to this jury the plain fact that this young lady can not remember anything of importance but has not a bad memory.
(This very quickly)
As she recalls her wearing apparel to the last minute, with and without.

Judge

Well, I sustain the objection as I think you have continued this matter far enough.

Defense

Very well, your honor. Miss Afrie, you swore in examination before trial that you repeatedly heard Randolph threaten Boyle's life.

Afrie

Yes, sir, in the cafe twice and the night of the party.

Defense

Yes, go on.

Affie

He had - he took the pistol out and threatened him there before everybody.

Defense

You know that it was not his pistol?

Affie

No, sir, I do not.

Defense

You know well enough it was Mr. Vare's pistol.

Affie

No sir. I do not.

Defense

Your honor, I am through with the witness. I think the jury is aware that she remembers only that which she wants to remember.

Family Lawyer

You may come down, Miss Affie.

Prosecutor

Mr. Randolph Crittenden!

Clerk

(Repeating)
Mr. Randolph Crittenden in the witness chair, please.

Crittenden comes to the chair. The usual swearing in process.

Prosecutor

(Taking up the sheets of paper from the desk)
Mr. Crittenden you have just sworn to tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

Randolph

Yes, sir.

Prosecutor

Your name again.

Randolph

Randolph Crittenden.

Prosecutor

You swear to that, sir?

Randolph

Of course - of course -

Prosecutor

(Looking around wisely)
Of the familiar Crittendens in Kentucky?

Randolph

Yes, sir!

Prosecutor

A very fine family. You are the heir, sir, to great traditions?

Randolph

Yes, sir.

Prosecutor

I congratulate you, Mr. Crittenden. You are also an heir to great an inheritance.

Randolph

Yes, sir.

Prosecutor

When do you expect to receive that, Mr. Randolph?

Randolph

(Hesitatingly)
Why about the beginning of next year, sir.

Prosecutor

That will be very fine.

Randolph

Yes, sir.

Prosecutor

It will be quite a sum, will it not?

Randolph

Yes, sir.

Prosecutor

So you are a Virginian born in the old dominion?

Randolph

Yes, sir.

Prosecutor

And, of course, your mother's name was Crittenden.

Randolph

Yes, sir.

Prosecutor

(Taking up piece of paper)
I am sorry to disagree with you, Mr. - Mr. - what ever your name is. But what do you say of these records?
(Reading)

Prosecutor (Continued)
born in the outskirts of the town of Simpsonville, Kentucky. Mother's name was Nanny. Was named Critter because it seemed that the family ran out of names and she started calling you Critter as it seemed to well fit you, even in babyhood. And so the only real name you possess is Critter Nanny.

Randolph
Why - this is perfectly ridiculous.

Prosecutor
Your honor, in this serious matter, here are the court records with the whole family traced.

Randolph
But - I protest - I -

Judge
Silence, please.
(Looking over papers)
These seem to be authentic enough.

Prosecutor
There is no use in denying this. It will only prejudice against you, Nanny. Tell the jury your idea of changing your name and taking that of a famous family.

Randolph
(Defeated - hesitatingly)
Well, sir, you see -

Prosecutor
Yes, go on.

Randolph
You see our family was very poor and there was so many children and I was ambitious and my name would be a handicap.

Prosecutor
So you just took - stold some one else's name.

Randolph
No, sir. I didn't steal it. I just adopted it.

Prosecutor
Took - oh, you just took it. Also, I want the jury to know that you took something once before.

Randolph
No sir. I didn't steal nothing else. I kust took it.

Prosecutor
And you also just took a human life in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Randolph

(Indignently)
Oh, no sir. Why I never even took a dog's life or a cat's or anything.

Prosecutor

Are you lying now or were you lying before?

Randolph

I'm telling the truth, sir. I'm telling the truth.

Prosecutor

Your honor, I wish to submit to the jury consideration, the sworn testimony of six witnesses, -
(Reads out six names)
who on or about the 18th day of October did hear this Critter Kenny alias Randolph Crittenden say and testify that he did take a man's life in the city of Chattanooga, state of Tennessee. What do you say to that Mr. Kenny?

Randolph

I don't remember - I don't -

Prosecutor

You don't remember.

Randolph

Well, if I said it -

Prosecutor

Oh! You admit you said it.

Randolph

Well, if I did I was only bragging and showing off like.

Prosecutor

Oh! You'd take a man's life to show-off afterwards about it.

Randolph

No sir, I didn't mean - - -

Prosecutor

You just said it.

Randolph

No sir. I said I was bragging if I said it.

Prosecutor

(Again)
And who does this inheritance come from that you are to receive - that you have just told these honorable jurymen you are to receive.

Randolph

(So stunned by the weboer-out)
What inheritance? What inheritance?

Prosecutor

(Soothingly)
Now, Mr. Manny, it was just after you had sworn to tell the truth before your God and only the truth. About the first words afterwards - on this witness stand - that you expected to receive an inheritance soon - even to the time and date.

Randolph

(In terrific despair)
Well, sir, that isn't quite the idea. You see, I -

Prosecutor

(Rapid fire intensity)
Did you not commit purgery? Did you or did you not just lie before all of us?

Randolph

Yes sir. Yes sir, I guess I did.

Prosecutor

Isn't it the truth that you have been telling nothing but lies?

Randolph

Well, sir, I am afraid I - I -

Prosecutor

You have lied repeatedly.

Randolph

Yes sir. Yes sir, I'm afraid I have.

Prosecutor

Now, on the night of December, 15 at a party, you shot and killed Homer Boyle.

Randolph

(With great intensity - outbreaking)
Oh, no sir! I never done it - I never done it. I never shot nobody - never hurt nobody. I couldn't just couldn't. I didn't do it. I didn't do it.

Prosecutor

Very good acting, Mr. Randolph. Very good.
(Taking up pistol)
Do you remember this pistol, Mr. Randolph?

Randolph

No sir, I can't say I remember that pistol. Pistols look more or less alike. I couldn't say -

Prosecutor

In the name of God and in your soul's salvation why don't you tell us the truth for once in your life?

Randolph

I am trying to tell you now, sir.

Prosecutor

That will be marvelous if we can get you to tell the truth.
(Indicating pistol)
Look at it. Look at it close.

Randolph

It looks like the pistol that I took out of the drawer.

Prosecutor

And shot Homer Boyle with.

Randolph

No sir. I never shot him. I never shot nobody. We were all drinking and I don't remember very well, but I think I did take it up.

Prosecutor

Witnesses have already testified that you not only took the pistol up but brandished it threateningly and said that you not only did shoot, but that if you did shoot that your aim was so deadly that you would not miss the target - just after you had told Boyle to take his hands off of Miss Afrie.

Randolph

If I did - Oh, everybody! If I did I was just bragging. I was just bragging. I am always showing off. But I never did it. I never did it.

Lights dim into darkness and come immediately up again. Prosecutor is summing up before the jury. Randolph is seated left with his attorney. He has his hands tightly clasped. Seems to loosen occasionally the collar as though it was tight around his neck. On the other side of the desk is Bessie Timberlake, an intense figure. She seems at times to be as one at prayer.

Prosecutor

Gentlemen, in adding to the testimony of Mr. Ware, who for thirty-five years has been a hard working unobtrusive man in his community, busy at anything to make an honest living, digging fence-holes, working wherever he could find labor to do, and following the business of trapping. Mr. Ware was a worker. It is nowhere on record where he has asked for relief, either private or public. And also the testimony of this elderly woman - of this Mrs. Lizzy White - who has lived for sometime in this vicinity, and against whom there has never been an offense of any kind charged. Both swear that this Critter Ranny, on this night of December 15th, shot and killed Homer Boyle. Add to this the many witnesses that when this Critter Ranny has dared to take the name of a family, to steal, that when the

Prosecutor (Continued)

committed this murder he only carried out a threat that he had made many times before. We do not even need the testimony of the young daughter. We admit that she has been enlivened, but, Gentlemen, we shall cast no stones at her waivemess. Remember the words, "Let him that is without sin against you cast the first stone." But I believe that she was telling the sacred truth here in this witness stand. It is an unpleasant duty to be a prosecutor, but it is my duty. I represent the great Commonwealth. Gentlemen, you have sworn to do your duty. If such criminals and murders as this Bridget Hanny is allowed at large, then no home is safe - not your home nor mine, not your children's virtue and sanctity. Why, gentlemen, out of his own mouth this man stands convicted before men and God. He had confessed to the murder of one man before. He has stolen an honored name and used it as his own. After swearing before God to tell the truth, he has the unmitigated egosity to lie to you here when he is under oath. I feel that I'm wasting words, that this man is the murderer of Homer Doyle, and I only ask that you do your duty and put this adulterer, this would be seducer of young girlhood, this drunken liar who would put upon innocent shoulders the horrible crime that he has committed. I ask that you put this sheep, lion, mad dog, merciless killer, murder, to death , that he may murder no more.

Lizzy is seated directly behind Bessie. She has been satirically taking mouthfulls of whisky out of a bottle. She leans over occasionally to pat Bessie on the shoulder.

Lizzy

(Muttering)
Don't worry, honey. Don't worry.

At this Lizzy breaks into a great drunken screaming laughter.

Lizzy

Listen to him! Ain't he grand? Listen to him! Christ cries out loud! Listen to him!

The court room looks in amazement.

Judge

Order! Silence in the courtroom!

Lizzy

Silence yourself, you old skunk.

Judge

What? Silence! Put that woman out! Lock her up!

Bailiffs start down the aisle after her.

Lizzy

(Standing up, throwing on her coat, hand on the pistol in the old familiar pocket)

Stay where you are you lousy bastards. I'll blow holes through you.

(She stands enjoying the drama - drunkenly)

"Jesus Lover of my soul Let me to thy bosom fly."

(Stops)

This is a good joke. That goody goody prossstuty. Why you old weasel, old pole cat, you offered me a pint of whisky - one measley pint to stay all night with me. The old judge - look at him. The old skunk face. And this is what you call justice.

(Again they start toward her but again she brandishes the 44)

Look at that jury there ain't a one that I haven't seen drunk in their back yard and at road houses. Who told you that they were so almighty.

Voices

Silence! Lock her up! Get her out of here!

Lizzy

Why you ain't got no more sense than to send that little lying white faced piece of limburger cheese up for murder. Look at - look at him. Why he hasn't got the guts to murder a dead fly. He killed Homer Boyle. Why Homer Boyle would spit on him and drown him in it if he was alive.

(With drunken pride)

Homer Boyle is a man, a he man. He was a lousy bastard but he was a man. That's why I shot him. Homer Boyle would bite that little twirt's ears off and spit them in his face if he was alive. And he was my man, and he was playing after my dauther. He was playing after all the skirts but he was a man. I told him - I told him a thousand times he would never have another woman and damn it the hell he never did because I shot him.

They stand egest. The samrt young defense lawyer sees a new case.

Defense Lawyer

Why, Mrs. White, is this true?

Lizzy

Why sure, don't you hear me? Here, come on and take me. I won't hurt you.

Defense Lawyer

Oh poor Mrs. White! I understand! You shot him to protect your pure young dauthter!

(He shouts this)

The mother shot him to protect her own daughter!

Curtain.

SCENE - Interior of the Jennie G. Shop. Tables neatly fixed up on every available space. One-half dozen waitresses. Several negro bus boys going in and out. Prosperous looking gentlemen engaged in heavy conversation with Jennie G.

Jennie G.
Now, Mr. Sims, you all just step out of here. That's what I'm asking you.

Mr. Sims
Well, that's not very polite, Miss Jennie.

Jennie G.
Well, I know what you are trying to do. You can't fool me.

Mr. Sims
Well, you just got me wrong. I just wanted to talk to you.

Jennie G.
Oh, yes, you want to talk to me just like you have been doing. You just want to get him away from me and you are not going to do it.

Mr. Sims
No. I'm just here to congratulate him. Never thought that boy would ever put the town on the map like this. You know, I have fed as many as 250 people all this week.

Jennie G.
Of course, I know it. Don't I send them to you?

Group of Tourists
(Looking around to young lady behind cigarette case)
Where is he?

Second
(Fat lady)
Yes. We want to see him. I spent a dollar and a quarter in this place.

Young Girl
(Looking at post-card)
I don't want those post-cards. That's the church. I want a dozen with his picture on them.

Waitress
Well, we only have these few left. We can't order them fast enough to keep in stock.

Second Girl
(Gloating over picture)
I got mine. Isn't he handsome?

First Girl

He has such a sweet expression. Just think, they were about to send him to the chair.

Second Girl

Oh, it just makes me cry to think about it.

First Girl

Tell, are we going to see Mr. Ranny or not? Do we have to pay to see him.

Jennie G.

Tell, you see, he is so busy. His mail, tooks almost two hours - he has had over two hundred marriage proposals this week.

Through all of this the waitresses are busy serving the end of the meal. Negor porter in white jacket but rather shabby trousers.

Negro Porter

Miss Jennie, what ever am I going to do? Why that crowd outside - I just can't do nothing with them. They says they are all starved to death and just got to get in.

Jennie G.

Don't bother. I sent for the extra police. They'll keep them out. You just tell them that we have sent over to - tell them we have got an express truck load of food that will be here in a few minutes, all the way from Louisville.

Porter

Yessm. I'll tell 'em.

Jennie G.

We have eaten up all the fresh meat in Shelbyville. Just cleaned me out of everything. We served over a thousand people yesterday.

Mr. Sims

Great Scotts! At your prices - why you are clearing seventy or eighty dollars a day.

Jennie G.

Oh, just a trifle, not counting the souvenirs, post-cards, and liquor we have sold.

At this there is a murmur through the crowd.

Omnes

There he is. He's coming now. Oh look at - . Oh, ain't he grand? So sweet. Ranny! Mr. Ranny! Hurrah! Hurrah!

A smattering of applause. Ranny enters. He is dressed in an immaculate white jacket, blue trousers, an expensive dashy hat set on the side of his head. He takes the murmur of applause with an nonchalant heir of "I knew it was coming to me.

Ranny
Good afternoon! Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. This is indeed a pleasure.

Dames
Oh, Mr. Ranny, can't we assist you?

A couple of impressionable young girls are carrying flowers. Ranny accepts the flowers. He gives them to an adoring waitress.

Ranny
(Airily)
Put them in with the others.

Waitress
My goodness! There's no place for them. The whole place is banked with them.

Weaving his way through the crowd, Ranny comes down to where Sims and Jennie G. are standing.

Ranny
Hello, Mr. Sims! I just read your proposition.

Jennie G.
(Interposing)
Yes. I just told Mr. Sims you couldn't leave me because we are partners fifty fifty.

Ranny
(Slightly surprised)
Yes.

Jennie G.
Indeed we are.

Ranny
(With meaning)
How long have we been partners.

Jennie G.
Well, for the last week.

Ranny
O.K., if you make it ever since the trial. Fifty fifty since the trial.

Jennie G.
All right, fifty fifty since the trial. We'll sign the papers right now.

Waitress
(At the table)
Mrs. White's trial is on! Mrs. White's trial is on!
(Turning the knob of a very handsome radio)

Voice
(Attorney for Defense is speaking)
Ladies and Gentlemen, this woman, Mrs. Lizzy White, who sits here before you with that strong and beautiful face - for it reflects the indomitable strength within her soul - this woman of society, this woman of treasures within her heart, all the tender love of a pure mother for her beautiful child. We admit, for she herself has said, she took upon her own brave shoulders all the blame that no one else should suffer harm out of her own deep sacrifice. Womanhood, sanctified womanhood, lovely womanhood, how we guard and treasure it. The greatest jewel given to us by the Great Loving God. She slew Homer Hoyle. Why? To protect her honor, the high honor of her family, the pure cheated honor of the soul of her daughter. It is wrong to kill, at times, but when a rattle snake rising to strike at you or a wild beast in the form of a man threatens the virtue of your womanhood, then he who does not merthy of being called a human being. I am happy - I am happy - Oh, happy, because I see in your clean honest American faces that you are only waiting to send this beautiful soul back to her home, back to the fireside, that when tomorrow's sun shines it will shine on her beautiful little home. It will be "the sun shines bright on her old Kentucky home".

Announcer's Voice
Ladies and Gentlemen of the radio audience, we are here in this old historical courtroom, the jury is retiring, and we will sign off until it's verdict is reached. Let me remind you that pale faces are made rosey, sluggesh bodies filled with dynamite, old men regained their youth by eating Fleshmann's Yeast now sold in every grocery.

They turn to a musical program. A sentimental girl's voice singing -

"Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the western sea" -

Jennie G. and several assistants plead with the crowd.

Jennie G.
Won't everyone please - you have all finished your meal. Won't everyone please give us a chance to clean up. Your friends are all outside waiting to get in.
(Turns to Ranny)
Go in the next room. They won't leave as long as you stay.

Ranny
Now, children, be nice. Be back tomorrow at this time and I am going to sing you a few little deities.

There is a scattering applause at this. The crowd files out. Bessie Timberlake comes to the counter.

Bessie

(Speaking to Jenny G.)
Is Mr. Lawrence in?

Jennie G.

(Gushingly)
Oh! How beautiful you look today. Oh, yes, he is right in the next room. Oh, Henry!

Henny enters, talking with a real estate agent.

Henny

That's just what I told you when I came here. This town needs an apartment house.

Real Estate Agent

Well, so many people never knew about this place until this happened. We always thought it was the prettiest place in Kentucky. Why I'm selling little farms and houses just like hot cakes. We are going to build this small apartment house and you are going to be in on it.

Henny

Yes. I'll stay right here in Shelbyville if you will treat me right, but I have so many offers that I don't know what to do with them.
(Calling back to office)
No, John, you are not going to do anything of the kind. Don't gip the people. Yes, I know they are hungry and I know they came all this way on the account of the publicity. Wait just a minute.

Real Estate Agent

(To his companions - both prosperous looking small town business men)
Funniest part is that the boy is good. Why he is running the best restaurant that was ever in these parts.

His Companion

He seems to know his onions.

The two men exit. Henny comes back on stage to where Jennie G. and Bessie are standing.

Henny

Why, hello!
(In soft voice)
Why I didn't know you were here.

Bessie

Oh, I just came in.

Henny

Well, I certainly am glad . You know they keep me so busy here - day and night.

Bessie

I know.

Jennie G.

Now sit right down, Manny. Come on Bessie and I'll get all of this stuff slashed up so we can let that crowd in.

Manny

(The old spirit reasserting itself)

Bessie, I've got it all fixed. I've got the backing and I'm going to build the smartest hotel in the state, right here. I'm going to have the walls of scrule, scrule pillows down the center, elevators, wide stairway - you know - one of those wide ones with plush on the steps and gold rolling on the side - you know - guilted. I just can't wait to see it go up.

Bessie

(Smilingly)

Scrule? You said scrule.

Manny

Well, maybe not exactly scrule, but it will look like it.

(Change of tone)

Gee, you look beautiful!

Bessie

Well, you admit yourself you are a liar.

Manny

Yes, but not about this. Even a liar has got to tell the truth sometime. ~~Sometixxbeenxtoldxhimxxbefore~~ Bessie, I always was a damn fool and no good and I just had to lie and brag and brag to keep everybody from finding out, but I have had my lesson. You know, I might turn out all right after all. I don't mean for a girl like you, but - I'm no good for you. I mean this. They don't make them like you, Bessie - no more - and I'm not the guy for you. Liar and braggart lying and bragging all the time.

Bessie

You want me to tell you something.

Manny

Sure!

Bessie

Just because you thought I was a nice sweet girl you don't have to think I'm a dumb-bell.

Manny

No.

Bessie

(Sweetly)

Didn't you know that I knew you were lying all the time and bragging.

Ranny

Ha, did you?

Bessie

Why most everybody knew it. You know what daddy said about you?

Ranny

No, but I can imagine.

Bessie

Well, he said they sort of had it handed to you - that you were the biggest braggart he ever saw in his life, but ended in saying that they sometime made good. They had to so as to save themselves. But there's two things I know you didn't brag about.

Ranny

Did I miss something?

Bessie

You didn't know I saw you when that car came around the corner down the street and was about to run over a little fat puppy and you, like a big silly, nearly got killed saving the little pup.

Ranny

Well, that was so sudden I didn't get time to think.

Bessie

No, but you saved it, and petted it, and talked to it like talking to a baby. And you used to slip milk, when nobody was looking, to a couple of dirty kittens in the back yard.

Ranny

Oh, forget it. Goodness, look at that smile. Oh you have got it baby - you've got it. Oh! Gee. If you could only be foolish enough to love me.

Bessie

Well, daddy says that sometimes he thinks I'm about the silliest thing he knows.

Ranny

You will be sorry to the last day you live if you marry me.

Bessie

I guess that's right. It's too late now. That's what I was going to tell you that night, a long time ago.

Ranny

(He seizes Bessie)
Oh! Gee, gee, gee!

Bessie

Silly, silly!

Jennie G.

(On the side)
Let them in - let them in. Open the doors.

The doors open and the crowd comes running, milling into the restaurant.

Jessie

Oh! Let me go, they will see us.

Benny

Not on your life. They'll pay extra for this.

Still nuzzling and kissing as the crowd comes milling in around them.

FINIS

Often recall most happily the ride to Aldergrove and back, given me by that wild Man of Borneo, "pagsnot". The two Cholmondeley's are I believe the most charming people I have ever met. Cringe at this seemingly bold flatery if you will, I dont give a damn, because it happens to be my true opinion. I want to inquire about the dogs but I am afraid. The one who had such an aversion to any sort of a uniform.. he deserves , as I have said before, a genius to write about him, but I am not equal to the task. And the other one that Lady Cholmondeley so kindly bestowed so much intelligence upon that she was jealous of George. - - Well I am afraid to continue. Time makes so many changes.

If you haven't anything in Gods busy world else to do, I would like to have several lines from you, even if it is only one.

As ever, that crazy man who lives next door to the Indians, in that wild and savage country, where Jason and Media did not seek the golden fleece.

D."."G.

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Collection

The old familiar streets, paved with the memories of all the colorful humanity of its long past, [illegible] quite overlooking our happy [illegible] slightly mixed up messages of [illegible]

I am busy at work writing plays for the stage, verse, etc. As all work in the movies is getting on sane, I have been hoping to put something down in a form that would be at least a little more enduring. Not that this is at all important, I am just telling you.

The drama, spoken of in the country paper I send you is a poetic fantasy(?), called "My Girls Leave Home". One of the principles Lucy Taylor, - graduate of Oxford - another one - Cambridge. Practically the entire cast of Higgs and country bumpkins, (the town is Lees,) are mostly University graduates from one part or another. Not that this means anything in particular, I am just telling you.

By the way you've had a romance in your great country that will live as long as the world shall live. One wonders how many many times this story will be retold. Similar stories have been told in romance, but never before has such a thing happened in actual life. Any Princes that have given up thrones before - gave up very little indeed, but in this case a ruler gave up the greatest empire - King [illegible], the world has ever known - for love. Oh boy, oh boy, what a humdinger of a story. [illegible] believe loyalty is perhaps the greatest virtue. If Beaverbrook hasn't any other virtue, he [illegible] possesses this one. Your article concerning a certain important personage [illegible] could feel your hot indignant blood burning on the end of your pen. I believe the story of your loyalty will be as immortal as this great story itself.

[illegible]

Eric

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February 26th 1924.

Mr. W.S. Harby,
35 Nassau Street,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Harby:

I am enclosing Grant Deed to be executed by Mrs. Griffith when she comes to New York. The property covered by this deed is some unimportant and undeveloped property that Mr. Griffith owns and which has been eating up money in taxes and Mr. Griffith decided to sell the same at the first opportunity. If you will have Mrs. Griffith's signature acknowledged by a Notary Public and forward me a bill for disbursements, I will be glad to reimburse you for your expenditures.

Thanking you for your kindness and courtesy in this matter, I remain

Very truly yours,

R /GDM
Enc.

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William Sterling Collection

# AGREEMENT FOR THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE

THIS AGREEMENT, made and entered into this ___ day of _____, 19__, between _____, duly and regularly organized under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business at the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, sometimes herein designated the seller, the party of the first part, and _____, sometimes herein designated the buyer, the part___ of the second part,——

WITNESSETH: That the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of the covenants and agreements on the part of the said part___ of the second part, hereinafter contained, agrees to sell and convey unto the said part___ of the second part _____

and the said part___ of the second part agree_ to buy all that certain lot or parcel of land situate in the City and County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

> Tract No. _____, as per map recorded in Book ____, at page_ _____, of Maps, in the office of the County Recorder of said Los Angeles County, to which map and the record thereof reference is hereby made for a further and more particular description. . .

for the sum of _____Dollars as follows, to-wit: _____Dollars cash on the execution of this agreement, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, and the balance in ____installments

of _____ Dollars cash, payable _____ on the _____ day of _____, commencing _____, and continuing until the total purchase price is paid, together with interest on all deferred payments, at the rate of seven per cent (7%) per annum, payable at our main office _____

The said buyer is hereby given possession of the premises aforesaid and in consideration thereof hereby agrees to pay the city and county taxes for the fiscal year 19__-19__, and to pay all taxes and assessments of whatsoever nature which may hereafter be levied or assessed on the said premises or any part thereof, including the irrigation bonds of The Los Angeles County Water Works District No. 3 for the distribution of water throughout the said district, before the same become delinquent, and upon failure so to do, the said seller shall have the right to pay the same, together with whatever costs and legal percentages which may be added thereto, and the amount so paid, with interest thereon at the rate of ten percent (10%) per annum from the date of payment until repaid, shall be included in this contract, secured hereby, and shall be repaid by the said buyer to the said seller on demand.

Should default be made in payment of any of said installments of principal or interest, when the same become due, or in the repayment on demand, of any amount herein agreed to be repaid, then the whole unpaid balance of said purchase price and all advancement theretofore made, with the interest thereon, shall become immediately due and payable at the option of the party of the first part, which may thereupon, at its option, enforce its rights hereunder, either by forfeiture of all rights under this Agreement and all interest in the lands described herein and the appurtenances as hereinafter provided; or by a proceeding in equity or action at law for specific performance

with damages, or for foreclosure hereof with damages, or for the recovery of the purchase price with interest. And no court of law or equity shall relive the part___ of the second part upon failure to comply strictly and literally with the terms of this agreement.

In case of the election by the party of the first part to enforce its right of forfeiture hereunder, all rights and interest hereby created, or then existing in favor of the part__ of the second part, or anyone claiming under _____ shall utterly cease and determine, and the right of possession and all equitable and legal interests in the premises hereby contracted, with all the improvements, and all other appurtenances, shall revert to and revest in the party of the first part, and without any right of the part___ of the second part, either at law or in equity, of reclamation or recovery of, or compensation for, moneys paid, or services performed, or improvements placed upon said land. And the money paid, and improvements erected shall be forfeited to and be retained by said party of the first part as liquidated damages for such default and not as a penalty, and the party of the first part shall have the right immeiately upon any default in the performance on the part of the part___ of the second part to enter upon the lands and take possession with or without process of law.

AND IT IS FURTHER AGREED that no tender or offer of performance by said party of the first part shall be necessary as a condition precedent to its right to exercise any privilege, option or right hereunder, and that the same may be exercised upon any default of the part___ of the second part without such or any tender or offer of performance and without notice of any kind to said part___ of the second part.

The part___ of the second part agrees to pay all cost and expenses of any action commenced by the party of the first part to enforce this Agreement, whether such action progress to judgment or not, together with attorney's fees in a reasonable sum.

Nothing herein contained shall be construed as depriving the party of the first part of its right of enforcement hereof in any manner or of any legal right or remedy it may have in the premises.

IT IS FURTHER AGREED that time is of the essence of this agreement, and full performance by the part of the second part of all the obligations hereunder is and shall be a condition precedent to the right to a conveyance hereunder.

Whenever the said buyer shall have made said payments, including taxes, and interest as aforesaid, if made at the time and in the manner above mentioned, and shall have complied with all of the terms and conditions hereof and shall have surrendered this agreement, then the said seller agrees to convey said premises to the said buyer and to furnish a guarantee or certificate of title issued by a Title Company doing business in said County, showing title to said premises to be vested in the seller, free and clear of all incumbrances or liens except as herein mentioned, and except such encumbrances or liens as may have been made, done or suffered by the buyer.

IT IS FURTHER AGREED, that the party of the first part shall not be responsible or liable for any inducement, promise, representation, agreement, condition or stipulation not set forth herein.

It is further agreed that this agreement shall not be recorded, and in the event that it is recorded this agreement

and all rights, interests and estates of said second part___ shall, at the election of the said party of the first part, become absolutely null and void, with the same effect as if a default had occurred hereunder.

The buyer agrees not to transfer or assign this contract, or any interest herein, without the written consent of the seller first having been secured to such proposed assignment, and agrees to pay the seller the usual fee of One Dollar ($1.00) for each assignment, together with all interest and payments due to date thereof.

This Agreement is made and executed by the seller and accepted by the buyer subject to the conditions and restrictions hereinafter recited, which it is hereby agreed shall apply to said land as well before the execution and delivery of said deed by the said seller as after said deed has been executed and delivered, and shall also be written in and become a part of said deed. Said conditions and restrictions are in the words and figures following, to-wit:

This property is conveyed and this conveyance is accepted subject to the following conditions and covenants, which shall apply to and be binding upon the said part___ of the second part _____heirs, devises, executors, administrators and assigns:

1. The Right of Way over and through said premises is hereby reserved to the Grantors, their successors and assigns, for all purposes pertaining to the laying of water pipes, gas pipes, poles for electric wires and telephone, and for the purpose of replacing or repairing same, that may be required by the Grantors, their successors and assigns.

3. That no part of said premises shall ever at any time be used for the purpose of buying, selling, manufacturing, vending or handling intoxicating liquors; and that no part of said premises shall ever at any time be sold, conveyed, or leased to, or rented, used or occupied by any person not of the Caucasian or white race.

5. The terms of an oil lease issued under date of _____ to run for _____ years are hereby accepted by the buyer, the seller hereby assigning to the buyer the royalty, _____ of all production, as per paid lease, a copy of which is hereto attached.

4. That no building shall be erected on said lot or tract within fifty (50) feet of the front line thereof costing less than $1000.00, but buildings of a less value may be erected back of said fifty (50) feet and no building of any character shall be erected less than twenty (20) feet from the front line excepting on lots fronting on the boulevard upon which buildings to be used for business purposes only, may be erected up to the front line of said lots.

The restrictions and conditions set forth in Clause No. 3 above shall in all respects terminate and end and be of no further effect, either legally or equitably, after January 1st, 1935, and the reservations, restrictions, conditions and covenants contained in Clauses Nos. 1 and 2 above set forth shall be perpetual and binding forever upon the parties hereto, their heirs, executors, administrators or assigns, and shall be and are covenants running with the land above described. Upon a breach of any of the foregoing conditions, said premises shall ipso facto revert to the said Grantor, its successors and assigns, and said Grantor

shall have the right of immediate re-entry upon said premises in the event of any such breach, and the title to said premises shall thereupon be and become vested in said Grantor, its successors in interest or assigns, and the part___ of the second part___ heirs or assigns, shall forfeit all right and title thereto.

IT IS FURTHER AGREED that the seller may at any time at its option, execute and deliver to the said buyer a deed conveying said premises in accordance with the terms of this agreement, subject to the matters herein set forth, and the said buyer agrees, upon receipt thereof, to record the same and execute and deliver to said seller a promissory note, or notes, for the balance of the purchase price then remaining unpaid, payable to the said party of the first part in the amounts, at the times, and with the interest above specified, and execute and deliver at the option of the seller either a Trust Deed or Mortgage upon said property, which shall be a valid first lien securing the payment thereof.

No delay or omission on the part of the first party in exercising any right, power or remedy herein provided in the event of default shall be construed as a waiver thereof, or acquiescence therein, nor shall the acceptance of any payments made in a manner or at a time other than as herein provided be construed as a waiver of or variation in any of the terms of this contract, but any default occurring hereunder shall be construed as continuous in character and the party of the first part, at any time during the continuance thereof, or upon the occurrence of any subsequent event of default may exercise every such right, power and remedy.

AND IT IS UNDERSTOOD that all the stipulations and covenants aforesaid shall apply to and bind the heirs,

executors, administrators, devisees, successors and assigns of the respective parties hereto.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the party of the first part, has caused its corporate name and seal to be hereunto affixed by its Vice-President and Assistant-Secretary, thereunto duly authorized, and the part___ of the second part____executed the same, in duplicate, the day and year first above written.

_____

By _____
Vice-President

By_____
Assistant Secretary

_____
Buyer

_____
Buyer

Address_____

Address_____

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Siloxi - Some Things

| | |
|---|---|
| accompany, to, | iya |
| across, | skida |
| along, | su, nadi, pa |
| along, to go, | skuwa |
| approach, to, | staka |
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| away off, | yahe |
| back, to go, | pana |
| beard, | paŋhiŋ |
| bellow, to, | hoŋ, wahe |
| big, | taŋ |
| call, to, | yohi |
| carry on the shoulder, to, | kitupe |
| chase, to, | noxe |
| climb, | adi |
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| earthquake, an, | ma, yuhi |
| enter, to, | wahe |
| fight, | kte |
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Chas B Cochran..... Regent...1841.

H. Sherbick..... Whitehall...6111.

Humphries..... Hemstead...8885.
(Re Babylon)

Ralph Stock..... Flax 7005.

Print Cost, Steno Bill, Griffith Test, Negative.

Ann Harding Re Story.....

Stattengry.....

Write Oglesby.....

" Buster.....

Jam At Lloyds, Re Judith, Jimmie,

Joe Lee Cormes,.....

Bitzer..... 861 8th Ave.

Frank Gunn.....Henry Meestrum.....

Alex Stewart Ltd, Whitehall 9332.3.
No. 7. Suffolk, St, Pall Mall S.W.I.

Otto ..... Re Cochran.....

Barry Fitzgerald.....

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# Northern Transport Agency (London) Limited.

SHIPPING AND FORWARDING AGENTS

Your Ref.
Our Ref. RS. 16210.

7, Gerrard Street,
London, W.1. 25th. May 1930.

Mr. H. R. Greathouse,
Savoy Hotel,
Strand, W.C.2.

Dear Sir,

We thank you for your letter of the 24th.inst., and have arranged to clear and deliver to Messrs. Twickenham Film Studios Ltd. the print "BROKEN BLOSSOMS" arrived by the s.s."AQUITANIA".

We confirm that we have also received by this steamer, prints entitled "FALL OF BABYLON" and "ORPHANS OF THE STORM" for which we require your disposal instructions.

Will you kindly advise us if the charges on these two films are to be debited to you.

With reference to the box containing the Music Scores for the three prints, will you kindly note that before same can be cleared we require the attached documents completed.

If you are in any doubt as to how the documents should be completed will you kindly telephone us - Extension 7.-

Assuring you of our best attention,

Yours faithfully,
NORTHERN TRANSPORT AGENCY (LONDON) LTD.

DIRECTOR

RGS/HW.
enclos.

SHIPMENTS ARE ONLY EFFECTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR PRINTED CONDITIONS AND PROVISIONS.

on this form unqualified within 14 days involves a Penalty and [illegible]
delay in future consignments.

returns initial upon each deletion being effected accordingly.

# GOODS LIABLE TO ANY DUTY AD VALOREM

**SPECIAL NOTE.** Importers are advised in their own interests to read carefully this form and the notes thereto before giving their Certificate. Under Section 168 of the Customs Consolidation Act, 1876, as amended by Section 18 of the Finance (No. 2) Act, 1915, any Person making or subscribing or causing to be made or subscribed any false declaration in any matter relating to the Customs is liable to a Penalty of £500, or to two years' imprisonment with or without hard labour for each offence.

## CERTIFICATE A

DECLARATION TO BE MADE BY OR ON BEHALF OF AN INDEPENDENT IMPORTER IN THE CASE OF GOODS IMPORTED ON PURCHASE OUTRIGHT (SEE NOTE (6))

Here insert full name of signatory.

I ..... hereby declare that I am

Delete whichever is inapplicable. See Note (2) below

(i) the importer

(ii) the ..... of .....

who is/are the importer(s)

Insert number of invoices

of the goods specified in the attached ..... invoice(s) dated .....

and amounting to ..... and I further declare

In the case of commodities which are sold and resold prior to importation the declaration in par. (1) should be completed by the vendor of the goods and that the price stated is the actual C.I.F. price. In the case of C.I.F. price prior to importation."

(1) that the importer(s) has/have purchased the goods outright from .....

.....

who is/are the vendor(s) for the total amount shown on the said invoice(s) and that no further payment either direct or indirect, with the exception of the charges shown below, has been or will be made by me/the importer(s) in respect of the goods;

.....

.....

Delete the sections inapplicable. See Note (3).

(2) that any *sterling amount* shown in the invoice(s) is payable

(i) in sterling;

(ii) in foreign currency, viz. ..... converted at current rate of exchange;

(iii) in foreign currency, viz ..... converted at the fixed rate of ..... to the £1

(iv) on a gold basis, viz .....

and that this amount is not otherwise subject to adjustment on account of fluctuations in the rate of exchange except as follows:— .....

.....

Delete the sections inapplicable. See Note (3).

(3) that any *foreign currency amount* shown in the invoice(s) is payable

(i) in foreign currency as invoiced;

(ii) in sterling converted at current rate of exchange;

(iii) in sterling converted at the fixed rate of ..... to the £1

(iv) on a gold basis, viz .....

and that this amount is not otherwise subject to adjustment on account of fluctuations in the rate of exchange except as follows:— .....

.....

(4) that in addition to the sum stated above the following charges are payable by the importer(s), viz.:—

Delete as necessary. See Note (3).

(i) commission at ..... per cent. (or similar remuneration) payable to .....

(ii) freight;
(iii) insurance;
(iv) packing;
(v) royalty;
(vi) inspection fees;
(vii) carriage to port of shipment;
(viii) foreign imposts, e.g., excise duties or octroi;
(ix) loading charges;
(x) unloading charges;
(xi) other charges incidental to the purchase and importation of the goods, viz. .....
.....

Delete if inapplicable. See Note (3).

(5) that the sum stated is exclusive of Customs duty;

(6) that to the best of my knowledge and belief no person participating in the control of the vendor's business or holding shares therein also participates in the control of the importer's business or holds shares therein and that no part of the profits on the sale of the goods in this country after importation will accrue either directly or indirectly to the vendor or to any person participating in the control of the vendor's business.

Signed .....

Date .....

**NOTES**

(1) Failure duly to deliver a certificate on Form C. 105 to the Collector at the port of importation renders the importer liable to a penalty of £50.
(2) Declarations may be made—
(*a*) by the actual importer if an individual;
(*b*) in the case of a private company or firm by one of the partners;
(*c*) in the case of any other company by a director or by the secretary;
(*d*) by any employee duly authorised in writing by one of the aforementioned persons.
(3) Unless all deletions are initialled by the signatory the certificate will not be accepted. Persons other than the signatory are warned that by tampering with the form after signature they may render themselves liable to heavy penalties.
(4) Any importer whose business is wholly or partly under the same control as that of the consignor whether by common directorate, shareholding or otherwise, or whose relations with the consignor are not solely those of buyer and seller is regarded as associated with the consignor and must not sign certificate A. The nature of the association should be briefly stated in paragraph 1 of certificate B.

Failure to return this form completed within 14 days involves a fine and/or imprisonment.

Cross out words under each deletion being initialled by signatory.

## CERTIFICATE A

DECLARATION IN THE CASE OF GOODS IMPORTED EITHER BY AN AGENT OF THE CONSIGNOR OR BY A BROKER OR BY A FIRM OR INDIVIDUAL WHOLLY OR PARTLY UNDER THE SAME CONTROL AS THAT OF THE CONSIGNOR (SEE NOTE (3) OVERLEAF).

Here insert full name of signatory.

I ..... hereby declare that I am

Delete whichever is inapplicable. See Note (2) overleaf.

(i) the importer

(ii) the ..... of .....

who is/are the importer(s)

Insert number of invoices

of the goods specified in the attached ..... invoice(s) and/or other documentary evidence dated ..... and amounting to ..... and I further declare

Delete whichever is inapplicable. See Note (2) overleaf.

(1) that the importer(s) is/are

(i) broker(s) or agent(s) for the consignor(s)

See Note (4) overleaf.

(ii) associated with the consignor(s) by reason of .....

.....

(2) that at the time of importation the goods to which this certificate relates

Delete the sections inapplicable. See Note (3) overleaf.

(i) have been sold or resold to certain parties other than the importer(s), viz., the persons named on the invoice(s) above referred to or in the schedule attached hereto at the prices shown therein ;

Delete the words in italics if inapplicable. See Note (3) overleaf. Where (ii) is the case documentary evidence of sales should be produced together with a signed statement as to what such evidence represents.

(ii) have not been sold to any person, firm or company in this country but have been consigned to the importer(s) for sale in this country *at the prices set out in the documentary evidence attached, viz. (here describe evidence, e.g., invoices, covering letters, etc.)* .....

.....

(iii) have been purchased outright by the importer(s) on his/their own account from .....

..... who is/are the vendor(s)

for the sum of ..... as shown on the invoice(s) above referred to; and that no further payment either direct or indirect, with the exception of the charges shown below, has been or will be made by me/the importer(s) in respect of the goods ; *and that no part of the profits on the sale of the goods in this country after importation will accrue either directly or indirectly to the consignor or to any person participating in the control of the consignor's business.*

Delete the words in italics if inapplicable. See Note (3) overleaf.

(3) that any *sterling amount* shown in the invoice(s) is payable

Delete the sections inapplicable. See Note (3) overleaf.

(i) in sterling ;

(ii) in foreign currency, viz. ..... converted at current rate of exchange ;

(iii) in foreign currency, viz. ..... converted at the fixed rate of ..... to the £1

(iv) on a gold basis, viz. .....

and that this amount is not otherwise subject to adjustment on account of fluctuations in the rate of exchange except as follows :— .....

.....

(4) that any *foreign currency amount* shown in the invoice(s) is payable

Delete the sections inapplicable. See Note (3) overleaf.

(i) in foreign currency as invoiced ;

(ii) in sterling converted at current rate of exchange ;

(iii) in sterling converted at the fixed rate of ..... to the £1

(iv) on a gold basis, viz. .....

and that this amount is not otherwise subject to adjustment on account of fluctuations in the rate of exchange except as follows :— .....

.....

(5) that in addition to the sum stated above the following charges are payable by the importer(s), viz. :—

Delete as necessary. See Note (3) overleaf.

(i) commission at ..... per cent. (or similar remuneration) payable to .....

(ii) freight ;
(iii) insurance ;
(iv) packing ;
(v) royalty ;
(vi) inspection fees ;
(vii) carriage to port of shipment ;
(viii) foreign imposts, e.g., excise duties or octroi ;
(ix) loading charges ;
(x) unloading charges ;
(xi) other charges incidental to the purchase and importation of the goods, viz. .....
.....

Delete if inapplicable. See Note (3) overleaf.

(6) that the sum stated is exclusive of Customs duty ;

(7) that the prices shown on the invoice(s) include the following items which I claim should be allowed for in arriving at the value for duty, viz. :—

.....

.....

See Notes overleaf.

Signed .....

Date .....

(23243) Wt. 22489/614 • 1,300m 11/34 Hw. T.9766

# THE HONOURABLE COMMISSIONERS OF CUSTOMS & EXCISE.

I/we, hereby appoint **THE NORTHERN TRANSPORT AGENCY (London) LIMITED,** to be an agent for the purpose of making entry with the Customs of all goods imported by me/us through their services and authorise the said **NORTHERN TRANSPORT AGENCY (London) LIMITED,** to declare on my/our behalf the value, description, quantity and other particulars relating to such importations.

**Signed.**

.....

**NOTE.** A letter of authority appointing agents MUST be signed as under:-

An Importer, PERSONALLY.

A Firm, by the PROPRIETOR or PARTNER.

A Limited Company, MANAGING DIRECTOR or SECRETARY.

**STATUS OF SIGNATORY MUST BE GIVEN IN ALL CASES.**

# Northern Transport Agency (London) Limited

SHIPPING AND FORWARDING AGENTS

LIVERPOOL
99, Queen Road,

SOUTHAMPTON
Havelock Chambers
Queens Terrace

7, Gerrard Street,
London, W.1. 27th. May 1924.

Your Ref.
Our Ref. NS. 16910/

Mr. N. H. Greathouse,
Savoy Hotel,
Strand, W. C. 2.

Dear Sir,

Further to our letter of the 23th.inst., we would inform you that the print and music scores of "BROKEN BLOSSOMS" were delivered today to Messrs. Twickenham Film Studios Ltd.

The music scores were released exempt from duty and there is now no need to complete the forms we sent you.

We enclose Bonded Film Stores schedule of charges, from which you will see that the storage is actually 6d. per reel for the first 12 days and 3d. per reel after that.

We are holding the prints "CALL OF BABYLON" and "ORPHANS OF THE STORM" at Southampton until we receive your further instructions, and would point out that if you do decide to screen them in the Bonded Film Stores it is advisable to give us a few days notice as the theatre is often fully booked for screenings.

Yours faithfully,

NORTHERN TRANSPORT AGENCY (LONDON) LTD.

DIRECTOR

Enclos.

RGS/HW.

SHIPMENTS ARE ONLY EFFECTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR PRINTED CONDITIONS AND PROVISIONS.

*To*

# Bonded Film Stores, Limited

Telephone: [redacted] 1127

33, Endell Street, W.C.2

*Consignment No.* .....

*Film* .....

Sirs,

In consideration of your receiving into your warehouse for storing, measuring viewing and/or other operation, $\frac{I}{We}$ hereby undertake to pay you the charges as per schedule hereunder for services performed forthwith and also to pay charges in respect of the above full consignment at your schedule rates, as follows:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Entry | 1s. | 0d. | per | reel |
| Discharge | 1s. | 0d. | ,, | ,, |
| Storage | | 6d. | ,, | ,, per day |
| ,, after first 12 days | | 3d. | ,, | ,, ,, ,, |
| Projection | 7/6 ~~5s.~~ | ~~0d.~~ | ,, | ,, |
| Measuring | 1s. | 0d. | ,, | ,, |
| Cutting-room Facilities—Negative | 21s. | 0d. | ,, | day |
| ,, ,, ,, Positive | 10s. | 6d. | ,, | ,, |
| Storage under Certificate of Approval | 5s. | 0d. | ,, | thousand feet |
| Packing and Export Papers | | | | |

from date of your receiving this consignment until the removal of the consignment from Bond, your charges to be treated as accruing daily and payable on demand monthly.

Yours faithfully,

*Signature* .....

*Address* .....

*Date* .....

# Northern Transport Agency (London), Limited.

SHIPPING AND FORWARDING AGENTS

LIVERPOOL
[illegible]

SOUTHAMPTON
[illegible]

Your Ref.

Our Ref. NS.10619.

7, Gerrard Street,
London, W.1.
14th. June 1935.

Mr. H. M. Greathouse,
Savoy Hotel,
Strand, W.C.2.

Dear Sir,

With further reference to our letter of the 27th. ult., we shall be glad to hear if you can yet give us disposal instructions for the prints and music scores - "CALL OF BABYLON" and "ORPHANS OF THE STORM" which arrived from New York by the s.s. "AQUITANIA" 23.5.35.

Yours faithfully,

NORTHERN TRANSPORT AGENCY (LONDON) LTD.

DIRECTOR

RGS/HW.

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# Northern Transport Agency (London) Limited

SHIPPING AND FORWARDING AGENTS

Your Ref

Our Ref RS. 16210. 7, Gerrard Street, London, W.1 30th. June 1935.

Mr. H. R. Greathouse,
Savoy Hotel,
Strand, W.C.2.

Dear Sir,

We shall be glad to hear if you can now let us have your disposal instructions for the prints and music scores - "CALL OF BABYLON" and "ORPHANS OF THE STORM" which arrived from New York by the "AQUITANIA" 13. 5. 35.

Yours faithfully,

NORTHERN TRANSPORT AGENCY (LONDON) LTD.

MANAGING DIRECTOR

RGS/HW.

SHIPMENTS ARE ONLY EFFECTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR PRINTED CONDITIONS AND PROVISIONS.

29th June, 1933.

The Northern Transport Agency
(London) Limited,
9, Gerrard Street,
W.1.

Dear Sirs,

In reply to your letter of the 20th instant, Ref. WB.16510, I hope to be able to give you the disposition of the two prints - "CALL OF BABYLON" and "ORPHANS OF THE STORM" in a short time.

Yours faithfully,

N.R. GREATHOUSE.

# Northern Transport Agency (London) Limited.

SHIPPING AND FORWARDING AGENTS

Your Ref.

Our Ref. RS. 16510.

7 Grosvenor Road
London, S.W.1. 10th. Sept. 1935.

Mr. H. R. Greathouse,
Grosvenor House,
Park Lane, W.1.

Dear Sir,

With reference to our telephone conversation of yesterday, we confirm that we shall require about £65. to cover the duty and charges on the prints "CALL OF BABYLON" and "ORPHANS OF THE STORM" arrived from New York by the s.s. "Aquitania" 16.5.35.

Will you kindly let us have your instructions as soon as possible.

Yours faithfully,

NORTHERN TRANSPORT AGENCY (LONDON) LTD

MANAGING DIRECTOR

RGS/HW.

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART. FILM LIBRARY
On Loan from the
Killiam-Sterling Collection.

SHIPMENTS ARE ONLY EFFECTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR PRINTED CONDITIONS AND PROVISIONS.

# ACTUALITY FILMS LTD.

Telephone: Hampstead 2185
DIRECTORS:
ROBIN L. HUMPHREYS
ROSE H. BUCHER
H.B. Pearce,
ROWCROFT,
Letters to: STROUD, GLOS.
c/o Everyman Cinema,
Hampstead, N.W.3.

J. Greathouse, Esq.,
Mount Royal,
Oxford Street, W.1.

28th September, 195[illegible]

Dear Mr. Greathouse,

I enclose a draft of a suggested agreement between us about your giving me the exclusive right to exhibit and/or distribute the "Fall of Babylon" in the event of our approving of the film and the condition of the print. If we do the deal you may depend on my doing my best for both our interests.

If you have any alterations to suggest please do so. I should like to have the draft agreed before seeing the film.

Hoping to hear from you that we shall be able to see the film soon.

Yours sincerely,

Robin L. Humphreys.

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DRAFT.

Dear Mr. Greathouse,

It is hereby agreed that you, who have the rights of "The Fall of Babylon" being a silent picture composed of the Babylonian sequence of "Intolerance" will give this film to me ( or a company through which I may do the business) for the purpose of exhibiting and/or distributing the film on the following terms:-

I will pay the cost of releasing the film from bond, purchasing suitable gramophone records and engage someone to superintend the sychronising of the music.

I will rent the picture to suitable exhibitors at the best possible terms and will send my own man round with the film (a) to see that the film and records are well taken care of and (b) to superintend the gramophone records.

The revenue I receive from the exhibitor will first be used to recover the initial outlay - viz. duty, cost of records and fee, not to exceed £10 to musical expert for synchronising the records. After the above expenses hace been recovered I agree to pay you 50% of my net receipts, which amount will be arrived at by deducting the wages and expenses of the operator from the amount I receive from the exhibitor.

Any monies due to you will be paid immediately I receive the cash from the exhibitor which is usually within one month from the date of exhibiting.

This agreement gives me the exclusive right to handle the picture in Great Britain and Irish Free State subject to your received not less than £100 within four months from the date of the signing of this contract.

Yours sincerely,

Robin L. Humphreys

To R.L.H. Humphreys.

Dear Mr. Humphreys,

I declare that I am authorised to dispose of the rights of 'The Fall of Babylon' and agree to the above terms.

Yours sincerely,

Nancy Fowler

Jessica Ian Jessica

Harold Williams

Robert Green ✓

Kitty ✓

Renner ✓ Ross ✓

McCauley.

Kay Nielsen Union ✓

May Pastel ✓

Helen London ✓

Bertha Maser ✓

Bill (Newsstand)

Buster ✓

May Blair ✓

Joan Harmon.

Mack Hilliard ✓

Wes. Williams ✓ Transfer £ £

W.R. Oglesby. Lenox ✓

Sam Rubenstein.

Mrs Miles. ✓ Bennet.

May Seligman. Columbia ✓

Dorie Fenstone. ✓

James Troupe.

Dr Otto Meyer ✓

Helen Stoddard.

Elias Mumstad ✓

Harry Robinson =

Chubby =

Geo =

Chas Reynolds

Sidney Harris

Geo Bedford

Jack Nelson

Zetzer ✓

Bill Bradley

Miriam Harry =

Mack Hoag

Wesley R. Great Rock

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We seek copyright on this synopsis of "THE SOUL TALES".

The man JASON is in love with the woman VENISTA. Jason loves Venista with an overwhelming passion, but Venista is not greatly impressed with Jason's personality. He is of the plodding type and is not gifted with the ability to express his feelings with words. Jason is possessed with one great purpose in life, which is to win the love of Venista, but she is far more impressed by her other suitors.

Jason, as he watches with trembling ecstacy, the stars fading into the dawn, feels within himself great thoughts. As the day melts from dawn to night and again to dawn, he hears within his soul the music of the universe ever surprising and ever new, but his spasmodic mouth and unwilling vocal cords make futile efforts to express the feelings that surge within him.

It is a night of mystery. A night of strange winds that sing around the corners outside his room. Through his doorway although he himself cannot be seen, he watches Venista, surrounded by her admiring suitors. He hears their chatter. The would-be clever ones with their borrowed wit. The would-be philosophers dropping bits of wisdom gleaned in their skip-as-they-go reading of books written by great minds. He hears them quoting bits of verse from the great poets. He hears this group of chattering suitors who have dressed themselves so carefully with a thin garment of knowledge, in their vanity, hoping this garment they have put over their bodies created by God, that the ensemble will pass as a creation of their own.

Jason, as he watches feels new thoughts, new dreams within him, but his lips utter only awkward mouthings. In the stress of his feelings he imagines he sees a shadow torn from inside his own soul. Or perhaps it is his soul that has made itself into a shadowy figure that stands near him, giving voice to his overwhelming emotions. Jason goes to Venista, and in the shadowy night his soul speaks to her, and speaks to him, urging him to awaken himself against evil and weakness.

This shadowy thing that is his soul speaks to Venista, and with telling words gives voice to the beauty and urgency of Jason's overwhelming emotions. Dimly behind her, Venista's physic self answers Jason's soul. Their two souls , their subconscious entities tell convincingly to Jason and Venista that they are mated one with the other. It is revealed to them that there is a subtle physical as well as spiritual harmoney between them. They are two instruments that together make harmonious and beautiful music.

It is our plan to use these shadows throughout the play, as symbols of the good and bad angels supposed to accompany human beings in their journey through life.

Old Farmer, "That's what I tell all the folks. Now I have done a lot of traveling in my day, seeing as how I was in the war. Now I never found no better water than is right here."

BY OLD TIME HALL #

First farm-woman laughing, indicating the old farmer, "You know old Jim is the biggest liar in Hall-Town," she laughs again "You know what he says, this old wall is over 2000 years old.

Jim indignantly, "Well it is too, ask the peddler!"

Woman scornfully, "Why ask the peddler? Just because he has a couple of books he is always reading?"

The Peddler takes an old worn book from out of his pocket. It is leather bound.

Farm woman laugns again, "Watch out Jim, that peddler will sell anything. He'll sell you the book if you don't watch your step."

Farmer, "No, not me. I'm a working man. Anybody who works like I do ain't got no time for books. Can't sell me none."

Peddler quietly, a strange sly mysterious note coming into his voice. Slightly different from the banner he effects in haulking his wares, "I am not going to try to sell you the book nor anything in it. I will sell you the tin-ware but what's inside the book I gives you. A young fellow down in the village has been digging up the history of this old wall for years. Well

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the prince. Then we have a tender farewell scene, where he tells them that he is not really a prince, but that he loves her, doesn't care what she is - and we must really believe this.

At the finish of this scene - Emily: "I hurt so - I hurt - here!" And the mother says: "Oh, dear, I can't see her suffer so, she has suffered enough, God knows!" We have on the side some hot broth, with which they have tried to feed her. As she says "it hurts" they reach for the broth, that the warmth might ease the pain. She takes this and then some chicken, and then as they hold her poor hands, she says: "I was hungry - I was hungry - maybe that was hurting - I was hungry, I have not eaten for four or five days".

---

In motion pictures as in everything else things are not always as they should be. You see the latest and greatest [illegible] beautiful - you fall to [illegible] the joy of [illegible]

[illegible]

A young girl was cast into a cell. She was a picture of beauty and youth. Her hair was of dusky night. She was a picture in [illegible], wide eyed, and she paled for a moment with her arms up and you could - by her - you know - [illegible], it was a beautiful sight to see. From her ankles to her full curving bust she was like a dream of a young Greek goddess.

When she came down after the test had been upset, and she had been rescued by the hero - [illegible] - and stood on the shore after the rescue, I stepped in the excitement and looked. Certainly things were not as they should be. Our full-busted heroine stood in all her wet clothes and was as flat-chested as a pancake imagine our horror and astonishment when behind her, we saw her rubber busts, floating out to sea. They were merely rubber deceives In the excitement of the rescue they had deserted her.

I wonder if we really stop to realize what a crucial time we are living in. Actually the government under which we are living is on trial. This government of Democracy. You know the enemies of democracy have some very good arguments. You know of course it has been tried in Greece - in Rome -. Ours is not the first Democracy.

The arguments that the enemies of democracy have sound pretty good. For instance the democracy is based on the rule of the majority. These enemies of the idea say questioningly, "Now suppose you were going to take a very important step in your personal lives. If for instance you were thinking of getting married, and you wanted advise about it from perhaps wiser and older heads. Could you afford it? Was she the right girl for you? You have doubtless all bothered about these questions. If you were very much perplexed where would you go? Would you go down say on the corner of Fourth and Jefferson Streets, on say a Saturday evening, and ask the general crowd - you know the sort, their opinion about the matter, ask for their judgement, and accept the majority? You certainly would not! If you asked my advise at all it would be from a very select few. The minority of opinion would be the one you would respect.

So we come to the truth that a democracy, since it is the rule "Of the people, for the people, by the people", can only be intelligent, when you are intelligent. Can only be far-sighted, when you are far-sighted enough to look for far-sighted representatives. Here is a great chance for this state to set an example to all the other states of the union, in taking the matter of voting most seriously. I say this state because I just happen to remember my first luke-warm statements about it. I have traveled over the best part of the earth, I have been in the greatest cities, I have seen the inside of the great palaces of Europe the great capitals

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SERIES SIX

G.W. BITZER COLLECTION,
1872-1969.

P. 1

BILLY BITZER
COLLECTION

Spent 20 minutes
made here Pics
Rented 40 minutes

Adventures of Billy arthur Johnson ? Coney Beach Conn July to 8
Red Man and the Child
For love of Gold
Behind the Screen
After Many Years Enoch arden Atlantic Highlands with Elsie ick and Lost Book
Taming of the Shrew
The Song of the Shirt
Money Mad
The Reckoning
Edgar Allan Poe ( The Raven ) with Herbert Yost & Linda Griffith
The Curtain Pole ——— Father Gets in the Game
a Fools Revenge ——— The Politicians Love Story . Leonard
Mr and Mrs Jones Comedy Series Nov 1908 1st Series a Smoked Husband
The Voice of the Violin
1909 The Drunkards Reformation. Linda Griffith Arthur Johnson Adele De Garde Lux Effect.
a Baby Shoe.
The Jilt.
The Resurrection NY 1909 Johnson Owen Moore Florence Lawrence
The Cricket on the Hearth Herbert Pryor Linda G Violet Mersereau Owen Moore B
What Drink Did
The Violin Maker of Cremona Mary's first picture with David Miles JUNE 7. 1909
The Lonely Villa Mann Leonard Adele De Garde
Was Justice Served — The Way of Man
The Necklace
The Country Doctor — His Duty. Frank Powell
The Cardinals Conspiracy Richelieu Greenwich Lawrence Fallin ?
The Renunciation
Sweet and Twenty M P) Then would Elope - His wifes Visitors)
The Slave ——— The Better Way Billy Quirk
a Strange Meeting ——— The Golden Supper Clara Lovers Tale
The mended Lute. Florence Lawrence Owen Moore James Kirkwood B Cuddy

P 1 cont:

With Her Card
The Indian Runners Romance
The Mill of the Gods
The Sealed Room
1776 or the Hessian Renegade
Comatu, the Bear
The Broken Bracket
In Old Kentucky
Leather Blocking

Pencilled in on the Page

A Lovers Sacrifice
Betrayed by a Handprint
The Spell and the outlaw
Behind the Scenes
The Heart of Virginia
Concealing a Burglar
Romance of a Jewess
The Planters Wife
The Vaqueros Vow
The Call of the Wild
The Gilts Heart
The Song of the Shirt
Taming of the Shrew
The Ingrate
a womans Way

P. 2

Pippa Passes (Browning) Gertrude Robertson Eyre Effort Certified Oct 4 07
Fruits of Fate Frank Powell Marion Leonard Biograph 63.
The Silly Teacher
The Expression
In the Watches of the Night
Lives of white on a Golden Sea Oct 1909 Nestor Hollywood Calif
The Light that Came — The Cost of True Love
Two Women and a Man — Choosing a Husband Mary Pickford Dec
The Open Gate — all on account of a Doll Edwin Booth Evans
The Mountaineers Honor — The Way Open
The Redman's Views — The Broken Doll Gladys Egan
A Corner in Wheat Dec 13 1909 Nichols Walthall F Powell
To Save her Boat
The Warning Cries of Battle Dec 1909
On the Reef — The Duke's Plan
The Honor of His Family — The Englishman and the Earl M P
The Cloister's Touch — The new Kid (Town Mice)
One Night and Then
His Last Burglary
The New Kids — Christmas 1909 to California

1910 The Threads of Destiny — Mission San Gabriel M P
In Old California — The Biography in Hollywood Mary Pickford and Francis Brandon
The Twisted Trail
Gold is not all — Pasadena Contrast rich and poor
An Unchanging Sea
Love among the Roses — Marion Leonard — Wall of the World — San Gabriel
The Two Brothers — ~~San Fernando~~ Easter
Ramona — Mary Pickfords First Long Shot
A Child of the Ghetto — Over Silent Paths San Fernando
In the Season of Buds — On the Border Gates — Dorothy West — The Gold Seekers Walthal
Back in N.Y. — The Face in the Window — a Romance of the Western Hills M P
a Call to arms — what the Daisy Said M P and Gertrude Johnson
The House with the Closed Shutters — Mary Pickford Held Johnson Old Fields REVENGE M P
The Sorrows of the Unfaithful — a Rich Mans Son M P — as it is in Life and was Dorothy West
Wilful Peggy — The Call to arms — a Salaloony Lesson (Summer)
The Indian Runners — REVENGE? Romance?
Rose of Salem Town

P. 2

Polytechnic Love Story
From the Shadow
The Convert
An academic maid 1910
M.P and banker
The ~~[illegible]~~ Italian Barber marries Peasant
The Curtain Pole and His Wifes Love
Tragic Love
Poe and a wreath in Time
The Broken Diamond
The Girls and Gladys
The End of Hope
The Welcome Burglar
Those awful Hats
Mrs Jones has a card Party
The Fascinating Mrs Francis
The Criminal Hypnotist
Those Boys
a Rural Elopement
The Sacrifice
The Honor of Thieves
~~Some~~ Love finds a way
Mrs Jones Entertains

all on the side of P 2
To be fitted in

P 3

Fisher Folks

The Barbarian Jagerman the Barbarian with Florence Rockwell
a Wearer of Masks
Was He a Coward ?
The Lone Lake Wheeler Blanche Sweet
Madame Red
His Mother's Pearl
The Sunbeam Mary to Mrs Cole Feb 1910
How She Triumphed Blanche Sweet for Mary Pickford Vivian Prescott P
A Smile of a Child

1911

Enoch arden P 1 | 1st 2 reel Pic Linda Griffith Jeanie Macpherson Frank Powell
Enoch arden P 2 | Wilfred Lucas
Santa Monica 13
Florence La Badie Bobby Vernon
Fighting Blood
Bobby the Coward
The Last Drop of Water 2 reels San Fernando Island
Jeanie Macpherson Blanche Sweet
Locked wagon days Mr Powell

1911

The Sorrowful Example
Swords and Hearts — Crossing the American Prairies in the early 50's at last of water
The Revenue Man and the Girl
The Making of a man — The White Rose of the Hills Santa Monica
The Long Road
The Miser's Heart — Battle of Elderbrush Gulch
The Battle Blanche Sweet Walthall West
a Tale of the Wilderness Return East 1911
The Failure
The Eternal Mother
A Blot on the Escutcheon
Billy Stratagem
The Mender of Nets Mary P Mabel Normand
Fate's Promise

1912

The Female of the Species
One is Business the other Crime
The Lesser Evil
The Old actor — Lena and the Geese
A Lodging for the night

P. 3 continued

a String of Pearls
a Beast of Burr
Home Folks
Mine Honor
The Bonds of Love
a Pueblo Legend
Two Daughters of Eve
Is new York in the Kentucky Hills.
The One She Loved
The Painted Lady
The Mistaken of Pig alley
Probability
The Informer 1910.

1913 Page 4

The New York Hat — Mary Pickford — Lionel Barrymore
The Mad Within — written by anita Loos
Three Friends
The Telephone Lady and the Girl
Mother Love
Oil and Water Feb 6 1913 — Blanche Sweet
The Sheriff's Baby
The Little Tease
The House of Darkness
The Yaqui Cur
Deaths Marathon
The Mothering Heart
The Reformer
Two men on the Desert — Henry B Walthal
Judith of Bethulia — Blanche Sweet
mae marsh — Robert Harron
Lillian Gish

P. 5

The avenging Conscience 1914 Wallhal Brent
Pre Movies Tell Tale Heart Bertheroud Nielsen
Inmocent Eye George Beranger
Pit and Pendulum Robert Leonard

Home Sweet Home
Spring Release Robert Warwick Wallace
Miriam Cooper Dorothy Gish
Jack Pickford Mildred Harris Chaplin
Constance Talmadge Wilson Mizner
Mary Alden Josephine Crowell

The Clansman (Birth of a Nation
Mar 4 1915
June to December
Thanksgiving nearly 10 Weeks for
rehearsal 6 weeks

The Mother and the Law
1915

Intolerance

also supervised Enoch Arden Catherine L Gish W. Reid
for Triangle Ghosts Ibsen Wallhal Alfred Paget
The Lamb Summer 1915 Doug's First Seena Owen
Macbeth Oct 15 Sir Herbert Beerbom Tree Constance Collier
Dan Q. upto Dec 20 15 Do Wolf Hopper Ed Dillon
also Pico for Norma Talmadge L Gish Do Gish
Bobbie Harron Fairbanks etc

Intolerance 1916
Mae Marsh Constance L Gish R Harron
Seena Owen Alfred Paget Elmer
Clifton - Miriam Cooper Walter Long

Hearts of the World 1917
in France? Lillian Dorothy Harron April 5 1918 April 10 Oct
Fawcett
in L Seigmann
& Ben Alexander

The Great Love 1918
Aug 12 1918 L Gish R Harron
Wallhal Fawcett Seigmann
Alexandria Lady Diana Manners etc
Gloria Home Rosemary Theby

P. 7

Drury Street april 12 21 Carol Dempster
Limehouse Slum

Orphans of the Storm Jan 3 1922 made May to Nov 21
by Griffith Dorothy Gish
Lillian Gish Carol Dempster
Frank Losee

1922

One Exciting Night Oct 29 1922
Imposter Mole Carol Dempster
Henry Hull
Rose Sinclair

1923

The White Rose June 10 1923 Mae Marsh
Love Romance Ivan Novello Dempster
Neil Hamilton

American Man 2 1924 Neil Hamilton
anon Revolution Carol Dempster
Lionel Barrymore

1924

Just Life Wonderful Dec 1st 1924 Dempster
Neil Hamilton
Lefevre Lane

Paramount 1925

Sally of the Sawdust aug 925 Carol Dempster
Circus Story W. C Fields
Alfred Lunt

That Royle Girl Jan 11 24 Carol Dempster Harrison Ford
Flapper & Eulenwood?

1924 Adolphe

Sorrows of Satan nov 14 24 Menjou
Dempster
Ricardo Cortez
Lya De Putti

Allegory

1908

D W Griffith, DIRECTED THE FOLLOWING FICTURES

JUNE RELEASES-JULY 14TH

1. THE ADVENTURES OF DOLLIE. ARTHUR MARVIN,
2. THE REDMAN AND THE CHILD. ARTHUR MARVIN Harry Salter Chas Inslee Frank Gebhardt
3. A FIGHT FOR FREEDOM. Frank Gebhardt Chas Inslee Eddie Dillon
4. THE BLACK VIPER. Frank Gebhardt Eddie Dillon
5. THE TAVERN KEEPERS DAUGHTER,
6. DECEIVED SLUMMING PARTY. Chas Inslee Eddie Dillon Harry Gebhardt
7. THE BANDITS WATERLOO. Florence Lawrence Chas Inslee Eddie Dillon Jack Pickford
8. A CALAMAITOUS ELOPEMENT. Harry Salter
9. THE GREASER'S GAUNTLET. Marion Leonard Arthur Johnson Frank Gebhardt
10. THE MAN AND THE WOMAN. Linda Arvidson Frank Gebhardt
11. THE FATAL HOUR. Marion Leonard, Fred Gebhards

3. AUGUST 1908

12. FOR LOVE OF GOLD. Florence Lawrence Harry Salter. Chas Inslee
13. BALKED AT THE ALTAR. Linda Griffith Harry Salter Frank Gebhardt. Mabel Stoughton Mack Sennett
14. FOR A WIFE'S HONOR. Chas Inslee Harry Salter.
15. BETRAYED BY A HANDPRINT. Florence Lawrence
16. MONDAY MORNING IN A CONEY ISLAND POLICE COURT. John Compson Harry Salter
17. THE GIRL AND THE OUTLAW. Florence Lawrence Chas Inslee
18. BEHIND THE SCENES. Florence Lawrence Gladys Egan Geo Nichols
19. THE RED GIRL. Marion Sunshine, Arthur Johnson Tony O Sullivan
20. THE HEART OF OYAMA. Florence Lawrence
21. WHERE THE BREAKERS ROAR. Florence Lawrence Chas Inslee
22. A SMOKED HUSBAND. John Compson.
23. THE STOLEN JEWELS. Florence Lawrence Harry Salter Frank Gebhardt
24. THE DEVIL. Florence Lawrence Harry Salter Frank Gebhardt
25. THE ZULU'S HEART. Chas Inslee Frank Gebhardt Alfred Paget.

1ST START IN A PART, PLAYED BACKGROUND'S EARLIER.

FATHER GETS IN THE GAME Marion Leonard, Harry Salter Mack Sennett

CONTINUED PAGE 2

IN AUGUST BIO NEGATIVE BEGAN TAKING OUT 8 RELEASES A WEEK AND SOME PICTURES FROM 1 REEL TO 2 REELS AND SHORT LENGTH NOTE IN REF TO CAMERA

BIO NEGATIVE (RAW STOCK) WAS EXPENSIVE COSTING 12½ PER FOOT. THEREFOR ONLY ONE CAMERA WAS USED ON ALL THE EARLY PICTURES

HOWEVER ARTHUR MARVIN WAS GENERALLY ABOUT 80 TO 90 IN CASE OF ACCIDENT OR SICKNESS TO BITZER THEY COULD CARRY ON

I JUST WANT TO LET YOU KNOW THAT I HAVE NOT INTENTIONALLY OMITTED HIS NAME WHERE IT MAY APPEAR ON OTHER RECORDS THAT WE WORKED JOINTLY ON A PICTURE

BUT THE BIOGRAPH WERE VERY STRICT ON FILM SAVING ALLOWING ABOUT 1200 FT TO A 1000 FT PICTURE SO NO TWO CAMERAS COULD BE USED

N.B. QUITE A DIFFERENCE IN LATER YEARS WHERE 200,000 FT WERE SHOT TO OBTAIN A 12,000 FT PICTURE

SENNETT'S

TITLES PRECEDED WITH A BLUE DOT ● ARE IN THE BOOKS IN WHICH THE PICTURES WERE MADE BY D.W.G.

TITLES ON THE LEFT OF PAGE, AND FOLLOWED WITH A RED DASH ARE COPIED FROM THE BIOGRAPH BULLETINS, FOR TABULATION REFERENCE. MR. GRIFFITH MADE ABOUT 188 PICTURES IN 1908 FROM the Great or Book to Dec 1st

1908

1 A FIGHT FOR FREEDOM
2 THE BLACK VIPER
3 THE TAVERN KEEPER'S DAUGHTER
4 THE HEADMAN AND THE CHILD.
5 DISGUISED SLUMMING PARTY
6 THE BANDITS WATERLOO
7 A CALAMITOUS ELOPEMENT
8 THE GREASERS GAUNTLET.
9 THE MAN AND THE WOMAN
10 FOR LOVE OF GOLD
11 THE FATAL HOUR
12 AFTER MANY YEARS
13 THE INGRATE.
14 A WOMANS WAY.
15 THE CLUBMAN AND THE TRAMP
16 THE FEUD AND THE TURKEY
17 THE VALETS WIFE
18 BALKED AT THE ALTAR
19 FOR A WIFE'S HONOR
20 BETRAYED BY A HAND PRINT
21 MONDAY MORNING IN A CONEY ISLAND POLICE COURT
22 THE GIRL AND THE OUTLAW
23 THE RED GIRL
24 BEHIND THE SCENES.
25 THE HEART OF OYAMA
26 WHERE THE BREAKERS ROAR
27 FATHER GETS IN THE GAME
28 THE ZULUS HEART.
29 THE DEVIL.
30 THE STOLEN JEWELS
31 A SMOKED HUSBAND
32 THE GUERILLA
33 THE PIRATES GOLD
34 CONCEALING A BURGLAR
35 THE CALL OF THE WILD
36 ROMANCE OF A JEWESS
37 THE PLANTERS WIFE
38 THE VAQUERO'S VOW
39 A FOOLS REVENGE
40 HIS WIFE'S MOTHER
41 THE PRUSSIAN SPY
42 AT THE ALTAR
43 THE HINDOO DAGGER
44 THE JONES HAVE AMATUER THEATRICALS
45 TAMING OF THE SHREW
46 THE SONG OF THE SHIRT
47 MONEY MAD
48 THE RECKONING
49 THE RAVEN
50 FATHER GETS IN THE GAME
51 THE POLITICIANS LOVE STORY.
52 THE GOLDEN LOUIS

ADVENTURES OF DOLLIE. Dorothy Bernard Owen Moore Linda Arvidson Edna Foster Gene Gauntier Arthur Mackley Eddie Dillon Guy Hedlund

Arthur Johnson Mary Pickford Harry Salter

Harry Salter Mary Pickford

Harry Salter Mary Pickford

Dorothy West Chas Inslee Harry Salter

Florence Lawrence Harry Salter

Chas Inslee Florence Lawrence Arthur Johnson Mary Pickford Dorothy Bernard Geo Nichols

Chas Inslee Marion Leonard

Alfred Paget Mike Robinson Chas Inslee Wm Henderson

Harry Salter, Florence Lawrence, Arthur Johnson, Fred Gebhardt

Florence Lawrence Harry Salter Fred Gebhardt

Arthur Johnson, Mary Pickford, Harry Salter

Tony O'Sullivan Dot Bernard

Florence Lawrence Arthur Johnson

Florence Lawrence George Gebhardt Chas Hill Mailes

Florence Lawrence Arthur Johnson Dorothy West

Florence Lawrence Chas Inslee, Harry Salter Mack Sennett Jennie McPherson

Florence Lawrence Harry Salter Wilfred Lucas.

Marion Leonard Arthur Johnson Mack Sennett.

Arthur Compson Chas Inslee Mrs Herbert Miles

Chas Hill Mailes, Fred Gebhardt, H Salter, Florence Lawrence

Marion Leonard Harry Salter

Chas Inslee

Harry Salter Florence Lawrence Fred Gebhardt

Harry Salter Eddie Dillon Florence Lawrence

Mack Sennett Frank Powell

THE BARBARIAN KING OMAR Salter Lawrence

Released Feb 09 Bulletin No 3533

Made in the Dec. First Winter 1908 Bulletin 3532 Released Feb 22 1909

Continued on Page 2.

1908

BULLETIN NO 1908 MADE FOR VERIFICATION AND CORRECTION MADE IN 1908

99 THE MANIAS COOK
98 THE TOUCH OF NATURE
97 A HELPING HAND
96 MR JONES AT THE BALL
95 THE CHRISTMAS BURGLARS
94 AN AWFUL MOMENT
93 THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP
92 LOVE FINDS A WAY.
91 A RURAL ELOPEMENT
90 THE SACRIFICE
89 THE CRIMINAL INSTINCT
88 THREE BITS
87 BRUTE FORCE
86 WITH THE ENEMYS HELP
85 AN UNSEEN ENEMY
84 FIGHTING BLOOD
83 FRIENDS
82 THE SEALED ROOM Henry Walthal marion Leonard.
81 SILENT PATHS
80 EDGAR ALLEN POE. Hayhurst Yost Linda Crandon
79 A TRAGIC LOVE author Johnson Mildred Miller
78 THE CURTAIN POLE. Mack Sennett first Starring Part
77 FOR THE SAKE OF THE SON OF THE HOUSE

NUMBER 68 ON PAGE 1

67 Flat Wards Bulletin 3530.
66 THE FATAL WEDDING
65 CLASS MATES
64 LENA AND THE GEESE

These are not to be confused with Komic 1913 same titles

THE JONES HAVE AMATEUR THEATRICALS
THE ROUE'S HEART
THE WOODEN LEG
THE SALVATION ARMY LASS
THE LURE OF THE GOWN
I DIO IT MAMA
THE DECEPTION
AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM
A BURGLARS MISTAKE
THE MEDICINE BOTTLE
JONES AND HIS NEW NEIGHBORS
A DRUNKARDS REFORMATION
THE ROAD TO THE HEART
TRYING TO GET ARRESTED
A RUDE HOSTESS
SCHNEIDERS ANTI-NOISE CRUSADE
THE WINNING COAT
A SOUND SLEEPER
CONFIDENCE
LADY HELENS ESCAPADE
A TROUBLESOME SATCHEL
THE DRIVE FOR A LIFE
LUCKY JIM
TWIN BROTHERS
TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO GOOD
THE EAVESDROPPER
THE SUICIDE CLUB
THE NOTE IN THE SHOE
ONE BUSY HOUR
JONES AND THE LADY BOOK AGENT
THE FRENCH DUEL

all on account of the mails should not have been here

CONT. - P. 3.

Pippa Passes.
Doubles of Fate.
The Lyrical Tragedy
The Explanation

In the Watches of the Night
Rimes of White on a Sullen Sea
The Fright that Came
The Code of True Love
N Choosing a Husband
E All on Account of a Cold.
Two Women and a Man.
W The Open Gate.
The Day After
The Mountaineers Honor
Y The Redmans View
The Broken Doll.
O A Corner in Wheat
R To Save Her Soul
K The Dancing Girl of Butte
The Dukes Plan.
1 On the Reef:
The Englishman and the Girl.
9 The Honor of his Family
0 The new Kid
9 The Cloisters Touch
One night and Then.
This Last Burglary
The Newly Weds.

RELEASE DATE
DEC 13 1909
BULLETIN. NO
3646

DECEMBER 24th 1909 we leave for California

C The Threads of Destiny (San Gabriel Mission) CALIFORNIA mary Pickford
A
L 1 In Old California
I 9 The Twisted Trail
F 1 Gold is not all.
O an unchanging Sea
R 0 Rose among the Roses
N Way of the World. (San Gabriel
I The two Brothers
A Ramona

1908

1909

A FOOL'S REVENGE
MR AND MRS JONES COMEDY SERIES
THE VOICE OF THE VIOLIN
THE BABY'S SHOE
THE SILT
THE RESURRECTION
THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH
WHAT DRINK DID
THE VIOLIN MAKER OF CREMONA
THE LONELY VILLA
THE WAY OF MAN
WAS JUSTICE SERVED
THE NECKLACE
THE COUNTRY DOCTOR
THE CARDINAL'S CONSPIRACY
THE RENUNCIATION
SWEET AND TWENTY
THE SLAVE
THE BETTER WAY
A STRANGE MEETING
THE GOLDEN SUPPER
THE MENDED LUTE (Cuddybackville)
WITH HER CARD
THE CONVICTS SACRIFICE
THE MILLS OF THE GOD
THE SEALED ROOM Henry Walthal Marion Leonard
1776 OR THE RUSSIAN RENEGRADES Cuddebackville
COMATA, THE SIOUX. Linda Arvidson James Kirkwood
THE BROKEN LOCKET Mary Pickford Frank Powell Kate Bruce
IN OLD KENTUCKY
A FAIR EXCHANGE
LEATHER STOCKING James Kirkwood Alfred Paget
PIPPA PASSES. (BROWNING) Gertrude Robinson Henry Walthal (FIRST LIGHT EFFECT FOR D.W)
FOOLS OF FATE Frank Powell Marion Leonard CUDDEBACKVILLE'S FIRST.
THE LITTLE TEACHER Mary Pickford Billy Quirk Eddie Dillon
THE EXPIATION arthur Johnson Marion Leonard. Owen Moore
IN THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT. George Nichols Mack Sennett Dot West O'Sullivan
LINES OF WHITE ON A SULLEN SEA. Dot West Anderson Kirkwood Nichols
THE LIGHT THAT CAME Owen Moore Priscilla ?
TWO WOMEN AND A MAN Frank Powell
THE OPEN GATE Owen Moore Gertrude Robinson P ?
THE MOUNTAINEER'S HONOR Mary Pickford. Arthur Johnson.
THE REDMANS VIEW James Kirkwood Butler Pathe Lehrman Sullivan Evans
A CORNER IN WHEAT Frank Powell McPherson Johnson Owen Moore Mabel Quirk
TO SAVE HER SOUL Mary Pickford Arthur Johnson
THE DANCING GIRL OF BUTTE Mrs Henderson Owen Moore F. Baker Sennett
ON THE REEF Marion Leonard Henry Walthal
THE ROCKY ROAD - Sweet Kirkwood Nichols Powell Miller
THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY James Kirkwood H. Walthal T. O'Sullivan
THE CLOISTERS TOUCH H. Walthal Arthur Johnson Geo Nichols
THE DAY AFTER - Leonard Powell Miller Henry Lehrmann Rose Pickford Evans
ONE NIGHT AND THEN Butler Sennett Leonard
HIS LAST BURGLARY Dot West H Walthal G Nichols Claire MacDowell
HIS TERRIBLE ORDEAL Geo Nichols Owen Moore Baker Ethel Miller Tony Sullivan
THE NEWLY WEDS. Florence Lawrence Alfred Paget Arthur Johnson Mack Sennett
ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THE MILK - Mary Pickford Arthur Johnson Mack Sennett
THE CALL H. Walthal D Henderson Baby Released Jan 13 made in Cuba
THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE - P Owen Moore Leonard Miss Johnson
THE DUKES PLAN - Frances Grandin H. West
THE LAST DEAL James Kirkwood Owen Moore
THE ENGLISHMAN AND THE GIRL - Charles Craig Dot West
TAMING A HUSBAND - Arthur Johnson
THE DAY AFTER -
THE FINA SETTLEMENT - Arthur Johnson James Kirkwood Tony O'Sullivan
A WOMAN FROM MELLONS Mary Pickford Geo Nichols. Marion Leonard

THE LOVE OF LADY IRMA A Powell Flo Pickford

CONT. P. 4.

See Page 5.

# 1st CALIFORNIA TRIP

California. We leave New York Dec 8th 1909 ← stayed 8 months

California 1910

- THE THREAD OF DESTINY
- IN OLD CALIFORNIA
- THE CONSCIENCE
- THE TWISTED TRAIL
- THE MAN
- CODE OF HONOR
- THE UNCHARTED SEA
- LOVE AMONG THE ROSES
- WAR OF WAR
- THE TWO BROTHERS
- RAMONA
- THE GOLD SEEKERS
- OVER SILENT PRIME
- THE UNCHARTED SEA
- THE GOLD SEEKERS,
- UNEXPECTED HELP

San Fernando Cal

CAL. OIL FIELDS.

## Back in New York 1910

1. A CHILD OF THE GHETTO
2. IN THE BORDER STATES
3. IN THE SEASON OF BUDS
4. THE FACE AT THE WINDOW Joe Graybel Clarges

A KNOT IN THE PLOT?

THE MARKED TIME TABLE —

5. A CALL TO ARMS alfred Paget Johnson Sennett

A CHILDS IMPULSE —

MUGGSYS FIRST SWEETHEART — Her Fighting Pride ? 3720

5 THE PURGATION — mrs Henderson Gertrude Robinson Dell Henderson Joe Graybel Waddy Butler

A MIDNIGHT CUPID — George Nichols Chas West Mack. Sennett

6. WHAT THE DAISY SAID. Mary Pickford Gertrude Robinson

A. CHILDS FAITH. — George Nichols Gladys Egan

A FLASH OF LIGHT — Vivian Prescott Geo nichols Chas West Geo Clarges

AS THE BELLS RANG OUT — Dorothy Bernard Chas West Geo Nichols F Dillon

SERIOUS SIXTEEN —

7. THE HOUSE WITH THE CLOSED SHUTTERS aug 8th 1910

AS IT IS IN LIFE AND WAR.

A RICH REVENGE

A SALUTARY LESSON Vivian Prescott Gladys Egan Billy Quirk

A MODERN PRODIGAT TAKEN AT CUDDYBACKVILLE

8. THE SORROWS OF THE UNFAITHFUL Mary Pickford Wallkal F Dillon

BULLETIN NO 3737 RELEASED SEPT 1910

9. WILFUL PEGGY Mary Pickford Gertrude Robinson Wallkal Paget Sennett Chas West

10. THE INDIAN RUNNERS REVENGE

11. ROSE OF SALEM TOWN Dorothy West Arthur Johnson

THE MENDED LUTE. Florence Lawrence Owen Moore James Kirkwood

P EXAMINATION DAY AT SCHOOL. Gertrude Robinson Mack Sennett F Dillon

15 THE ICONOCLAST. Jack Pickford Pattie Lehman Jack Dillon

A GOLD NECKLACE. Bennett Quirk Rotha Pickford Kate Bruce

HOW HUBBY GOT A RAISE?

16 THAT CHINK AT GOLDEN GULCH Dell Henderson Gertrude Robinson J. Dillon

A LUCKY TOOTHACHE Mary Pickford F Dillon Dell Henderson Chas Craig

THE MASHER

17 THE BROKEN DOLL 17-8 Linda Arvidson mrs Henderson Gladys Egan Evans

18 THE BANKERS DAUGHTERS.

in august we go back to Cuddybackville

CONT.- P. 6.

6.

1910.

Bulletin No 3787 Oct 1910

THE MESSAGE OF THE VIOLIN mack Sennett ~~Somebody~~ Miss Henderson
THE PASSING OF A GROUCH
THE PROPOSAL
TWO LITTLE WAIFS
WAITER NO 9 mary Pickford Eddie Dillon Claire Mac Dowell Mack Sennett
THE FUGITIVE Dorothy West Eddie Dillon Mack Sennett
SIMPLE CHARITY mary Pickford, Edwin August
SUNSHINE SUE Sunshine Chas West
THE TROUBLESOME BABY. mrs Henderson Marie Bailey Chas West/ 2nd trip to
LOVE IN A SUBMARINE SONG OF THE WILDWOOD FLUTE mary Pickford Mack Sennett / CUDDEBACKVILLE
HIS NEW HAT
NOT SO BAD AS IT SEEMED Frank Powell
A PLAIN SONG
EFFECTING A CURE
A CHILDS STRATAGEM Jack Pickford, Gladys Egan
TURNING THE TABLES
HAPPY JACK A HERO
THE GOLDEN SUPPER Dorothy West Chas West Claire Mac Dowell
THE SISTER IN LAW Eddie Dillon Gladys Egan
THE LESSON Joe Graybell Lenore Claiges Dorothy Bernard
WHITE ROSES mary Pickford Hattie Pickford E Dillon Jo Graybell Paget Linda?
THE RECREATION OF AN HEIRESS
WINNING BACK HIS LOVE James Kirkwood Wilfred Lucas Vivian Prescott
HIS WIFE'S SWEETHEARTS mack Sennett Jack Dillon V. Prescott?
AFTER THE BALL?
THE TWO PATHS marion Leonard Harry Salter Donald Crisp Paget Adaptestina
WHEN A MAN LOVES.
THE ITALIAN BARBER mary Pickford Mack Sennett Joe Graybell Dorothy West
THE MIDNIGHT MARAUDER
HELP WANTED
HIS TRUST Paget Lehrman Nichols Bruce Robinson Frank Grandin
HIS TRUST FULFILLED Wilfred Lucas Claiges mrs Henderson Gladys Egan
FATES TURNING Dorothy Bernard Chas West Francis Grandin
THE POOR SICK MEN mrs Henderson Sunshine Arthur Johnson Dell Henderson
A WREATH OF ORANGE BLOSSOMS Edwin August Vol Bernard

BULLETIN NO 3789 released FEB 2 1911

THREE SISTERS Sunshine Vivian Prescott.
HEART BEATS OF LONG AGO. Linda Arvidson Jeanie Mcpherson Wilfred Lucas
PRISCILLA'S ENGAGEMENT KISS. Dorothy West Mack Sennett Eddie Dillon
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR OLD Donald Crisp. Testina. Grandon Chas West Nichols Miller
THE DIAMOND STAR. Florence Barker. Wilfred Lucas.
THE LILY OF THE TENEMENTS. Dorothy West Arthur Johnson George Nichols

BULLETIN NO 3793. MAR 9. 1911

THE DECREE OF DESTINY. mary Pickford Marion Sunshine J. Dillon J. Crandall
CONSCIENCE. Dorothy Bernard Alfred Paget Dell Henderson
FOUND THIS PICKFORD LATER

CONTINUED SEE PAGE 7.

WE LEAVE FOR CALIFORNIA, SECOND TRIP.

IN THE LATE FALL OF 1910. INDEPENDENT MOVING PICTURES
MARY PICKFORD, LEFT BIOGRAPH AND WENT TO "IMP," CARL LAEMMLE.
AFTER NINE MONTHS, SHE RETURNED TO BIOGRAPH AGAIN.

A SUMMER IDYL.
CONTINUATION

PAGE 10

1910.

THE MESSAGE OF THE VIOLIN Mrs Grace Henderson Gladys Egan Chas West

TWO LITTLE WAIFS

WALTER NO 5 MOUNT BEACON N.Y. Mary Pickford George Nichols Chas West Edwin August Owen Moore Gertrude Bambrick

THE FUGITIVE Lillian Smith Jeanie MacPherson Kate Bruce Henry Walthall Donald Crisp Dark Cloud

SIMPLE CHARITY Mary Pickford Edwin August

SUNSHINE SUE Marion Sunshine Chas West.

CORRECTIONS SONG OF THE WILDWOOD FLUTE Mary Pickford Dark Cloud

A PLAIN SONG.

A CHILD'S STRATAGEM Gladys Egan Jack Pickford COMMODORE BENEDICT'S ESTATE GREENWICH, CONN.

THE GOLDEN SUPPER Dorothy West Claire Mae Norvelle Chas West

THE LESSON Stephanie Longfellow Joe Graybill Vernon Clarges

WINNING BACK HIS LOVE Vivian Prescott Stephanie Longfellow James Kirkwood Wilfred Lucas

THE TWO PATHS Marion Leonard Donald Crisp Adolph Lestina Alfred Paget

THE ITALIAN BARBER Mary Pickford Dorothy West Joe Graybill Mack Sennett

HIS TRUST Kate Bruce George Nichols Frank Grandon Alfred Paget Spike Robinson Henry Lehrmann

HIS TRUST FULFILLED Mrs Grace Henderson Gladys Egan Wilfred Lucas Vernon Clarges

FATES TURNING Dorothy Bernard Francis Grandon Chas West.

THREE SISTERS Marion Sunshine Vivian Prescott Stephanie Longfellow

HEART BEATS OF LONG AGO Linda Arvidson Jeannie McPherson Wilfred Lucas

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR OLD Donald Crisp Adolph Lestina Frank Grandon Geo Nichols Christy Miller

THE LILY OF THE TENEMENTS Dorothy West Arthur Johnson George Nichols

THE DECREE OF DESTINY Mary Pickford Marion Sunshine J. Dillon Joe Graybill

LAST PICTURE 1910.

SEE PAGE 11.

CALIFORNIA

IN THE LATE FALL OF 1910 MARY PICKFORD LEFT BIOGRAPH AND WENT WITH I.M.P. INDEPENDENT MOVING PICTURES CARL LAEMMLE AFTER NINE MONTHS SHE RETURNED TO BIOGRAPH AGAIN.

1911 CALIFORNIA

FISHER FOLKS
HIS DAUGHTER
THE HEART OF A SAVAGE
STUMBLING DAY
+ A DECOY OF DESTINY
LONEDALE OPERATOR
PRISCILLA'S APRIL FOOL JOKE
SECURED
THE SPANISH GYPSY
THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER
A KNIGHT OF THE RING
HIS MOTHER'S SCARF
HOW THE TRIUMPHED
IN THE DAYS OF '49
THE NEW DRESS
ENOCH ARDEN
ENOCH ARDEN
THE DELAYED PROPOSAL
THE PRIMAL CALL
HER SACRIFICE
FIGHTING BLOOD
STUBBS NEW SERVANTS
RETURN
EAST
1911
LAST DROP OF WATER 2 REELS SANFERNANDO DESERT

Conscience

add these to

See page ___ Three Sisters
Heart Beats of long ago
Priscillas Engagement Kiss
What shall we do with our old
The Diamond Star
A Lady of the Tenements
Decree of Destiny
Conscience

11

1911.

BULLETIN NO 6767 RELEASED JAN 11

TRAINING THE COMMANDER.

PHILLIPS AFRAID PARK FOOD CURED

PRISCILLA AND THE UMBRELLA

THE BROKEN CROSS

PARADISE LOST.

MADAME REX

THE TWO SIDES

MISPLACED JEALOUSY

THE MANICURE LADY

CUPIDS JOKE

THE CROOKED ROAD

A DUTCH GOLD MINE

CURIOSITY

DAVES LOVE AFFAIR

THEIR FATES SEALED

THE DELAYED PROPOSAL

BEARDED YOUTH

STUBBS NEW SERVANTS

THE WONDERFUL EYE

TITLES SHOWN IN THIS COLUMN WERE COMEDIES MADE IN CALIFORNIA IN 1911.

# CALIFORNIA, 2ND TRIP, 4 months.

STUDIO GEORGIA & GIRARD STS.
STREET CAR BARN YARD, LOS ANGELES.

SANTA MONICA, CAL.

FISHER FOLKS. Wilfred Lucas Frank Powell

THE HEART OF A SAVAGE. Frank Powell Blanche Sweet Wilfred Lucas

HOMEDALE OPERATOR. Blanche Sweet Wilfred Lucas Frank Powell Linda Arvidson

THE SPANISH GYPSY. Vivian Prescott Wilfred Lucas

HIS MOTHER'S SCARF. Dorothy West Wilfred Lucas Chas West

HOW SHE TRIUMPHED. Blanche Sweet Vivian Prescott & Graybill

WAS HE A COWARD. Blanche Sweet Wilfred Lucas

THE CHIEFS DAUGHTER. Frank Powell Julia Widdern

A KNIGHT OF THE ROAD. Linda Arvidson Frank Powell

~~HIS MOTHERS SCARF.~~ Dorothy West Wilfred Lucas Chas West

IN THE DAYS OF 49. Claire MacDowell Dell Henderson

THE COUNTRY LOVERS. Blanche Sweet Mrs Henderson Chas West

THE NEW DRESS Dorothy West Wilfred Lucas Kate Toncray

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE WILDS. Blanche Sweet Wilfred Lucas

A ROMANY TRAGEDY. Claire MacDowell & Miss Butler Gladys Egan

THE SMILE OF A CHILD. Blanche Sweet W. Lucas Baby Powell

ENOCH ARDEN, PART I SANTA MONICA, CAL. Linda Arvidson — also Mrs Grace Henderson Florence La Badie Bobby Harron this first part

ENOCH ARDEN. " 2 1ST 2 REEL PICTURE. Jeanie MacPherson Wilfred Lucas

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE WILDS. MT. WILSON. Blanche Sweet W. Lucas Frank Powell

THE PRIMAL CALL. Claire MacDowell Wilfred Lucas

HER SACRIFICE. Vivian Prescott Mrs Henderson Chas West Lehmann

WAS HE A COWARD. Blanche Sweet. Wilfred Lucas

CROSSING THE AMERICAN PRAIRIES IN THE EARLY FIFTIES. Dell Henderson Carini Miller

FIGHTING BLOOD. George Nichols

2 REELS SAN FERNANDO DESERT. COVERED WAGON DAYS Claire MacDowell Jeanie MacPherson

THE LAST DROP OF WATER. Joe Graybill Chas West

# BACK EAST. NEW YORK. 11 EAST 14TH ST. 1911.

THE THIEF AND THE GIRL, Florence La Badie Wilfred Lucas.

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND. COMEDY DIRECTOR POWELL. Vivian Prescott Henderson J. Dillon

BOBBY THE COWARD. Bobbie Harron. Joe Graybill Guy Hedlund. J. Lenoir. Tammany Young

THE INDIAN BROTHERS. Wilfred Lucas

THE GHOST. COMEDY DIRECTOR POWELL Mack Sennett Henderson C. West. Miss Giles.

JINKS JOINS THE TEMPERANCE CLUB. COMEDY

A COUNTRY CUPID. Blanche Sweet. Wilfred Lucas.

MR. PECK GOES CALLING Vivian Prescott Mack Sennett

THE BEAUTIFUL VOICE. ALL IN BLUE PENCIL ARE COMEDIES

In 1911 Frank Powell was CONTINUED.- P. 12.
still directing the Comedies Sometime after

1912.

BILLY'S STRATAGEM.
THE MENDER OF NETS. [1st] Mary Pickford Chas West
THE FATAL CHOCOLATE. Gladys Hulette Mack Sennett Henrietta Wood
GOT A MATCH?
UNDER BURNING SKIES. [1st] Edwards Davis Wilfred Lucas Harry Carey
THE SUNBEAM. Marie Macdonald.
A MESSAGE FROM THE MOON. Vivian Rich Mack Sennett Henrietta Wood
PHILISTINE'S CAPTURE. George Nichols Mrs Reynolds Jos Graybill
A SIREN OF IMPULSE [1st] Dorothy Bernard Chas West
A STRING OF PEARLS. Jim Henderson Alan Hedgcoth Henrietta Chas Inslee
A SPANISH DILEMMA. Mabel Normand Fred Mace Mack Sennett
THE ENGAGEMENT RING.
IOLA'S PROMISE. [1st] Mary Pickford Wilfred Lucas
THE ROOT OF EVIL. Dorothy Bernard Harry Hyde
A VOICE FROM THE DEEP. Marguerite Loveridge Robert Williams
HOT STUFF
THE GODDESS OF SAGEBRUSH GULCH. [2nd] Edwards Davis Lee Hasbrouck Henrietta Wood
THE GIRL AND HER TRUST. [1st] Edwin Stanley Wilfred Lucas Mildred Harris
OH, THOSE EYES. Mabel Normand.
THOSE HICKSVILLE BOYS.
THE PUNISHMENT. Edwards Davis, Harry Hyde.
FATE'S INTERCEPTION. [1st] Mary Pickford. Wilfred Lucas.
THEIR FIRST KIDNAPPING CASE. Fred Mace Mack Sennett
HELP! HELP!
THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES. [2nd] Mary Pickford. Kate Bernard. Claire McDowell
JUST LIKE A WOMAN. [1st] Mary Pickford Wilfred Lucas. Chas Hill Mailes
THE BRAVE HUNTER. Mack Sennett.
WON BY A FISH

CONTINUED, PAGE 15

3rd TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

1912 THE MENDER OF NETS — SANTA MONICA, CAL. — Mary Pickford Charles West

UNDER BURNING SKIES — SAN FERNANDO CAL — Blanche Sweet Wilfred Lucas Christy Cabanne

A FEMALE OF THE SPECIES — SAN FERNANDO CAL. — Mary Pickford Claire MacDowell Dorothy Bernard

THE MASSACRE — SAN GABRIEL CAL

A SIREN OF IMPULSE — TOPANGO CANYON CAL. — Dorothy Bernard Chas West

IOLA'S PROMISE — TOPANGO CANYON CAL — Mary Pickford Alfred Paget

THE GODDESS OF SAGEBRUSH GULCH — Florence La Badie. Blanche Sweet Chas West

THE GIRL AND HER TRUST — INGLEWOOD CAL — Wilfred Lucas Edwin August a Paget

FATES INTERCEPTION — Mary Pickford Wilfred Lucas.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN — LA BREA OIL FIELDS — Mary Pickford Wilfred Lucas

A BEAST AT BAY. — INGLEWOOD CAL — Mary Pickford Alfred Paget Charles H Mailes.

MAN'S LUST FOR GOLD — TOPANGO CANYON CAL — Blanche Sweet Bobbie Harron Wm Butler

MAN'S GENESIS — CHATSWORTH PARK. CAL. — Mae Marsh Bobbie Harron Wilfred Lucas

BRUTE FORCE — CHATSWORTH PARK. CAL — Mae Marsh Bobbie Harron Wilfred Lucas

MAE MARSH'S FIRST HIT

SANDS OF DEE — BALBOA. CAL. — Mae Marsh Bobbie Harron

THE LESSER EVIL — SANTA MONICA CAL — Blanche Sweet Alfred Paget

A PUEBLO LEGEND — ALBUQUERQUE N.M. ISLETTA HOPI INDIAN RESERVATION N.M. — Mary Pickford Wilfred Lucas

WON BY A FISH

GRIFFITH PICTURES ARE IN BLACK PENCIL

PICTURES MARKED IN BLUE PENCIL ARE COMEDIES.

15.

BULLETIN APRIL 27, 1912.

1912

BRUTE FORCE.
ONE IS BUSINESS; THE OTHER CRIME. Blanche Sweet & August. Chas West
THE LESSER EVIL. Blanche Sweet Wilfred Paget
THE LEADING MAN
THE FICKLE SPANIARD.
THE OLD ACTOR. Mary Pickford Edwin August
A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT. Mary Pickford Chas West
WHEN THE FIRE BELLS RANG
THE FURS.
HIS LESSON. Chas West
WHEN KINGS WERE THE LAW. Wilfred Paget
A CLOSE CALL.
HELEN'S MARRIAGE.
A BEAST AT BAY. Mary Pickford. Wilfred Paget
AN OUTCAST AMONG OUTCASTS. Blanche Sweet
TOM BUT BESSIE. Mabel Normand Mack Sennett
ALGY, THE WATCHMAN.
HOME FOLKS Mary Pickford, Kate Bruce, Bobbie Harron, G Hill Mack.
A TEMPORARY TRUCE. Wilfred Paget
NEIGHBORS. Frank Evans
KATCHEM KATE.
LENA AND THE GEESE. Mary Pickford. Jakyl Lenoir.
THE SPIRIT AWAKENED. Blanche Sweet, & Paget Edwin Dillon.
A DASH THROUGH THE CLOUDS. Mabel Normand Fred Mace Grace Pickford
THE NEW BABY.
THE SCHOOL TEACHER AND THE WAIF. Mary Pickford Edwin August
MAN'S LUST FOR GOLD. CAL. Blanche Sweet Bobbie Harron William Butler
ONE-ROUND O'BRIEN. Fred Mace, Frank Evans William Butler
TRYING TO FOOL UNCLE.
AN INDIAN SUMMER. Kate Bruce Christy Miller
MAN'S GENESIS. CAL Mae Marsh Wilfred Lucas
THE MASSACRE. SAN FERNANDO DESERT CAL
THE SPEED DEMON. Fred Mace
HIS OWN FAULT.
HEAVEN AVENGES. Dorothy Bernard
THE SANDS OF DEE. BALBOA CAL. Mae Marsh. FIRST HIT OF Bobbie Harron William Butler.
THE WOULD BE SHRINER. Mack Sennett
WILLIE BECOMES AN ARTIST.
BLACK SHEEP. Vivian Prescott. Chas West, William Carroll
THE NARROW ROAD. Mary Pickford. Elmer Booth. Chas H. Mailes H. Hyde
THE TOURISTS. Mabel Normand. Chas. West Frank Evans
WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED.
A CHILDS REMORSE. CHILDREN. Gladys Egan
THE INNER CIRCLE. Mary Pickford. adolph Lestina Paget
AN INTERRUPTED ELOPEMENT. Mabel Normand. Ford Sterling. E Booth Butler E Dillon
THE TRAGEDY OF A DRESS SUIT.
WITH THE ENEMY'S HELP. Mary Pickford Blanche Sweet & Paget.
A CHANGE OF SPIRIT. Blanche Sweet Kate Toncray. H. Walthal Mailes
MR. GROUCH AT THE SEASHORE. Jack Pickford Jakyl Lenoi Normand
THROUCH DUMB LUCK.
A PUEBLO LEGEND. CALIF Mary Pickford. Wilfred Lucas
A TALE OF THE NORTH WOODS. CAL. Claire MacDowell. Elmer Booth.
GETTING RID OF TROUBLE. Chas Murray
HE MUST HAVE A WIFE.

A PUEBLO LEGEND WAS MADE AT ISLETTA, N.M. AS WE WERE RETURNING EAST FROM CALIFORNIA.

1912.

BULLETIN SEPT. 5TH 1912.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.

HE MUST HAVE A WIFE

PAGE 16.

GRIFFITH PICTURES ARE ALL IN BLACK PENCIL.
CORRECTED IN BLUE PENCIL.

IN BIG BULLETIN 9224
RELEASED SEPT 9 1912

AN UNSEEN ENEMY. Jack Pickford, Elmer Booth, Kate Toncray, Blanche Sweet, Eddie Dillon, Wm Hamilton.
BLIND LOVE.
STORK FIRM COMEDY. Mack Sennett, Fred Mace
LOVE'S MESSENGER

1912

TWO DAUGHTERS OF EVE. Gertrude Bambrick, Walter Miller.
FRIENDS. Mary Pickford, Henry Walthall, Lionel Barrymore.
A DISAPPOINTED PARIA. Charles Murray
A MIXED AFFAIR.

4028. — SO NEAR YET SO FAR. Mary Pickford, Walter Miller, Chas H. Mailes.
RELEASED OCT 8 1912 — A FEUD IN THE KENTUCKY HILLS. Walter Miller
THE LINE AT HOGAN'S Charles Murray
A TEN-CARAT HERO. COMEDY

THE CHIEF'S BLANKET. Blanche Sweet, Lionel Barrymore, W. Evans, Jack Richardson.
IN THE AISLES OF THE WILD. Claire McDowell, Adrian Gosh, Harry Carey, Henry Walthal.
A LIMITED DIVORCE. Kate Toncray, Elmer Booth
LIKE THE CAT, THE DAME BACK! COMEDY.

THE ONE SHE LOVED. Mary Pickford, Lionel Barrymore, Grey Hill.
THE PAINTED LADY. Blanche Sweet, Joe Graybill, C.H. Mailes.
AT THE BASKET PICNIC. Charles Murray, Edwin Dillon
A REAL ESTATE DEAL. COMEDY.

MARY PICKFORD
LIONEL BARRYMORE
BLANCHE SWEET
DAVID BELASCO

LAST BIOGRAPH BULLETIN → REL. NOV 4 1912. 4020.

THE MUSKETEERS OF PIG ALLEY. Lillian Gish, Walter Miller, Elmer Booth, Spike Robinson, C.H. Mailes.
HEREDITY 4030 Marian Sunshine, Harry Carey, Jack Pickford, Nick Cogley, Mike Robinson.
HIS AUTO'S MAIDEN TRIP. Mabel Normand, Charles Murray, E. Dillon.
THE CLUBMAN AND THE CROOK. COMEDY.

NOV 11 RELEASED 1912

GOLD AND GLITTER.
MY BABY. CHECK HENDERSON.
HOIST ON HIS OWN PETARD FARCE COMEDIES.
THEIR IDOLS.
THE INFORMER G.B. Mary Pickford. a Story of the Civil War.
BRUTALITY.
A SAILOR'S HEART COMEDY
AN ABSENT MINDED BURGLAR. COMEDY.
OIL AND WATER 14TH ST STUDIO Blanche Sweet, Henry Walthal
AFTER THE HONEY MOON. F. COMEDY
THE NEW YORK HAT. G.B. Mary Pickford, Lionel Barrymore — N.Y. HAT — SEE SERIES 1 PROGRAM 2 FOR CAST.

4032. OF WHICH THE GREATER? a Fishermans Story.
SHE IS A PIPPIN. FARCE COMEDY.
JINX'S BIRTHDAY PARTY COMEDY.
MY HERO. an Indian Settlement Story.
THE BURGLAR'S DILEMMA. Henderson
OH, WHAT A BOOB. FARCE COMEDY
THE PRESS GANG. "
THE DIVORCEE. FARCE COMEDY
PAPERING THE DEN.

DECEMBER 26 - 1912. → A CRY FOR HELP a Doctor Story.
THE GOD WITHIN. C.B. FINISHED NOV 26 12 RELEASED DEC 26TH 1912
BILL BOGGS'S WINDFALL FARCE COMEDY
A DAY'S OUTING.
THREE FRIENDS. G.B. RELEASED JAN 2 1913
THE TELEPHONE GIRL AND THE LADY. G.B (NOT LADY)
THE BEST MAN WINS FARCE COMEDY
THE BITE OF A SNAKE.

THE PIRATES GOLD G.B.
THE HIGH COST OF REDUCTION
4053 ISSING KATE
IN THE AUTUMN WOODS.

Continued PAGE 17

THE GRIFFITH PICTURES ARE GIVEN IN BLACK PENCIL.
PICTURES IN BLUE PENCIL ARE COMEDIES.
CALIFORNIA, 4th AND LAST BIOGRAPH TRIP TO THE WEST COAST.

**1913**
RELEASED FEB 12TH 13

4060. THERE WERE HOBOS THREE. Mount Lowe Cal. COMEDY
MADE AT [illegible] DIRECTOR CABANNE [illegible]
AN INDIAN'S LOYALTY. A Cattle Ranch Story. Eagle Eye.
THE SPRING OF LIFE. A Prehistoric Comedy in the Biograph manner
TIGHTWAD'S PREDICAMENT. Farce Comedy
THE WRONG BOTTLE. Story of Two Drinks. Drama
THE UNWELCOME GUEST. Story of a miserly wife's hidden marriage
BROKEN WAYS. A Western Story
A GIRL'S STRATAGEM. Mary and Ford, Pursuits and evil companions.
NEAR TO EARTH. Mexican Prehistoric Story.
THE SHERIFF'S BABY. G.B.
A WELCOME INTRUDER. A Widower and his child.
THE PERFIDY OF MARY.
EDWIN MASQUERADES. Farce Comedy.
THEIR ONE GOOD SUIT. " "
THE HERO OF LITTLE ITALY. Italian Love Story
THE LITTLE TEASE. G.B.
THE CURE. Farce Comedy
THE STOLEN BRIDE. Cowboys and Orange Growers Daughter
A MISUNDERSTOOD BOY. A Vigilante Story
A FRIGHTFUL BLUNDER. A Railway Clerks Drama
HE HAD A GUESS COMING. Farce Comedy.
A HORSE ON BILL. Farce Comedy
THE LADY AND THE MOUSE. (An Old Fashioned Romance)
THE LEFT HANDED MAN. Story of an Old Soldier.
A RAINY DAY. Farce Comedy.
THE YAQUI CUR. G.B.
DEATH'S MARATHON G.B.
THE MOTHERING HEART G.B.
THE REFORMERS G.B.
TWO MEN ON THE DESERT G.B.
MOTHER LOVE.
~~THE BATTLE OF ELDER BRUSH~~ GULCH G.B. Blanche Sweet
WARS OF THE PRIMAL TRIBES.
4069 JUDITH OF BETHULIA Blanche Sweet Henry Walthal Lillian Gish. Kate Bruce Mae Marsh Robert Harron

From 4045
4246
To

1912

A Romance Beyond ... Rivals

The Tunnel ... Under the Waves Ordered

A Race ... Mary ... Biograph ... Harron Marsh

CALIFORNIA ...

... Bride ... Mary ... Harron ... Marsh ... Hands

July 4 ... Lucas ... Burning ... Bridges

The Sands of Dee ... Rubbing ... 191[illegible]

Mary Runs for Gold ... Harron Barker

... Clash Through the Clouds ... Harron ... Peck P

The Spirit Awakened ... Under ... Page ... Barker

When Knighthood was the Law ... Reckless ... A Close Call ... Helen Hastings

The Massacre ... Released Feb 26 '12

An Outcast among outcasts ... Neighbors ... Valentine Wells ... Evans

A Beast at Bay

A Temporary Truce ... Peck

Two Men on the Desert

Judith of Bethulia ... Sweet ... Wallace ... Marsh ... Harron

a Siren of Impulse ... Bernard ... Lucas

made in Summer 1912

IOLA'S PROMISE ... Page ... Mary

When the Fiddles Rang ... Evans ... The Fur ... Nellie Hall

Their First Kidnapping ... Case ... Comedies

A Lodging for the Night ... Mary C. West

just like a woman ... McDowell ... Lucas ... Marks

The Female of the Species ... McDowell ... Mary ... Mae Bernard

Fates Interception ... Under ... Burning ... Bridges ... Coleman ... Lucas ... Sweet

Mary Pickford went to Imp ... July Fall 1910 ? OK ... returned in 7 months

The Punishment ... Sweet ... Harry Hyde

The Girl and ... Trust ... August ... Page ... Evans ... Railroad

The Goddess of Sagebrush Gulch ... Sweet ... Lucas ... Labadie

Judith ... Spring 1913 ... Mary ... Evans ... Sweet ... making

The Sanctuary Cal ... mender ... of ... nets ... Mary Pickford ... Feb 15 1912

Oh those Eyes ... Normand ... Those Brokenville Boys

a Voice from the ... Dillon ... master's ... violin ... and ... Hot Shots

Note:

In trying to get away from existing accounts of D.W. Griffith I find it necessary to go into somewhat lengthy description to make the narratives more understandable. In the following episodes of Life with Griffith.

If some of these items should be of interest they can be rewritten more terse by of course. The multiplicity of words, and unnecessary inconsequential details may I thought make clearer, if possible the incidents as I recalled them. In other words I cannot write a story.

G.W.B.

Redwine.
Rain.

N.B.- Some details may not quite jibe with little items which I have read from time to time, regarding Mr. Griffith, i.e. notably his plans, and intentions. I have put down the things just as I remember them. and with the thought in mind that I am giving MR GRIFFITH his just dues, and are not trying to tear him down

B

Fragmentary and annoyingly detached.

observations of wireless

unnecessary noisy

Will not unnecessarily

Bible

1926

That

Your story The True Story

Photo play

1914 1916

I

Generally written to serve special ~~purposes~~ industrial written

the industry or other particular purposes

or observations of wireless generally external to

The world of motion Pictures

Photo Play 1920 Magazine

Visualize a bunch of scenery going up same

a

Intolerance

a Setting on a Stage require scenery backgrounds

a stage setting requires scenery there are flats

or wings which represent the interior of the room

and sheating as an old timer exteriors were generally

represented for example by a woods drop curtain

remember the old days where it always got a laugh

when the Vaudeville Comedian (who Hedged in /)

as the scenery was being shifted) would make a dive into

the painted lake on the woods drop and I want

to digress again I have spent considerable time

these late years in collaboration with my old

Dixon Corporate Hist

in 1886 — 24

Premium Shutter Speed

1/2 to 1/25 13 inch shutter

Film negative contact

Velocity Koalin 13 shutterless

1900 Court Dec making for cases in and Dec

in Jan 29th 1900 case comes Dec in affirm

See P 172 for deeds and follow

60 ft in Canada 80 in theatre
out no interest

early 95 10 still at Edison

1895 Marvin was with Casler at Canastota

Making machines of various types

E.B Koopman Magic Introduction Co

6th floor 841 Bway Ball nozzle Portion air lighter

Casler did the manufacturing of the camera

If Dickson had marketed it might have

P 214 involved too many Tickleish technical difficulties

winter of 1895 the Mutoscope was

ready was it Mason

1895 March Kopfman et al [illegible] 1895
[illegible] Edison et al

E April 28th 1896 Kopfman
D Dec 12 96 Latham
Wilson Latham [illegible]
Latham [illegible] the latter was
[illegible] to grant a license

Evasion! the patent specifications
covering a film with splocket holes and
a positive drive wheel of the Edison Co

Edison ('96) 1895

VII

The film operated through
the camera then 1896
But was used through?

VD Then Kopfman looked ahead

Dec 19 1896 Annabelle ahead of this 1895 date

Holes for the spokes of the Sprocket

I arrived in the Muto
Nov 1895?
following spring 1896 we took Jefferson
Stable on file

The Edison Camera Took a
perforated film with holes along the
edges which engaged in Sprocket teeth

The camera used a plain
unperforated film which at the
moment of exposure was punched with
two registration holes

families makers ventriloquist circus
helped with one another economy
camera man work their headlong tricks
illusion and Rex even fire
and so it was with other inventors

Marie Geneses was an unfortunate
adopting child
founder in the Darwinian
theory of the Evolution of man
a bit sketchy, but it
did bring a new measure
of respect for the modern human

D. W. failure no 20 short million
Caused 60
things 40

Cried
Superb Sombre
Having cranked a camera for
45 years, able to see the rise and fall
of well known movie people that appeared
before my camera
Some OK van dykes
Others uppish

From what I gather I can I want admit that there are a considerable number of people that would be interested in a picture featuring nothing but old time actors

I dont admit working such a pic But if they the ones I talked to shd would want too big a salary and again perhaps there are not the thousands that I suppose as naturally when there must rep with me the topic leads to old days

## Intolerance

On that flimsy wire holding up depended so much Griffith had done it once the Bird could he do it again

Intolerance saved it Nothing like it has ever been done since

March 9, 1927 Motion Picture World.

## A Retentive Memory

Same as into parts paint etc Steel

Photo-play May 1915 by K. OWEN

The master of the Camera

His inventive genius is responsible for many modern improvements

Probably no man knows more about the the began

See

Probably no man in this country knows more than he about the beginning of and the development of the remarkable industry with the possible exception of Thomas Edison

2/

This together with a slew of publicity name on billboards etc together with the surrounding atmosphere / Rewrite / monarch of all he surveys yes men money would make any human without much sense of humor, (or had he? believe he was some punkins (came the Dawn Terry Ramsaye Million and one nights we page furiously to the index Bitzer "ah" nothing else matters and it simply states and here enters Billy Bitzer who afterwards became known as Griffiths Cameraman Right Right as rain FACTUAL just a cog in the wheel as a Beautiful automobile that has all the perfect gadgets we dont care who forged the steel chassis and in a calm review of all this other publicity such as His eyes discern thing no one ~~the~~ else could see

From the,

Severely fragmentary, and annoyingly detached.

Specimen #6,

She was born, She grew up, She slept a little, She ate a little, She worked a little, She laughed a little, She loved a little, and then he died.

---

Do. Quoted from Lindsay

Just before the stereotyped, and the mechanical. The shallow and the expensively cheap, seemed engulfing pictures in a tidal wave of callous and deliberate mediocrity

---

Excerpt. Museum of Modern Art.

After the High Hats had viewed it as a new invention it remained a mediocre vaudeville act. (News Real type.) Up to the Birth of a Nation, Social Status uncertain, then Prize Fights made it definately low brow.

Development of narrative.

From bits of low comedy, came the joining together of apparently disassociated photographic images.

The Great Train Robbery. Early Griffeths, with Fade outs, cut backs and Soft focus innovations up to the Birth, which really established pictures

Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man.

Rip Van Winkle went away and slept for twenty happy years in the mountains, so they say——

— how lucky! Who paid the rent?

Rub eyes. Smoke from the guns

Villain Hero released Phono Take that you scoundrels

Pole in the way Negro. Passed by National Board

Somewhat Personal:

Thrift a Gift. altho some are forced to be saving others just can't help throwing money away not only that of their associates, but their own. D. W. Griffith was less concerned about money than any one I ever knew. the fact that he would most of the time walk away without his change at restaurants first I worked together attributed to his deep concern in his work. but all the years we worked side by side he just didn't think about it. the only times I can recall the mention question of money coming up. would be the times when he would ask me, Have you got any money Billy. which would mean that he got down to the bottom of his pocket without having thought of replenishing or) If someone buttonholed him with a sob story he would not take out his money and select a bill. But while talking and to sort of expedite the ordeal he would be seperating a bill in his pocket. and it didn't matter what its denomination would be he would just hand it to the supplicant without looking at it. It wasn't a show off stunt either as I had occassion to pass through a part of Virginia not so long ago but long after we had seperated. and I don't think his funds were very high and all along the line so to speak I heard the same old story of his lavish tips. Still no appreciation of money. In making pictures he might

or the cashier hadn't asked him will you need money

over night think of a sort of "Symbolic shot
and visualize a sky full of angels
flowing from the clouds overhanging the battlefield
He would describe the idea to me no specific
Oh how are you going to do it" in regard
to construction work and not a word about
Host How many angels do you think we'll
Oh I don't know enough to fill the upper part of
your face You know more about that So I will
consent Huck Chief wants a bunch of angels
Huck was our consultation man
How many I want
Oh not more than a hundred
that an awful lot of angels
Costumes nil Chiffon Wings Tunics
Thirty telegraph poles $60 apiece
Stop those damn fool fans shaking
Theirs them angels and oh what a job to keep
them straight Suspended each on a piano wire
Belts were some size but not waistlines
some belts went up under their arms others just
below the hels
Spun around like fish on a hook
They were flesh and blood angels and then have
stomachs and other fragile parts.
they came down one tree and we three

Medium Shot
a Combination shot would show more almost dying angels than
soldiers on the field

all in a day work on the screen on the screen a 10 ft flash
Cost. $25000

Boy from the Poor House.
A Griffith

June 1908 very Longest 1908
Along in November A Griffith began a
Series of Domestic Comedies The Jones
Pictures Florence Lawrence John Compson!
Mary Pickford Billy Quirk

1909 Powell started with one long and one short
Powell later made two 1000 ft features
a week.

1st
His Duty They Would Elope. Passaic River N. J
A Marvin

in 1911 Still Directing he leaves Henderson starts Hi and Bennett off and on before this

Hegira O Moore to Victor with Lawrence Co
Programm's Sales and Lawrence fired Sept (1910?) go to Imp
Eric Von Stroheim German Officer
Mansfield Stanley Brit
Howard Gaye Robert E Lee. also Judean
~~Blaisons First Parts~~ ~~Child of Enoch~~ ~~and~~ en Season of Buds with
~~Jack Pickford~~ ~~the Kid~~ California 1910 Florence La Badie
Lily Cahill late 1910 Sll? intermittent also Bronk
~~Henry Pathe Lehrman~~ 1910
Joe Graybill 1st
Spring 1910? ~~Marion Sunshine~~ 1909
at coast anenomies ~~Dorothy Davenport~~ 1910 Delaware Water Gap.
The Face at the Window ~~Dorothy Bernard~~ Fall 1910
Edwin August ~~Fall~~ 1910 Mt Beacon The Fugitive
Claire mac Dowell Mabel Normand a few flicks then Song of the
Mailes 1910 Donald Crisp Fall Sept 1910 OCT Look up 1910? Wild wood Flute
Mae Marsh 1912 Cal comes east Fall of 1912
~~Florence Barker~~ Fall of 1909
~~Lottie Pickford~~ Fall of 1909

Lillian Gish made a pic
at U Rochelle

Regarding Wilfred Lucas directing several pictures I had forgotten completely about it. I now also recall Lillian Gish taking a shot at directing for some sort of a comedy with Dorothy and James (Jimmie Ravena whom Dorothy afterwards married) at the Thanhouser Studio New Rochelle. George Hill was the cameraman. We Griffith and myself were working in Florida with Enoch Bampton and company and the Gish girls were left behind

d.

Hegira

friend Robert Greathouse in / Hive brief details here of the picture and they themselves) we have a working model of it which is to say the least Well maybe some day

You'll see a play which will translate into a battle-field full opening of the stage and its attendant ~~exploding~~ bombs and shrieking falling planes will awaken you out of the doze you were falling into during the preceding quiet home scene Maybe? But I've been a dreamer all these years since I made my first Double exposed trick on a movie camera

The Lens, a 2 inch focus. Speed f 3.5
The Negative, was Orthochromatic,
approximately 100% slower than present day
motion pictile negative, and quite contrasty
giving vivid blacks and whites with little half tones.
(Pan film of today gives all gradations.)
Because [On account of] the various speeds of negative
films. ie.- Super, Superior Super, XX. XXX et al,
a definate speed comparison of the emulsion
speed of yesteryear, and of to-day may be vague,
however the 100% slower figure will give an
idea.
The Exposure,- one thirty fifth of a second
was the usual exposure Sixteen exposures
per second. Sixty feet per minute.
To day 24 pics per sec 90 ft per min.
The Bicycle Lamps. which burned alcohol.
created heat, and moisture. to dispel
Static. (frictional electric discharges. which
marked the film with wiggly lines during
inclement weather)
This camera took the First motion Pictures
of Mary Pickford, The Gish Sisters,
Lionel Barrymore, and many others of the
Screen's most famous ~~faces~~ personalities

Griffith
Life with 16 years of strenuous naturally
D. W. Hard untiring worker.

Works. Long Hours. No Looking all Business.
16 years with D. W.

D.W. worked at the beginning. Biograph 11 E 14th St.
One stage as high as 7 Pictures a week
many 14 hour days.
Later nights, Sundays, all Holidays.
Mamaroneck. mostly 14 hours a day.
Captain of the "Take-it-Easy"
with nine decks and no bottom when
He had a masters certificate sails on forward and forever and sails on
ALWAYS RIGHT BUT ONCE.
Pays all costs I. Cuddy?
The thoughtful genius who gave away tenderloin
strikes in order to sell the encyelopedia
People standing quite a distance from the Britannica
ASTOR HOTEL

He does not know what malevolence is
the man called Griffith crazy or worse "swiped" his novel ideas
who with calm serenity
FITZPATRICK'S (Tolerant)
Takes and
Retakes as though films grew on trees
writing scenarios
- A. W. M.
Paramount Switch Back?
His infectious enthusiasm
Huck and the Chariots
Cruntson played Jonesy in
the Jones Picture

21 April 8 15 10 10
48 21
1915 10
1925 20
1931 5
1940
Griffith's wages
30
35

The Griffith way always the strenuous way
allegorical.

Inasmuch as up to June 3rd 1909.
there were no for the screen
pictures, taken at the Biograph
by any other director, after D.W. took hold.
So that irrespective of their lengths, whether
300 ft. or the 1000 ft. lengths, given in this record
book, all the pictures are Griffiths. his first
were usually one long, and one short each week,
After June 1909 Frank Powell's pictures appear.

HIS DUTY.

and P. HIGGINSON, AND A. HARMON CAMERAMEN — POWELL COMEDIES OF 1000 FT. LENGTHS ARE DISTINGUISHABLE BY THE SCENES, WHEN ANY DOUBT ARISES, I.E. WALTHAL SMILEY THE OTHER ACTORS BEING MERELY SUPERNUMERARIES MANY PICTURES LISTED WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN DIRECTED BY POWELL. NEWBURGER OR BENNETT

All on account of the milk
Mr. Wake, and myself, made Mutoscope pictures
nights, for the slot machines, but not for the screen.
Miss Arvidson at times worked in them.

---

Following are some pictures which I found in this
record book, and believe I overlooked in my previous
lists, and will also straighten out some that I was not
sure of and may have marked in doubt.

1896

First Successful demonstration
of the Biograph
at 841 Broadway
at Hammerstein's

Koopman first the Bio in London
(Kinetoscope)
returned to native England
to France Lauste with his
Biographs France since

Give the story an Ed. Grist

Cameraman

Born, April 21st 1872. Boston, Mass.
Father John M. Bieger.
Mother Anna M. Bieger. Swiss.
Entered the Moving Pictures Business in 1896
as electrician

# The Birth of a Nation.

In jotting down things that come to mind during the Filming of The Birth of a Nation, (which by the way, has not the interesting incidents, nor anecdotes, which happened with the making of Intolerance, or at Mamaroneck, nor the humorous angles connected with our earlier day "Griffith" efforts). I found upon re reading the things I had put down, that upon paper they lacked not only aggrandisement of the subject at hand, but smacked of an attitude of belittling, in a rather mediocre caliber the incidents, and ending not especially of interest.

This was brought home, forcibly to my mind, after I had read the amazingly accurate, tersely written Program notes, on D.W. Griffith, much of which was new to me, as being preoccupied with the mechanics of the Camera I did not pay much attention, as to what the Trade, etc, were lauding as marvellous achievements, both Directoreal, or Photographic. What I am trying to say is this. It was just in a days work, If Mr. Griffith yearned for some effect, whether a Fade Out or what not, without reference as to whether it had been done ëons ago by Melies, I tried in one way or another to produce what he would like and when I worked satisfactorily We were hailed as the inventor of the Fade Out.

although we had seen the early makers picture with the Lyons's, we had [illegible] about it. when at this time we were grasping for such an effect. I can remember my not being especially intrigued when I first saw the Melies dissolves. I felt then that its surface had barely been scratched, as to the tremdous possibilities of the Movie camera, in black art, illusions, et al. So in a sense I have the wind taken out of my sails completely when after stumbling about as the originator of various photographic effects undisputed by our american cameramen ~~guess~~ then didn't know either I find here in the M. of M. art. that there were others. and, so, was considerably toned down in my writing of effects attained even in the Birth, lest they be a mere waste of words or at most of little interest.

# The Birth of a Million. 1 No Exception

I had been grinding a motion picture camera for the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co. for 12 years before the advent into this company of Mr. D. W. Griffith, in the spring of 1908.
I continued another 5 years with the American Biograph with Mr. Griffith as Director until Oct 1st 1913 —

Having connected with the Biograph practically at its inception after 17 years had become a fixture. was naturally pretty loyal to the Biograph Colors you cant stay in a spot that long without becoming so.

When Mr. Griffith decided to leave Biograph I refused to join with him. although he offered to treble my salary. I didn't think the Independent outfit he was going with, could possibly stand the gaff of Mr. Griffiths spending of both, Film, and Money. Among the inducements Mr. Griffith pictured to me was one in which he said. We will bury ourselves in hard work out at the coast (we were in New York then) for five years, and make the greatest pictures ever made. make a million of dollars, and retire. and then you can have all the time you want to fool around with your camera gadgets, etc. Now I thought how can he be so sure of that. when even now in the pictures we had. and were making we never did know whether we had a Best Seller as it were until it went out. Here I had as I thought a lifetime job with the Biograph. (Rock of Gibraltar) the other I felt would be

1175 # St Biograph

MR. GRIFFITHS GOAL BEING TO RETIRE THEN AND WRITE

CONT PAGE 2

Aitken

short lived. The pleadings, the lives etc of D.W. Griffith Mr. Griffith et al won out I went with Mr Griffith and as I had anticipated worse than the old grind as one could sense the money worry from the beginning and same type of pictures They had to book the Great Leaps which Christy Cabanne directed under the Mutual Banner to pay the railroad fares of Mr. Griffiths Co. to the Coast. There wasnt a thing on the horizon that I could see of a picture or pictures that would make a million dollars, and Mr. Griffith wasn't talking along that line at all, as he had before however we went along with. The Escape Avenging Conscience Home Sweet Home and The Clansman which was just another, except.

See Page 3.

# The Birth of a Nation.

After rereading pages of what I had jotted down. I find that actualities vary somewhat with the data that has been printed on the same subject.

Upon reading the amazingly accurate Program Notes about D.W. Griffith, many new to me, The wind was almost taken entirely out of my sails, and what I had hastened to get down as experiences encountered while filming the Birth of a Nation. Seemed upon my re-reading them, all wrong. insofar as I had not only treated what I had written in a belittling way, but, also the material was not startlingly interesting. this latter is due to the fact that the Birth of a nation was just another grind, and lacked the interesting incidents, and anecdotes, as of "Intolerance", and also the many humorous happenings of Mr. Griffith's earlier days our mistakes, etc.

Regarding the first statement actualities my mediocre accounting of an incident of being personally authorized to offer an interest in the profits, (if any) of the Birth of a nation (in earnest) to a neighbor for use of a coveted, area of his property for use of our overflow negro mob scenes, has all the ear-marks of cheap, chiseling as I put it. Lacking the terse, intelligent description, which I read of how Mr. H.E. Aitken advanced $25.000 others came with so and so much. which I thought vastly more interesting than the twaddle I was jotting down.

Books of better than their kind Montage outlived Needed unnecessary

Status Quo Occasionally Slows and Stops

EXCEPT Problematical Irrelevant Bible

in the public library despite the fact that any Status Quo of the part I played and have

But I have had the fun and satisfaction of seeing others copy my brain storms of Soft Focus Mauve Effects and the other supposed new inventions what were not really new at all But I even thought so So in you We need a modern parade of the history of Motion Pictures which put down as only you can write it without offence to any personalities mentioned and without Glorified Biography or Sat Eve Post me articles ~~but just~~ put down there are anecdotes and happenings in the Motion Pictures on Parade that just truthfully presented are almost unbelievable A Woman He wrote a lovely hand I am like the story of the Woman who said if you cannot speak well of any one etc

However you can put it so nicely that I feel sorry for myself.

as is often the case when a person suddenly gets a hold of a large amount of cold cash and does not know the power of money they are soon penniless which is my case but If I read that about myself I would be offended

The Museum has brought forth from their vaults a Motion Picture Camera. The Biograph Camera with which D. W. Griffith not only made all of his Biograph pictures which in the days of the Biograph, caused lines to form before the Moving Picture Theatres throughout the country whenever Biograph Night was announced

* This camera unlike all motion picture cameras then in existence (1908) did not use the Moving picture film which had sprocket holes along its sides. in the taking of a picture. instead it used an unperforated NEGATIVE film, without any sprocket holes which was drawn to the aperture plate (seat of exposure) and numbered at the moment of exposure with a single hole on each side of each exposure

These holes used as master holes in the printing of the positive made the Biograph pictures much steadier than all others and being less jumpy. Sharper and clearer the Gripps players acting was more discernable which together with D. W. Griffeths, then revolutionary methods of telling his stories was the reason of their popularity making the unknown Biograph Girl sought after. Mary Pickford the Gish Sisters Lionel Barrymore and nearly all of the

An incident during the filming of "Two Brothers" Henry Walthall Arthur Johnson Mary Pickford.

Bear Grizzly Gulch. Southern California.

Exterior Views of the Mission. 1909.

On pure arrive to Instructions to use the Old Mission, and its surrounds, as a background for a Mexican Romance classic, "Two Love Angles" Pascal, Two Passenger coaches, and a combination baggage, Horse car. We arrive at the Mission City The Horse Ranch in Rain. about midnight in a pouring rain. A little excitement is aroused into the natives driving. We wait for let ups, between the down pour, and our youthful genius in pure attempts dashes to the hotel, through the muddy, sloppy mud resemblance of road. all unnecessary of course. But when the boys make bold, that they could carry the girls right over the threshold of the hotel, (a distance up a hill and somewhere in the offing we could see the reflections of its lights. but in the blackness couldn't just tell how far it was.) who could resist this adventure. Out dart a boy and girl, amid laughter. we hear the mud sloshing, and the giggles of the girl and not to be out Lochinvared another couple are off. Oh such adventure. Sounds silly! but remember our boys are marvellous types of youth. Arthur Johnson A dream of a leading man. Open Moore the strong gawky youth. Our horsemen, and the girls all sweet, all in their teens. Our elder Character people, just as loving, and refined, Kate Bruce Christy Miller. Our Idol. D.W. This was a happy family. We retire at the hotel. Three or four days it pours. Each day we have consultation. Sky lightens for moments at times, can we accomplish anything Billy? The Camera man altho he has no control of the weather. becomes very important, The first one up in the mornings, to scan the skies and note the wind direction. etc. and be first to call a break in the clouds if any. Another 4 days of rain morning. this is Easter morn. the rain had stopped it is just after dawn, from the balcony of the hotel. the massive dark

Extra Page. — Two Pictures.

[illegible] the [illegible] bells [illegible] the [illegible] bells. which hang in
the ruins of the Old Mission [illegible] by an earthquake in 1880
are in place with workers who [illegible] there marvellous
names up to [illegible] the huge bells which [illegible] by the Indians under the
[illegible] of the Monks in its inner walls the delicate Vine and
Lily which still blooms out after being stored in the California
sunny clime so many years] The Monks get to their stations at
the foot of the ropes and swing the bells whose cracked tones are
in thorough keeping with the whole atmosphere. "The Easter Morn.

a. I am the Resurrection and the Life" over the brow of a small hill
some more figures appear hastening for the small church of the mission
built alongside. And too, from the opposite direction more figures are coming
and now come a large group, between them some are carrying a
litter upon which seems a large body. It is an indian funeral.
they are bearing the body of an indian woman for its last blessed rites.
to the altar. So our hotel proprietor. Mike who has come out upon the
upstairs veranda alongside me at the first sound of the bells. informs
me. Our company are also beginning to get up and be about some
appear upon the veranda The day is brightening somewhat. Everyone
seems
is so happy. Life so wonderful. So Peaceful.

another day.

The Storm. Roads and paths around church and hotel are drying

The rain's over. blue patches are appearing in the sky. general make-up
activity begins our people are appearing in costumes. The
mexicans are beginning to appear around the hotel to watch
the fun. some of them laugh outright when our leading men
clamber up onto their bespangled huge mexican saddles. However a
good time is being had by all. Now a scene begins which is a
sort of religious parade. The natives who have increased in

on the little encampment and watch the fence boys at the side of road, randomly in murmuring strains from nothing more than a babel of angry voices and shouts suddenly merge into one of our actors who is carrying a dress belonging to the mexican women then were all three threateningly other natives are hopefully surrounding other of our actors who also are carrying other sacred vestments borrowed from the mexican everything is established, excitement among the mexicans increases some of our party become frightened are hurrying to the hotel The good natured Padre has appeared among a group who are talking excitedly someone has thrown a straw stuffed figure into the doorway of the mexican. We are advised to return to the hotel. The natives follow us there. among the loud voices we pick words Mova Peech Cowboy. Sacra. A serious Faux Pas has been committed these sacred vestments under which they had been baptised, married and would be buried, should not have been in our hands. We were all in the hotel now a larger crowd were milling about outside. Anger was increasing especially as we had taken cover. On quick consultation we were about to phone for outside help. Mike the hotel proprietor goes out on the upper hotel veranda they keep jeering. He talks in their lingo they listen a bit then jabber. He has told them we have some of the champion riders of the world right here. get that little wild horse you got over the hill and if one of our boys don't ride him well pay you. or bet you There are not all Mova. Peech Cowboy come on. We had with us Art accord and several other Rodeo champs who had been rolling the dice out in the barn during the rainy days and had'nt been at all in evidence. On couple or three mexicans were now bringing a bucking Tossing mustang or whatever it was toward the hotel on long lines. One of our champs walked over to it

Fourth and
Final Page. Two Brothers.

getting ready for each to embark on his trade. The latter went down into them & looked back for our cavalry to appear underneath the struggling, thrashing animal but presently with arms tied, he dashed by with a Yaqui lad on each cowboy yell he waved his sombrero. The natives milled & lots especially as what ever they had left with. Packs and loot was tossed back to them. Our cavalry put on an exhibition etc and a couple of days later when we pulled out most of them were around us as we waved a farewell to San Juan Capistrano.

What this has to do with D. W. Griffith, in this to my way of thinking: At the time of making Two Brothers Pictures were still pretty common. Directors sort of stole scenes for backgrounds, missions. etc But there was nothing underhand in Mr Griffiths make-up from the very beginning. at Fort Lee where the natives rather welcomed the Biograph players and were not so tolerant toward some of the others. So perhaps aside from his always striving to elevate the movies from a stern point. He (most times we must overlook some human ones.) should also be credited with his co-operation with the peoples whose properties he used. which all surely led up to some good for the movies contacts with the U.S. Army. and perhaps a little far fetched but eventually made such pictures as the Fighting 69th possible in later years.

GWB

Mike Stanwell
Tony Sullivan
Allen Johnson
Owen Moore
on Sup

Finished

Appeared to [illegible] make new work. Technique.

THE AMERICAN MUTOSCOPE AND BIOGRAPH CO. was an organization of somewhat high hat stockholders. Col Butler, U.S. Grant II Uhlmer McKinley who had become financially interested in this new brain brained gamble of Motion Pictures through our showing of the picture of President Mayor McKinley on Sept 13. 1896 at Hammerstein's Olympia Theatre Bway 44-45th St where the Wrigley Fish Sign is now. At the time of Mr. Griffith's advent its finances were handled by the Empire Trust Co.

? It was not very easy to get a raise in salary. So that Mr. Griffith had to resort to various subterfuges to get the best out of all his workers. The big incentive of I will get you more money he used once that I can recollect in those his early days. – We had a Scene in a picture in which a bachelors friends are giving an about to be married member a farewell Toast on his wedding eve. The pretentious setting was up. The painted on canvas background flats. The stand by potted palm trees, always used in a rich set, etc. The actors in their For hire. 3rd avenue, dress suits. MacSennetts suit didn't fit at all Tony Sullivan did not look so hot either But handsome Arthur Johnstone he had evidently worn one before as we would to day say He was Terrific They were hard to put into comfortable looking attitudes. be non-scholant as it were. Mr Griffith seemed stumped dismayed

Mr Griffith seemed dismayed.

Stumped on posing this group for the opening shot of at his bachelors club. It was START.
this evening's work also
last night, not spontaneous (as was usual with the first scene of the day) taken in the morning.
IT WAS HERE I THINK THAT MR GRIFFITH LEARNED THAT THE ACTORS PARTICULARLY OF THAT DAY WERE THINKING AND EXCHANGING GOSSIP (DURING THE LULL IN SCENES) OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED THE NIGHT BEFORE TO THEM, THAN OF THE ACTING HE COULD NOT POSTPONE DRAMATIC BITS OF ACTING UNTIL LATE IN THE DAY THEN (ON ACCOUNT OF THE GRIND) AS HE ALWAYS DID LATER WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE MANY 14 HOUR DAY'S WE PUT IN. OUR MOVIE ACTORS WERE COLD IN THE EARLY MORNINGS BUT FULL OF EXHUBERENCE PEP AS THE DAY WENT ON AND IF IT HAPPENED TO BE A VERY EXCITABLE SCENE Mr Griffith WOULD AT TIMES DISAPPEAR FOR AN HOUR OR MORE. THE ACTORS BY THIS TIME BECOMING FIDGETTY PERHAPS WORRYING ABOUT BEING LATE FOR THEIR DATE THAT EVENING, THAT WHEN Mr Griffith WOULD COME BACK AND ANNOUNCE. I SEE WHERE WE WILL BE HERE ALL NIGHT. OH BOY WHAT PEP AND VIM THEY WOULD GET INTO THEIR ACTION. (I MEAN WHERE SCENES CALLED FOR SUCH ACTION AND INTERIORS OF COURSE, NOT ON LOCATION.

one reason for the long days work ~~must~~ lengthen rehearsals another

After explaining the mechanics and running through it the action a couple of times discouraged Mr Griffith said I am going out in the office for a few minutes rehearse this among yourselves try and get something out of it so that you will appear at ease and if you show me. I will get you instead of five dollars 10 dollars for to-days work

1st Inflated salaries 09

Bio 11 E 14th St

$10.00 for 4 days work

as he went out he said Bobby! watch it see what you can do with it. There was a picture in the corner cigar store advertising Hoffman House Cigars. I used to pass it daily and sneaked out up to the corner and took a good look at it noting the (I left school Saturday Noon) to the manner born pictures of various gentlemen posed about the lobby of the Hoffman House) Came back and pored the boys in what seemed to me the most stirring attitudes and then came a brilliant thought their college yell for the toast. as Owen Moore entered the men gathered around him brought him to a center table tapping glasses This was the toast that was college yelled. when Mr. Griffith came back. Biograph! Biograph! Hah! Hah! Hah! Ten Dollars! Ten Dollars! Rah! Rah! Rah! all got the double pay and it never went back to $5.00

BB.

Number 4

He was a
the departure from
the Dead and Live

Angels in the sky
in the good Wars
would be seen.
More dead angelic
than soldiers —

Money: 1.

Mr. Griffith was less concerned about money than any one I ever knew when I first worked with him. Forgetting to pick up his change in restaurants was due to his mind being altogether on his work. All through the years which we worked side by side the only times that he would mention money was when he felt no more in his trousers pocket. He never carried a bill fold just used to double bills up in his fist and cram them into the same trouser pocket like a handful of lettuce. If someone buttonholed him with a sob story which he might sense wasn't entirely true. He would be, fishing for, or seperating a bill from the rest. and without looking at its denomination hand it to the person. never annoyed, or peeved, and it seemed to me that as soon as he got the drift of the story. unless it was something real serious. he would hear only the prologue and keep right on thinking, business. or action for the picture in hand. His unconcern about money never changed. In the Birth of a Nation when we had reached its budget limit. and the New York office wired finish picture at once. we will never get the money back. he just kept right on. Of course we whose job's might be at stake did

Cont,--MONEY 2.

a bit of worrying and scouts went out digging some up. Mr. Griffith didnt worry a bit about the money, he was thinking of some beautiful symbolic finish for the Birth of a Nation. A flock of angels flying over a bucked battlefield might be good at the end. Suspending fifty girls on piano wires supported by numerous telegraph poles which cost $60.00 apiece the and then because the belts or harness required for the girls weren't custom made some of the girdles coming almost up to the girls neck, etc it took an additional crew of men to lower those girls who would start swinging around like a fish upon a hook. the attendant WHEN THE BELTS PRESSED TOO TIGHTLY ON THEIR TUMMIES paraphanelia the camera on truck and its track worried only Huck our ex boss circus canvasman WE HAD MORE ANGELS DYING IN THE SKY THAN DEAD SOLDIERS UPON THE BATTLEFIELD Construction expert and myself Mr. Griffith AND THE AUDITOR WHO WAS USUALLY OVERRULED

one morning saw poles and construction going up down at the end of the field men working. asked what are they doing down there building another studio. better watch that Billy might be the Kalem Co (who were nearby) encroaching on our lot. Thats for the angels Mr. Griffith. He never asked what is it all going to cost. In the meantime he changed his mind. Mars the God of War would be better for an ending. Whether it was his money or

the company's. Not so long ago, I was making some scenes in Virginia, where I learned that Mr. Griffith had been through that section a week or so before and he was sure liberal with his tips. I don't think his funds were very high at the time. Just natural with him. I never felt like telling Mr. Griffith anything about his carelessness with money partly because he generally had a pretty good answer of a physiological nature to admonitions of this nature and I always remembered how I had misjudged him as a director on his very first Biograph picture. The adventure of Dolly. The scenario written by Stanner E. V. Taylor was only about four pages in length but even so, judging from Mr. Griffith's acting in the pictures I didn't think he would understand how to shoot it. So I wrote it down on a single sheet condensing the story to about a dozen lines. Then in five block spaces briefly wrote in under the headings of Drama - Nature - Comedy Heart Interest Rescue, the business under its heading with a lot of advice what to be careful about doing and not doing etc. In giving him this advice in How to Direct a Story I never dreamed that before me sat a man who knew more about directing instinctively than I had learned in all my previous experience

So what could I tell him about Save your money

Continued and ending
Birth House. Have more
shooting - hard cranked

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Title page on
white —

~~Hearts of the Wild~~
Hollywoodland - up of
Lillian hat for H.D.T.M.
Darling. The wood nymph
effect.

Finished

Birth
Hearts of the Wild
Broken Blossoms
Soft focus

photography as was being used by Vitagraph and the other companies where the camera was usually set up to take in an entire set the actors consequently being viewed from [illegible] upon the screen. Mr Griffith's idea of bringing them closer TOGETHER WITH THIS NEWER ie The Reverse Lightings which I had played with, and the clearer defined photography caused in using lenses, other than the Rapid Rectilinear customary R.R. lenses opened up inspiration for a new artistry, and it was not long before others were striving along similar lines. I am speaking of in general. of course there were exceptional outdoor scenes outstanding instances of scenes now and then that embodied a better composition or a semblance of artistic treatment in lighting angles but as I say it was not a general thing Not until this change took place at the Mutoscope and Biograph Co [the new lighting. I had added some "Aristo Lamps" which were enclosed arc's using 1/4 inch pencil carbons. to the Cooper Hewitt mercury vapor tubes, which we had been using up to then. I had decided upon a different lens. which was better than the one we had. we were allowed to use the Biograph Camera which had been tied up during patent ligitation and D. W. Griffith began his directing career at this [illegible] chronological time.

One Camera

and seeing the battle scenes

In again viewing the Battle, with so many varied shots taken upon, I just can't help but feel that I had a much better time in my work of shooting these scenes than the cameraman of to day ever has Partly because D.W. liked to observe every little detail in all shots taken But chiefly because we only had one camera to share, there was only one camera used on the picture. To-day the cameraman gets his set up on a big scene, places his various cameramen at such angles as he desires, if a closer shot is desired he turns his (Lens Turret, with its variety of focal length lenses even to the tele photo.) to the lense giving the large image desired or one of the surrounding cameramen would be getting a closer angle, and there you are He did'nt have the fun of jumping hither and thither with his camera viz a long shot of the Trenches close up of a group another group the principals behind the principals in front of them. a big hand clutching a rocket maybap. back forth here there his face begrimed with powder smoke California dobey oh Boy then was the Satisfaction of having worked at the end of the day of course it had its bad moments too with the fireworks man shooting the bursting bombs into the battle-field from a point behind the camera and the majority exploding

in some magazine articles of other Cameramen being the first to use gauze or vignetting effects. have even heard some little whisper that I did not invent we'll call it the fade out. The Soft focus etc. In a very early article I read of how An Edison Cameraman away back in the early nineties made the first Motion Picture in reverse sunlight. It seem he was shooting a boatrace and ^(boat) the boat he was upon compelled him to shoot a finish up a boat race directly into the sun. ~~So it seems~~ "So there's nothing new under the Sun! Although it was, sort of customary for one Company to copy any new Camera effects which they saw in their competitors pictures whether it was. Soft Focus. Fade Out or Close ups. I do not recollect having ever seen any of the innovations before we were the ones to do them Emploti and Bitzer and I do remember making it a point to get behind a group of at that time universal Cameramen in the balcony of Clunes Auditorium at the showing of Hearts of the Wald in (  ) at Clunes ~~Television~~ Los angeles auditorium to get their reaction on what had begun to be a gauze effect that had begun to become a sort of wash drawing effect with its delicate shading

In rehearsal the slow scenes one could almost visualize wherein gauze shading might be effective so that when the scene was finally viewed through the camera before taking one or more thicknesses of gauze were put over the front of the Sense hood held then with a rubber band snapped over it edges to hold it on of course another shield ring was in front of this to keep reflected light from hitting upon the gauze surface and then the procedure would be to burn a hole with a lighted cigarette through that part of the gauze in which our necessary action was to take place from then on the framing of the gauze with the cigarette was entirely up to the cameraman's fancy as to what shape the edges or vignetting of the scene ~~may~~ would eventually be. perhaps not entirely to his ~~fanciful or~~ artistic or fanciful mood as at times where the subjects had definite action at well say a ~~door~~ at one side of the picture and also at at table at the other this burning off kept on ~~until~~ during the rehearsals until at times very little of the gauze

outside the limits of the one lense camera range with D.W. shouting lower, lower, can't you shoot those damn bombs lower We'll but the camera man if we do. They are no good the way they are and "bang" one of the hissing things wizzed by my ear and the next one may have gone through between my legs for all I knew but they were coming into the camera field all right so it was O.K. and just had to be fired from behind the camera as they (dugouts.) could'nt control them at all on some side of battlefield experimental shots. Of course when it was over and we would hear stories from some of our extras that a bomb had exploded a couple of feet from his head (one) it made you feel (sort of) glad that you had'nt turned yellow and deserted the camera. (hand cranked) Also it was necessary for the cameraman to stick to his camera while lying (flat) upon the ground when D.W thought a shot of the Clansmens horses leaping directly over the camera would be a great effect. If you did'nt want to do it. there would be no picture of that. We got it, and to make it more intriguing the riders on the untrained horses (as horses were hard to get just at that time) wore bed sheets with slits cut in the

hood which the wind
easily displaced so that most of them were
nearly partly blind and just let the
horses go. But the horses after all
seemed to know their stuff any way
we got it The extras also sometimes
seemed to want to take advantage of this
one cameraman condition and in
battle scenes the cameraman's face was
kept pretty close to the finder (during the
actual shooting. The disabling of the lone camera for a while would of course retard shooting and might mean an extra days work for the extra. as I write this looking at my hand it still shows somewhat faded the blue powder specks from (this shooting at the camera in battle) the battlefield of the Birth of a nation

with his arm (or camera) upheld

an actual interior work with ~~natural~~ artificial lights

side by side, one without the warmth of the bicycle lamp, and the other with it, and the difference was tremendous when the one negative had just barely sufficient exposure, with all the lights at our command (about F 3.5 lenses then and ortho film) the warmed film showed a good photographic quality During our Static Trouble era, some of our cameramen prided themselves on being able to overcome Static, by their own secret method, scoffed at the silly, tail light lamp they called it) did NT need it at all. I oftimes think that I and perhaps even Mr. Griffith owe a whole lot of our later prestige to the use of the Bicycle Lamp on our Biograph interior scenes which made Biograph Photography Outstanding at the time of Mr Griffiths beginning. The Eastman Company later eliminated this static trouble by creating a then called X back emulsion but not before Bitzer photography and Griffith direction had obtained a good footing in the film world So the cameraman had plenty of headaches ~~without~~ much plenty ~~food~~ that he was held responsible for, ~~without saying~~ ~~to them~~ without even thinking of shooting against the sun. (reverse light) which Mr. Griffith throughout a scene would call for, and which later (after being once tried) also started the fans of the Griffith Pictures

which was very flattering ~~which I dont~~ which I dont know ~~how~~ where to
write I read it in the Fan mag.
However I will say that the Motion Picture
World did do me a lot of good (unknowingly)
when the commenter upon some of my earlier
photography by saying this man follows no
accepted school of lighting neither the Italian
or French yet his effects are remarkably pleasing
(at any rate something along that line) Now
what in h is the French School So I hie me
to the Metropolitan Museum and ask the
doorman for directions as how to get to the
French school of lighting. He finally understands
and also senses that I dont know much about
Art. Of course we all learned at school that
a face coming out of a deep shadow was a
Rembrant and a picture that hung in our
parlor in childhood days. THE ANGELUS was by
MILLETT never did learn until later that it
was Mi Lay perhaps all this is irrelant I
did however study closely the lights and shadows
of these reverse light pictures The Gleaners etc with
the fore shadows on the field of stubble. and even
with slow orthochromatic film which did not
permit taking faces with the light behind them
as they would come out pretty black we succeeded
with the aid of a huge red sheet used as a light
reflector to lighten up these faces in a almost
reverse Bow sun light to hear exclamations
from our office staff anyway, which was all that
seemed to matter. of "Ah" a Mi Lay Painting

THANKS TO THE MOTION PICTURE WORLD

No Exceptions.

The Birth of a Nation, changed D.W Griffith Director Personality entirely. where heretofore he was wont to refer to starting on a new feature, as grinding out another sausage, and go at it lightly. His attitude in beginning on this one was all eagerness, he acted like here we have something worth while. Having been so very close to him for so many pictures (at that time we had made nearly a thousand pictures together) nights Sundays Holidays always the grind. He just lived pictures and nothing else. (His Social Side was nil) I could not help but notice this jumping around to get started. I at first thought it was the big price of the story at that time $25.00 Thos Dixons the Clansman that had to do with his excitement. Personally I did not share the enthusiasm. I had read the book and figured out that a negro chasing a white girl was just another sausage after all and how could you show it in the South etc. So I didn't think it would be anything unusual. But about D.W. when one stands alongside another day in day out he generally sitting right in front of me. and in looking at the top and back of his head almost as much as at the scene being taken you get to know each hair in his head and also his various moods. a ~~twitching of his foot~~ wriggling the foot on his crossed leg meant

not so good even before the scene was finished and when he would perhaps have just read a Telegram from the N. Y. office perhaps a picture was taken for he would perhaps start singing (He had a pretty good voice too) Save your money for the Winter time coming soon. So when he confided to me that if you'd that old camera of yours to get this one right we wont be eating at Childs anymore. (of course we wernt eating at Childs) He certainly became all serious. He never had an overabundant sense of humor. Occassionally if he spotted some new contraption on the front of my old camera as he always called it maybe an extra long cigar box affair sticking out in front of arcing the lense He might hold up everything just before taking a scene and hunt around the studio for a piece of rope or wire come to the camera and carefully start tying it around some part of the camera and everybody watching and wondering he would say Now we ought to get it. "Camera" Theses occasional little spranks were the height of his clowning and rare at that. We started in on the Birth a steady grind no night photographing all Sunlight excepting a few battle scenes and a strictly Soap box miniature of the Burning of Atlanta

D. W. Griffith. 1.

Sailing along on an even keel, nearly ever perturbed, certainly not temperamental. So that when a blow-off did come, whether it was just a terrific bawling out of all his Players. or of taking to task a single disturbing element to the extent of having it out with fisticuffs. it became a startling show because of the man. There would be no outward build up. (such as he would put into his pictures.) but it sure always was a finished job, with a and thats that attitude on Mr. Griffiths part. He could handle himself very well too. Shadow boxing lots, when I first knew him, and later there was usually some ex-pug around among the extra's a Spike Robinson. Kid McCoy etc. that he would privately bout with and with muscles that were developed by ore shovelling on barges in his earlier days. he wasn't at all bad. However not being typed as a fighter, these rare outbursts were surprising In the big battle scene of the Birth of a Nation which Mr. Griffith was directing you might say single handed. His several assistants being preoccupied

* NOTE. Sounds illogical. A Director, especially Mr. Griffith see 2. engaging in a brawl, with an actor. In those day we did not have the system, or Staff (in fact the staff were playing in the picture) as of to-day, in Hollywood mob scenes.

doling out ammunition. (of which by the way we did not have an over abundance) some extra fired a shot during the lull after Mr. Griffith had called, Stop Firing. We had no loud speaker system so that men in the further trenches took it that action again was on and a flock of blanks were wasted. guess the extra thought he was having fun so from the same spot it happened again Mr. Griffith shouted will that man please stop firing at the wrong time— or get out and go home. No one got out. Camera The battle raged again. the command Stop Firing. and, again that disconcerting shot from the trench far down the line. Griffith tore off his hat threw it on the ground rushed down to the trench. (I followed) wheres that damn fool whoever it is get out of the trench and get the 'ell off the lot. or I'll fair him off. the show off came up out of the trench and with a You and who else murmur strode toward Griffith they were punching in a jiff and before others could butt in Mr. Griffith had caught him one among others that just about knocked cold and almost back into the Pushing away those that were trying to break victorious as the fellow went of sitting up it up Mr. Griffith a bit dishevelled stood over the fellow and said You go, now you go. and Mr. Griffith went back to his work. CONT- Griffith 3.

D. W. Griffith. 2.

Mr. Griffith would at times, after repeated rehearsals, (He surely did a lot of rehearsing) of getting up and walking away (disappearing as it were for awhile) Before I knew different we would imagine that he gone to the office to probably discuss some finances, which he never worried about. He was broke when I first knew him. when we left the Biograph we had to hock the picture / The Great Leap made for Mutual by Cabanne to pay the fares of the Fine Arts Co to the coast. at Mamaroneck the Lumber Bills were that high when we left and I guess he hasn't any too much to-day. (See Sheet marked Somewhat Personal about Mr. Griffith's value of MONEY sincerely) but I hope he has We had some pleasant times in his association However about leaving the rehearsal after I found him lying upon a couch in his seldom used office I feqired he was planning the mechanics of the scene he was rehearsing What he was really doing was giving his people a chance to get into the mood or attitude of what he expected of them

At luncheon especially on location
D. W. would eat alone. his assistant finding some
[illegible] spot, alone he would concentrate on the
afternoons scenes He never used a script. I don't remember him ever using
one while shooting.
He rehearsed considerable at the studio and during the
rehearsals when near final I would appear
with a scratch pad and take out my watch for the purpose of timing
the scenes. The cast generally knew that the
rehearsal was nearly what he wanted when
he would say get Billy and we'll time this.
One day his assistants had a little trouble in
locating me. guess I was practicing some golf
in a nearby field. I grabbed my scratch pad
but had forgotten my watch I disappeared again
after being seated to get my watch D. W
wispered to his assistant who went down town
and came back with a most expensive split second etc gold wrist
watch which D. W. strapped on my wrist. I only
had it a few days when it got lost somehow
and having discarded my pocket watch. I was
again (coincidently) called to time, grabbing
a Dark Room, Timing you can see the second hand at a distance Clock which ticks seconds I
placed it at my side upon the floor away from
D. W. In one of the quieter moments of the rehearsal
D. W. started looking at the walls and about
He asked his assistant is there a clock around

here and the answer was Yes Bobby has one on the floor there beside him. He never asked a word about the elaborate wrist watch. He never cried over Spilt Milk an instance in the taking of Shermans March to the sea when the cannons which we had hired with their crews from the Artillery Corps in Los angeles broke down on their way out to Universal Field. He spotted a little family group (The Burns Family) on the hill near us a mother and some children who were really eating what I suppose was their breakfast. (He always made early location calls and then seemed Rumpin never late himself) we sort of sneaked the camera up on them pretending we were shooting a long shot down below. and at the time I thought these close-ups were a better scene than the panorama of the Soldiers in the valley below representing Shermans March to the Sea

Combined the two scenes in the panoram long shot.

Keith

Mrs Olsson —
Good Workman
& Fidelity construction
Santa Ana woods

Finished

See Angels on a String

## Our neighbor Mrs Thoren almost became a Stockholder.

The little lot in California cor of Sunset and Hollywood Boulevards had originally just a couple of platforms and a few sheds which had been used by a previous motion picture company before we took it and kept adding to it ~~kept expanding~~ with our several Fine Arts units When we got to the Birth of a Nation we became terribly crowded for, and needed more space, as with the exception of the battle scenes which were made at the Old Universal field and the cotton fields scenes Taken at Calexico and the Fir Trees scenes which we made at Big Bear Mountain California all the rest of the Birth was made in what was practically our studio back yard Bit by bit we encroached on our adjoining neighbors Mrs Thoren's property by renting privelage of one patch and then another. We finally coveted about the only area left and upon this were a hundred or more small fig trees. All the persuasion of the Entire Griffith executives was of no avail. we were cramped walled in as it were and so needed the fig tree space for getting our street mobs off the scene. Just when we were on the point of offering Mrs Thoren an interest in the earnings of the picture (if any) for some little sentimental reason that touched her. She consented to let us purchase the trees and at a very low figure at that

Some Articles that I have reading while generally factual
regarding dates & Pictures etc seem to have been written to serve
certain propaganda's

Griffith wasn't making Intolerance, Pictures value was
all he could see & Intolerance Spectacle, and after his
success with the Knocking chaos of the Clansmen
horses in the Birth of a Nation He would have
put in a chase of an enormous heard of elephants
in the Intolerance Battle Scenes. But he could'nt get
the elephants, in California!

This thing grew and from an empty acreage where we
needed a background which was after all just
a stage setting same as required in a play
or the stage it started we knew it was
going to be quite large so we built it quite
massive at the bottom but the thing grew
larger and larger and the stage braces ~~of~~
you could call them became and more massive
until it was the a most stupendous affair
150 ft high not 500 as the ads read
actually 3000 ~~actually~~ people in one set the premier
matter read 10000 but this is Trivia The
light guy lines that held it up many
a night Huck would call out his gang
as the Santa ana winds threatened to
topple them over The light wires had to be
tightened had the walls topped over
there was no more stock holders money
after what happened at the B.O. to Intolerance

I often thought it would have saved the stockholders money if we had let them topple. Yet we ended with placing Horses and Chariots upon some of these walls which came about through a joke Huck who used to wake me mornings Work now now after an executive conference the night before

whenever Mr Griffith would ask Huck can you run the walls up a little higher He generally said Yes Sir - until it finally became irksome There were no blue prints or plans in hand everything started out with a peep through a camera finder and then driving stakes in an empty field

as a joke one a m after the usual good morning as I came upon the lot I announced Hucks whats new with Mr. Griffith was talking last night about putting horses and Chariots upon the walls. Huck at last was in a gloaming mood He said How many Horses and Chariots are you thinking of putting upon the wall D.W. looked at him and turned to me and said thats a good idea Billy and I kept away from Huck that day.

SANDWICHES! STEP ASIDE, HERE COMES THE THUNDERING HORDE! LOOK AT THEIR EAT, Oh one of THE GRIFFITH, pictures

A new future, Louise Parsons, came to see, and write up, how movie night shots were made on location. When Lunch Car arrived the sandwiches turned out to be principally of ham, and beef, a murmur went through our mob of extras. Mike Sullivan, a brawny irishman, who had a host of followers, I think started it. It was a thursday night a few minutes before midnight, then friday, HAM sandwiches. The five hundred, HAM sandwiches disappeared entirely in the short minutes before friday. and the new cub reporter jotted down "my, how they can eat" I never saw anything like it.

UNNATURAL QUICKNESS OF ACTORS MOVEMENTS OF EARLY GRIFFITH PICTURES WHEN VIEWED UPON SCREEN, AND PROJECTED BY PROJECTION MACHINES OF TO-DAY. Deliberation and repose would have been out anyway in the early days of the Biograph pictures as the films were sold for .1¼¢ per foot and MR. GRIFFITH was told that the buyers would positively not pay for a foot of film that did not have action in it.

HUCK WORTMAN WHO HAD CHARGE OF THE CONSTRUCTION ~~OF~~ THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BIG SETS IN INTOLERANCE WAS A ROUGH SORT OF DOWN TO EARTH TYPE OF FELLOW. CHEWED TOBACCO INCESSANTLY, [illegible] AND SPAT OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH. IN THE ORIGINAL LAYING OUT OF THESE SETS. LIKE MR. GRIFFITH WORKING WITHOUT SCENARIO THERE WERE NO ON PAPER PLANS (AS OF TODAY) MR. GRIFFITH., HUCK, AND MYSELF, WOULD GO OVER ON THE ADJOINING FIELD, AND STAKE OUT WHERE MR. GRIFFITH, THOUGHT HE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THEM. MY END BEING THEIR RELATION TO THE SUN, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS. THE ACTUAL SHOOTING WAS TO TAKE PLACE, SOME SIX AND EIGHT MONTHS LATER. ON THE LARGER SETS SO THE SUNS POSITION HAD TO BE CONSIDERED.

THESE SETS KEPT GROWING LARGER AND HIGHER THAN THE ORIGINAL STAKED OUT AREAS, AS MR. GRIFFITH KEPT ASKING HUCK. COULD WE PUT ANOTHER WING ON HERE OR INCREASE HEIGHT THERE. HUCK GENERALLY AGREED AND MANY A NIGHT WHEN BEFORE BEDTIME HUCK OR I WOULD HEAR A SANTA ANNA WIND STORM GETTING STRONG WE WOULD JUMP INTO OUR CARS AND WITH A COUPLE OF MEN. HUCK ALWAYS HAD READY AND GO TO THE INTOLERANCE LOT AND ADD A CABLE HERE, AND THERE, AND TIGHTEN UP OTHERS. HUCK AT TIMES WOULD KIND OF LOOK AT MR. GRIFFITH AT TIMES WHEN ANOTHER TWENTY FOOT OR SO HIGHER PART WAS SUGGESTED BUT HE NEVER REBELLED. ONE MORNING AS I WAS COMING ON THE LOT AND HUCK STOOD IN A SORT IN OF MENACING WAY. AS I WAS COMING TOWARDS HIM (AT TIMES I CARRIED ADDITIONAL OVER NIGHT INSTRUCTIONS FROM MR. GRIFFITH, TO Him.

cont

MR. GRIFFITH TO HIM:

IT OCCURED TO ME TO KID HIM A LITTLE, AS I CAME UP HE SAID, WHATS IT NOW. I SAID OH' ON THOSE SIDE BATTLE WALLS; WOULD IT BE MUCH TROUBLE TO PUT RUNWAYS, AND HAVE PLATFORMS FOR HORSES, AND CHARIOTS, "WITH A WELL I'LL BE" WHAT WILL HE WANT NEXT. HE JUST STOOD THERE. A LITTLE LATER WHEN MR GRIFFITH ARRIVED HUCK ASKED HIM HOW MANY HORSES, ETC. DO YOU FIGURE ON PUTTING ON THEM WALLS. MR. GRIFFITH THOUGHT A MOMENT, AND SAID, SAY BILLY THAT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA. WOULD THERE BE TOO MUCH VIBRATION FOR YOUR CAMERA. THE HORSES AND CHARIOTS ARE UP THERE IN THE PICTURE. BUT HUCK WOULD SAY TO LATER STUPENDOUS CONSTRUCTION. SUGGESTIONS, SUCH AS THE 110 FT HIGH MOVING CAMERA DOLLY. THIS AINT A GOING TO BE ANOTHER HORSES AND CHARIOT GAG IS IT? HUCK WAS A PEACH, DIDNT HAVE TO TAKE IT, AS HE WAS A SKILLED WORKER, AND COULD GET A JOB EASILY, BUT WAS JUST ANOTHER ONE THAT ADORED MR. GRIFFITH. HE HAD NO SENSE OF HUMOR, IN MY DESCRIBING AN ALLEGORICAL SET UP, A MR. GRIFFITH HAD IN MIND, HE WOULD SAY TO ME, THERE WONT ONE IN FIFTY PEOPLE THAT SEE IT, KNOW WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, AND THEN TO ME; DO YOU, AND I WOULD SAY NO. I DIDNT WANT TO BE CALLED A LIAR.

WORKING WITH MR. GRIFFITH WAS EXHILERATING, HAPPY. A GOOD MORAL ATMOSPHERE. WHEN HE SENT FOR ME, 1917 TO COME OVER DURING THE WORLD WAR. I HAD BEEN ENGAGED BY THE FINE ARTS TO DIRECT PICTURES AT A THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK. HAD PLENTY OF MONEY. IN SHORT DID NOT HAVE TO GO OVER YET I DID. (FROM APRIL TO OCTOBER 1917 HEARTS OF THE WORLD) SUCH WAS OUR ASSOCIATION.

Among the thousands that have worked for him I have yet to find one, yes just one individual, from among those sixteen actors stage hand electrician etc etc who worked for Griffith that did not speak of him in the greatest praise. Try it yourself if you meet any that have been in contact with the gentleman during his busy career. He was refreshing to work for him. His menial always ready to accept suggestions his easy approachability made him more like a father of his flock his children. He was idolized. There are such leaders, bosses, in other vocations but there were not so many in the making of movies where temperament occasionally sways the leader to extreme outbreaks in either direction. He was never temperamental an even disposition day in day out year in year out. Very charitable towards others failings or weaknesses. If you did not possess that ability that he was looking for you weren't fired but you would just demote yourself by easy stages until you came to the realization that you couldn't do it or didn't fit and just let yourself out. He had a very level headed humane way of attaining his results. many ways" I may be creating an impression that he was an easy going milk Sop or something. On the contrary he was a hardworking serious director. untiring, repeatedly rehearsing and sticking to it for hours until he had the effect or some semblance of what he desired. He most times called his players Children and was also a stern parent

when something drastic ~~unfortunate~~ occurred with one of his children which his usual reasoning which was in following the one in error talk to a finish during which time he would generally say a word or perhaps something like. Well you know different. and when the offender had quite finished. He would remain as mute as the Sphinx for a sufficient period so that the wrong one did not know whether he had won the talk fest or no. Then he would carry on with the thing in hand. I sometimes knew that he was not paying the slightest attention to what was said but thinking of the business in hand next However it was one of his many effective ways of handling all his workers. I will cite one other method which comes to my mind The late beloved Henry Walthal (you remember the little colored in the Birth of a Nation everybody loved him man or woman and could he act. Acting that fitted so superbly into the pictures of that day. Wally as we affectionately called him had that sort of lazy. Southern way about him which at times made it hard for him to get up in the morning. Yet he had such ingratiating and tantalizing alibis that many of his human faults were condoned. To show the stenner side of our director upon one more aggravating instance of lateness He was fined fifty dollars which the director said did not begin to pay for the monetary loss caused by waiting for him but would help. These fines in lesser amounts had been effective with others it was a sort of docking your pay for lateness that he tried for a time. He knew human nature thoroughly

his reaction was this as an example of his many ways of handling his people according to his knowledge of their character He knew Wally was burned up with the prospect of the dance in his not any too large pay check another way sick, but wally the fiery Southerner with his gentle manly sense of fineness knew he was in the wrong. He ~~spoke~~ to his ~~co~~ workmen so well that the director came over to him and said that's a great touch you put in Now and you work up the translation into even a higher climax Wally who had been subtly scheming to himself some way of lessening the heavy fine. Said if I do it for less better would you Take off a few dollars off that fine I don't get into the part much more thinkness of that fifty. The director made a sort of kick at his posterior and said "Do it"! after the final take the director went to Wally and threw his arms around him. hugged him Something he seldom did (He would generally say after a good bit anyone would do well. we see what it looks like upon the screen) Wally said "Take off any of the fine does it" The director said. there can be no fine in the face of such splendid artistry Such was the atmosphere of this studio all the years some sixteen that I had the pleasure of working alongside him. The Wally incident just took place during the routine all scenes no show off stuff all quietly done. He had a certain dignity that commanded respect He was mistered sometimes by some D. W. never Griff as the Larry as I have read somewhere

Trinidad

Technical Data

Early

Wadley
"Hills"

Somewhat Technical?

As compared with the first Mutoscope and Biograph Cameras, built by Marvin and Casler Co of Canastota N. Y. in 1895 who also built Electric Rock Drills, and which with the 2½ horse power motor required to drive it, Storage batteries, etc weighed altogether 2000 lbs. This camera built made by M and C. Co in 1899 for the Biograph Co is really a De Luxe Streamline model. You made wonder why these Biograph cameras were made so bulky and correspondingly heavy. If you had occasion to compare them with such other cameras, which were in use at that date (its U.S. Inception) motion Picture cameras, which were in use at that date (its U.S. Inception) they were more of a shoe box size, (in comparison to this Bio Camera) their little band of film, perforated with cute little sprocket holes, along its sides running over watch like star wheels, (sprockets.) Their film was 1" wide. The Mutoscope and Biograph Co thought to make their film some 9 times larger in area or 2. 3/4 inches by 1.32 $2\frac{23}{32}$ wide and without any sprocket holes along its sides which necessitated that the film be run by friction, and also it perforated two holes one on each side of every exposure at the instant of exposure. (master holes, guides for the printing of the positive and which steadied the film for projection purposes as this friction system was anything but steady. It also had an

added original size of Bio Film $2 \times 2\frac{23}{32}$ inches
Standard film $1 \times \frac{3}{4}$ inches
These figures are hardly needed in this treatise as all film concerned is Standard width only difference Bio was without sprocket holes and consequent massive construction was necessary.

Primordial Technicians



Patents

air pump which operated during the taking of a picture to hold the film flat against the aperture frame a blower too, to expel the perforations cut out by the sprocket, and a heating device to prevent Static. (a frictional electricity which the celluloid film generated and marked the film with wiggly fog marks resembling lightning as in the winter time.

Even when the Biograph had reduced its film size from the wide half the size of a postcard size, to the postage stamp, (for comparative purposes) standard film They were still compelled, on account of Patent Legislation. (The Motion Pacture Patents Co) to stick to this beater cam pull down movement and the friction driven film idea until the became a part of the Motion Picture Patents Co

D.W. Griffith advent as director came just at the time that this new size to smaller film took place. and we made the hundreds of Griffith BIOGRAPH films on this camera and am I getting a thrill out of running the original negatives photographed by me through the same camera that I first threaded this virgin raw stock into 30 odd years ago (32 years) What memories they conjure

It happened

again at other showings. Upon enquiry we found that on a previous night scene one of our male actors clothing had become disarranged and as he turned in his little off side spirit the tail of his shirt was hanging out. Our audience evidently were looking real action (1) The remedy to make them look, eventually proved quite simple, but was really a problem which took considerable experimenting to solve. We tried "Irising" down to take in only the one principal figure or action we wanted the audience to "watch" ie. Sort of telescopic view it was. (2) Spacing the action regular stage drama technique. that didnt work background actors learned tricks of stealing attention. (3) We had special yellow filters made with a clear centre which could be slid or shifted about in front of our lense, centering upon the one we wanted to feature, and dim out others in the group No use audience seemed curious to watch what the one in the dimmed space were doing - Not all of course (but enough to retard our new D. W. Griffith epics from becoming "terrific bits." although the sales of BIOGRAPHS were bounding up at that. Of course we could not use the method as used in newspaper pictures where groups are large of Arrow marks Spot where principal action takes place, although believe it or not. It received a thought (4) Bringing the camera right up to the principal action excluding everything else for the time of its duration then back to the scene in entire It was this adaption of Mr. D. W. Griffeths

Iris-in

Close up

FIRST ALL LEGS CUT OFF ... THEN THE SINGLE CLOSE UP THE MANY TIMES MAGNIFIED FACE

You may read, in a book or so, that Mr. Griffith, or Mr. Griffith and Bitzer invented the Close Up, Fade Out, Soft Focus and other innovations, and then you remember or see a film that, (to take the first so called invention) has a close up that antedates Mr. Griffiths advent into pictures. In the very early Edison "Great Train Robbery" there is a very large close figure of the Train Robber, and there were others. It took a lot of experimentation to attain the MR. GRIFFITH method or adaption of the close up. However With the early D. W. Griffith story films one of the problems was how to compel the audience to look at the one character who's gestures or pantomime were most important to in following the story. At that time the camera always being set back, far enough away from the actors to take in the Embrace entire group in the scene angle of camera

Close up

How to make sure that some gesture or so called piece of business, which was at times all important in following the thread of the little story, --- (Despite our sub-titles) would not escape the attention of our audience, who would be looking at something or someone else in the scene. --- which in attention this does not speak very highly for our stories did'nt do our little stories any good. How did we know that they weren't following the story in the way Mr. Griffith desired? Well in one picture in which our villain was making an all important gesture. There were several laughs which were puzzling at that time. It happened

This adaption of Mr Griffiths

(1st Taking a character bodily out of a group interrupting or breaking into a scene that was not only new but daring, but aroused criticism and was met with objections by many even our own people) with its introduction. This dealing with arms out of the picture and 2nd head. I recollect I was reprimanded on several occasions IN THE FULL GROUP SIDE SCENES when an actors arm went out of the scene at an extreme end of a group "get them all in" I was told.)

Close up

// a somewhat lenthy explanation of The Close Up as invented by D. W. Griffith //

IN A WORD HE GAVE THE CLOSE UP A PSYCHOLOGICAL POINT.

In experimenting with the Iris, clear circle filler. Etc we tried putting a piece of black gauge before the lense, ordinary (Crepe de Chene) into which a little hole was scissored out, cut OR BURNED OUT WITH A LIGHTED CIGARETTE. to feature principal action.

Gauze Effect.

This lead to, getting away from the sharp cornered then 5 and 10 cent movie as by retaining leaving the darkened corners created by the gauze, the centre of which was cut out altogether and in such a shape as suited the artistic? Cameramans fancy. a sort of wash drawing effect was obtained A BLENDING AND FADING towards the corners of the pictures which did make the movie appear more artistic than the straight corners in use, and of course like many of the Mr Griffith innovations was immediately copied by other then existant moving picture Companies.

ADDED THIS ANARCHISTIC EFFORT ( THE GRIFFITH CLOSE UP) WHERE HE FIGURED LEGS AND FEET DO NOT ACT ITS THE "FACES THAT TELL THE STORY AND WANTED THEM TO STAND SO CLOSE TO THE CAMERA THAT IT SEEMED TO US ALL XCEPT Mr Griffith THAT THE RESULT WOULD CERTAINLY LOOK FOOLISH."

IT WAS HE THAT MADE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTING AN ART. HE REALIZED THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE MEDIUM BEFORE ANY ONE ELSE DID. HE ESTABLISHED THE GRAMMAR OF FILM. HE DISCOVERED THE TECHNIQUE OF MOVING PICTURES. NO ONE IN ALL ART EVER DID SO MUCH FOR IT.

# D. W. Griffith

So follow the village blacksmith,

and, we go along.

Tuned

Scenes with little plots followed. We (The Biograph) announced upon the screen at the end of our run of NEWS SHOTS PROGRAM. what it then was that we would pay $5.00 for any idea that would make a good movie shot. The first phase of the movie as an interesting novelty was wearing off, at least as far as we (The Biograph) were concerned. They were used as chasers (i.e. to chase out the long stayers) in the Continuous Vaudeville theatres where they were showing.

Moving Pictures were dying.

Keith and other

The Biograph Co were then selling less than twenty (20) copies of any subject and we started thinking about getting ourselves some other kind of a job. Then D.W. Griffith came along. It was only a short time after his first picture that we were working 14 hours almost daily in our one set at a time Biograph Studio at 11 E 14th St N.Y. City (And it now occurs to me,) from then on in New York or California Mr Griffith he worked days nights Sundays Holidays and 16 years later at Mamaroneck we were working along the 14 hour a day schedule, [even during the in between picture times he took no vacations.] [Continuously experimenting. creating.] Never saw him hobnobbing about the Hotel lobby.) Not much time for Social recreation We thought that compared to others. That he was a pretty hard man to work for, that is after we had penetrated his SUBTLE getting one to work to their utmost Technique

(WE WILL BE AT THAT PRESENTLY)

Griffith was not playing around or loafing on the job. HIS PERSISTANT

Make your work
[illegible]

We discovered at the Museum of modern art among heaps of Pictures in the early days made by Mr Griffith that he had made as high as seven complete single reelers in seven days at the one stage Biograph Studio after he had gotten into his stride.

Originally Mr Griffith sold some little stories to the Biograph Co for as much as $1500. Just a little later he was given a chance to direct and in his first attempt he injected some of his revolutionary ideas, not perhaps as many as he would have liked to as he had to buck a you can't do this, you can't do that opposition.

The Cameraman was the whole works at that time, responsible for about everything except the immediate handling of the actors. It was his say not only as to whether the light was bright enough but make up. (usually the face powdered up with pink powder, never bothered about the neck so that even though it were not a costume story (Gypsy) but in street clothes the Fat Lee natures could always spot a movie actor because he looked as though made up for a Halloween Party.)

make up

→ Angles. rapidity of gestures. et al. and having enough camera troubles of his own with the crude camera subject to buckle or scratch film every other shot. A Slow Emulsion STATIC. Orthochromatic negative film which was O.K. in bright sunlight but no good at all in the more pleasing, later in the day, low key of light

Key of light

that this new young director wanted to shoot in. Besides why stay out in the field until 4:30 or 5 o'clock get back to the studio at 6pm or later Those are laborers hours the men with pick and shovel were going home at that hour 1908 a cameraman was an artist

Why, Before to take a chance of getting fired by the powers that be, at the office by shooting exposing in bright sun. (They said that the photography was bad enough as it was, without taking chances (and film was expensive) And when this young director wanted to move the camera closer to his players that was definately out. The cameraman had almost to stand upon his head to view the little postage stamp size upside down image through a little brass tube which went from the outside of the camera toward where this little image was reflected upon the film and OUTDOORS it was hard enough → see the image and catch a focus before the film discolored, There were no lense calibrations. My camera was built by the Marvin Electric Rock Drill Co. at Canastota. N.Y. The tripod was a regular rock drill tripod of that time, minus the heavy iron blocks that were usually attached to the legs when used in rock drilling; The lense was mounted upon a plain flange which made operating much simpler or easier in regards to focus when worked a little distance

start here;

Camera

a little distance

away from the subject nearer infinity than moving up closer and taking a chance of being out of focus (in depth at any rate) So why be bothered. In fact on a hot sunny day if an outdoor composition looked well from several points of view why not select the one where the camera can be set up in the shade of a big spreading tree. The action in the picture did not make so much difference anyway. I read somewhere one time that Mr. Griffith in his younger days when a book agent for a time cajoled enticed sales of the Encyclopeddy Britanny by presenting a nice juicy steak to the farmer in a country of Pork and "Sides" diet. I did not believe it at the time but I guess he did though came to thinking about him he generally had something to get what he was after

Habit

To get the camera nearer to his players he had sent one of the boys to the village for several bottles of cold beer and when he asked the cameraman couldn't he move in a little closer.. and held up a bottle of beer. On a hot summers day on location the Camera was moved, so was the cameraman. Two bottles brought the camera almost as close as he was trying to get it. This was quite different from the mile away from the subjects standard routine. That the Biograph players emoting under the Mr Griffith Technique, was more impressive than the hitherto in the small figures. The pictures much more pleasing. (With the becoming increasingly better photography) The Biograph Girl became outstanding and Biograph sales went ahead in leaps and bounds

Technique

Getting back to subterfuges for getting the best out of his workers without being able to give them a raise (He wasn't getting over much himself in those early days, or I believe he would have paid them increases out of his own pocket, as he subsequently did to an extent in the instance of when he first discovered Cuddyback ville, and the Biograph Co thought he might do just as well, rather home) a hundred miles of travel railway fares, all manner of expense, for a rural scene? Bosh! Go up above Harlem for it. Mr Griffith made no reply: he has always been of the Oh!-whats-the-use type when breasted by imperviousness. To keep his people hard at it, in spite of the impracticality (but) of pay raises, if some one became particularly disgruntled He would for instance, suggest to them a little plot for a picture, enthuse them and tell them to write it up, and as he had much say in the acceptance of submitted stories, The Biograph Co would buy it. They generally paid them $15.00 for the story there were quite a number bought and Of course 15 dollars extra a week, made the actors salary $15. If he had a wife a case I remember she could also submit. (While I think of it in later years quite a few of MR. GRIFFITH'S written by scenarios bore fictitious names upon the screen) He also used other methods when the subject was lackadaisial, he might egg her on a edge of perhaps worrying about her sweethearts immediate whereabouts

egg her on to a screech pitch of frenzy by telling her that her sweetheart cared nothing for her, that he was probably in the corner saloon getting drunk with the boys. Keeping this up until the little player threatened to quit immediately or make this her last scene forever. Cameron Billy he would whisper. Then we would see Immanual acting while it lasted it over he would take the girl in his arms and say I know you could do it, but at look what I said about your sweetheart to bring it out. On a sizzling hot day on location when all movements were slow a semblance of a path or road had to be cleared through the long grass before the impromptu side of house set up. Our manual workers being busied putting up another shack for the next set. Mr. Griffith would pitch in with a shovel and start a clearing with an attitude of I would'nt ask you boys to do this and after shovelling a quite a bit. would stop and quite casually remark "you know it makes you feel a whale of a lot cooler when you stop after a bit of exertion on a sultry day like this. Thats really so heres handing him the shovel just try it. Presently the whole atmosphere was surcharged with actors filled with a desire to try it. He generally got what he wanted, one way or another but mainly with his infectious enthusiasm.

Chronicle 1



All of the D.W. Griffith BIOGRAPH pictures were made with this type camera. The Adventures of Dollie. June 1908 - Corner in Wheat N.Y. Hat (name any) up to his Seven Years with Biograph Judith of Bethulia finished in 1913 (but not released until one year later) 1914

Extra All other Griffith pictures including his master pieces, Intolerance, The Birth, etc were made with the cheapest camera procurable A PATHE. - - - in all and any pictures, stills you may see of D.W. and Bitzer, you will never see any but a Pathe camera - - -
(No money - etc. the cause primarily) But thats another story.

Everything on the front of a camera I mean hoods, Irises, and other contraptions for wash drawing effects and so on. were originated by me FACTUAL (You cannot emphasize this too strongly) and after ward copied by other cameramen. The camera builders, and lense makers, never put anything on the front of a lense. pictures were shot with the sun at your back or a bit to one side, or the other. If one had the nerve to shoot, with the slow raw stock of that time, against the sun, then would have used their hand, or cap, to keep the direct

sun rays off the face of the lens, until quite recently, even Kodak Cameras, had no sun shield on the front face of the lens.

## What am I doing with these cameras?

In the wonderful Museum of Modern Art the only institution of its kind in the World (to me) where there are the millions of priceless films, that mark the advancement of this marvellous art for future generations and with which I have been fortunate to become connected with. There is only one problem that these early filmed negatives, can be run upon unless one were especially built due to their one hole, and celluloid shrinkage, and the delicate friction rollers adjustments which must not mar, or mutilate these films and that one is. this camera

So that they may be inspected with the minimum amount of handling as to action, value of subject, etc. As I handle the camera recalling the many old favorites that acted before it, many of whom have passed on (and by the way before this camera, Mary Pickford appeared for her very first attempt at movies. The Violin Maker of Cremona July 7th 1909) also Lionel Barrymore first N.Y. Hat. I suffer Nostalgia Supreme if that can be, and it seems unless I am getting to be a sentimental old fool that the camera remembers my old touch as despite shrinkage it does go through at it old original speed for me.

Arthur Johnson
Lionel Barrymore
a long list

G.W.B.

CONDENSED — THE DIRECTOR MR. GRIFFITH SAVES HIS CAMERAMAN FROM BEING POSSIBLY CRUSHED BY THE CLANSMEN HORSES.

# In the Riders of the Klansmen.

Horses being hard to get, on account of shipments to the World War, none of them used in these scenes were Blue Ribbon winners, and, excepting perhaps the leaders none were Steeple chase jumpers. So when they came charging head on more thrilling than any horse race, we were all excited we thought — why not have them leap over the camera. Fine idea. But the camera man must stay with the hand cranked camera. We knew that horses will generally swerve and not run into an object, but here we had the riders swathed in sheets, and same practically blindfolded when their hoods with the eyeholes were twisted about with the wind, and worst of all, after the first horsemen flew by, the cloud of California dust practically blinded the others. The following riders were no where near as expert horsemen as our Little Colonel, Henry Walthal, and the leaders, and these rear horses seemed a dumb lot. Well lets go. Put the camera on the ground and if they come too close it will be easy to roll out of the way off to one side. Mr. Griffith who always stood somewhere near the camera would shoo them off somehow. After the leaders passed the dust became thick — Mr. Griffith seeing the cameraman in danger rushed wildly, in jumping, over the trastrale

bearded stiff cameraman waving his arms and yelling madly thus preventing all but one of the horses from smashing the camera. In the sudden halting and jam of the horsemen, a rider had been dismounted. his sheet ripped off by the saddle had blown over the horses head thus blinding him as he was rushing along. Mr. Griffith was pushing against the side of the K.K.K. sheeted stamping about horse stopping him. Not however before he had kicked in the side of the wooden camera. which was soon repaired with some tape and we were taking another run. We didn't waste much time as these rented horses cost money.

early ~~Griffith~~ Biograph popular players of that period made their debut before this camera. It is a ~~thrilling~~ experience ~~to~~ meeting with the original view ~~of the~~ ~~original Biograph negative~~ ~~of the~~ ~~well~~ ~~remembered~~ ~~old~~ ~~faces~~ ~~of~~ ~~players~~ ~~that~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~seen~~ ~~upon~~ ~~the~~ ~~screen~~ ~~many~~ ~~times~~ ~~since~~ ~~their~~ ~~debut~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~special~~ ~~machine~~ ~~to~~ ~~view~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~minimum~~ ~~of~~ ~~handling~~ ~~these~~ original negatives which ~~of~~ course cannot be replaced. The Museum of Modern Art have secured Mr. Billy Bitzer, Griffith's Camera man to adjust the camera so that the negatives may be viewed upon the screen and from the large number of Biograph Griffith in possession of the M. of M. select those desired which show film advancement?

Thus a roll of negative film which I originally threaded into the camera some 30 years ago, in its raw virgin unexposed state. I again thread into and run through the camera at this late day

Aside from memories connected with the players which I view again (now upon the screen what happened to them in the years that have passed some successful some not many have passed beyond) I get the greatest kicks out spotting that ingenious Griffith method of (editing Montage) the flash backs which made him stand out alone in Motion Pictures and which I see touches

of in these his earliest pictures which I
feels overlooked somewhat at the time of
photographing them For after all I
was a busy Newspaperman in those days
we together made a thousand pictures
and what sometimes [illegible] seemed important
at the time that they could happen and
I put that. Then an another passage
as dear Dr W. used to call em I now
see clearly the symbolism you might
call it that was in Griffith's mind from
his start. If fishermen went out in
boats and were lost and years later
the only survivor reappeared

at variance only when

Page 2 (1)

Not Delineated in Pictures

CANTORTICON P

Persons Finances Equipment and Location

In referring to your Million and One Nights
for the utmost time, I run across the sentence
The camera Edison said immovable
Grand Piano

I dont care what it weighed it wasnt

the Rhotograph copies
with the first Bio-Camera [illegible] with a photost
of a Leslie wood cut which will give
you an inkling the motor alone a
General Electric 2 1/2 horse power which
was mounted atop the ~~Camera~~ upon a
special 2" x 4" wood frame work weighed
200 lbs which resembled a " + x ^
x x Iron Safe laid upon its side In
fact the housing [illegible] were cast iron
and its base plate ~~was just~~ a big" webbed
reinforced (webbed)" affair with 3. ring holes
one front 2 back through which its adjustable legs which
~~refused~~ resembled the old freight car coupling pins
in size and weight to raise the camera 1/8
of an inch to get more sky line on the
photo image on the film required 2 men
a monkey wrench was needed to tighten
the bolt which held this front foot rigid
all this data a turn table and lower stand the total
weight of camera ~~motor~~ with its heavy inner mechanism its stand
film 2 23/32 wide film and speed of 320 ft per

"Humble Relation" taken at 20 per second required a lucky trick mechanism which you can readily "manage" by comparing what "the somewhat massive Edison movement" fell down (his film) must have been compared to Edisons "Geneva star wheel" movement in his postage stamp size finished Biographs were half the size of a post card ~~approximately~~ as a comparison 2 x 2 3/8 ~~*~~

This camera had been built by the Wurtz and Easler Rock Drill Co's at Candaloria Nev and was already on the 6th floor of the Hackett Carhardt Building 841 Bway and 13th St when I got my job with the American Mutoscope Co, there was also a large dark room for developing film a smaller room to print the film and a small enclosed experimental machine shop" (which could well have been likened to Edisons Room Fine which you describe in your Vol I) as I recollect later when we got to breaking in the men that were to operate the Biograph projectors I connected the knob on the door with an insulated plate holding it ~~so that inquisitive operator~~ - with the house current so that inquisitive operators would get a shock when curiosity tempted them to pry in, as I sometimes rushed out without locking the door. But I got some shocks my self so I cut that out

in this shop was invented a [illegible] the [illegible] feature with their card backing to stiffen them) despite the brain department for this sort of thing was up in Canada. "Herman Loster Rueter Mutescope Reels were like taking sheets of playing cards and mounting them rounded on and over a [illegible] block [redacted] the first ones were hand assembled and it was a sort of Chinese puzzle to get them [illegible] (the last pack of cards we'll call them) around the block and have them all [redacted] [illegible] with their backings made Zoec Question? cards

[redacted]

"We wore elastic arm bands to keep shirt sleeves up In those days some were covered with a cotton or silk webbing covering we got the idea that by punching a round hole through the cards and putting an opened sleave rubber through the holes and then fastening the rubber together again this would hold the cards in a circle it could be stretched over the wooden huge spool and metal flanges could be made to clinch the cards on the sides" I was sent out to look up a place where such flanges might be made I went down centre St N. 4C 1895. looking about I saw a sign Mason and Rausch Esh machinists and Model makers ~~I went up~~ up one flight. I started to explain that I wanted a sort of set of wheels to hold some cards in place Didn't want to tell him too much as it was all

W.K.L. Dickson was the photographer at that
and was entirely engrossed with that and the things
which include developing and printing Dickson
was a French Canadian and a swell man to work
with. (even though he got fired from by Edison
for not doing things the way Edison thought they
should be done in regard to projecting pictures)
and evidently according to history did some
conniving and misrepresenting in the short time
I was with him he treated me swell. I was
assistant to both Young and Dickson But
really spending more time on the machinery
end than the Photographic end. However whenever
Took things out of town
Dickson went out I went with him, No Simon Legree about him
As we could only take pictures in the best of sunlight
with our slow raw stock and slower lenses we had
a comparatively easy time especially when we would run
into a cloudy or rainy session when out of town. We
stopped at the best of hotels and had a swell time. We
went to Sandy Hook to get a picture of a 13 inch disappearing
carriage gun after a week of Trips to Sandy Hook with
either poor light (imagine at Sandy Hook) or else the oil in
the gun recoil was frozen. Dickson sent me alone and
I went for some days more / finally got it (I have a
photostadt of the instant of its discharge. a huge
Crysanthemum it looks like) This was really my first
picture. We went lots of places together In Washington where
Parade and
we went to take the McKinley Inauguration Ceremonies we
had a Police Patrol wagon we generally worked from a wagon
That night we went to the Inauguration dinner at the
Ebbett House I was all greasy and dirty which I
could not get rid of and no tux But

~~The press show went off OK~~ premiere opinion of Hammerstein was the fact
came that the projector had been about subjects of
BH Burns went off OK he was now an upright
about 7 feet tall resembling very much a coffin
standing upon its end the balcony door at domino
Installation of the Biograph projector into a box
in the balcony of Hammerstein's Olympia Music Hall
Oct 18 1896

6 were like little rooms ~~and~~ the indoor front ~~open~~ facing stairs way open
then had railings ~~and they had doors which~~ (it was at
the gallery) for the press show things went O.K after all
it wasn't much difficult running the ~~the~~ Trocadero
for a handful of reporters in an empty theatre
than running it in the box further down Broadway
It struck me that I had the picture a little height
on the screen at the press Review I had the coffin
~~Standing flat upon the floor~~
very slightly tipped forward with a piece of wood
under its ~~floor~~ back ~~end~~ and had been afraid to tip it
much further lest its ~~topple over~~ its vibration
would topple it over into the audience below and
there wasn't much space for bracing it anyway
(with the little magic lantern (stereoptican) ~~open~~ with
which I projected the little slides of the several
~~scenes~~ pictures. between the pictures) which I had
placed ~~in~~ front of the Biograph a little lower down
and to the side. There were also a couple of
large bulky rheostats on the floor ~~which Took up~~
with their wires, leading to them lying about The glass little slides I had
in my pockets pocket ~~taking~~ shifting taking the next one from my right pocket and
~~the strong one to my left pocket~~ full the showing one in the left pocket

could not make any mistakes there as the above ones were pretty hot. an electric device was also on the floor and it had dimp some sheep manure by which a switch to watch the events on the screen colored drapes to roll out on either side of the front of this booth to prevent the occupants of the booths on either side from peeking in. About what more was needed for the little operator about to work in a couple of five pails of sand a big box I dumped the film down in a stack of reels and a WOOD SAW To operate the machine required both hands one foot and sometimes my nose. The Modus operandi was thus. The full reel of film resemblance I would adjust evenly upon the upper large brass fully its diameter being about 10 inches as compared to the 3 in. core diameter of the core of Today with the eight or ten pictures upon it the diameter across the reel measured two feet on account of the core supposedly required which was after adjusting the reel upon the pulley I would keep it covered with a couple of Damp Towels as it was not advisable well To thread the machine completely until about ready to run there being a long stretch between the reel and where in came to the first set of pulleys and if left too long in the air the film along this section would, curl up like a hose so just before the finish of the act ahead of the Biograph I threaded the film over the wooden pulleys clamped the rubber webbed drawing belt on over the film made the long lower loop which was also about two feet long (all this was required on account of the bulkiness of the

Describe cloth with two diameters also The Stable on Fifth

describe reel centre opening no tin reels as of now.

Specific

(continuous) and had it over another series of rollers and guided it on to the take up pulley. Then on the main switch there was a smaller switch on the front 25 ampere hand fed Colt Lamp it used 7/8 inch carbons both upper and lower and lower carbon being the same size. next the first slide into position The American Biograph with its Spread Eagle — the next slide was the first picture slide. I kept them in the Biograph Lamp which was also a 25 amp. Colt hand feed lamp. and jumping down (there was a single step on the booth (to raise the rear chairs higher than the front ones ~~when~~ when in general use) to the front lamp I would put on the slide and then step back up to the big upright coffin — muttering a prayer and giving it a final hand look. I would generally start the somewhat large motor controller my left hand reaching up to help guide the film at its start when she got up to speed
My right hand ~~upon~~ ~~a rod which stuck out in front~~ clutched at a rod which controlled the picture upon the screen, as the heater cam movement which pulled the pictures down into position ~~was anything but~~ was uneven sometimes would gain or lose in the aperture frame the lever which operated a friction drive disk controlled this my foot would push down the pedal which opened the light gate. ~~I had fixed~~ I had fixed a mirror in a wooden frame on the front drape at an angle which enabled me to intermittently observe how the film was feeding on. if it was trying to creep toward the edge of the feeder pully. I would give a a push

back with my forhead or nose which would straighten it out enough to finish that I mean the picture had to keep my eyes pretty well glued to the screen however or the picture would start sliding up or down) a black border between the picture and "bang" off went the motor switch and with a jump at the big reel on top to stop its momentum, when the reel was full (and any as it piled up on the take up reel I used to shove a screwdriver wrench onto one of its spokes to help it take up as its diameter increased) then the slide ~~fountain~~ pull the next slide out of my packet down to the slide lantern (the reason I say down I had it on a board one end resting on the balcony rail the other on a chair.

Telling the projectionist

§ After the Press Preview I began to figure how I could tilt the machine more as I said before the picture was a bit too high on the screen. couldn't tilt it enough as the top would hit the ceiling. There was [117] any mechanism near the back of the top of the box so I literally took a saw and cut the whole top of the Box off ~~an~~ centre partition piece included and nailing a couple of ~~brace~~ wooden braces on it sort of splaying out fore and aft, down to the ~~floor corner of~~ corner of floor and balcony rail (incidently eliminating things up more) I really made the ~~coffin~~ steadier. But I also knocked the whole clumsy delicate ~~if there could be such~~ (which combination it was) mechanism out of alignment and the dumb thing

extending forward

would not run a picture without (breaking the film) when I tried it out after carrying the [illegible] and had it wedged in the [illegible] position where else would they have learned it
~~if there had been another operator that could have~~ run that contraption threading machine ~~there~~ would ~~would never have been~~ would would never have heard, later) of Billy Bitzer & Griffith's Cameraman. after repeated adjustments in which all suggestions even from H. N. MARVIN (who was another swell fellow by the way) nothing helped much. The dog film which I had for testing purposes would run one time next time it would'nt. I finally said let me alone and I will have it running in time for the show We had a fellow named Jack Miller he got a job with the Mutoscope as a contact man guess you would call him a location getter today was he officious he sure tried to tell me how to get the machine to run. the reason I mention him was that when Mr. Marvin finally pulled him away from me. saying let him alone he'll fix it all right. Millers parting shot was if it fails tonight Hammerstein will throw you right out the window, down onto Broadway and he locked me in. Imagine two powerful open arc lamps. a bank of Nitro Glycerine (the film) big as a roll of garden hose. and flimsy cotton woolly nap curtains and me alone wasn't room for another man and he couldn't do a thing if there was." I think the operators Union

should vote me a Gold Bond for that night alone
(P.S. I have a Commemorative Gold Bond) - The show
went off fine and when the last picture finished
The Empire State Express the applause threw
stamping and pounding on the bench down
I almost collapsed I thought the whole
back of the machine had blown up or
fallen off such was the newness to me I
was under. (P.S. I had never run a public show
before) You may wonder why all the preparedness
at the first showing of Biograph. The Mutoscope Co
was as I understood, it when I first went to work
for them, were to make Mutoscopes, only Peep Show
machines. then as Vitascope came out April 20 1896
Bio Oct 12 1896 some experiments we had been making
by throwing two arc lights on the mutoscope (opaque)
bromide paper pictures as they revolved on the reel
and projecting them with this reflected light
PANOPTICON METHOD? paled into insignificance in
comparison to the brilliant image given by the
transparent film direct light image. So we took out
of our big bulky 1st camera a few parts of the ~~interfering parts~~
~~of the mechan~~ mechanism that interfered with
the incorporation of a mirror into which we shot
at right angles the rays of an arc light. we also
pulled the teeth of the camera. (ie the punches which
perforated the film in picture taking) and the
effect with this wide film was magnificent
together with our 30 pictures per second as compared
to the other then existing 16 per sec

Canada's la was informed and became furiously busy building the machinery for a projector which was shipped to New York and when assembled on the 6th floor 841 Broadway looked more like a Wright Bros first flying machine than anything I can now think of. Skeleton frame work of wooden two by fours from the floor 7 foot up 2 x 4 braces ran out at an angle from the top of frame to floor (same as sloping scenery is braced) more 2 x 4 front and back end and additional projecting 2 x 4 pieces to hold the projecting arc lamps which we stuck to shooting its ray into a mirror which in turn reflected the beam of light through the film we were a bit timid about having this open arc lamps in between the celluloid wide film and having the film run over or under it So it was put out on the side. We made the mirrors of copper plates about 4 inches square which we had not only solid silver plated but they were also hand planished and burnished to secure a perfectly flat surface, and I got quite a kick out of going back to some of my old cronies of silversmith days having the copper plates made at a considerable expense for some mysterious new patent (I was always a show off) ordinary mirror glass gave a double reflection would also crack with the heat when this freak looking Biograph projector with its wheels pulleys friction disks and all, was ready

until I got a perfect no distortion one.

bulky eccentric cam and friction pull down

then Col Mack
or Hammerstein would bring in a group
and we would run the machine which
was enclosed in canvas curtains. which curtains I would by the way wish about
the entire piece of machinery each night
tie with ropes and seal the knots in the ropes
and initial them so that no one would look at
the machine during the night. I was always
the operator and every time the machine would
run off the pulleys or rip and tear. I got
the blame. Koopman would snarl at me what
did you do to it etc. it was running all night
let it alone get out. and I actually had that
happen. after the group had gone he would look
for me out on the 6th floor fire escape once and
would ask me what I thought caused it to buckle
These were all the Biograph projection machines
we ever gave on the 6th floor 841 Bway none
anywhere else until Casler sent down the
new machine which. I called coffin shaped. this
had the arc, located directly behind the aperture opening and between the rays
shooting its rays directly through the film
no more mirrors with the right angle arc.
It was now ~~became~~ the American Mutoscope
and Biograph Co

Winter of 1895 Mutoscope
" " 1896 The Biograph

June 1908 until he left the BIOGRAPH in Dec 1913 he worked continuously and incessantly. He vacationed he liked his work so well that a vacation would only have annoyed him. His evenings and Sundays he spent looking at Pictures to see what the other companies were doing, Edison Vitagraph Kalem Lubin Selig Essanay ... Imp and Pathe Foreign. Sundays he would also spend going through fiction suggestions and Stories Submitted. There also he devoted considerable time to assembling his pictures close cutting, a thing that before D.W.'s advent we did not bother much about that is to have a smooth flow of continuity where entrances and exits directly followed each other. In fact he was always buzzing around like a busy bee at the old 14th St Studio. either upstairs in the cutting and projection room. or out in Mrs Dougherty's office in front. ~~So much so~~ This he did so often, that we generally got a late start at ~~on~~ the Studio, ~~which~~ together with his lengthy rehearsals and ~~there being~~ limited Studio space for only one set at a time, ~~made pretty long days of it~~ a 16 hour day was nothing unusual. I ~~myself~~ did not mind it ~~often~~ and although ~~very tired~~ I was become exhausted on ~~particularly~~ unusually long days, my work due to the fact that ~~being more~~ consisted of manual labor, ie the Camera. The lights prefiasing the film and all. This hustle and bustle was more exhilarating than the hanging around making a few mutoscope

feature during the week with the obvious unwelcomeness of the company of doing up at any day. The first Cedarsburg trip was looked upon by the members of the company as a vacation, but mostly because it was with pay and keep. But it was really just the continuous grind for D.W. and myself we were at it before the others got up breakfasting and when the day was gone we again started our search for new spots to shoot in. ~~word~~ There were always camera duties in the evening from reading to prevent slides what might seem an extremely hot weather as it did in order the developing and washing for developing, etc. Even on the California trips there was much more work (despite larger work crews who built stage sets etc) than at the little 11 E 16th St Home Studio. Here we not only developed our negatives and made a print but there were many additional duties that required personal supervision. as it was similar now to camping out as compared to at home, where we had a shop a laboratory offices et al So what I am trying to set forth is that working in my capacity (it was not as hard for the actors who had little breathing spells between pictures, evenings and even between scenes in which they were not used.) It was a hard job this working for D.W. and this will give you an idea what D.W. did between pictures, which there was no between, excepting the train rides across the Continent during his entire period of making BIOGRAPH pictures from 1908 until 1913

Both his and my first respite began with our return to the new Bronx Studio when we both set back and let the other fellow do the work

SEE PAGE 18

Further information noted —

Was to open for D.W part

getting forked by a cracker — ch. Darkie

Become a daddy

Making early pro

Covered- guaranteed
Dampers
Tolerance

It occurred to me that perhaps a brief outline, somewhat personal of MR D.W. GRIFFITH as I knew him, in my sixteen years of association with him, would bring out MR. GRIFFITH's personality as he was, when he would let his hair down as it were. instead of a glorified description of MR. GRIFFITH the man, but nothing that I have read, even does justice to the lovely traits of his character.

His GENEROSITY. was such that when asked for aid. He would not only give the afflicant the first bill that he would pull out of his trousers pocket. but if the case was more than trivial. it would really affect him. and he would detail in addition to what money he gave the suppliecant, one of his assistants to help those in trouble. It was not show-off. ego. but the pity would stay with him. until the distress was relieved. Our projectionist here now, tells me that MR GRIFFITH nearly always would hand him a bill out of his pocket it might a ten or a twenty dollar bill whenever he would project for him night after night, although he was receiving his regular wage. MR. GRIFFITH has said to me many times on location when I would try to get the use of a home or lawn for a picture. and tell him I couldnt get that one. Go back and pay for it and they will let you use it.

His TOLERANCE. was incredible. he could chide the one that made a mistake in such a gentle manner. like what were you thinking of, you knew we had to have the person, or article, here. and then he would come to

CONT

would come to

a dead stop. A pause that would last long enough for the error to sink in. which, would hurt more than if he flew into a rage which he never did.
TEMPER. Perhaps at most only a half dozen times did I see him in a rage and like most extremists he would finish it. the first time I ever saw him get mad was in the very early days when he gave an extra, Charles Endsley (who wanted to quit the scene on some trivial excuse) three minutes to change his mind. before time was up MR GRIFFITH was holding his watch Endsley lunged at him MR. GRIFFITH knocked him cold and Endsley was pretty husky at that. Endsley continued to work that afternoon, several other instances quite similar/ But his KIND HEART, prevented many outbursts as if anyone balked he would talk kindly to them if it were an outsider say on location trying to cause a disturbance he might himself go right to that person and if his kindly. Yes Sir. didnt take effect a bill from his pocket would. I have seen instances where some one would try to hold him up. he would pay them and when I said I would'nt have given him a dime he would say the delay is costing us more than I gave him. Sometimes he would get fooled of course. The instance of where we were using some darkies there were some empty shacks near by and they used one of them to change clothes. A strange colored man came up to MR GRIFFITH and said you the boss here. MR. GRIFFITH said what do you want. the colored gent said Who's in charge

CONT —

Who's in Charge ~

of all disorderly? ~ MR. GRIFFITH who had already separated a bill in his trousers pocket, pulled it out it was five dollars and gave it to the colored gent, with the question of. Do you own three shacks. Oh no he said him just wondering how to get a job MR GRIFFITH hesitated a second, and said get away in the back PERSISTENCE, once he had made up his mind to do, or get something (I do not mean on impulse) whether it was in portrayal of a bit in acting or some photographic result he would keep at it from all angles until successful. he had the utmost PATIENCE. even when handling big mobs at some of these times when things were going all awry, he would break out in snatches of song a bit of physicology that seemed to calm down the excited ones (in not to be too serious and then would do better. In after years I have yet to meet the man or woman who if MR. GRIFFITH'S name comes up has ever said one word against. The finest gentleman that ever directed pictures is even to-day The unanimous verdict. I MEAN OF THOSE THAT WORKED FOR HIM.

MR. GRIFFITH, has never changed to me. From the early days at Fort Lee, when on location, on a bitter cold day, and the bicycle lamp which I was using steamed up the back element of the taking lense so that it virtually became as of ground glass. and all the scenes that he worked so hard upon in the cold. (and MR. GRIFFITH, hated cold when not shooting in later years he quit New York always on the first cold

cont

the first sold,
(spell) had to be retaken, there was nothing wrong
the film at all, He not only kept me from being
fired, but he encouraged me in making further
experiments to try and keep it from happening again.
Never lost his temper with me as long as we were
together. we always threshed the incidents out, at times
he even would say (I was wrong about that Billy)
One time when a plot for a Comedy The Curtain Pole fracture, which
I had submitted had been turned down and he
did not champion it. I was much peeved. after sending
for me several times he finally knocked at my
dark room door. (I would not answer he continued
knocking and when I finally opened the door.
We just looked at each other and smiled. Sound
childish but it happened. We later made the
Curtain Pole and it created quite a stir among
the half dozen producing companies of that time.
at times he would laugh at a rebuff (I recall) At Fort
Lee. We had been side stepping a house and yard for a
picture for a long time. We heard that the woman was
a crank. besides there was a large savage looking dog.
we had used about all the house fronts in Fort Lee and
this one was just what MR. GRIFFITH wanted. * He said
Billy! you use that persuasive power of yours and
try to get it. The Dog and I were friendly at once
(Dogs always have been to me) about the supposed persuasive
power I doubt I ever had any) just as I was about to
knock upon the door. I saw the door plate. people
in suburbs had metal and sometimes glass door plates
with their names upon them at that time Cont

at the time.

it had the name Fitzpatrick upon it. We had an actor name Fitzpatrick right in our company that day. It occurred that as a namesake he should have better luck. I didn't knock and got him to go and ask. in the meantime. Irene was answering MR. GRIFFITH went toward the house with him. When the lady came to the door and our man said my name is Fitzpatrick etc. She yelled I want nothing to do with the Fitzpatricks they cheated me out of a months rent, and slammed the door, MR. GRIFFITH laughed heartily. and the dog barked lustily. Guess he was stumped in his usual offering of money in this instance, as he maybe feared she would ask for the months rent for the use of the front door and gate way, as MR. GRIFFITH could also read people pretty well. whenever we hit a snag he would just fumble around in his trousers pocket. In later years I saw him on Seventh avenue one summers day. he saw me and I rather rushed to him somewhat excitedly and as I came up he hand went to the famous trousers pocket. I rushed to tell him that I had become a DADDY He patted me across the back with his cane. Our ensuing conversation at the soda fountain in a neighboring drug store was intensely reminiscent. I always liked MR. GRIFFITH, my boys middle name is Griffith. becaus of the happy hours in my life in Sixteen Years with Mr. Griffith.

1934

Pinched Poles

Notes: Cases for **protolia**
re added. 2 microphotic mottled
Biographic comments

H Pinched

GRIFFITH

THE BIOGRAPH CAMERA

1905 - 13 -

Biograph
The camera was a modified
unperforated film, wound s h a

The negative strip of film was carried forward from the upper wooden magazine over the smooth rollers by friction to the exposure aperture, and at the moment of exposure was punched with two registration holes, which became the master holes in the printing of the positive film for projection, which made The Biograph pictures much steadier than those made by others using the sprocket holes.

The movement intermittent motion was obtained by the beater roller. A loop of film formed above and below the exposure aperture. the take-up on the lower wooden magazine, then drew the film into the lower magazine.

To view and focus a scene the metal frame with the ground glass was inserted into position. the film mechanism being pulled aside during this operation.

* The punchings from the perforater, were caught in a suction, caused by little blades on the camera shutter which is located between the mechanism and the taking lens, and blown out through an opening at the right hand bottom of the camera.

The first signalling of a motion picture
is the shading off of the corners into
somewhat of an accidental nature as our
iris ~~of~~ which had been mounted on a board
hood in front of the taking lense was
forced by the vibration of the camera
to a smaller opening resulting in its
edges building a shadow in each corner
of the picture/ this gave me a thought
Why not use this out as it was all else
of a scene excepting that part we wanted
~~I know~~ We had been our audiences to look at
exterminating with various
methods of compelling our audiences to
look at the actor who was doing something
we thought they might skip or at
something in the opening of a long shot.
with clear centre fillers, and many other
methods the metal blades of the iris
excluded all light. ~~and~~ which made
the corners ominously black we
substituted celluloid blades which still
were quite opaque when closed over each
other and finally after more experimenting
settled on gauze, a black crepe de chine
gauze. I ~~extra the~~ meaning much of my annotations
because in later years I have read

Finished

State

Trick pictures

Double Exposure

Patent - Leather

Drawing Room or camera

after becoming member

of the Motion Pic. Patents Co

containing the ~~~ of
Camera Art. The art of running a movie
as related to Movie Movie and photographic steps in developing artistic effects how I remember?
by Billy Bitzer

Art in general in the in the early movies was not given much thought. by me

The mechanics of successfully putting the film through the camera with its attendant trials, and tribulations, such as having it buckle, i.e. Bind up in the feeding rollers during
a. refuse to take up in the receiving magazine (by which I mean the light tight box into which raw negative the film would run into after the exposure had been made so that it could be taken out of the camera without fogging the negative and replaced by another magazine)
c. become scratched or develope abrasion marks caused by undue pressure at the aperture plate, i.e. seat of exposure. or have that exasperating trouble of "Static" occur. which was a phase of frictional electricity which the celluloid base of the film would generate as it was propelled over the camera rollers, which would discharge at most any contact, in little sparks of various phazes. sometimes. when viewed upon the screen on the finished positive. they resembled trees, with denuded branches. (as in winter) dancing about all through the scene. or they would be a lot of wiggly lines squirming about, (as a view through a microscope of

some sort of [illegible], and again just a continuous line of inverted V's. This various variations was caused by our experimentations in trying to eliminate the Static which at times would occur when the film left the velvet lips of the light light magazines, and contacted the metal rollers, or, vice versa, and when we believed we had this conquered, it would discharge at some other spot, in a different form. We got so we could (almost control or create any shape, or form, but could not eliminate it at all under certain weather conditions. Cold dry days, just transformed the camera into a veritable Static machine and all operations ceased I remember one winter, 1908 when all the then existing companies, did not turn a camera, during a spell of Static weather. I discovered in after years that cameramen had experimented in various ways to overcome "Static" some by bridging over the discharge gaps, or spots, with wires and leading the Static into a Leyden jar or into the ground, others with ammonia fumes, and some with damp sponges placed in the magazine and camera corners. This latter I also tried with the result of when having created sufficient moisture to subdue the Static the moisture on the film, froze in the cold and the brittle film just broke into

pieces, or if not so acute it struck together creating a new form of static and abrasion compared which the Static was a relief. A bicycle pump hung upon the outside bellows of my camera which burned pure alcohol, and generated heat and moisture through a light tight (from the outside) brass tube into the camera. Solved our Benjamin troubles, and the Eastman Film Co. in time put an extra coating or emulsion over the celluloid base of the film, similar to the emulsion on the photographic side of some corn starch substance I believe which insulated the celluloid. They called it X Back film and that solved the Static problem.

Now there were other difficult problems such a film breathing. I.e. the raw stock bulging in and out according to the springiness condition of some film, which would take me just as long to describe as the Static trouble, and other mechanical troubles. Combing these worries with the major problem of guessing the light conditions, were the actors gesticulating too wildly and cause a displacement blur of arms, etc. Together with trying to get a critical focus on a postage stamp size image, hampered from getting a good look by a bunch of obstructions, such a gear wheels, spring belts and what not. There was not

much inhibition on the part of the cameraman, to seek out further troubles by becoming artsy, even if the knack of it is his make up. The attitude of the front office in case of an art error would certainly be never mind getting artsy just keep your mind on your camera your work now is bad enough as it is which is one incident of what really happened to me on one occasion when an unguarded moment of artistic zeal I overlooked one of the dam h earth positive mechanical adjustments. So while the finished scene had perhaps some semblance of a new reverse light artistry it danced about on the screen enough to dampen further artistic effects for the time being. and moving pictures were just here black and white photographs with most of the cameramen exulting and ↑ effect at times surprized that the results under these early conditions were as good as they were. Yet despite the Orthochromatic negative raw stock of that day with its lack of color Gradation there were times when, outdoor scenes either by chance, or the cameramen knew that a certain angle, or light condition was bound to create an artistic impression of a scene. That there were some splendid outdoor scenic shots, But I remember

5.

There motioned, were foreign films where such dyed in the wool photographers such as the Lumiere Bros. or perhaps Paths But it was some time before our boys by which I mean American Cameramen began to stab at light effects. Such as simulating a light as coming from a fireplace in a They lived happily ever after ending of a I'll say Kinkaids Reformation Story.

After the mechanical nightmares of the camera had been lessned and we felt that we had become master of it. I remember the thoughts which kept popping up were about the possibilities of trickery with the moving picture camera. The divided screen with one side of the film masked out rewinding the film. and masking the other half having the same subject working simultaneously in one scene when finally projected with the attendant maskings. or cutting a mans head off and show him holding it in his hand etc. I also superimposing. guess all beginners, were intrigued with these possibilities. I know that America's First Moving Picture Cameraman William Kennedy Laurie Dickson who started experimenting on movies for Edison in 1888 did this very thing i.e. Double Exposing when he had his camera perfected and working In 1908 the novelty of the moving picture having died out insofar as

street scenes, shots similar to our to day news reel shots of parades, Niagara Falls Draw Slums and even the little McCutcheon playlets. (Note Wallace McCutcheon working in 1907 at the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co's Studio at 11 East 14th St N.Y. and before 07 at the Mutoscope Roof Studio 841 Bway cor 18th St N.Y. was the first to make in any Quantity the little Playlets similar to the erstwhile blackouts of the Sohubert decade.) were concerned. The trick pictures were about all that had any drawing power. Edisons The Dream of the Welsh Rarebit Fiend was one of these. All the companies were making pictures on this order. Of course the Foreign companies had preceded them Melies Trip to the Moon Pathe Freres were doing them.

They were an ART. a mystifying art. some so cleverly done in their continuity that the viewers were unable to figure how it was done. out they knew about multiple exposures in a general way. but tenning or other illusions they could not fathom. these trick films were an ART in their making And after a long last I come to what I believe was the introduction of a better artistry into the American Moving Picture

Now The Biograph Co could not make Double Exposure pictures with their camera. The basic principle of their

Camera was to punch Two perforations one on each side of each individual picture (or frame) at the moment of exposure Master perforations they were used as gauges in the printing of the positive and to insure a steady picture upon the screen in the final projection This principle ~~prevented the negative from~~ allowed the running of the negative through the camera but once and prevented the double exposures etc required by the novelty trick films which were holding the attention of the nickelodeon customers. (Novelties such as ★ Bradys a ride on a train with a movie of passing scenery at one end of the coach the rumble of the wheels and shaking of the coach, and other innovations were being used to draw the people to the dying out moving pictures. Today we have the Bingo Lure dishes etc. nothing changes much.
(I photographed some pictures by the way for this railroad novelty. Train robbers would stop and hold up this coach. One was called Black Bart.

The Biograph with their Camera Handicap of being unable to make Trick or illusion pictures, their sales at this Time early in ~~of~~ 1908 were but 14 copies of the little playlets that McCutcheon was turning

out They were seriously considering folding up. I myself had started looking for another job When along came Griffith. His first picture the adventures of Dollie intrigued over Mr. H. N. Marvin then President of the Mutoscope and Biograph Co with innovation of Cut backs and they decided to carry on a little longer. "Perhaps" something might happen. Photographically there was also an improvement during the dull days in which we were making an occasional little playlet. Time, was kept going by selling prints of subjects already made. They were sold outright at that time for appro 14¢ per foot)

capitol → to keep busy had ample time to play with our studio lights. also we had again come into being allowed to use our original Biograph Camera through becoming a member of the Motion Picture Patents Co [we had been using a flimsy constructed foreign camera called The Bioscope while patent legislation was going on. also I had an opportunity to experiment and test various makes of foreign lenses and had succeeded in Tests to considerably improve our photography This photographic improvement had of course together with Mr Griffiths ideas, as he went along of Story construction, and Treatment a very definate effect in improving camera artistry in America. instead of and I am speaking of the general run of the mill

Birth analyzed

Ran the gourmet of
emotions

Finished

I have at times for my own satisfaction inquired why the Birth of a Nation was such a success, and concluded that it was because it ran the gamut of emotions I never could run into anyone that would criticize it by which I mean the usual in the trade criticism Such as D.W. missed a chance here or there in scenes Dixon thought he could do better Dixon the Author told me one time when we were comparing royalty or dividend checks in front of the Alexandria Hotel Bar in L.A. Wait till you see the picture I am going to make He made it he must have had such faith that

the Sign See notes

Goldstein for the Cuff costumes did also

The seemed to think just make a picture along the lines of the Birth and you'll do even better than Goldfish

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H.E. Gets Address

Predmore

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Julia Mar Lowe 165 So Stanley ave Los angeles Cal.

You're fired.

I guess in pioneering where one does not know so much more than another one when mishaps occurs. and there were many of them in those early days. Fogged film, mechanical failures, a busted ~~may the strange failure could be how~~ we called it Static, Tornadoes not to mention underexposed film. The man behind the gun got all the blame especially if he were not a good fighter. I was a ~~vict~~ of "Mr Muffletoast" type. and generally if several mishaps happened together. I was fired actually fired. and when I was doing the best I knew how. I can recall at least half a dozen times that I gave up the keys took my few belongings and out of the Biograph plant with head bowed down utterly discouraged

In one instance I had after much experimenting to prevent static markings on the negative due to cold snappy weather. this static mark looked like white trees on the screen. I had hit upon heating up the inside of the camera with a bicycle lamp burning alcohol. It worked swell indoors but the first real cold day it steamed up the inside of the lens so that it may as well have been a ground glass surface I was shooting through. and that days work was lost and so was my job. But somehow after a while they would send for me with an admonition If you'll keep warm on your work we'll give you room

job back and as it was such a nice job I always went back even though I was working elsewhere at the time, of course I always queried the wages a little not very much then but let them know that I was getting more in my new job. It was in this way at the beginning that although there was only two or three companies making pictures at that time I got more pay than the other fellow was getting

Mr. Griffith eventually became my chairman and made things more certain

Grey Luck

Rain

Rain

Rain

Cinema Equity

"Kinema"

22 Elmore near Market

10. continued

P 248 afrian

30 years after 1866

96 – 10

1906 – 30

1916 – 20

1926 – 112

Oct 12 1896

The Biograph at

Thomaslaton

so it was in the fall of 1895

April 20 96 Koster and Bials Vitascope

Staff of Cameraman > was the staff

Heavy as a parlor piano (Smith)

Vitascope was shuttered

in 1911

see cover of the film
Weldine and Wynne III

2" Lens speed was f4

The negative film was of fast and available
speed at manufacturers

Eastman Orthochromatic film gave color values and
Cloud effects when used with an orange ray filter
as have no after Kodaks
1½ times as fast as ordinary Kodak film
Twice as fast as a Seed 26x dry plate?

Johann Adolph Wilhelm

Sohn des Herrn Johann Martin Berger

und seiner Ehefrau Anna Maria geb. Schmid

geboren den 21ten April 1872 und am

2ten Juni 1872 in Segnewart der Zeugen

Gottlob, Catharina Conrad Louise

Catharina Berger

im Namen des

# Dreieinigen Gottes

getauft worden, welches hierdurch

glaubwürdig bescheiniget wird.

d. z. Otto Hanser

ev.-luth. Pfarr

Mt. Washington, July 16, 99.

Dear Sister Anna,

Have been intending to write to you for some time but have not got to it until now. To-day with the temperature at 40 and the wind blowing so hard that it is impossible to get out of the house without being blown clean off the mountain I find a most suitable opportunity to try and catch up with my correspondence. I have spent the last few days among the White Mountains. The mecca of the Bostonian. Aside from a slight cold I caught in the

need has also furnished a porter and right here is where I will have to get a hot several sizes larger. It is just like having a valet, everything is yes sir, when it isn't Mr. Ruth, and it would knock you silly to see me order my own about just as if I was accustomed to it all my life. Carl would be right in line here with Porter bring me a cigar, him. Well I hope you will overlook my slang and vanity as I assure you that I could think of absolutely nothing to write you about when I began and now I find that I have about ruined this pretty souvenir By the way the Quaker Oats in the corner are supposed to be mountain flowers. I hope that all are well and will try and find time to write in the near future with best wish

Will

Please pardon. I have been engaged very much in writing. I will now try to describe to you the beautiful sound of bells and sunset. I have witnessed as it would be beyond possibilities to touch it. Besides you can get the most correct descriptions of it that I can send stamp from the Boston and Maine R.R. I am travelling in a special car which is fitted with a stateroom and couches and reclining chairs. It is the car that the President of the B and M uses on his trips, and is magnificent I have also a combination car for the Biograph outfit and a special engine to take me wherever I wish to go. I tell you we make some hair raising trips when we fly along between trains as a special We did 42 miles in 40 minutes the other day with our little train of two cars. The rail-

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Arthur Livingston, Publisher, New York. 272

Wash. D. C.

May 1st 05

This is moving day. So to be in line. I will move, — toward New York on the 10:9 pm train. my love and regards to all

Your Brother Will.

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Dear Emma.

Everything fine
Hope to arrive Los Angeles
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at 3 o'clock Having a fine
time Must write to Dot
Love Elinor and Billy

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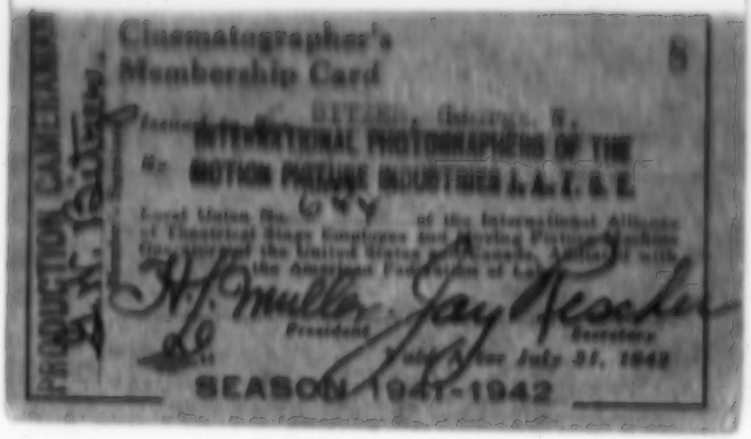

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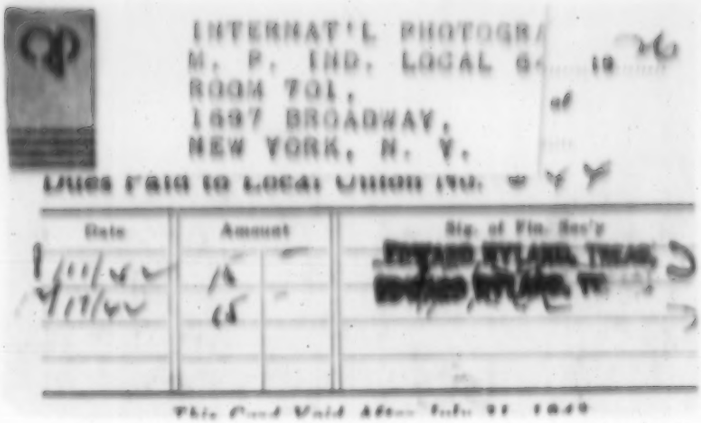

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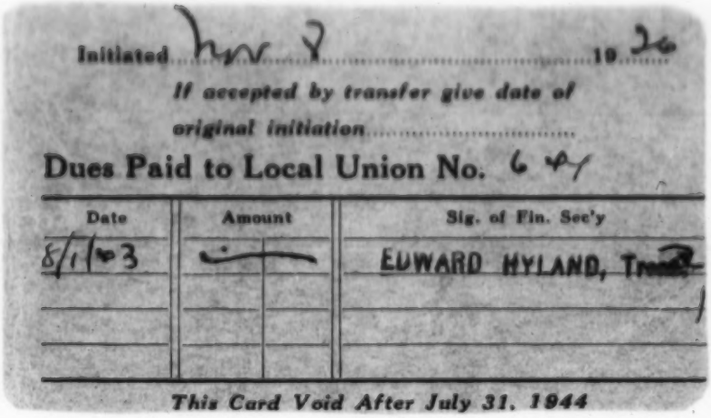

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| 8/1/43 | — | EDWARD HYLAND, Treas. |

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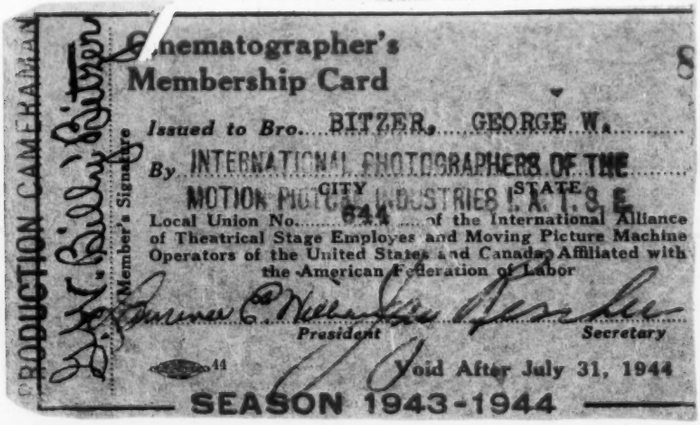


PRODUCTION CAMERAMAN

Member's Signature

Cinematographer's
Membership Card

Issued to Bro. BITZER, GEORGE W.

By INTERNATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS OF THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRIES I.A.T.S.E.

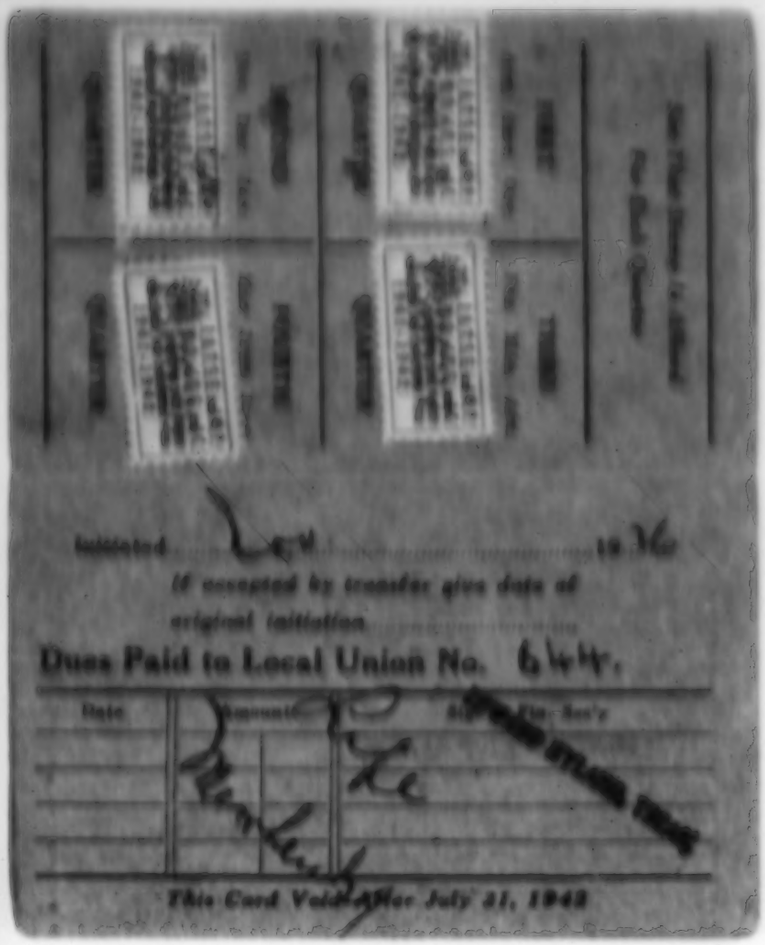
CITY STATE

Local Union No. 644 of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employes and Moving Picture Machine Operators of the United States and Canada Affiliated with the American Federation of Labor

President — Secretary

Void After July 31, 1944

SEASON 1943-1944



Initiated ... 19 36

If accepted by transfer give date of original initiation ...

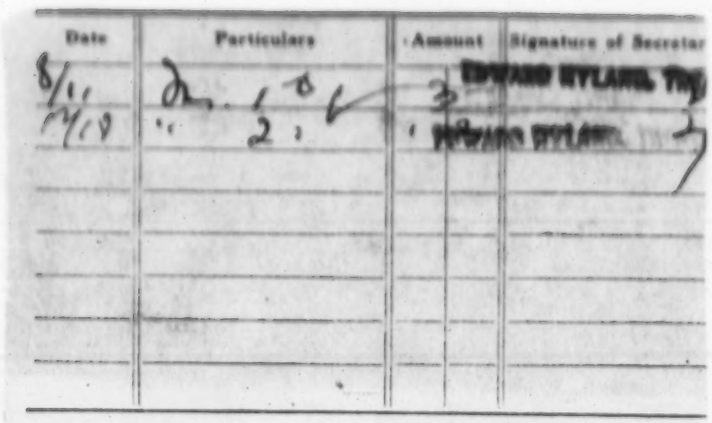
Dues Paid to Local Union No. 644.

| Date | Amount | Rec. Sec'y |
|---|---|---|

This Card Void After July 31, 1942

See That Stamp Is Affixed For Each Quarter

| FIRST | THIRD |
|---|---|
| Aug. Sept. Oct. | Feb. Mar. Apr. |
| QUARTER | QUARTER |
| SECOND | FOURTH |
| Nov. Dec. Jan. | May June July |
| QUARTER | QUARTER |



| Date | Particulars | Amount | Signature of Secretar |
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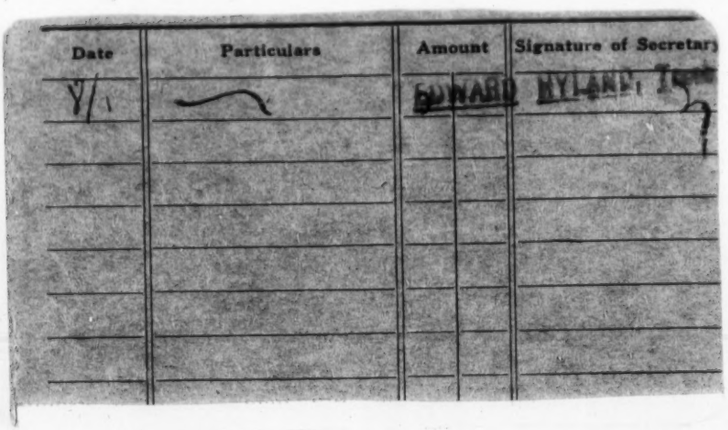
| 8/11 | Dr. 10 6 | 3 | EDWARD HYLAND, Trs |
| 9/19 | " 2 6 | 3 | EDWARD HYLAND, Trs |

See That Stamp Is Affixed For Each Quarter

| FIRST | THIRD |
|---|---|
| Aug. Sept. Oct. | Feb. Mar. Apr. |
| I.A.T.S.E. and M.P. M.O. of U.S. and C. RECEIPT FOR THREE MONTHS' PER CAPITA AND CONVENTION FUND. 1943-1944 | I.A.T.S.E. and M.P. M.O. of U.S. and C. RECEIPT FOR THREE MONTHS' PER CAPITA AND CONVENTION FUND. 1943-1944 |
| QUARTER | QUARTER |
| SECOND | FOURTH |
| Nov. Dec. Jan. | May June July |
| I.A.T.S.E. and M.P. M.O. of U.S. and C. RECEIPT FOR THREE MONTHS' PER CAPITA AND CONVENTION FUND. 1943-1944 | PLACE STAMP HERE |
| QUARTER | QUARTER |



| Date | Particulars | Amount | Signature of Secretary |
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| 9/1 | ~ | | EDWARD HYLAND, Trs |

BILLY BITZER
COLLECTION

The SHERRY-NETHERLAND
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET
NEW YORK

February 10, 1940.

Dear Billy:

I am enclosing a check for $35 and am hoping you may be able to get both a suit and coat for this amount. I heard of a place over the radio called Barney's where they are selling $25 and $35 suits for $15.00. It is at 7th Avenue and 17th Street.

Am so happy to hear about the job with the Museum of Modern Art and do hope it will continue.

Did you see the picture of LIFE of the filming of BIRTH OF A NATION? You were in it, of course, Lillian and I were looking at it the other night and talking of old times.

I hope your wife and little boy are well. I send them and you my kindest remembrances and every good wish. As ever

Sincerely yours,

Mary Pickford

The sale at Barneys only last until Monday. They are open until 10 o'clock Monday evening.

MP

Mr. Billy Bitzer,
Museum of Modern Art,
11 West 53rd Street,
New York City.

3 ¢ stamp!

Mr. Billy Bitzer,
Museum of Modern Art,
11 East 53rd Street,
New York City.

The SHERRY-NETHERLAND
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET
NEW YORK

BILLY BITZER
COLLECTION

MARY PICKFORD

March
26th
1940.

Dear Billy:

I am so happy to hear that you are daily getting better and that your morale is also on the up grade. Keep up the good work.

I must tell you though, Billy, that you are giving me far too much credit for the Motion Picture Relief Fund is paying your hospital bill. If they had not done so, I would of course, have taken care of it and at the time I took you from City Hospital expected to do so but they feel that you are a valuable part of the industry and that for your contributions to the field of photography you merit their aid and assistance.

Am so glad the Museum is holding your job for you and am hopeful it may work into something of a permanent nature.

I may be coming back to New York within a week or so and, if so, will look forward to seeing you.

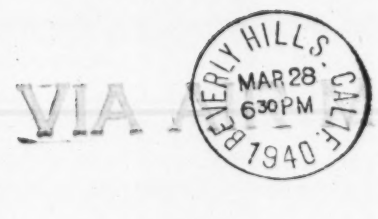
I hope Eden is well and that Mrs. Bitzer has recovered from her cold.

With affectionate remembrances, as ever

Sincerely yours,

Mary Pickford

BILLY BITZER
COLLECTION



AIR MAIL

Mr. Billy Bitzer,
109 West 60th Street,
New York City.

BILLY BITZER
COLLECTION

MARY PICKFORD

July
20th
1940.

Dear Billy:

Thanks for your note and the enclosed clipping. You give me far too much credit. I sent it on to Dr. Fraser as I thought it would please him that you had mentioned his name.

Am glad to hear that Eden's operation was successful and I hope from now on your troubles are over and that all will go smoothly.

I checked with Miss Bashor of the Motion Picture Relief Fund two days ago and she assured me that they are going to furnish you with the earphone, so please let me know if it is not forthcoming.

My best wishes to you, Mrs. Bitzer and Eden.

As ever,

Mary

Mr. Billy Bitzer,
109 West 60th Street,
New York City.

BILLY BITZER
COLLECTION

Dear Mr. Bitzer:

I'm right curious about what it was that made Mack Sennett so hellbent about policemen, leading up to the Keystone cops. Why did he hate cops? Or did he? Some facts on that would be of much interest to my research.

Regards and good wishes.

Sincerely,

Terry Ramsaye

Mr. C. W. Bitzer,
Museum of Modern Art,
11 West 53rd Street,
New York, N. Y.

P. S. The enclosed clipping puzzled me.

January 2, 1941.

TERRY RAMSAYE
*editor of*
MOTION PICTURE HERALD
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
NEW YORK CITY

HOLLYWOOD-ROOSEVELT HOTEL

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

C. MACARR

LOS ANGELES JAN 18 6:30 PM 1944 CALIF.

BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

Mr G.W."Billy" Bitzer

917 Ogden Ave.

Bronx New York

DOC SAID
GET OUT OF
THE CAST, IN
PLTR,
WELL I KNEW
NOT ME
I PULLED THRU
BEFORE AND
BEGINEY GOING
AWAY WASNT
SO EASY

SO I JUST
HUNG ON
UNTIL I DROPPED
A FEW TIMES
AND ALL THE
SUPERMAN IDEAS
LEFT ME AND
I KNEW
THE DOC WAS
RIGHT. THE GOOD
OLD TICKER IS
~~OVER EXPOSED~~
OUT OF FOCUS
BAD EXPOSURE
AND I HAVE USED
ALL THE FILTERS

I DON'T KNOW IF ONE MAY BE ENOUGH

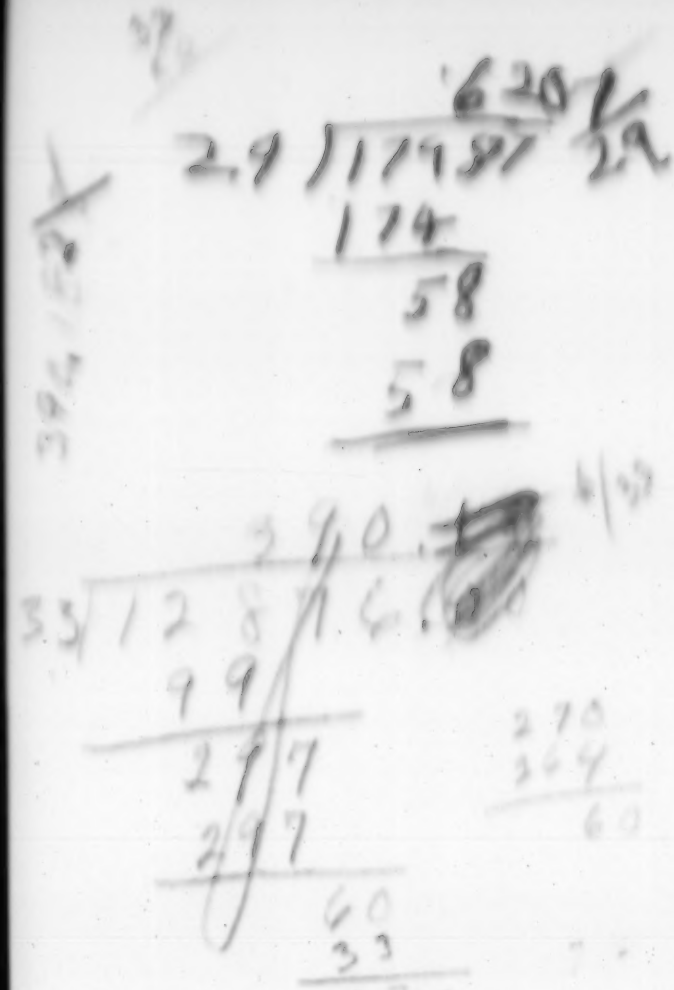
Lincoln's Birthday.
California 14th.

Dear Pal Dinny

Oh boy just read about the Big Blizzard you are having at home and am I glad I am out here GEE it must be tough climbing those hills there in the snow Take good care of yourself at all times and we will be motor boating out here on the lake soon. DELIA told me how you enjoyed it when you were here, I am feeling "Oh so much better in this climate. and am going to keep on trying to get

strong again. Oh say I have one of the big silver dollars for you a nice shiny one and am sending it as soon as I figure a way to wrap it - they called them CARTWHEELS in the old days. Sometimes SINKERS. will write you all about its history with it. It will be all of two weeks before the watch will again be in your hands Dont bother MEIBAUER till I write you all about it. Take good care of yourself and mother all my LOVE and BEST WISHES

DAD



California, Feb. 22, 44
Washington's Birthday

Dear Pal Dizzy:

Haven't had anything to write about. So just kept putting it off each day. Hope Both Mother and you are well, and "HAPPY"

I received the Daily News you sent about the heavy BLIZZARD, and I Notice by the weather reports in the papers here that it has been very cold in New York right along Mother was right to make me come here as I could not have taken it there. You were right too. I would be gone by now. Hope you both are well I dont know how you stand it. It has been quite cool here for a week now too. The rainy season is on now. It has rained every day for days. It SNOWED too It has not SNOWED IN 13 YEARS here. HAIL PELLETS They

called it. and Lightning. the streets were just rivers I could not go out at all. it still rains Guess it will Stop Soon. The man here says when I asked him. If it would Stop raining. he said IT ALWAYS DOES. I sent you the SILVER DOLLAR last week. Hope it reached you, O.K. The watch will be next in about a week or so. I have to find out Something I am waiting to hear about first. You will love it this time. Let me know when you feel like writing. whether the SILVER DOLLAR came. Take good care of mother, and Yourself all my Love and Best Wishes

DAD

Los Angeles, Feb. 22, 44.

ETH :-

Have been practically in the house for the past week on account of the cold rainy weather. Don't know how much longer it will keep up. Papers Say another couple of days, "I AM FEELING FINE THOUGH" and hope it has been all right with You, and DINNY, it must be very Cold there. Guess You will be glad when Mar. 1st comes and you can work daytime again. I just dont know how you can stand it. you got me away just in time But MOTHER is always right. as I tell DINNY always! Have not been over to DEE'S house. but I phone her or she phones me every day or so, to see how I am. Jack is

very busy working at night at home on the plans of the new business he is going into, he hopes works all day Sundays at home on the plans and I want to give them a break by not bothering them. Am also waiting to get a bit stronger as (I am still weak) before I go to Hollywood or see anybody in regards to what I am going to do My health comes first feeling O.K. but still haven't much strength. I think after the rainy season is over I will straighten everything out and let you know. Take GOOD CARE OF YOURSELVES. LOVE and BEST Wishes to You Both

BILL.

CALIF. FEB. 28, 44.

MONDAY.

"TARZAN"!

GLAD THE SILVER DOLLAR GOT TO YOU. IN A WEEK. OR SO. THE WATCH WILL GET TO YOU TOO.

YOUR SKETCHES WERE FUNNY.

IT IS THE RAINY SEASON HERE. THE RAIN COMES DOWN LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE. SEWERS GET CLOGGED. HOUSES ADRIFT, AND CATARACTS BOUNCE DOWN THE CALIFORNIA HILLS STREETS BECOME RIVERS. RIGHT IN TOWN TOO! AND THE MOUNTAINS ARE WHITE WITH SNOW. IT GETS A BIT CHILLY. BUT NOTHING LIKE THE COLD AND WIND IN NEW YORK. I GUESS YOU HAVE BEEN HAVING SOME COLD WEATHER THERE.

HOPE "MOTHER", AND "YOURSELF" ARE "WELL" AND "HAPPY"

I AM FEELING OK. BUT STILL WEAK. LOW BLOOD PRESSURE I GUESS.

DAD WAS SO "HAPPY" TO HEAR THAT YOU PASSED YOUR SCHOOL TESTS WITH 90.9 "ATTA BOY TARZE"! KEEP IT UP. AND WITH YOUR "ENGAGING PERSONALITY". YOU WILL SURE GO PLACES.

THANKS FOR THAT THIN KNIFE YOU GAVE ME IT IS GREAT FOR SKINNING ORANGES I THINK OF YOU EVERY MORNING AS I

PEEL A COUPLE OF ORANGES. WHEN I GET UP.

I WAS OVER TO DEE'S HOUSE YESTERDAY SUNDAY, ALL DAY, AND I WORE THAT STRAW HAT THAT YOU LEFT THERE, HAD A BIG DINNER THE LOS ANGELES RIVER IS AWAY UP AND RUSHES MADLY BY. YOU KNOW AT THE END OF THE STREET DEE, LIVES ON. DID YOU GO DOWN THERE WHEN YOU WERE HERE? I DIDN'T GET TO WESTLAKE PARK YET. WEATHER A LITTLE TOO COOL. WISH I COULD WRITE YOU SOME FUNNY MORON STUFF. TO MAKE YOU LAUGH BUT I DONT KNOW ANY. DO YOU KNOW SOME? YOU KNOW "TARZE" ITS HARD TO WRITE LETTERS. UNLESS ONE HAS A LOT OF NEWS SO DONT WORRY ONE LITTLE TEENY BIT ABOUT WRITING TO ME. I KNOW HOW IT IS. JUST WRITE WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE IT. HERE'S HOPING AGAIN THAT BOTH MOTHER AND YOU ARE O.K. ALL MY LOVE AND BEST WISHES. to You both.

"Kcul doog". DAD.

for

California,
St Patricks
Day 1944.

"HALL'O!" "SUB" mariner:-

"How yer doin"?

I have been waiting to see what my address would be and now that I know. I am sending it to you.

I MOVED OUT TO THE MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOUSE IN THE VALLEY BETWEEN BIG HILLS, AND THE ALTITUDE IS A THOUSAND FEET, WILL SEND YOU PICTURES OF THE PLACE, WHEN I CAN GET THEM.

Also will send your watch the first chance I get to go to a town. Take good care of Mother, and Yourself, and everything will come out hunky dory, O.K. I hope you both are well, and happy.

Will write you a nice long letter when I get calmed down and settled and then you can write me one too. Here's GOOD LUCK to my BESTEST PALS, and all DAD'S "BEST WISHES" for your "HEALTH" and "HAPPINESS"

Your loving

DAD.

for

100, 101

after 5 weeks of gluttony I have gained 8 lbs. 1872 which I suspect has overburdened a bit of human mechanism imperfect at its best in its functionary

Excepting for an occasional day
when I feel my age

Bowel movements natural
up to about a week ago
Have during the week taken
3 doses of Sal Hepatica
the first a teaspoonful upon
arising seemed relief natural
The second two days later was
partially effective. A dizzy stomach
feeling remained no pain but.
The third was ineffective nausea.
a fourth taken this a m while
considerably observing
Caused vomiting

However I am now up against
a wall

MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOUSE
• 23440 VENTURA BOULEVARD
• WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA

MARCH, 28, 29 44

"DINNY"!
"DINKIDDIE"!
"HI YAR, PAL"!:
TOM SAWYER:

NICE LETTER YOU SENT TOM, IT TELLS ME YOU ARE WELL AND HAPPY. YOU HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA TOO IN SENDING IT REGULAR MAIL. THE AIR MAIL POSTAGE IS GOING UP TO 8 CENTS, AND WE ARE IN NO HURRY, SO WE WILL USE REGULAR MAIL 'EH WOT? I WILL WRITE TO "Uncle Chrisey", AND TELL HIM ABOUT THE ALTAR YOU MADE, AND YOUR MARCH THROUGH THE CHURCH ON ST PATRICKS DAY. I RECEIVED THE HOME NEWS TWICE, O.K. THANKS TOM.

NOW TAKE OFF THE WHISKERS, I KNOW YER RIGHT NAME. "BANG"! "DINNEE"! I THINK OF YOU MORE THAN EVER. I AM NOT WRITING YOU MUCH, AS I AM TAKING IT VERY EASY TRYING TO GET WELL, AND STRONGER, SO FORGIVE ME PAL. YOU KNOW WHO I AM CRAZEE ABOUT, THATS RIGHT! YOU, AND ME, BOTH. I AM GETTING ALONG FINE. MOTHER SENT ME A WONDERFUL LETTER TOO. IT MADE ME SO HAPPY. TO HEAR FROM YOU BOTH. I AM TRYING TO PICK UP PICTURES OF MY COTTAGE AND THIS WHOLE PLACE SO YOU CAN SEE THE MILLIONARES SORT OF PLACE IT IS, WELL GOOD FRIDAY YOU WILL BE ELEVEN YEARS OLD. I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT. AND WHAT A FINE YOUNG MAN MY PAL IS. I WILL GET A LETTER TO YOU BY THAT TIME. I WROTE MOTHER A LONGER LETTER AND MAYBE YOU CAN READ SOME OF IT. I WILL WRITE YOU A NICE ONE SO YOU CAN ANSWER IT NEXT TIME. TAKE GOOD CARE OF "MOTHER" AND "YOURSELF". ALL MY "LOVE", AND "BEST WISHES", FOR YOUR "HEALTH", AND "HAPPINESS", AND "SUCCESS".

DAD.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU."/

# MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOUSE


• 23439 VENTURA BOULEVARD
• WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA


PALM SUNDAY, APRIL 2.
1944.

DEAR EDEN:

-HERE'S WISHING YOU "A HAPPY BIRTHDAY"/-

IT IS HARD FOR ME TO REALIZE THAT MY "PAL"/ IS ELEVEN YEARS OLD. YOU HAVE BEEN A WONDERFUL SON, AND I KNOW THAT YOU WILL KEEP IT UP. I HAD INTENDED TO SEND SOMETHING BETTER THAN A CARD. BUT THAT WILL COME LATER. WHERE I LIVE IS ABOUT 40 MILES FROM LOS ANGELES, AND THE STATION WAGON, 'AUTO' DOES NOT MAKE MANY TRIPS INTO TOWN ON ACCOUNT OF THE GAS CUT. AND THEN IT CARRIES ONLY 2, OR 3, PASSENGERS, BECAUSE IT PICKS UP A BIG LOAD OF SUPPLIES OF THINGS THAT ARE NOT DELIVERED TO US BY THE REGULAR DEALERS. BUT I WILL TAKE CARE OF A TOKEN FOR YOU WHEN I DO GO TO TOWN. I KNOW YOU "MY PAL"/ WONT MIND IF I AM A BIT LATE IN DOING SO. YOU KNOW I LIKE YOU LOT'S

I AM FEELING O.K. AND EVERYTHING HERE IS SWELL. JUST TAKE GOOD CARE OF "MOTHER", AND "YOURSELF." AND EVERYTHING WILL COME OUT FINE, AS IT ALWAYS HAS. I PUT OFF WRITING THIS LETTER TOO LONG. AS I HOPED SOMEHOW TO GET INTO TOWN. AND I WOULD HAVE WRITTEN IT DIFFERENT IF I HAD GONE. AGAIN, "PAL"! "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" AND "MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY." WHO AM I "CRAZEE"/ ABOUT? THATS RIGHT. ALL "MY LOVE", AND "BEST WISHES". FOR YOUR "HEALTH", AND "HAPPINESS", AND "SUCCESS", TO YOU BOTH.

DAD.

'DINNY'! I AM ENCLOSING A LETTER WHICH DEE SENT ME. FOR MOTHER TO READ.

Charles

HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HOTEL
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA





Mr. G. W. "Billy" Bitzer
Motion Picture Country House
Woodland Hills
Cal

23401
Ventura Blvd

much as I have tried to
fight it ~~of~~ the hair seems
it just gets worse that all
maybe through with like
treatment here ~~where they say~~ I may
Take our new life maybe?
am going to air mail this
for this Wednesday Friday
is my birthday and I
do not want you to get
me anything because
I got everything I need
I got they even buy you
presents ~~if you need~~
Have clothes if you need
Hunt clothes on the coupons
Eyes are hard to get
used a mirror & queer
but there is a drug
store at where
I go to church Sundays
and I manage to serve
up correct

3

Pvt. Robert M. Brannen
Topeka Parlor
No. 269
Nurse Sons and Relatives Daughters
Of the Golden West
Hard Fought over 6000 Battles
Victorious.

Dearest Mary

How are you and Kenneth & everything I hope that things are fine with my little folks I havent written as much to you as I should have have been waiting to send a set of beauties of this marvellous place they were to send on out from the Holly office but they havent come yet. Enny how heres about all as has happened since last letter Christie Walsh came to see me with his mother shes 81 she told me he had given her a birthday party at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel about 2 months ago at which there were over 200 guests many destenguished folk. Must have cost Uncle

Filby Film
MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOUSE

22400 VENTURA BOULEVARD
WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA






Alice, and Alvin Krupkoff.
535 North Edinburgh Ave.
Los Angeles, - 36, - California.

Dear Ethel — Of course I know you have heard from Billy, but am sending this to you anyway just to further verify that Billy is in a nice place now.

Lots of Love

Alice

# MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOUSE


• 23430 VENTURA BOULEVARD
• WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA


April 14th 44.

Dear Alvin, and Alice :-

Your sincere, and splendid, letter of well wishes, was just swell for which accept my heartfelt thanks. I guess we folk out here, are in a position, like our soldier boys far away. we welcome letters, and read them over and over again. Your letters in particular, are always so very kindly. and uplifting.

I dont know whether you have even been out here, but if some day, when gas is more availble, you do come, you will be amazed. It is really a million dollar home. It is indescribable, without writing many pages of its magnificence, etc. I am glad I am here, as I imagine I would have dropped in the streets just a couple more times, and the finis. Here I feel better in knowing that help is right at my elbow day, and night, in case I have an attack.

The food is good, I have a good bed, and splendid attention. I have accustomed myself to country atmosphere in spite of having always been at heart a Times Square guy. am gradually overcoming the worries such as come, when thinking of my Pals back home, Eden, and Ethel. and I am as well as can be expected for one in my condition, of Heart. Poor circulation, and thin blood.

MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOUSE
23440 VENTURA BOULEVARD
WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA

I don't think you have ever seen me without a cigar in my face, the doctor allows me to smoke, cigars are difficult to get out here, we do get three a week, which from that many a day is quite a difference, but I have gotten myself into a frame of mind to do without, with the thought that I am alive on borrowed time anyhow. So everything is O.K. Dear Alvin, and Alice, and again my thanks for your Easter Greetings. We go to church Sundays in the Station Wagon, only eight of us, I missed the choir on Easter as it is only a very small church without even an organ. as I cannot hear, I just pray, and meditate, and feel better. Do not forget to address your letter when you again write to Woodland Hills as above as your letter was considerably delayed in reaching here, on account of HILLS missing. new men in the P.O, I imagine. I should have written you long before this, and will write you a nice letter very soon. please overlook. I think the change to the valley here weakened me a lot, but am getting acclimated gradually. All my "Love" and "Best Wishes" for "Your Health" and "Happiness" to my two "good" "Friends", again "Thanks"

Sincerely,

Billy Bitzer.

MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOUSE
• 23439 VENTURA BOULEVARD
• WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA

SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 44.

"DINNEE"!

WADDA YER MEAN FINE PAL I ARE DIDN'T I SAY, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE YOUR'E ELEVEN. "HA. HA."! HOW'S MY PAL? DID YOU GET 2 BIRTHDAY CARDS FROM ME AND DID UNCLE CHRISTY SEND YOU ONE? WHATS BISHOPS EDEN WHAT'S BISHYS?

ABOUT YOUR WATCH IT'S A BEAUTY AS YOU KNOW. AND I MEANT TO SEND IT FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY. BUT MY WATCH IS WORN OUT. AND I HAVE NO CLOCK OR RADIO AND THE OFFICE IS QUITE A WAY FROM MY MILLIONARE HUME SO WHEN I CAN GET A CHEAP WATCH OR CLOCK SOON I WILL SEND YOU YOUR SWELL WATCH IT THAT O.K. BY YOU. LET DAD HAVE IT A LITTLE LONGER I ALWAYS THINK OF YOU WHEN I LOOK AT IT 'HONEST".

THANKS FOR THE PAPERS YOU ALWAYS SEND ME. GOT THE CATHOLIC NEWS TO DAY. UNCLE CHRISTY ALSO SENDS ME GLAD TIDINGS, AND THE SUNDAY VISITOR, I WILL SEND YOU A PICTURE OF THE SMALLEST CATHOLIC CHURCH, I GO TO SOON AS I GET IT. ITS CALLED OUR LADY OF THE VALLEY. AND SAY BIG BOY. YOU SPELL IT ALTAR ALTER MEANS TO CHANGE SOMETHING. AND OF ALL THINGS ITS ROSARY AND CRUCIFIX Altar Rosary Crucifix WRITE THEM DOWN IN YOUR BOOK TO REMEMBER EXCUSE ME FOR CORRECTING YOU, BUT THESE ARE IMPORTANT. MY SWEET "PAL! I LOVE YOU. DONT YOU SEE! AND THERE IS A GREAT FEELING COMES OVER ME WHEN I THINK OF YOU ALTAR. DONT CRY I WAS WORSE THAN THAT MUCH WORSE WHEN I ~~SAID~~ WROTE ELEVEN

MORE QUESTIONS FOR MY PAL TO ANSWER
SAVE THIS LETTER AND YOU CAN ANSWER THE QUESTIONS IN YOUR LETTER TO ME.

DID YOU HAVE A NICE BIRTHDAY?
GET ANY PRESENTS?
DO YOU SEE ANY PICTURE SHOWS?
ARE YOU WELL AND HAPPY?

SAY YOU ARE GIVING ME A TASTE OF MY OWN MEDICINE —— PUTTING OUR FLAGS AND SHIELD SHEILD ON YOUR MAIL TO DAD
BUT THAT WON'T LAST VERY LONG. I DON'T THINK YOU CAN GET THEM ANY MORE

WELL BE GOOD TO MOTHER TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELVES MY BEST WISHES FOR YOUR "HEALTH" AND "HAPPINESS" AND ALL MY "LOVE"! AND WHO AM I CRAZEE ABOUT? I'LL SAY I AM.

evol dna sessik

DAD

GLAD YOU ARE GOING TO BE AN ALTAR BOY?

22449 VENTURA BOULEVARD
WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA

the Grand Hotel in name only, had no heat, and the nights were cold (you know California) I did not want to write you at that time and worry you. I thought when the sun came out again I would get going (That why I stayed away from the M.P.H.F. as I knew they would send me here as soon as I reported.) Then I wired the Actors Relief. Morrison, [redacted] in New York, and they wired the M.P.H. Fund who got my address that way and caught up with me. which was all for the best after all for me, excepting I had hopes of making money, and sending Diana some off and on, and maybe oftener as a DAD should but for now I cannot. I will write you about this subject later too. so far I only have a verbal from the Fund. that if anything happened in N.Y. they would take care of it. the

the sun and (fog mornings) is always here in the Fernando Valley. and one has to become acclimated to the conditions here. its about 1000 ft altitude (not so high) Ennyhow the sun here has a reverse effect so far on me, compared to Los angeles. Here it tires me if I stay in it long. maybe its the country. as most all sleep here all afternoon They say it gets as hot as 120 at times in the summer. (we'll see!) cold at night. Have dreams of having Eden here for his summer vacation. maybe then Mary. but will have to find out about the mosquitoes. bugs, and etc.

Denny dont care for Lugs much, or has he gotten used to em in the Brown? I havent seen Mary yet. Lt W. when I talked to him at the Roosevelt thought this would be the place for me, and said if I lacked anything he would take care of it. I havent written him yet. The Country House would rather that guests here do not ask for outside aid from anyone, of course if a friend wants to give you some spending money or more its O.K. which is right You can get a permit to work and stay away for a while. You know act in a picture or on camera for me or something temporary. But everybody is too old and not able.

Dont forget to write DEE when you get a chance. Her new address is

Mrs. J.C. Galvin 219 Witmer St. apt 153
Los angeles 26 Calif.

Will send you last letter I have from her next letter as I am holding it for the addresses and phone no's to copy Jacks place etc she asked me to send you her new address and for you to write Dont ever get mad at her She is your good friend

Getting a very special hearing aid April 25th it takes time from Chicago I mean priorities too.

Well more next time my "Best Wishes" to you both. "Health" and "Happiness" and Love

BILL.

P.S. I got a few letters asking of all things for my autograph. on account of the L Parsons mention of my being here. a RUBY letter in Dennys mail Too.

MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOUSE
• 23439 VENTURA BOULEVARD
• WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA

Sunday, April 16, 44.

Dear Ethel :-

How are you? and how is everything? did you ever get off the nite work? I have been putting off writing you waiting to send a lot of pictures of this marvellous place, which they were to send me from Wilma Bashors offies in Hollywood, they have'nt come.

Enyhow here's what! Christy Walsh came out to see me with his mother, she's 81 she told me that he had given her a birth day party at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel about two months ago at which there were over 200 people, many big shots. leave it to Uncle Christy to do things in the grand style, must have cost him quite a bit. And he had the same girl with him that he had in New York. I told she looked very well. Christy said dont I know how to pick them! He took some pictures of me in front of my cottage, and we had a nice long chat. He is going to make a picture with Winnie Sheehan about Eddie Rickenbacker for which they have plenty of money. You'll hear about it later They do not start until June.

Enclosing clipping from Louella Parsons column of a while back, which isnt exactly correct, as D.W. - Mary - and Lillian came here the day before I arrived here. They thought that I was already here. Pretty swell of them dont you think?

I am feeling O.K but still weak

I guess its the old age thing, one just gets that way, much as I have tried to fight it off the past few years. it just gets you, or at least some people. Maybe though with this treatment here I may take on new life maybe!

am going to Air Mail this letter for this reason. Friday is my Birthday, and I do not want you to get me anything, because I get everything I need here. They even buy us new shoes, shirts or clothes, if we need them. So save your money. Cigars are hard to get most anywhere I guess, but there is a little drug store at Canoga about six miles from here, where I go to Church Sundays, and I manage to scrape a few. Its hard to pick up any change here. Quite different from the city, where Old Bill could always scrape up the customary 2 bucks. But that will all come out all right soon, when our station wagon gets going to town. They have a Gas shortage right now. So just send me a card

I will write you a letter about several things I have in mind, about the N.Y. Union as that insurance is made out to you and no one else can get it. Also about Meibauer I have never written him. Also about Ruby Irving. I will write him. But he was always kinder foxy with me.

I am feeling O.K. Funny thing when I first hit L.A. I soaked up a lot of sun and it pepped me up so much. that I said heres where I get a job, etc. Then the rains came and near knocked me cold. the small hotel I was at

# MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOUSE

• 15400 VENTURA BOULEVARD
• WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA

Wednesday, April 19th 44

DINNEE!:—

My Pal:-

Dad wanted to write you another "Question's letter, so as to make it easier for you to write ~~me~~ me a letter back. But I wrote MOTHER such a long letter like she wrote one to me. So ~~won't have~~ will not have the time as I do not want to disappoint you in not getting your letter the same time as Mother gets her's. Some of MOTHERS Letter I had to put in with yours as the letter was too heavy Your return stamped envelope is in MOTHERS Letter —— How's My Pal. is everything all right with you? I will bet that you are about six foot tall by now. same as I thought you were eleven years old already I seems so long since I have seen you. and I have only been away about 3 months. and you and Mother were away 10 months I think when you were with LIFE with Father. I am going to send you a Little spending money soon as they pay me here. and I am going to try very hard to get some bigger money to help towards your support. as a DAD should So Keep cheerful and everything will come out all right. as it always does All my Love to my two Pals who are always rooting for me Best Wishes for your Health and Happiness from your Pal

DAD

Take your time writing me- I only put air mail postage on envelopes in case you are in a rush to tell me something.

Dinny when you write BE SURE AND LET ME KNOW IF YOU GOT A PICTURE OF ME STANDING ALONGSIDE WITH 3 CAMERAMEN CUT OUT OF A PAPER IF NOT I WILL SEND IT TO YOU. DONT FORGET

Leave N.Y. Grand Central 6 30 pm
Lake Shore Limited
Arrive Chicago 12 40 pm.

Leave Chicago 6 30
Challenger 2 cl
Arrive L.A. 11:31 am. 2 cl

Who wants to be a prisoner
all a dreary dreamy
and unhappy life
shallowed self respect
your status is nothing
after acquiring of a cigar
all a hard on to endure
[illegible] back to your

D 4 3

Billy Bitzer,
Motion Picture Country House,

~~Then are quite~~
Of course they are mostly old people
and they eat luncheon and then nap
most all afternoon ~~they~~ there is a
a group of us men the younger set
Sheldon Lewis 74 Dick Larange 73 in
~~fact~~ Jack Gray 73 etc we afternoons
~~meet so~~ meet under the hangmans tree
in the ranch a bit there are seats
there or you can lie on the grass
most of them are hard of hearing
~~two things~~ So we can shout at
each other to our hearts content

April 7 th
is what day

April 7th Friday ?

I am not writing you as
But I am not writing you
much ~~not because~~
I do think of you more
than ever
I am taking it very easy
trying to get well and
stronger. Not having any
worries has taken the big
strain off the heart
I mean the daily worries
I need to put about
my breathing is easier
I am not as weak now
as when I came here
I sleep better we have
breakfast at 8:30 and
believe it or not
Generally Take a bath
before that I say
Generally — I do not
go to bed before 10. I read here after
dinner until I feel like sleeping
then sit you stay up as you like
Light is out at 9:30 please have all
Lights to make it shorter a cross
window shade, but this is a restaurant
Take an hour a cracker Tuesday
and another after about lunch

California Tuesday
the 8th

Dear Pal!

"Hurrah", "Hooray",
The check got to DAD
and everything is all
right. Hope mother and
You are O.K. too.
Your watch will get to
you soon am taking care
of everything I seem to
be getting better. All my
love and Best Wishes, Will
write often now

THIS is Californian → "evol dna ssessik"

"DAD"

maybee you read it in a mirror or backwards

more to-morrow

BLAKE

With the beginning of the festive season I think of dropping around here with the ash on the forehead and to you

Springer
Cochise
Arizona

In lovers
in optimists
may appear appeared
at times but underneath
it beat me more than

my knack of being able to do most anything to earn a dollar has been knocked into a cocked hat

My only fear is the old mean home
worry feather flies along — the short little time I shall stay

MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOUSE

• 23430 VENTURA BOULEVARD
• WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA

Dear Alvin and Alice

Your sincere and splendid well wishes melt just swell, for which my heartfelt thanks I guess we folk out here are in a position like our soldier boys far away to whom a letter received is read over and over again, and your letters in particular have always been so very kindly I dont know whether you have ever been out here But if some day ~~you do~~ when gas is more available you do come here you will never regret your visit and be amazed at its

love

a millionaires home is what I said it and I am
glad that I am here as I suppose I would have
drifted in the streets just a couple more times
and the fewer there I feel safe in knowing
that help is right at my elbow in case
of an attack the food is good a
good bed and splendid attention
and I have accustomed myself to ~~living~~
a ~~rather~~ ~~luxurious~~ sanitary spare
atmosphere
in spite of always
having been at
heart a Times
Square guy

I have kept myself aloof from a small
clique of disgruntled ones ~~which~~ of which
there are always some no matter where you
are, ~~but~~ guess they would register a kick
even in heaven which then is (if they ever
get there) they have no other out. The same
as I. ~~must~~ ~~with~~ ~~everything the wants~~ but everything
they need ~~you need~~ they talk like they are
prisoners in a concentration camp Heck
You never saw me without a cigar in my
mouth Here I get 3 a week ~~am happy and~~
have gotten myself into a contented
frame of mind and am happy

MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOUSE
23430 VENTURA BOULEVARD
WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA

having only the little worries as when I am thinking of my pals back home and am gradually overcoming that so everything is O.K.

Had a couple of low days since right after your visit So overlook my not writing you as soon as I got over my doze of the night as your wonderful visit ~~[illegible]~~ in writing just how to thank you and the missus and how I felt after you left I was just dizzy that's all Well You can imagine if you were compelled to break off all ties with the many things undone and no hope of taking care of them little debts little obligations and the worry of them and then you step up and all is cleared up. all I can say is Thanks and Well wishes to you & the charming Lady I received also today a check for 15 00 from Tony Grandio So if you can save the watch for me I can

now that the Dr. I don't want to lose it & Again do to him otherwise and I wanted him to have a watch for Xmas from us. after I was gone that I was remembered. same as leaving him many Kids Dads have left them too. now we no hurry for the watch just don't not want to let it go.

Again Thanks Lots and lots and my Best Wishes to you and the Nurses for your Good Health and Happiness

Sincerely,
Billy Bolger

---

The Motion P. R. F. ic of UNO
have been sending me a relief
check every month for some time
[illegible] Family
Thin blood

Due to fine effect to have them take
me in [illegible] I was to commence
when I have an attack ~~send~~ note &
Doc to make it easy ~~Doctor~~ and
I have something of Doctor ~~Doctor~~
& am given an attack any moment
and
I have [illegible]

I had to come to Calif because
~~[illegible]~~ because my heart is
~~[illegible]~~ bad and blood is thin
~~I was~~ could not work in hospitals
~~now~~ lots the past 3 years
~~Naturally I got~~ lots of Doctor
bills ~~and I naturally got in~~
and the Relief Fund thought
the home would be the best ~~[illegible]~~
~~is~~ ~~[illegible]~~ I said Good Bye to the

If our Country House on second thought perhaps this may not be so good with the present day rationing etc. Here among California's * hills & valleys trees fruits and flowers I am in contentment blues rembering how I had in the days of yesterday traversed these hills up and down with a somewhat heavier camera than usual with Tongue hanging out and tired wondering if the day would come when I could have a real surcease rest It has come and with it one like me an amazing magnificence of mans creation Tranquility and a spirit of good wishes and Comaraderie with the good folk here that to one who has been lonely is worth more than gold Fadus and Irenbaum

Please forgive the many words & stamps used I'll be more brief hereafter

Affectionately
Ollie

Tuesday
Aug 4 '42

To Private Clark
Till further
Notice
Army
The
Country

Probably going to middleof a card
Still one airplane Mae away etc

5 hours else
Very fun date next

Our ace E. Eaton & miracle of miracles Certainly natural Eastern scenery the often steep grades and rides thru a re Steamgage for the Little train to be like Disney Fantasia then lake and still more atmosphere etc. Green trees Thick atmosphere

I will probably go into the house the end of next week. The Fund are paying my room and Food here.

The reason I wrote you as when I go in I will go in without a dime. The Doc says its all right for me to smoke (wont make any difference one way or the other he says

How am I going to do it I get room meals and Vitamin B pills and no worry about a doctor. when I feel. I feel half dozen times in the first months thought when I had the 3rd (this as it but after 6 you get used to the fear. What I am asking Tom is for a little change for a stamp to write a letter and a cigar

I HAD TO COME TO CALIF
BECAUSE I have been sick for
some time in hospitals for the
last 3 years Could'nt work at
anything anymore. The blood is
turning into water the Nation
Pension Relief Fund through it
would be best if I came to the

home here. Wife has a job but
not enough for Doctor, medicine.
etc for me
Now I am glad to have them take me
in I will be some place when if I
have an attack there will be a
doctor to make it easy Of course
its tough saying good bye to my
boy But lots of Dads are doing
it too.

2 6 3/50
150 3 66

I think Mary Rich may arrange that later. But when they do a lot for you I ~~hate to ask them~~ ~~I should be glad I can go out~~ ~~a home~~ Well I am glad I am getting in a home I hate to ask for more I hate to ask anybody

Yours

Economic control of the
Motion Picture Business

Mac D. Huettig

wrong on patents

He has an engaging young
man quality which makes him
particularly liked

Irrevocable

Irrevocability

Equivocation

Equivocal

Circumstantial plea

Circumstances

Adjectives

Synonyms

Magnificence

magnificent

Welcome thank

Welcome

Welcome with the fine spirit of Democracy to the new folk here

Made a benefactor

Made adjustments

Irrigation

Dr. H. A. Gowler.
234 East 44th Street
New York, 17, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOUSE

• 23430 VENTURA BOULEVARD
• WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA

Carroll lend me books that seems him Ever lend anyone a book then never return it

Mrs M Character and Treatment of
Country House

I have spent 30 years in the Motion Picture Biz and know little else I love it today as ever

Do you know what I would like to do. If I could get to Hollywood and get any ~~with me~~ ~~Ladies formerly Mother and Ba~~ with My Boy and his Mother and get any kind of a job ~~I'm broke~~ ~~from~~ It need not be first cameraman but a job where oodles of ~~experience~~ background experience could be used I am a Gold Card man ~~in~~ in the ~~Therefore all thoughts~~ all thoughts of Union complications that would hamper me from working in Studios you can dismiss as I know that my Local here would not object to my filling any Studio position in my line from Top to bottom, and having been the main instigator for the Cal Local I think they would also condone my being most anything from a ~~fitter~~ ~~loader~~ ~~done~~ loader ~~to~~ and up. Of course if there are not too many of their members out of work But if I were asked for in some technical capacity they could not object However they are all my friends

'FROM UNDER MY HAT'

# Father of Films Shoved Aside

[This is the fifth of a series of 14 installments condensed from Hedda Hopper's autobiography, "From Under My Hat," copyrighted by Hedda Hopper and published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.]

BY HEDDA HOPPER

The first time I met Sam Goldwyn—he was Sam Goldfish then and married to Jesse Lasky's sister—we sat down together on an outdoor stage to watch his partner, Cecil De Mille, burn Geraldine Farrar at the stake. I still think it was a better picture than Ingrid Bergman's "Joan," but I could be prejudiced.

During that year I saw many pictures being made. I wanted to learn about them. Wolfe had insisted when I married him that I give up my career. He thought life owed him one wife who'd stay home while he did the acting for the family.

Nevertheless I watched closely. I saw D. W. Griffith put finishing touches on "Intolerance" with 80 girls dressed as angels fluttering on wires 30 feet above the stage. A third of them became airsick before they could be lowered to terra firma. I'd seen plenty of actresses up in the air, but that was the first time I'd seen 30 of them flutter on wires.

### Worked From Bible

In making scenes, Griffith worked directly from the Bible. He was meticulous about the effect he wanted for the Crucifixion of Christ and waited for foggy days. There were no fog-making machines then.

I remember Griffith, overtired by long hours of trying for perfection, ordering a break and calling for hot tea. The actors who portrayed Christ and the two thieves had been on their crosses four hours without a rest.

"Lower Christ too," said Griffith.

"What about my brothers who play the thieves?" said an actor. "Lower the thieves too. Get tea for the whole company."

### Father of Industry

D. W. Griffith was the father of our industry. Many men have tried to claim the title since, but it was due to Griffith that Hollywood grew great. He was one of the great pioneers of the business in developing screen technique, but his cameraman, Billy Bitzer, and not Griffith, as is so widely supposed, invented the close-up.

After giving us "Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Way Down East," "Orphans of the Storm," and "Broken Blossoms," Griffith started to grow old, and upstart producers said his usefulness was at an end.

In his latter years he lived at the Knickerbocker Hotel. Griffith didn't need money; he needed a job to uphold his pride. There was nothing left for him to do in the art form he had largely perfected. He wandered around Beverly Hills and Hollywood, drinking in one tavern, then going on to the next bar. Several times I saw him almost struck by passing cars.

### Appeals Made

I went to several bigwigs in the business. "You must find something for that man to do; give him back his faith in life."

"What could he do?" they asked me. They had the face to ask that question! "The industry has passed him by!" Passed by the man who made it possible for every one of the mto be where they were! In Hollywood gratitude is Public Enemy No. 1.

Frances Marion tells a heart-stopping story of passing Grauman's Chinese Theater one night when someone's footprints were being recorded in the cement, and of seeing D. W. Griffith, swaying a little, looking bewildered and lost, hovering on the edge of the crowd. His footprints were never asked for, yet no one has ever filled his shoes.

### 'Give Him a Job'

I also talked to the executives of the Motion Picture Relief

Turn to Page 22, Column 1

'I DID WRONG,' SAYS

# HEDDA HOPPER

Continued from Second Page

Front Country Home. "Give him a job," I begged. "Let him go over the lists of applicants—he will give understanding to people who, like himself, have grown old in this business and are now on the shelf. Make the money nominal—$50 a week—D. W. doesn't want or need charity, but give him back his sense of belonging."

Well, they didn't quite see how it could be done.

One of D. W.'s daily visitors in his hotel room was his onetime director, Mickey Neilan, the Irishman who engraved so much gaiety on the early years of our business. Mickey and D. W. had a little something in common: they'd both been forgotten.

Finally, on July 23, 1948, Griffith died. Could it be because he no longer had the will to live, and just loosed his grasp; opened his hand and let life fall away from him?

### List Checked Off

It was a fine funeral. The flowers were abundant. Why not, when the studio comptrollers could okay the bills as necessary business expense!

I made it my business to arrive early for the services, and took a front seat where I could see everyone and they could all see me. All the Big Brass was there. I had a little list and checked them off as they walked past. Then I stared at them until they were forced to look me in the eye. A more sheepish-looking crowd I never expect to see in Hollywood.

Charles Brackett, president of the American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, who never knew Griffith personally, read the eulogy. Among other things, he said: "There was no solution for Griffith but a kind of frenzied beating on the barred doors of one day after another. Fortunately, such miseries do not endure indefinitely. When all the honors a man can have are past honors, past honors take on their just proportion. The laurels are fresh again and the applause loud. He lies here, the embittered years forgotten, David Wark Griffith, the Great."

### Monument Proposed

A few months after Griffith's death I had occasion to lunch with Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, who was very pleased with himself. "Hedda," he said, "you'll be happy to know that the producers are going to build a great monument to D. W. Griffith over his grave in Kentucky."

I looked at him. "Are they out

self on the sand to bat steamed clams, lobsters and corn on the cob, and no farm hand ever dug into food with greater gusto.

### Actor's Pal

The actor's pal and businessman, Frank Case, came to Hollywood from New York with Douglas Fairbanks. It was a case of the moment impulse. Doug had been cast on business and didn't want to leave alone, so he brought Frank along for company.

Frank's career as a host began when he was night clerk at the Algonquin Hotel. When he became manager a young couple named Grayson moved in, and Mr. Grayson took Frank's job as night clerk.

When Frank's wife died giving birth to their second child, a son named Carroll, Mrs. Grayson (Bertha) took over as the child's nurse and combined that with the job of hotel housekeeper.

Bertha was one of the most efficient women I've ever known, and it was her flair for organization that first attracted Frank. That being the case, they fell in love. Bertha got a divorce and stayed on as housekeeper after the children were old enough to do without a nurse. Later, when Frank bought the hotel, Bertha took over its management. (Subsequently they were married).

### Low Cash Value

At that time the owner of one of the most famous hotels in New York City was owed so much money that, in cash, he was worth exactly $3000.

Abruptly Bertha put a stop to all the free accounts, changed it over from an actors' free boardinghouse. With her management and his charm, before the crash of '29 they were worth many millions and had bought their first Rolls-Royce.

Frank was the first man in New York to close his bar before prohibition came, and one of the first to open when prohibition went. Like many of us, the Cases lost almost everything in the crash of '29, but they started to build again.

They came frequently to California. In fact, they built a home in Malibu. Sometimes Bertha would come out for a month or two in the summer without Frank, or he would come out without her.

### Talked Out of It

They bought a strip of land in Hollywood, and Frank insisted he'd build a hotel on it, but she talked him out of it. You couldn't properly run two places 3000 miles apart, and the success of his Algonquin Hotel depended on his personal supervision. If

money nominal—$50 a week—to keep them off relief rolls and charity, but give him back his sense of belonging.

Well, they didn't quite see how it could be done.

One of D. W.'s daily visitors to his hotel room was his nephew, [illegible] Walsh, the salesman who appeared to much gaiety on the silk chest of the famous stoker shirt. D. W. was a little unwilling to [illegible] but it had been forgotten.

Finally, on July 23, 1918, Griffith died. Could it be possible he no longer had the will to live, and just loosed his grasp against his heart and let life fall away from him?

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I looked at him. "Are they out of their minds? The men who would do nothing for him while he lived are now going to show their generosity by buying a shaft of granite to mark his resting place?"

In May, 1950, three famous stars of the silent screen—mary Pickford, Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess — went to La Grange, Ky., and dedicated a dignified and honest memorial to the man they loved. It's a simply inscribed 7-foot Georgia marble memorial. Near the cemetery is the white frame church where Griffith attended Sunday school.

### Lillian Russell

One time when Lillian Russell came west we invited her to our house for dinner. Fannie Ward, who lived nearby, got wind of it. She phoned to ask if I'd bring Lillian over to her house later and I said I'd ask her.

Lillian laughed. "Dear Fannie, we haven't spoken for years —I haven't the foggiest notion why. I'd love to see her again."

So over to Fannie's we went. She was proud as a peahen of her house and began to show it off. It looked like a peahen, too. From the top she worked down to her bedroom and boudoir. Her bed was enormous and elaborate. I looked at Lillian and knew something good was coming; there was mischief afoot.

### Feud Revived

As Lillian passed the bed she made a graceful gesture and sighed, "Ah, Fannie, your workshop." And the feud was on again.

Lillian was a Christian Scientist. She also wrote a daily beauty column. It wasn't ghost-written; she did it herself. One day she said to me, "Maybe you think beauty is a blessing. But sometimes it's been a curse, too. Why, I even have to make up to take my bath!"

How I wish you could have seen Russell at clambakes at Siasconset. She'd arrange her-

Fairbanks. It was a case of the moment impulse. Doug had been out on business and didn't want to travel alone, so he brought Frank along for company.

Frank's career as a host began when he was eight years old at the Algonquin Hotel. When he became manager a young couple named Dickson moved in, and Mr. Dickson took Frank's job as night clerk.

When Frank's wife died giving birth to their second child, a son named Harold, Mrs. Dickson [illegible] Bertha took over as the child's nurse and continued there with the job of hotel housekeeper.

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### Talked Out of It

They bought a strip of land in Hollywood, and Frank insisted he'd build a hotel on it, but she talked him out of it. You couldn't properly run two places 3000 miles apart, and the success of his Algonquin Hotel depended on his personal supervision. If, for instance, some banker brought out-of-town visitors for lunch to sample Sarah's wonderful dessert, the banker also wanted his guests to be greeted by Frank Case.

Both Bertha and Frank were truly liberal-minded. There were two hotel elevators, one for guests, the other for freight. I remember one day a guest was taken ill and an ambulance was sent for.

As they were about to put the stricken woman on the stretcher in the freight elevator Frank appeared. "Put her in the guest elevator at once, where she always rides," he said. If a death occurred in the hotel other passengers waited while the corpse was taken down properly in the guest elevator.

The first time the Cases met Marian Anderson they asked where she was living; Frank wanted to send her flowers. She explained how difficult it was to get into any first-class hotel.

"You'll come here to the Algonquin," Frank said instantly. And she did, for many years staying there when she was in New York. I don't believe any permanent resident ever objected to riding in the elevator with Marian Anderson; it was a privilege.

When Marian first arrived she started to use the freight elevator. When Frank heard of it he said, "Any guest who objects to your presence here can move out."

After Frank and Bertha had both passed away I was genuinely shocked to learn that there had been no remembrance in their wills for Mae Bush, the telephone operator who gave them devoted service for 35 years, or for John Mitchell, the clerk known to everyone. I could not understand the oversight.

**TOMORROW: The love life of Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford; the fabulous story of Joan Crawford.**

OF YOUR CHARITY
Pray for
the repose of the soul of

**G. W. ("Billy") Bitzer**

Born Roxbury, Mass., April 21, 1872
Died Los Angeles, Cal., [illegible] 29, 1944

*Received into the Catholic Church*
*at New York City, June 9, 1917*

LET US PRAY

Absolve, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant BILLY, that being dead to this world he may live to Thee; and whatever sins he has committed through human frailty, do Thou, of Thy most merciful goodness, forgive, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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O Sacred Heart of Jesus I put
all my trust in Thee
300 days indulgence

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David Wark Griffith and his cameraman, Billy Bitzer.

IN A PRIMITIVE 1914 STUDIO GRIFFITH (CENTER) SUPERVISES A MELODRAMATIC SUICIDE PLAYED BY THE FAMOUS SILENT MOVIE STAR HENRY B. WALTHALL

# MOVIES LOSE THEIR GREAT PIONEER

## D.W. GRIFFITH, WHO MADE THE FIRST FOUR-REELER AND "THE BIRTH OF A NATION," DIES AT 73

David Wark Griffith, the son of a Southern family which had lost its money, was always an ambitious and frustrated man. He wanted to be a great writer, a dramatist. While he wrote his plays he worked as a police reporter, an elevator boy, a $15-a-week actor. Eventually he wrote 20 dramas, but only one was ever produced and it was a flop. In failure and shame he retreated into the infant movie industry—in the days when movies were just one-reelers and nobody, especially stage folk, took them seriously.

Around the cameras, it turned out, D. W. Griffith had a magic touch. Other people were making crude 12-minute miniatures, with the camera focused statically on a shallow and narrow set. Why not let the camera register the full sweep of a distant panorama? Why not move it in for close-ups of a face? Why not mount it on a moving train? He did all these things—and he found new tricks of lighting, of dissolving from one scene to another. He made the first good American movie, *Judith of Bethulia*, which was the unprecedented length of four full reels. Then he gambled his reputation and all his money on a film which ran 12 reels—*The Birth of a Nation*. Nobody had ever seen anything like it—and, so far ahead of his time was Griffith, perhaps nobody ever will again. For the first time the movies were established as a real and highly effective art form. Next came *Intolerance*, another great spectacle. But somehow Griffith, the marvelous innovator, could not keep up with the medium he had created. As America grew more sophisticated his story-sense grew to seem old-fashioned; he turned out some failures and then slipped into obscurity. Last week, at 73, he died as he had begun—still a frustrated and lonely man.

BILLY BITZER COLLECTION

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 31

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!

✓ Not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!

✓ Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!

✓ Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!

✓ Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!

**Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film**

✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.

**Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!**



# GRIFFITH CREATED NEW STARS

**AS AN ACTOR** Griffith appeared in a few early productions like this one made at the famous Biograph studios before his genius as a director was discovered.

**BATTLE SCENE** in *The Birth of a Nation* was example of his skill at getting motion and realism into movies. Movie cost $100,000 and grossed $18 million.

**"WAY DOWN EAST"** (1920) presented Richard Barthelmess, Lillian Gish. Movie industry was astounded by fact Griffith paid a record $175,000 for story.

# THE FILM ARTISTRY OF D. W. GRIFFITH AND BILLY BITZER

**How an inspired, iconoclastic Director teamed with "the first of the great cameramen" to create a cinema grammar that remains the basis of fine film-making**

On the evening of February 18, 1915, President Woodrow Wilson together with his daughter, Margaret, members of his cabinet and their families gathered in the East Room of the White House to see a motion picture. It was something of an event because it was the first time a moving picture had been formally shown in the Executive Mansion. Two projectors had been set up in the rear of the great room and a group of musicians were on hand to provide the musical score.

The president, an ardent movie fan, was soon seated and one of the machines began to whir from the back of the room. Across the screen flashed a picture that was destined to make history.

It was "The Birth of a Nation".

The distinguished audience sat transfixed for nearly three hours as the bold story of the Civil War and the more vengeful aspects of the Reconstruction period unfolded. When the projectors finally stopped, President Wilson is supposed to have remarked, "It is like writing history with lightning."

The fame of "The Birth of a Nation" has become world-wide since that evening in 1915. So, too, has the renown of its two principal creators—D.W. Griffith, the director, and G.W. ("Billy") Bitzer, the cameraman. Our concern in this article is mainly with Bitzer, whose unique contributions to the art of cinematography have never been fully appreciated.

Gottlob Wilhelm Bitzer was born on April 21, 1874, in Boston, Massachusetts. Despite his German name, Bitzer was as American as apple pie. During World War I, when anti-German feeling ran high in this country, Bitzer felt obliged to change the "Gottlob" to "George" but, despite this, he was always affectionately known as "Billy".

Bitzer entered the motion picture industry in its infancy, and then rather obliquely. In 1896, he was employed as a mechanic and electrician by the Electric Rock Drilling Company of Canastota, New York. At this time, Herman Casler, head of the company and a former business associate of Thomas A. Edison, had formed a partnership with Henry Norton Marvin to manufacture a peep-show machine called the "Mutoscope," many of which are still to be seen in amusement parks and penny arcades.

Frames from a moving camera shot showing Henry B. Walthall leading a charge in BIRTH OF A NATION, the Civil War epic considered to be Griffith and Bitzer's masterpiece.

(LEFT) D. W. Griffith directs, with Billy Bitzer behind the camera, as Blanche Sweet and Dorothy Gish, two silent screen super stars, look on. (CENTER) G. W. "Billy" Bitzer, all duded up for formal portrait with natty straw hat and 10-cent cigar. He achieved incredible photographic effects using the rudimentary equipment available at the time. (RIGHT) Filming WAY DOWN EAST (1920). Bitzer is shown with his Pathe camera to which he had fitted a carbide bicycle lamp to combat cold that tended to cause static flashes on film.

Dickson, Casler and Marvin devised a method of mounting a series of postcard sized photographs on a wheel which, when rotated by means of a cranking mechanism, presented the illusion of natural motion. The idea was close to that of the Edison Kinetoscope, which Dickson had worked on, and special care was taken not to infringe on the Edison patents. For example, instead of using perforated 35mm raw stock, like the Edison machine, the Mutoscope camera utilized rolls of unperforated film 2¾ inches wide. The film was moved through the camera over a series of rollers and at the moment of exposure was punched with two registration holes irregularly spaced on either side of the photographic image. The camera exposed 30 pictures per second or 320 feet of film per minute. The film could not be backwound, thus double exposures and other trick effects were not feasible. The camera weighed about 350 pounds and was driven by a 2½ hp motor. Electricity was furnished by a mass of storage batteries that weighed a thousand pounds.

Billy Bitzer aided in the construction of this early-day camera and after it was completed he mastered the rudiments of photography and was made a cameraman. Thus, Bitzer's career as a cinematographer began with the birth of the American Mutoscope Company, later known as the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company, or more popularly as Biograph.

Bitzer's first assignment of importance, and incidentally the one that helped successfully launch the new company, occurred in the summer of 1896 when he photographed Major William McKinley being notified of his nomination as the Republican presidential candidate. The event took place at McKinley's home in Canton, Ohio and was arranged by his brother, Abner McKinley, who coincidentally happened to be an important Biograph stockholder. "McKinley At Home, Canton, Ohio" was the first Biograph program publicly exhibited. The event took place at Hammerstein's Olympic Theater in New York on October 2, 1896. The screen image technically was said to be better than the films of Edison, Paul or the Lumiere brothers which had been exhibited there earlier. This was due to the larger Biograph film image which required only 1/8 as much magnification as the 35mm films. Unfortunately, the wide-negative Biograph films were too expensive to be successful except in large theaters.

In the summer of 1896 Bitzer filmed Joseph Jefferson, a leading stage luminary, doing scenes from his stage success, "Rip Van Winkle." Facial closeups were made of Jefferson in what may well be the first time this was done for dramatic purposes. Both the McKinley and Jefferson films are now in the Library of Congress collection.

### Defeated By Heavy Camera

Bitzer subsequently was sent to Cuba aboard a ship chartered by newspaper tycoon William Randolph Hearst to secure motion pictures of the Spanish-American war. However, he was unsuccessful because he could find no way to transport his heavy camera equipment from the beaches to the inland areas where military operations were in progress. "I had been promised a bonus for actual battle scenes," Bitzer recalled in

A scene from BROKEN BLOSSOMS, in which Bitzer used soft-focus and low-key lighting to create gossamer effect, opposite to harshly realistic style of BIRTH OF A NATION.

(LEFT) Rising above the prosaic homesteads in the wilds of early Hollywood are the towers of Babylon, created for Griffith's INTOLERANCE. (RIGHT) The Babylon set, largest ever constructed for a production in Hollywood, was almost a half-mile long, with walls 140 feet high. Dolly used to film it was mounted on six sets of four-wheeled railroad car trucks and had an elevator in the center. It was moved in and out by 25 men.

1939, "but what could I do with the fighting going on inland, such open fighting as there was. I remember the storming of El Caney with me watching it all from behind a palm tree, as Teddy Roosevelt charged his Rough Riders up the hill yelling like fury for everybody to get out of the way."

Later, Biograph "staged" battle scenes in New York, with Bitzer behind the camera.

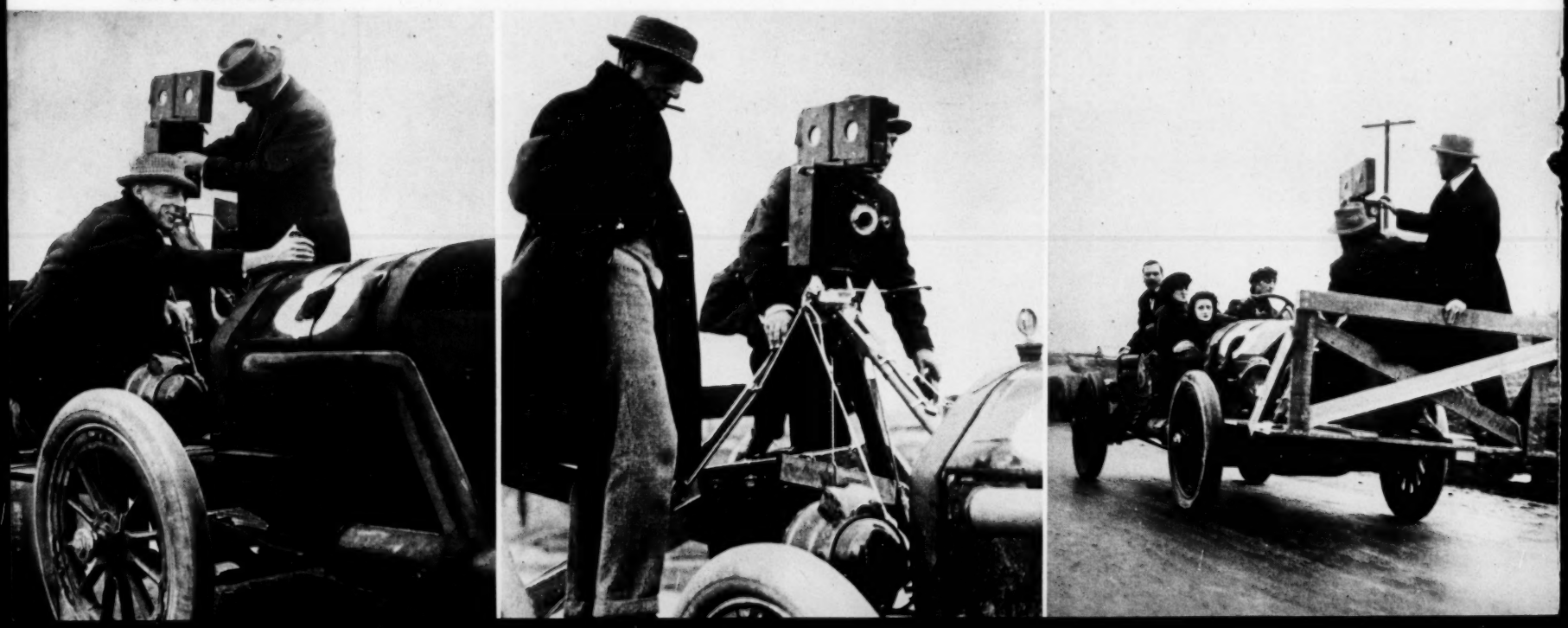
### Lighter Camera Developed

Bitzer's failure to secure acceptable war films in Cuba due to lack of camera mobility spurred Marvin, Casler and Dickson to develop a lighter, more portable camera. A new Mutoscope camera was patented on July 18, 1899 which was much lighter, used unperforated 35mm film and could be either hand-cranked or motor-driven. It could be easily carried by one man but it worked on the same basic principle as its predecessors. And it still could not be backwound.

Don Malkames, ASC, presently a Director of Photography in the New York City area and who is also an internationally known collector and authority on vintage motion picture equipment, has one of the lightweight Mutoscope cameras in his collection. Malkames claims that the camera is still capable of producing a steady, sharp negative. Probably the system of film perforation at the moment of exposure helped the picture steadiness. Bitzer used this type of camera and another slightly different model throughout most of his career with Biograph.

One of the most important events in Bitzer's early career as a cinematographer was the assignment to help photograph the Jeffries-Sharkey championship fight, which took place on the evening of November 3, 1899 in the Coney Island Athletic Club. Approximately 400 arc lamps had been hung over the ring to build up sufficient light for an acceptable exposure. The result-

A series of three stills showing Griffith and Bitzer filming the climactic chase sequence for INTOLERANCE. Pathe Professional Model camera is mounted on platform built onto racer. (LEFT) Griffith coaches his actors while Bitzer checks camera. (CENTER) Ready to make the shot. Note iris device in front of lens for making fades—also, way in which camera is tied down. (RIGHT) Racing car takes off with Bitzer and Griffith filming from their precarious perch.

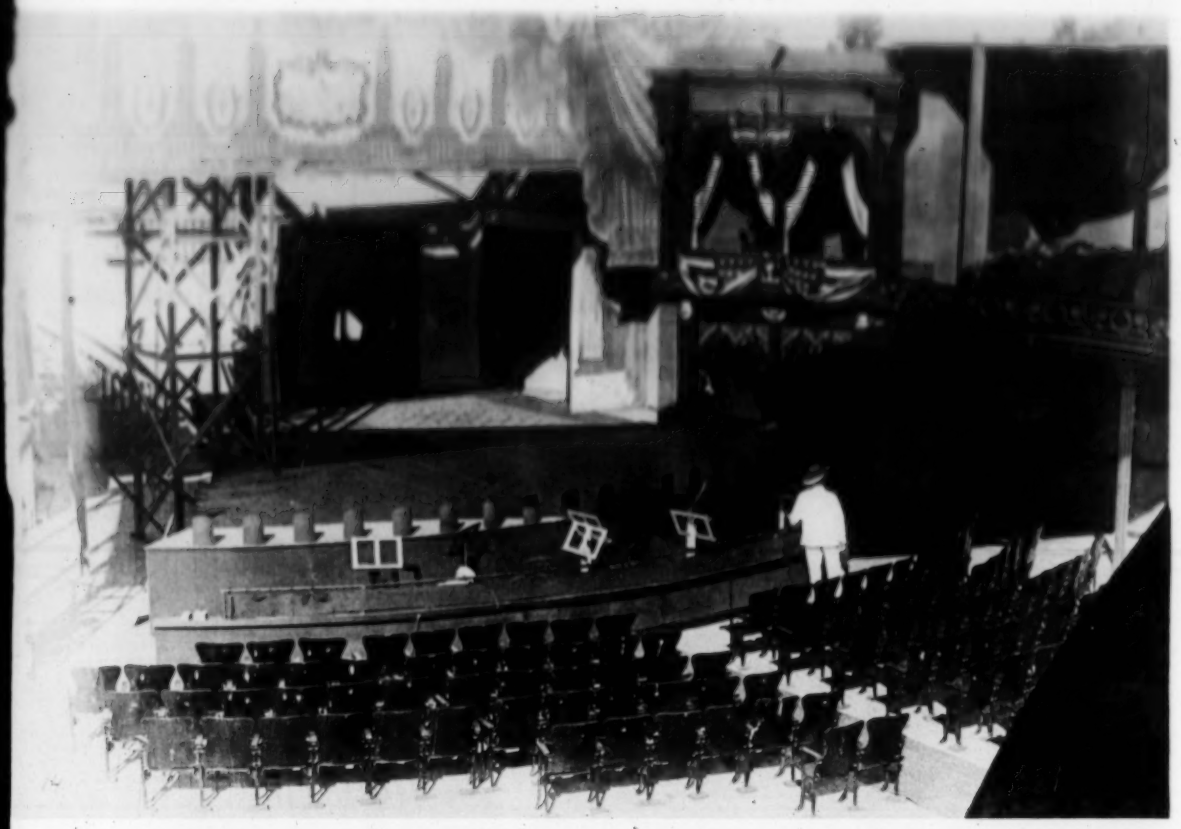


ing 110 degrees of heat generated by these lamps was sheer torture to the boxers who slugged and punched each other for 25 rounds. Four giant Mutoscope cameras, all motor-driven and equipped with 6-inch lenses, were used to record the match. It was probably the first time that artificial light was used to photograph a motion picture.

Fortunately, many of the early Biograph pictures are available for study as a result of the Library of Congress paper print restoration program. Between 1894 and 1912 opaque paper prints of motion pictures filed for copyright were deposited with the Library of Congress. In 1954, a ten-year program was undertaken to transfer these paper prints to motion picture film. The method for accomplishing this transfer to film was developed by Kemp R. Niver, ASC Associate Member. In addi-

Biograph's first studio was at 841 Broadway, New York City, but later was moved to a four-story brownstone mansion at 11 East 14th Street. (This building was torn down in 1955 to make way for an apartment house.) The stage was located in what had been the ballroom. A glass roof let in sunlight which was the main source of photographic illumination. In 1902, Biograph became the first studio to install artificial light. They began with 42 Bogue arcs but six months later replaced them with Cooper-Hewitt mercury vapor tubes. By 1908, according to Biograph electrician, Percy Higginson, the studio had 42 Cooper-Hewitt tubes to light a set—10 lamps on each side and 12 hung overhead. Arcs were employed chiefly for highlighting.

The Biograph camera was motor-driven when used in the studio. It was



Griffith examines the Ford Theatre set used in Lincoln assassination sequence for BIRTH OF A NATION. As in the remainder of the filming, sunlight alone was used to light this sequence. Magnesium flares were used only for night battle scenes.

tion to completing this phase of the program, Niver also cataloged all of the film involved. A study of many of the Biograph films produced at the turn of the century revealed that some of the innovations later solely credited to D. W. Griffith were being used in pictures made previously by Bitzer and others. As early as 1904, Bitzer was using close-ups following establishing shots of the players. The "chase" technique was also being used by Bitzer as well as other film makers.

mounted on an adjustable arm attached, in turn, to a cylindrical stand which was fastened to a wheeled platform so it could be moved about for various set-ups. This platform, however, was never used as a camera dolly. After the camera was lined up and focused, the actual area the shot would encompass was marked off with strings nailed to the floor. The actors were instructed to remain inside this area while doing their scenes.

Early Biograph pictures were either of the newsreel type or were short novelty films such as "Empire State Express," "West Point Cadet Drill," or "Carrie Nation Smashing a Saloon." In 1903, Edwin S. Porter of the Edison Company directed and photographed "The Great Train Robbery," generally credited with being the first story-telling film made in this country. This forced Biograph to use more plot and less trivial incident in their films. Biograph's directors at this time were H. N. Marvin and Wallace McCutcheon, Sr., although the director's job in those days was then only nominal, the cameraman really ran the show. "The cameraman was the whole works at that time," Bitzer said in 1939, "responsible for about everything except the immediate handling of the actors." This was the situation when D. W. Griffith, a struggling young actor and writer from Kentucky, was promoted to director by H. N. Marvin on the recommendation of McCutcheon.

D. W. Griffith had joined Biograph early in 1908 as an actor. He was not made a director until the late Spring of that year. "Whether he (Griffith) was responsible for camera movement in his first pictures or not is hard to say because there are pictorial evidences of such use in motion pictures photographed by cameramen Arthur Marvin and G. W. "Billy" Bitzer prior to Mr. Griffith's appointment as a director," wrote Niver in some program notes accompanying a selection of early motion pictures released for study. "Nevertheless, such camera techniques as the close-up, the close two-shot, matte shots, and other uncommon uses of the camera are evident in the first seventy-five pictures that he directed." For example, effect lighting was used by Bitzer in "The Music Master" (released May 6, 1908). Griffith did not direct this film but did appear in it as an actor.

All of this is not intended to disparage Griffith in any way but to set the record straight by showing many of these innovations were in use several years before he began directing. But Griffith was certainly the first director to successfully exploit these innovations, and this, in the final analysis, is what counted most.

Griffith's first film, "The Adventures of Dolly," released July 14, 1908, was not photographed by Bitzer but by Arthur Marvin, the genial, pipe-smoking older brother of H. N. Marvin. But Bitzer did help the tyro director get started. "I agreed to help him (Griffith) in every way," said Bitzer. He helped Griffith get the props he needed for the picture and even helped him outline the story. "Judging by the little I had seen of his

acting I didn't think he was going to be so hot. He was very grateful for the tips I gave him. All through the following sixteen years that I was at his side he was not above taking advice, yes, even asking for suggestions or ideas. He always said to me, 'Four eyes are better than two'."

Arthur Marvin was pleased with "The Adventures of Dolly" so Griffith was given a contract to direct more films. He was soon made Biograph's chief director. Within the next four years, with either Bitzer or Marvin (who died in 1910) back of the camera, Griffith directed or supervised approximately 400 one-reel films. It was during this period that he made a complete break from the stage-like, static traditions that had previously dominated the movies, developed a new style of film editing that is the basis of what is used today.

**Bitzer and Griffith were the greatest film-making team in motion picture history. Between 1908 and 1912, they virtually developed to maturity the screen grammar which is still regarded as the basis of creative cinema. While they may not have been the first to use certain of these innovations in technique, they *were* the first to use them with such forceful effect.**

### Some Bitzer Innovations

Griffith was quick to grasp the possibilities of the new medium and very early in his directorial career began to demand pictorial effects that had not been attempted before. Bitzer has said he resented this at first but that he soon came to accept Griffith's ideas because, in his words, "He was always right." If Bitzer or Marvin were sometimes skeptical, Griffith's enthusiasm was contagious. "Well, come on, let's do it anyhow," Griffith would say, "I don't give a damn what anybody thinks about it."

For "The Drunkard's Reformation" (March, 1909) with Arthur Johnson and Linda Arvidson, Bitzer produced a fire-light effect by placing an arc in the fireplace and using a few Cooper-Hewett tubes for a soft fill light over the set. This effect was so well received that a few weeks later in "The Cricket on the Hearth," Bitzer improved the effect by having actor Herbert Pryor put out a candle and sit down before the fireplace.

"Pippa Passes" (October 4, 1909) had lighting innovations which showed the progress of day from dawn to dusk. It was photographed by Bitzer and Marvin and utilized the entire Biograph technical staff. The dawn effect was the most difficult to produce. A rectangular cut-out, about three feet by one, was made in the back wall of the set depicting Pippa's room. This hole was covered with a sliding panel which matched the color of the set wall. A powerful arc was positioned behind the opening so that when the panel was lowered it would appear as the first rays of the rising sun striking the wall. Other lights placed outside the window gave the effect of soft morning light. As daybreak reached its peak, all of the set lamps—mainly the Cooper-Hewett's—were brought full up and the rear panel became the regular wall again. "Pippa Passes" represented an important advancement in the art of motion picture set lighting. It was also the first motion picture ever reviewed professionally by the New York Times.

The lighting effects mentioned so far were carefully thought out and planned but many other effects were stumbled on accidentally. Bitzer said that he discovered backlighting by accident one day when in a playful mood he turned his camera on Mary Pickford and Owen Moore during the lunch break and cranked off a few feet of film. The two players were between the camera and the sun with sufficient light being reflected on the faces to preserve detail. The effect of the sun striking the rear of the two particularly Miss Pickford's blonde curls was stunning. Griffith was delighted with this scene when he saw it in the projection room and immediately recognized that a pleasing innovation in lighting for motion pictures had been achieved. Bitzer does not mention the date of this incident but in February, 1909, for "The Politician's Love Story" featuring Mack Sennett, Bitzer aimed the camera directly into the sun so that the ice and snow-laden trees of Central Park were rimmed with light and the shadows fell directly toward the camera.

### The Iris Effect

The circle vignette (also known as the iris effect) was discovered also by accident and in a roundabout way. Bitzer was conducting tests to determine how he could reduce halation—a vexing problem often encountered in those days of orthochromatic film. This emulsion was not inherently contrasty if properly exposed but it was insensitive to red, rendering some skins and especially women's lips dark. It was sensitive to blue which made the mercury vapor lights, with their blue glow, especially suitable as a means of indoor illumination. It was known that halation could be partially corrected if the camera lens was shaded, so Bitzer built a homemade sunshade out of an old glue can. He shot tests with this makeshift lens shade under electric lights with the lens wide open. The results were gratifying, but when he used the same lens shade

**(LEFT) Shooting the strike scenes for INTOLERANCE, with Griffith directing, Bitzer operating the camera and Karl Brown holding slate. (RIGHT) Griffith (arms folded) watches rehearsal of scene on typical open-air set. William Fildew operates the Pathe camera, while Bitzer sits this one out next to Mae Marsh. All of Griffith's early films, including INTOLERANCE, were photographed using daylight exclusively.**

outdoors on location and stopped the lens down in the bright sunlight, he inadvertently got corners of the shade in the picture. But Griffith was pleased when he saw the "rushes" and immediately adopted the idea for dramatic purposes.

This led Bitzer to mount a large lens iris from a still camera before the lens of his camera. This enabled him to adjust the size of the circle effect as Griffith desired. The circle vignette (or iris) was used by Griffith to isolate part of a scene for the purpose of concentration. It was not initially conceived as a fade although later it was universally used in this manner. Griffith is thought to have first used the circle vignette in "The Battle of Elderbush Gulch" (1913).

**Built Camera Matte Box**

Bitzer next built a matte box and mounted it on the front of his camera, using his homemade sunshade as the basis. He produced one striking vignette effect for the first time in "A Sister's Love" (1912), by stretching a gauze over the lens and then burning a hole in the center with a cigarette, thus producing a wash drawing effect that was very pleasing. Other methods were subsequently used to matte out portions of the frame: graduated filters, celluloid, grooved bits of wood, etc.

To claim priority for Bitzer is not the reason for mentioning these innovations here. There are others who can claim, probably with justification, the discovery and use of these same innovations. What is important, however, is the creative way in which Griffith and Bitzer utilized and exploited these effects.

In December 1909, Griffith took the Biograph Company to California to avoid the rigors of an especially harsh New York winter. A temporary studio was hastily built in Los Angeles, on a vacant lot on the corner of Grand Avenue and Washington Street. This studio was simplicity itself, consisting of a rough wooden stage about fifty feet square, raised a few feet off of the ground in the center of the "lot." Several small dressing rooms faced each other across the stage. A loft in downtown Los Angeles served as an office, projection room, laboratory, cutting room, and, on rainy days, a rehearsal hall.

The California hegira was so successful the company alternated seasonally between California and New York. In 1911 a new studio was built in Los Angeles at Georgia and Girard Streets. This studio was more permanent in design and boasted a muslin-covered

David Wark Griffith, an authentic film genius who might well be called "the father of the modern motion picture." Largely unappreciated by Hollywood during the last years of his life, he is just now achieving full recognition by serious students and historians of the cinema. Many of his innovations are now standard filming technique.

stage to diffuse the sunlight. An oblong building housed offices, laboratory, cutting room, projection theater and rehearsal hall. (New York City remained the center of company management.) The Biograph stock company included such early-day film luminaries as Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Henry B. Walthall, Arthur Johnson, Blanche Sweet, Owen Moore, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Harron, Mae Marsh, Mack Sennett, James Kirkwood, Wilfred Lucas, Dell Henderson and others.

In 1955, the first Mrs. D. W. Griffith (Linda Arvidson) gave an interesting account of how "Threads of Destiny" was filmed inside the San Gabriel Mission following the company's first California trip. "We wanted a dim, religious light and here it was," she wrote, "and we wanted to get it on the screen as it looked to us. One little window let in an afternoon slant of sunshine that fell directly across the pulpit where Christie Miller, playing an old priest, was to stand and bless the congregation. If we could light up Christie, the devout worshippers could be mere shadows and it would look fine—just what we wanted. Billy Bitzer would 'get it' if it could be got, that we knew." As Bitzer shot the scene, Mrs. Griffith recalled that the actors playing the members of the congregation really prayed—"prayed that the effect would be a good one." And when it was developed and shown in the studio projection room, "it was all there."

There were other noteworthy achievements accomplished in California such as the first extreme long shot or panorama vista which appeared in "Ramona" (May 1910) with Mary Pickford. This scene was photographed seventy miles from Los Angeles, at Camulos in Ventura County. For scenes for "The Girl and Her Trust" (March 1912) Griffith had Bitzer mount the camera on a speeding locomotive, then in an open touring car, and on a moving railroad section car to achieve a variety of fast-moving travelling shots or "running inserts."

Griffith left Biograph in late 1913 after a disagreement arose with the studio over the production of "Judith of Bethulia," a spectacular Biblical film, and, incidentally the first feature of importance made in this country. The picture was begun on location at Chatsworth, California and completed in Biograph's new eastern studio in the Bronx (still very much in use!). Biograph studio officials were dismayed at the cost of the picture—reportedly $36,000—and worried over Griffith's desire to make even bigger pictures.

Not long after leaving Biograph, Griffith signed a contract with Harry E. Aitken, the brilliant Wisconsin promoter who headed the Mutual Film Corporation. One night Bitzer said Griffith saw him in the lobby of the Astor Hotel. "Come with me Billy," Bitzer claimed Griffith said. "We'll work like hell for a

**Continued on Page 148**

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*Continued from page 68*

*few years and make a million dollars." Bitzer as well as most of the famed Biograph stock company joined Griffith at Mutual. "The Birth of a Nation" was in the destiny of all, and its production was now only a few months away.*

### New Heights of Artistry

"The Birth of a Nation" was the high water mark in the careers of both Bitzer and Griffith. All of the devices, innovations and techniques which had been developed and refined during their years at Biograph were used to advantage in this great film. It is almost impossible to imagine, without having been there, the tremendous impact that "The Birth of a Nation" made when it first appeared on the screen in 1915. Audiences were literally stunned by Griffith's forceful directing style and the fresh, creative camerawork of Bitzer.

Where horsemen thundered across the screen, Bitzer had masked off the top and bottom of the frame to stress the dramatic action, thus predating CinemaScope by several decades. For other scenes, Griffith had Bitzer take his camera back, then up to encompass vast panoramas of action. Then he would mount the camera on a racing automobile and move directly in front of galloping horses to shoot closeups of the riders or the horses' hooves. In the battle scenes, Bitzer's mobile camera moves rapidly in front of charging soldiers or swoops sharply into the midst of tired and ragged men in hand-to-hand combat. Bitzer's photography captured the full sweep of the story and had a documentary-like realism that has been likened to the great Civil War photography of Matthew Brady.

Griffith began shooting "The Birth of a Nation" on July 4, 1914, without a scenario of any kind. "It all grew to me as I went," he said. "I had no scenario, and never looked again at some few notes I made as I read the book, and which I read to my company before we began. Naturally, the whole story was firmly in my mind."

The first scenes shot for "The Birth of a Nation" were the Civil War battle sequences which were photographed at the Universal Ranch (now Universal City Studios) north of Hollywood. According to Bitzer, no more than 600 extras were used in these scenes although it seems on the screen that there are thousands. Some of these

extras were members of the California National Guard. Several regular Army officers from nearby Fort MacArthur and a number of Civil War veterans were on hand as technical advisers to insure that the staging was authentic.

To capture the vast sweep of action, Bitzer had a tower built, one hundred feet in height. The camera was mounted atop this lofty parallel, and field telephones connected Griffith with his strategically placed assistants, among them Raoul Walsh, Donald Crisp, Thomas E. O'Brien, George Seigmann, and G. Andre Beranger. Some of the company units were more than one mile away from the tower. Night combat scenes were shot with the aid of magnesium flares for illumination. These cast an eerie effect over the entire field of action.

The scenes showing massing of the Ku Klux Klan were made on back country roads in the vicinity of Whittier, California. Other locations were at Calexico, for the cotton-picking scenes; and at Big Bear Lake, Idyllwild, and various spots in the San Fernando Valley.

But most of "The Birth of a Nation" was made, as Bitzer has said, "in the backyard of the Fine Arts Studio, located then at 4500 Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood." This studio had first been the Revier Laboratory, and was later occupied by the Kinemacolor Company. Griffith enlarged the premises after he looked over the property. Located conveniently at the intersection of Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards, this studio evolved into a modern plant and was occupied more or less continuously for years, and until recently by a division of Columbia Studios.

The camera Bitzer used to film "The Birth of a Nation" was the then popular Pathe Studio Model, which used 35mm film, manufactured by Pathe Freres in Paris. Far from being the crude camera that unknowing film historians sometimes have called it, the Pathe was an excellent machine with a well-designed film movement, although it did not employ pilot pins for positive registration. However, picture steadiness was no problem if the cameraman kept the machine in first class condition—and you can be sure this was the case with Bitzer and his Pathe. Bitzer recalled, during an interview in 1939, that he used "a two-inch, f/3.5 lens interchangeably with a wide-angle lens." Possibly these lenses were the famous Goerz Hypar 50mm f/3.5 and the 32mm wide-angle lens—both the equal of the lenses available today.

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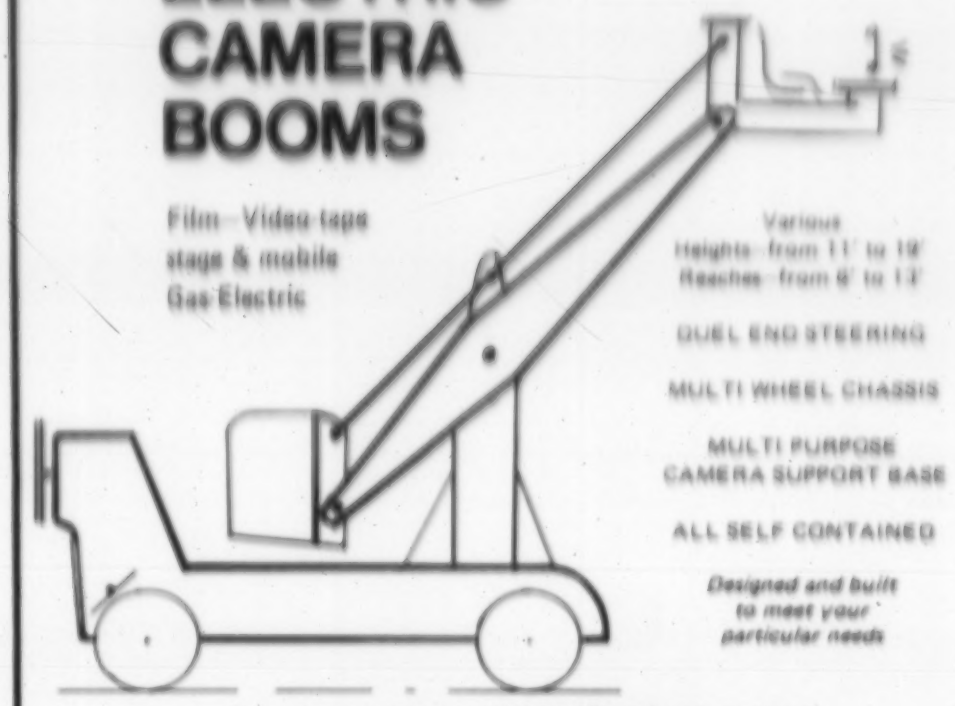

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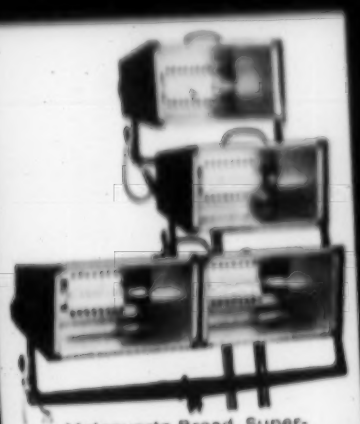

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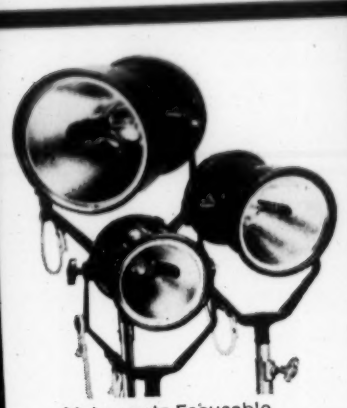

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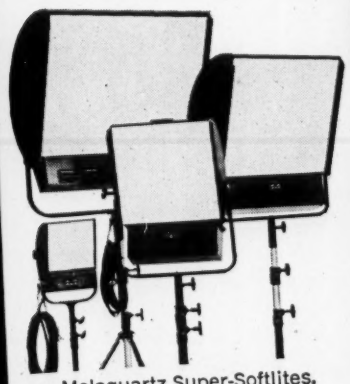

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City presently owns the Pathe camera said to be the same one Billy Bitzer used to photograph "The Birth of a Nation." He has filmed a number of tests with this camera and finds that it is capable of photography comparable with today's. Incidentally, Bitzer favored the Pathe and used it on all of the pictures he subsequently photographed for Griffith.

Money, or rather the lack of it, was the biggest problem D. W. Griffith encountered in making "The Birth of a Nation." There was never enough, and toward the end of the picture Griffith was passing the hat in all directions. Bitzer contributed his services as cinematographer plus his life savings of $7,000 in return for some stock in the picture. The investment subsequently brought him $240,000, probably the largest sum ever earned by a cameraman for shooting a single picture.

It cost $60,000 to make "The Birth of a Nation." Griffith spent another $50,000 promoting the picture, which brought the total cost to $110,000—a trifling sum for a feature picture today; but in 1914 it represented a huge investment. According to *Variety*, industry trade paper, the film has earned at least $50,000,000—making it one of the most profitable motion pictures ever made. It continues to play in theatres today. But more importantly, "The Birth of a Nation" is both the most famous and the most important single picture ever made. It has been accurately described as "the yardstick by which all great motion pictures are measured."

"Intolerance," Griffith's other great film epic, was begun almost immediately after he finished shooting "The Birth of a Nation." For the first time, perhaps, Billy Bitzer had an assistant cameraman to aid him. He was Karl Brown, ASC, a sandy-haired young Pennsylvanian who had gotten his start with the Selig Company, the first motion picture studio established in California. Brown later became a well-known writer and director. "Karl Brown," Bitzer said, "was more than an assistant. He was an inspiration, a practical dreamer, as he later proved in his work . . . in 'The Covered Wagon.' His constructive mind helped me greatly in securing photographic effects for 'Intolerance'."

Photographically, "Intolerance" is still an outstanding achievement—not only for the way it captures spectacle (utilizing at times the "CinemaScope" format of today) but also in its sensitive vignette shots and soft-focus closeups. There are also scenes that have a grim

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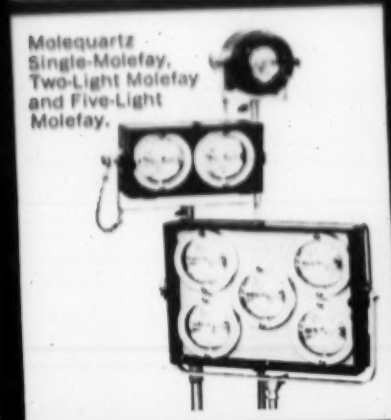

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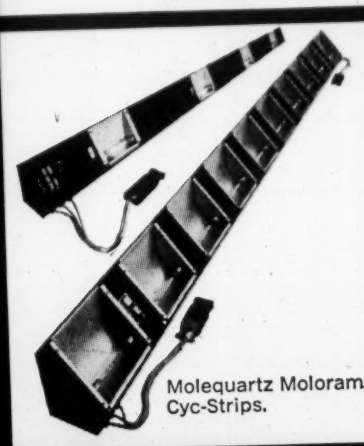

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documentary realism. "The highest number of cameras used in filming the spectacular scenes was never more than four all Pathes," said Bitzer. "At no time in ordinary scenes made in this picture, which took one and one half years to photograph, was more than one camera used." On the big Babylon scenes, additional cameras, under Bitzer's supervision were worked by William E. Fildew, ASC, J. G. Bitzer (one of Billy's relatives) and, of course, Karl Brown, ASC. All of the photography, interiors included, was done in natural daylight. Except for flares used in some of the night battle scenes, no arcs or electric lights were used at all, so the film's subtitle "A Sun Play of the Ages" is especially apt.

"Intolerance" has been called "the only film fugue" and the only film to be regarded as an independent work of art ranking with the works of Michelangelo and Rembrandt. Writing of "Intolerance," author and film historian William K. Everson calls it "the most advanced example of film technique. Almost every device one sees on the screen today came from, or was perfected in, this picture." "Intolerance" told four stories: the Babylon of Belshazzar; the France of Catherine de Medici during the French Huguenot period; the Jerusalem of Christ, and the United States in the period just before the first World War. Griffith brought all four stories together in a powerfully edited finale that has never been surpassed or even equalled.

"Intolerance" is filled with camera virtuosity. For example, it contains every type of moving, traveling and crane shot known today, although the methods used by Bitzer to obtain these shots were generally much simpler but no less effective. It is safe to say that one of the most spectacular moving camera shots ever photographed occurs in the Feast of Belshazzar sequence. Starting from a great distance taking in the entire set, the camera moves relentlessly forward, seemingly suspended in mid-air, and then it begins to descend and move into a closeup. The Babylon set was 3/8 of a mile long and had walls 140 feet high which were sturdy enough to support hundreds of extras as well as horses and chariots. Some of the statuary was 30 feet high. This set, designed by Griffith, still holds the record for being the largest ever constructed for a Hollywood production. It was built on several vacant lots on what is now the area in and around the present Allied Artists Studio.

In 1934, Billy Bitzer described how he made the long dolly shot mentioned


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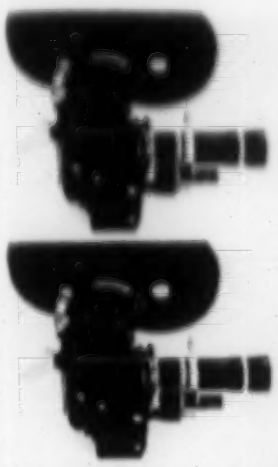

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stove. "The dolly was 140 feet high, about six feet square at the top and 50 feet wide at the bottom. It was mounted upon six sets of four-wheeled railroad car trucks and had an elevator in the center. It ran upon tracks starting way back and taking in the full scene of entire set, upon which were 5,000 extras. The great dolly was moved backward and forward by some 25 men; another staff operated the elevator so that from full set it ended in a closeup of large figures of the Prince and Princess Beloved seated at the throne with a pair of doves harnessed to a little golden chariot carrying love missives between them, and the whole moving so smoothly as to be delightful.

"This whole scene was shot with only one hand-cranked Pathe camera," continued Bitzer. "Karl Brown, seated underneath the Pathe, did the cranking through a flexible shaft, and I did the handling of the tilt and pan cranks, looking directly through the Pathe eye-piece focusing glass in the backdoor of the Pathe on to the film, with a special eye-piece of rubber which fitted around my eye to keep the light from fogging the film."

"Intolerance" also has what is thought to be the first matte shot. Walter L. Hall, a New York scenic artist and an expert on perspective, produced paintings on compo board which were positioned in front of the camera and lined up with portions of the set. Miniatures also appear in one or two shots of "Intolerance" showing the city of Babylon burning at night.

To get the camera even higher than the giant tower would permit, Bitzer mounted it in a captive balloon and went aloft with it so that even more distant shots could be gotten.

Frank ("Huck") Wortman, a steely-eyed, tobacco-chewing stage carpenter, supervised construction of all the "Intolerance" sets. He calculated that he used one and a quarter million feet of lumber on the production. The Pacific Electric Railroad even built a spur track into the Babylon sets so that cars of building materials could be switched directly to the workmen. The carpenters received $2.50 per day and worked each day until finished, with no overtime pay. Extras received $5.00 per day which was considered good pay. W.S. Van Dyke II, later a top MGM director, began as one of these $5.00-a-day extras on "Intolerance" and later worked up to being one of Griffith's key assistants. George Siegmann was the chief assistant director (he also played Cyrus the Persian) and was assisted by Erich Von Stroheim, Joseph Henaberry, Tod

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Browning and Edward Dillon, all of whom eventually became highly successful directors in their own right.

According to costs sheets kept by Harry and Roy Aitken, "Intolerance" cost $454,876.04 to produce, a staggering sum for 1916. It is estimated that it would cost $30,000,000 to remake it today. "Intolerance" was an artistic success but a commercial failure. D.W. spent years paying off the debts he incurred in making this monumental film.

"The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance" represent the major triumphs in Billy Bitzer's career as a cinematographer. However, some of the pictures he photographed between 1917 and 1921 also are of considerable interest.

After 1918, Bitzer shot most interiors in enclosed stages using artificial light. Various types of arcs were extensively used, but the Cooper-Hewitts were still very much in evidence.

"Hearts of the World" (1917-18), a story of the first World War, was photographed in Hollywood and on location in England and France (where some scenes were reputedly made on the western front under fire!). Throughout this film there are superb scenes of action and drama, beautifully composed and boast the only one real advance over "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance"—meticulously lit interiors. One scene that lingers in the memory is of a young bride wandering in a daze over a mist-shrouded battlefield in her wedding gown, looking for the body of her fiance.

"The Love Flower" (1920), made on location in the Bahama Islands, has lush tropical scenes that are quite spectacular in their beauty. In addition, there are some good underwater scenes.

"Way Down East" (1920) was photographed in the East—primarily Westchester County, New York, and the New England States. The interiors were shot at the studio Griffith had established on the Flagler estate at Oriental Point, Mamaroneck, New York. Although Bitzer was the chief cinematographer, two other cameramen, Henrik Sartov and Paul S. Allen, ASC, contributed additional photography. "Way Down East" was filmed largely on winter locations and one important sequence was even shot in a snow-storm. Working in such weather brought up a bugaboo that plagued cameramen in those days—static on the film. This appeared mostly in cold, dry weather and was caused when the film moved through the camera mechanism, generating static electricity that marred the

**Continued on Page 172**


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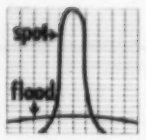


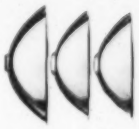

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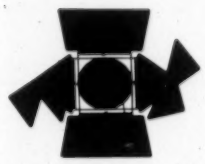

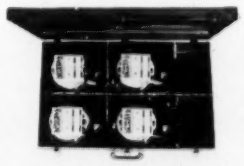

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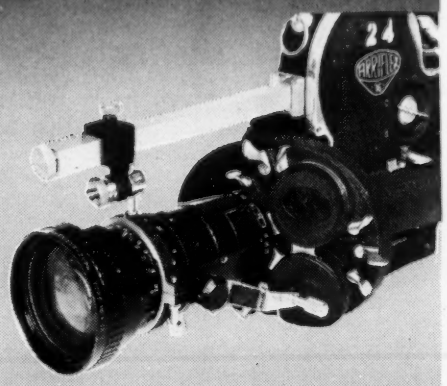

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## GRIFFITH AND BITZER

Continued from Page 164

negative with lighting like streaks. Eastman Kodak Company subsequently fought the problem by applying a coating to its film tradenamed "X" back. It was not always completely effective and had the additional disadvantage of piling up matter in the camera aperture. Most every cameraman had some pet way of preventing static. Billy Bitzer had a carbide bicycle lamp attached to his Pathe which he would light just before cranking out a "take." When the scene was over, the lamp would be extinguished.

In the spring of 1919, Griffith made "Broken Blossoms," the third and last of his supremely great films. It was, and still remains, a film as fragile and hauntingly beautiful as its title. Photographically it is quite superb, with striking sets beautifully lit.

Throughout the silent era, about 80% of the pictures produced had tints and tones, or both, on all release prints. By combining tinting and toning operations (both were actually quite different and not interchangeable) many beautiful effects were obtained, such as tinting the film a light amber after toning it a dark blue. This gave the effect of two colors on the screen. Perhaps no other picture of the silent era benefited so much from the skilled application of this system as "Broken Blossoms": gentle rose hues, savage reds, rich blue for night and fog scenes, mauves, greens, and other colors that matched every mood and nuance. Unfortunately, today it seems impossible to duplicate this same precision laboratory work; but even in the black-and-white prints of his work Bitzer's photography has impact.

When "Broken Blossoms" opened May 13, 1919 at New York's George M. Cohan Theater, softly diffused-colored lights were played on the screen while the picture was projected. This furthered the effect of the tinting and toning on the print and was beautiful to behold. The New York Sun was one of many newspapers that were captivated with this effect: "The screen was always bathed with a curious, vibrant mauve, while the inner core of the picture shimmered with salmon pink." The New York Tribune singled out Bitzer's camera work: "Such photography we did not know existed. But what is the use—words can't tell anything about the picture!"

"Broken Blossoms" was photographed in 18 days at a cost of $90,000. It was the last picture D. W. made in

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Hollywood before moving to Mamaroneck.

In 1936 Bitzer described to Joseph Baines of the *New York Times*, how he made some of the lovely, softly lit closeups of Lillian Gish. According to Bitzer's account, he "had been bending a few elbows in Venice the night before and had one too many." As a result he is said to have arrived late on the set next day, bleary-eyed and hung over. D. W. was all ready to go and was pacing up and down the set. Bitzer hastily called for the lights to be turned up full and rolled into place. Meanwhile, he opened up the lens of his Pathe so he could make a final check of focus and composition by looking through the magnifier to the aperture.

"We always had a lot of trouble lighting Lillian Gish scenes," Bitzer said. "The kid wanted to be just beautiful. We had to put a halo behind her hair and get her jaw out to give her that angel look. 'Get out the jackass,' I used to say to the electrician. That meant fix the lights so the jaw wouldn't show. And we made her beautiful."

In his haste that morning, Bitzer forgot to stop down his lens after checking focus. A strong key light was striking the star. As he was halfway through the scene, he realized, with a sinking feeling, what had happened. But he kept on cranking, for he could tell that D. W. was pleased with the way the scene was going. When Griffith quietly said "cut," everyone on the set knew a great scene had just been done. Bitzer took the scene almost at once to the lab to see if he could "save it." When Griffith saw the scene later that day in the projection room, he was delighted. The combination of overexposure and the strong key light had produced a soft ethereal effect on Miss Gish. "He asked me how I'd gotten it and I said I'd been working on it for months," related Bitzer.

Bitzer never lost his touch as a cameraman, despite what some film historians say to the contrary. Motion picture photography was the breath of life to him and even in his last years, had he been given the chance, it is quite likely that he could have duplicated his achievements in 'The Birth of a Nation", "Intolerance" and "Broken Blossoms".

Billy Bitzer died on April 29, 1944. His outstanding accomplishments as a cinematographer have become fused with the art—and the legend—of the motion picture. Bitzer was the first great cameraman. The trail that he blazed so long ago is still being followed by the camera artists who photograph the films of today. ■


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New York World-Telegram

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1932.

# "Ladies, Please Remove Their Hats"

## *For You Are About to See That Thriller, 'The Bachelor's Return'*

### Camera Man for Griffith Recalls How He Created Fadeouts, Soft Lighting.

*Mr. Lieuling concludes his series on old-time performers with an article on the silent movies—on David Wark Griffith, on Mary Pickford, Dorothy Gish and the many stars of the flicker days.*

By A. J. LIEULING,
*World-Telegram Staff Writer.*

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"SO Griffith says, 'You look like a bunch of bums hanging around a room. Go out to a cigar store and look at the ad for Hoffman House cigarets. That will show you how it probably looks inside a swell club.'"

G. W. Billy Bitzer, the king of cameramen—a king in exile—was describing the filming of a society drama in the Biograph studio at 11 E. 14th St.

The First Man to Photograph Mary Pickford has a curiously elongated perspective. He was in at the beginning of a national form of entertainment, the silent moving picture. He has survived it. So to him the thirty-six years since he filmed Candidate William McKinley on the lawn at Canton, Ohio, seem a century.

Wallace Reid and (in centre) Violet Mesereau.

Mary Pickford.

the stage crew would start breaking up the set and putting up wallpaper with large roses for the domestic sequence.

"Before we had that company we would just do news shorts and may-

says, 'Now you've done it.' That scared me so I forgot to close the lens for a minute.

"Ordinarily I would have shot the scene a second time just to make sure, and I would have passed along the word to the developing room to make a print from the second negative. But Griffith was so impatient he wanted the negative developed right away to see how his big scene came out. Then I knew I was cooked.

"Say, after he had seen that film run through he was wild. 'My boy,'

...ttern," or something like that," continued Mr. Bitzer, "or so there was the bachelor and Arthur Johnson was his pal.

### And That Was That.

"Marion Leonard was the bride, and the story was that the bachelor's friends gave him a party at the Union League Club, and he said, 'Cowley, boys, I'm through,' or something like that, and then we showed a domestic sequence. His mother-in-law, Kate Bruce, annoyed him, and his wife complained when he didn't hang up his clothes, and the punch was when he came back to his club. That was the end of the picture.

"We had one stage and that meant one set at a time. The camera man managed the drapes and settings. For a home dining room I would use a round table with a cloth. To indicate a restaurant I would set the scene with a table, a cloth and a potted fern. I had never been in a club, so to indicate extra grandeur I put in two ferns.

"The actors were rented dress suits and none of them looked comfortable except Johnson, who had been in a society play with Jim Jeffries. Griffith was the director and he knew they looked wrong, but he had never been anywhere, either.

"'If you make this scene go off right, boys,' he said, 'I'll give you each $10 for this picture instead of $5.' Expense never meant anything to Griffith.

### These Were the Stars.

"These fellows were not extras, remember. They were the stars of the Biograph Stock Co. and they would take turns in playing leads.

"There was no jealousy over feature billing in those days, because the identity of all members of the company was kept secret. Actors felt that if their names got out they were done in the profession, and when the day's work was over they would look up and down the street and then sneak.

"Well, the extra five dollars pepped them up so Johnson led them in a cheer, 'Biograph, Biograph, rah, rah, rah,' and they waved their glasses and it looked very high-toned and enthusiastic, so Griffith was sure we could fool the Union League Club.

"Then before striking the set I had to grab the film and run down the stairs to the dark room in the ...sement. There I would develop it ...h wake-the-dead, that's a quick ...ion simply to show up what ...e got on the film. If it was ...ht I would yell, 'Test O. K.' A ...up at the first landing would ... A carpenter on the second ...uld pick up the cry. Then ...

...ment in the penny weighing machine company on the ground floor and had two clerks into acting. They were White, and we would give any butting girl $3 to sit at the table with White and then the other clerk would come in and fire a revolver. White would fall and you had a good saleable product.

"I took that film of the Empire State Express that was such a sensation at Hammerstein's Olympic—the one where it seemed the engine was coming right out of the screen. Women in the stage boxes fainted at every performance, and they weren't stooges, either.

### Recalls Old Stars.

"That old Biograph outfit. Mary Pickford came in as a kid of maybe 15 and worked for $4 a day until she became the official ingenue Star type of the company. The Gish girls were just at the awkward age, and they did only bits for the first few years. Blanche Sweet was only 16, but she had more poise—she did dowager parts.

"Then we used Mae Marsh, Florence Lawrence, Alice Joyce, Miriam Cooper and Marion Leonard among the women, and Henry B. Walthall, Lional Barrymore, Bob Harron, Courtney Foote, James Kirkwood and Mack Sennett in male parts."

He recalled the days of Wallace Reid, of Marion Leonard, of Violet Mesereau.

"After a while we got to doing dramas," he continued. "The story was always the same. Betrayed girl in hall bedroom harassed by hard-hearted landlady. We would make one a day, except when we put up a particularly elaborate set, like a ...

*NEWS ITEM:—"Tammany, his pay as investigator."*

David Wark Griffith.

...ical flight of stairs. That would ... a lot of time, so we would go ... h's weeds and shoot exteriors ...fitting tent.

...ere we made a big scientific ...ce, 'Man's Genesis', a sort of ...ution idea. We tied feathers on ...s and put whiskers on a cow ...give an idea of prehistoric ...als. Everybody came out dark ...he film except Mae Marsh, who ...'t had enough make-up on, so ...ut in a sub-title explaining she ...Lily White, a captive maiden.

## Wanted to Be Beautiful.

...here weren't many love scenes. ...dn't blundered onto the fadeout ...There was no way to end them ...efully. The big punch of the ...re was always the struggle for ...e. Nowadays the public prefers ...ction."

...lly grinned.

..."We always had a lot of trouble ...ing Lillian Gish's scenes," he remembered. "The kid wanted to be just beautiful. We had to put a halo behind her hair and get her jaw out to give her that angelic look.

"'Get out the jackass,' I used to say to my electrician. That meant fix the lights so that jaw wouldn't show. And we made her beautiful.

"It led to a big discovery, too—the secret of eternal youth. We were making 'Broken Blossoms' in 1918 out on the coast, doing the big scene where Lucy Barthelmess as the China kneels before the girl asleep on the couch.

## Forgot to Close Lens.

"All one day we worked on the lights, and by the time we got them right the kid was so tired we couldn't make the scene. So we left them for the next day. I went down to The Ship at Venice that evening and had maybe a little too much good time.

"The next day I had to hurry to get into the studio. I was a few minutes late, and found Griffith on the set, tapping his cane as if I had been away for weeks. To save time I just looked into the lens once, called 'Lights!' and started cranking. I had a Dahl-Meyer 1-9 lens I was using for the first time, so bright I had never dared use it in a picture. I was in such a hurry that I didn't notice only about half the lights went on when I yelled.

"The electrician came over and ...them.

"'I've been experimenting for a couple of months,' I told him. 'That was the beginning of soft lighting. Later they got to using it so consistently that dames stayed in the picture long after the old clear-cut photography would have shown them up. In fact faces got so intimate they looked sort of scrambled.'"

Mr. Bitzer sighed.

## Griffith a Dreamer.

"I will give Griffith credit," he said. "He was just a dreamer and I was a guy trying not to get fired. But we never let on that anything that happened on that lot wasn't planned beforehand.

"The first fade-out was at Fort Lee. There were no hoods on camera lenses in those days. All scenes were shot with the sun directly back of the actors. That gave them that hard, clear-cut look, with bad nose-shadows.

"I took five feet of film of Mary Pickford and Owen Moore eating sandwiches—just for a joke, to show after the other rushes of the day. I didn't have the conventional angle with the sun.

"That little scene looked great. So I tried a love scene in a picture we were making, ignoring the traditional back-to-sun business. Then I found I was getting too much light into the camera. I took my cap and held it above the lens to keep some of the sun out. Gradually I lowered it, without noticing, and then I got excited and dropped it right over the lens.

"'Marvelous,'" said Griffith when he saw the rushes. "Now we can have love scenes without fearing the censor will get after us. 'I been experimenting six months,' I told him."

## Times Have Changed.

Mr. Bitzer's bright camera eye roved around his present home set, a small room in a not-so-extra hotel in W. 48th St. "I noticed in a paper the other day," he said, "they had a list of the ten greatest American pictures. Up at the top were 'Birth of a Nation' and 'Broken Blossoms,' two that Griffith and I made with ex-five-dollar actors. The old times weren't so bad.

"And I expect a job soon taking industrial pictures for a vacuum cleaner company."

(The End.)

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...GER TACTICS

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# Forty Years a Pioneer on the Cinema Frontier

By Joseph Barnes

FORTY years ago in the summer of 1896, a young electrician named G. W. Bitzer took a motion picture of Major William McKinley on his lawn at Canton, Ohio, being notified of his nomination by the Republican party for President of the United States. A few weeks later, with both hands, both feet and his nose, he manipulated the cumbrous and dangerous projector which showed the picture at Hammerstein's Olympia on Broadway to an audience which rose in its seats and cheered.

Within a few summer months of each other in that same year, Thomas A. Edison's Vitascope, the Lumiere brothers' Cinematographe and the American Biograph machine of W. K. L. Dickson introduced the motion picture to Broadway as a medium of entertainment. It has yet to make its first newsreel, its first photoplay, its first hesitant bid as a form of art. At each of its subsequent births, the same electrician, no less anonymous as Billy Bitzer, the cameraman, was making motion-picture history behind the shutter of his camera.

He was the first man to film Mary Pickford. With D. W. Griffith he made more than a thousand pictures, including the first two-reeler. He photographed "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East" and "Orphans of the Storm." In "The Birth of a Nation" he filmed the first classic of motion pictures

### Developed the Close-Up

The list of those whose faces were first transferred to celluloid by Billy Bitzer reads like an index to a history of motion-picture acting in the United States. The close-up, the fade-out or running dissolve, soft focus, camera angles, the wash-drawing effect, almost the entire technical alphabet of a generation of cameramen stems from the tricks he did with his shutter and his lens.

Cameramen rarely make news or money and Mr. Bitzer is no exception. Unknown to all but cinema addicts, he is at present working on new methods of visual education for children at Public School 21, at 216 Mott Street. The man who first discovered how to film 4,000 persons together on a single set, for "Intolerance," he is at present working on the hanging of a marble inside a five-foot bamboo hoop to show the relation of the earth to the sun for the Works Progress Administration, Project 1,719.

But he is just as proud, he said last week, of a picture called "Helping Along Life's Way," which he recently completed for the women's division of the W. P. A., as he ever was of "The Birth of a Nation." Besides putting mathematics and geography into motion pictures for school children, he is still working on the problem of a wider screen that has engrossed him since he first helped Dickson to increase Edison's postage-stamp film to one-half the size of a postcard.

"Lee Garms, George Folsey and George Barnes," he said, "are better

the same film, and it turned out to be as black at the end. But I'm still proud of that Sharkey-Jeffries fight. It was the best fight picture I ever saw."

E. B. Koopman, the New York promoter who first backed Dickson and Bitzer with their massive Biograph camera, had expected to use it solely as a salesmanship device, especially for traveling men who sold machinery too large to carry with them in a sample case. The immediate success on October 12, 1896, of the McKinley picture began the jumpy progress of motion pictures into new fields which was to be smoothed out into concentration on the photoplay only after Bitzer and D. W. Griffith fashioned "The Birth of a Nation" together in 1914.

### Pioneer Projectors Noisy

The cheering for the McKinley picture in New York, Mr. Bitzer admitted, was not unmixed with panic over the silver-tinctured words of Bryan in the West, whose acceptance speech was recorded only in the newspapers. But the sight of the dignified McKinley on his lawn, bowing as he took a slip of paper from his stenographer, a young man named George B. Cortelyou, who is now president of the Consolidated Edison Company of New York, did more than any of the other early shorts, according to Mr. Bitzer, to interest financiers in the new hare-brained gamble of motion pictures.

Showing it was harder than making it. Together with some shots of Niagara Falls, a sequence of the New York Central's crack Empire State Express doing sixty miles an hour, and a colored child in a bath tub called "A Hard Wash," it was exhibited by Oscar Hammerstein in his theater on the site where Wrigley's gold fish swim at present.

"Running the projector was like running an oldtime trolley car," Mr. Bitzer said. "It made a terrible racket, sounding like a mowing machine. Besides using your nose to keep the film from buckling, you had to flash the titles on the screen with a separate lantern-slide projector."

"Hammerstein had threatened to kill me if it didn't work," he went on, "and somehow it worked. The first applause sounded like rain in the home-made cubicle where we had set up the machine. Then the crowd really began to clap, and it sounded to me as if the machine had exploded, and I pulled out all the plugs and ran for my life."

He continued to work with the Biograph company, first at 841 Broadway where they took pictures on the roof, and then at 11 East Fourteenth Street, in a four-story brownstone house torn down last year. It was at the latter studio that he first worked with David Wark Griffith, and where Mary Pickford, the Gish sisters, the late Henry B. Walthall, James Kirkwood and the other luminaries of the

the Biograph company to California and decided to risk the staggering sum of $18,000 on a single picture. "Judith of Bethulia," according to Mr. Bitzer, that motion pictures outgrew their first phase of interesting novelty, a useful device to theater owners who wanted to keep their crowds quiet and orderly as they filed out after a vaudeville performance. It was twice as long as the Vitagraph's "The Great Train Robbery," and an immediate success.

"The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Broken Blossoms," "Orphans of the Storm," "Way Down East" and hundreds of other full-length motion pictures followed. The first had grossed more than $18,000,000 by 1920, and its heart throbs with its camera angles had enshrined it in the most sentimental niche of the motion pictures' hall of fame. But Mr. Bitzer remembers that the exciting events of those years were in the filming of less well known pictures, when he and Griffith were experimenting with their new art.

Most of them were accidental, he said. He burned a hole with a cigarette in a piece of gauze one day which had been used to cover a camera, and discovered that the result was a blending and fading toward the corners of the film that produced the wash-drawing effect. The fade-out and the close-up, the soft focus, came from his constant tinkering with his shutter and his lens.

Other companies hired men to do nothing but nose around the Biograph lot and spy on Bitzer's experiments. They never realized, he said, that every picture he took was an experiment. And he never took out a single patent in his life on devices that are the basis of an industry's technical equipment today.

"Why not?" he said. "Well, I always believed that I was only playing, that all the really great inventions were just around the corner. I still think that's true."

the Birth of a Nation." In "The Birth of a Nation" he filmed the first classic of motion pictures.

### Developed the Close-Up

The list of those whose lives were first chronicled in celluloid by Billy Bitzer reads like an index to a history of motion-picture acting in the United States. The close-up, the fade-out or running iris, split focus, camera angles, the back-lighting effect, almost the entire technique exploited of a generation of cameramen stems from the lenses he did with his cronies and his son.

Limberman lives more now in movies and Mr. Bitzer is no exception. Therefore he, as but cinema cohorts do at present working on new methods of visual education for children at Public School 51, at 419 West Street. The man who first discovered how to film 1,000 persons together on a single set for "Intolerance," he is at present working on the hanging of a movie inside a five-foot bamboo lamp to show the motion of the earth in the sun for the Works Progress Administration. Project 1-719.

But he is just as proud, he said last week, of a picture called "Helping Along Life's Way," which he recently completed for the women's division of the W. P. A. as he was of "The Birth of a Nation." Serious putting mathematics and geography into motion pictures for school children, he is still working on the problem of a wider screen that has engrossed him since he first helped Dickson to increase Edison's postage-stamp film to one-half the size of a postcard.

"Lee Garmes, George Folsey and George Barnes," he said, "are better cameramen than any of the old-timers. They've got more to work with. But give me a little more time, and the spiss and scouts will be taking my cameras apart at night again the way they used to."

The Dickson camera which laid the basis for the whole Biograph tradition, he explained, had some points which would interest even modern film technicians. It took thirty pictures a second, with 320 feet of film passing the lens each minute. The approved Hollywood machines, Mr. Bitzer said, now take only twenty-four pictures a second, on ninety feet of film a minute.

"This is because film is still expensive," he explained. "But it won't always be. Some day we'll get the fast film and the big film in motion pictures that every cameraman has dreamed of."

In 1899, Mr. Bitzer recalled, he manipulated the camera at the Coney Island Athletic Club for William A. Brady of Brady & O'Rourke. It had been Brady's dream to film a prize-fight not as a stunt, to show off the new motion picture toy as every early experimenter had done, but as an accurate record of excitement too fast for the eye to catch or the memory to hold.

### Filmed Sharkey-Jeffries Battle

He picked the Biograph, controlled by an august group of stockholders, including Oscar Hammerstein, Abner McKinley, Ulysses S. Grant 2d and Joseph Jefferson, through the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company. Mr. Bitzer had been the company's electrician and cameraman ever since Dickson had left the Edison laboratories at Orange, N. J., and persuaded the H. M. Marvin Electric Rock Drill Company, of Canastota, N. Y., to build the new camera he had invented. It had been making successful shorts ever since the McKinley acceptance speech, but the Sharkey-Jeffries fight was its first big assignment.

"We had four cameras at the ring," Mr. Bitzer recalled. "To get enough light for our film, which was still eight times the size of any other, we had to string 400 arc lamps over the ring. We raided a saloon next door for ice to put on the sizzling plug boxes and switches, and the fighters between rounds had their seconds hold umbrellas over their heads. In the ring, the temperature from these lamps was 110 degrees."

He could hardly turn the handle of the machine, he said, from worry that a red-hot carbon would sputter out of its glass sheath and drop on Jeffries' back. "If you had seen that crowd—they would have killed the cameraman." With an eight-inch lens he took 32,000 feet of film of the twenty-five rounds. It was seven and a quarter miles long, including every round and every intermission, and yet it grossed more than $1,000,000 for Brady, Mr. Bitzer believes.

"I have probably shot more running feet of film than any other man in history," Mr. Bitzer said, "and spoiled more. I was the first man to take nine separate exposures on

Edison Company of New York, and more than any of the other early chiefs, according to Mr. Bitzer, is entitled to the credit for having developed the art of motion pictures.

Shooting it was harder than making it. Together with some chips of Niagara Falls, a sequence of the New York century race, Empire State Express doing sixty miles an hour, and a record chip of a then top-rated "A Hard Week," it was exhibited to Thos. Hammerstein in his theatre on the site where Wright & Goff now are present.

"Running the projector for the running of sixteen toilet set," Mr. Bitzer said. "It made a terrible racket, sounding like a rocking machine. Besides using four nuts to keep the film from breaking, you had to flash the titles on the screen with a separate lantern-slide projector."

"Hammerstein had threatened to sue me if it didn't work," he went on, "and somehow it worked. The first applause aroused him from the undressed chorus where he had set it, the machine. Then the crowd really began to clap, and it sounded to me as if the machine had exploded, and I pulled out all the plugs and ran for my life."

He continued to work with the Biograph company, first at 841 Broadway, where they took pictures on the roof, and later at 11 East Fourteenth Street, in a four-story brownstone house torn down last year. It was at the latter studio that he first worked with David Wark Griffith, and where Mary Pickford, the Gish sisters, the late Henry B. Walthall, James Kirkwood and the other luminaries of the Biograph tradition first faced the camera.

He was sent to Havana to cover the Spanish-American War, on a tugboat which left the New York Navy Yard on the day war was declared. He took the first close-up of motion pictures—Joseph Jefferson sitting on a rock near his home at Buzzard's Bay. He made pictures of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company's lines before a single passenger had ridden through them.

But it was only when Griffith moved

# BILLY BITZER

## ACE CAMERAMAN

BY PHILIP STERLING

THE allocation of honors for creative contributions to the motion picture is a difficult task. But if a medal is ever stamped with the face of David Wark Griffith, its obverse side will have to bear the likeness of Billy Bitzer, Griffith's cameraman.

The association of these two artists from the time Griffith stepped into the old Biograph studio in 1908 to the time he made *Broken Blossoms* is an historic example of the interdependence of the arts in the creation of motion pictures.

None can detract from the stature of Griffith as the single greatest force in the American film. Griffith did more than make great pictures. He brought into being the basic elements of the motion picture's inherent idiom. He developed mere tricks of photography into a method of creative expression. But he didn't do it alone. The collective nature of film art made it inevitable that he should share his efforts and his glory with others, and most of all with Billy Bitzer.

All too rapidly the illusion is growing up among a second generation of film lovers that the visual idiom now commonly employed with skilful variation by all directors sprang full-grown and armor-clad from the foreheads of one or two individuals. Even Griffith himself, in a recent radio broadcast, intimated that pure cerebration and not the groping trial and error of a new and undeveloped art were responsible for the flash-back, the close-up, the fade-out, the dissolve.

A talk with Bitzer, who is now past sixty, and struggling in obscurity to keep his little family together on a WPA security wage, produces a new appreciation of the movie cameraman's role as a creative agent.

Bitzer's views on camera art need recording, but even more does his present personal relationship to the movie industry need to be told. Bitzer last worked in Hollywood in 1929, when he photographed *Drums of Love*. Having lost a fortune in the easy-come-easy-go days of Coolidge prosperity, he was working in New York filming screen tests and doing other photographic odd jobs, when he asked for a chance to go back to Hollywood. He was assured, on his own insistence, that he would be treated like any other ace cameraman. Bitzer disdains to call himself an artist and the phrase ace cameraman is his own.

Arriving in Hollywood, Bitzer worked the usual two weeks before approaching the pay-window and asking the pay clerk for his check.

If he had ever doubted that the paths of movie glory lead but to obscurity, he ceased doubting as he stood before the cashier's cage. The clerk had never heard of him. Bitzer repeated his name. The clerk looked through his records and came back saying, "I'm sorry, we have no one by the name of *Mitchell* on the payroll." When Bitzer spelled his name another search was made and still his place on the payroll wasn't found. A conference with the production manager revealed that no provision had ever been made to put Bitzer on the payroll at the $500 a week which was the common salary of the other top cameramen on the lot. Broke, and without much choice, Bitzer remained to work at a much lower salary than he had been led to expect. How much lower he doesn't care to say.

But Bitzer sought a recourse which has become increasingly popular on the West Coast since 1929. He set about organizing a union. In New York, it is not commonly known, Bitzer had been one of the founders of the International Photographers of the Motion Picture Industries which embraced all of the lower rank cameramen and assistants who could not get into the exclusive and expensive American Society of Cinematographers. That was in 1926, and Bitzer was not only the first president of that local but was elected unanimously to a second term of office.

On the West Coast the industry was in a dither because of the coming of sound. Cameramen and assistants saw a danger in the low salaries which were being paid to many lesser sound technicians.

When Bitzer pointed out to his

fellow photographers that they stood in danger of being reduced to similar levels, they were quick to respond and Local 666 of the International Photographers of the Motion Picture Industries was set up in Hollywood. Meetings were held in secret but membership swelled swiftly. New grievances came to light as the union got under way and not the least of them was a variation of the old kick-back racket. The producers were alarmed and Billy Bitzer, ace cameraman, the creative eye through which the great Griffith captured his visions of beauty and grandeur, was blacklisted. By quick steps he was eased off the lot and made to understand that he would be far better off on the coast of another ocean than the Pacific.

Bitzer tells the story of an attempt to bribe him. An offer of $50,000 to retire from the union was made to him by a cameraman who had served his apprenticeship under him. But Bitzer understands unionism better than the producers who are fighting it.

"Suppose I did quit now," Bitzer said. "I couldn't stop the union. Once these things get started no one man is big enough to call a halt. Besides, what will I be able to say when people ask where the great ace cameraman was during the struggle of his fellow photographers to organize? What will I be able to answer when people ask why Billy Bitzer wasn't in the fight? It isn't worth $50,000. I've had far more than that and a man who knows the value of money also knows how worthless money can be."

Thus Bitzer left Hollywood and found his way by painful stages to the Objective Reading Project maintained by WPA for the Board of Education in New York City. He has done motion picture work for the WPA administration but his present job is to prepare film strips and recorded lectures used in visual education.

For all Hollywood's ingratitude, Bitzer is not embittered. He eschews the pose of the grand old man who affects indulgence for the mistakes and ineptitudes of his younger successors. On the contrary, his attitude toward motion picture photography as it appears on the screens of the movie houses he frequents, is keenly critical and appreciative.

"When I see a movie," Bitzer said, "I grow smaller and smaller in my seat as I realize what they're doing in Hollywood today. Today's photography brings to life what I once dreamed of achieving in the era of slow film, inadequate illuminants and unimproved cameras. With better equipment the boys have learned more. They know how to use their new tools."

Bitzer feels that while the average standard of Hollywood photography is high, unusual photography is achieved only when there is the proper kind of collaboration between cameraman and director. If the director has clear ideas of the visual effects he wants to achieve, if he is certain of the composition, the emphasis and the dramatic quality he wants, his cameraman can become a pliant creative agent, Bitzer feels.

Lighting is something Bitzer seems to take for granted. A man can't take pictures unless he knows how to light up, he feels, but his ideas on lighting-up seem to hew closely to the line of the non-realistic Hollywood tradition. He speaks of it largely in terms of keeping unflattering shadows off the faces of feminine stars. Despite this, it must be remembered that the battle scenes which swept over a vast plain in *The Birth of a Nation* are still among the most realistic ever filmed. It is entirely likely that the contemporary Hollywood cinematographer would find himself at somewhat of a loss if he had to depend as completely on sunlight as did the photographers of Bitzer's early days.

To return to the interdependence of the arts in the motion picture, and the inaccurate legends concerning the origin of the basic components of camera expression. In the first decade of the century, screen stories were extremely simple and the methods of visualizing them were even simpler. Falling into a formula, movie makers discovered all too quickly that the easiest pictures to make and the most salable were those in which love interest predominated. In this connection they were constantly troubled by one fact—the big love scenes appeared and disappeared too abruptly. This was because cutting was then elementary. It consisted simply of splicing sequence to sequence and hoping for the best. To compensate for their inadequate knowledge of cutting everything was tried: soft focusing, gauze screens, whatnot. The first forward step was backlighting, which meant placing the subject between the lens and the source of light. This had always been avoided by cameramen because it meant that the faces of the actors were in shadow and either bad photographs of mere silhouettes would result.

Bitzer relates that on location in Fort Lee one day, while the actors were resting between sequences, Owen Moore and Mary Pickford, who were later married, used the recess for some mild love-making of their own. They happened to be sitting within range of Bitzer's camera, and the playful Billy thought it would be amusing if some scenes of Moore's and Pickford's tender interlude found their way to the screen of the projection room when the day's shooting was done. The blissful couple was between the camera and the sun. There was only one thing for Bitzer to do, turn the crank and shade the lens with his hand.

The little company that sat in the projection room that night got a thrill. Bitzer's trick gave far better results than he expected because the white gravel road at the edge of which Moore and Pickford were sitting, reflected sufficient light to give effective illumination to the faces. Elated by his accidental achievement, he took care to prevent others from thinking it accidental and studied the lighting conditions which made his little stroke possible until he knew how to reproduce them at will. Here was one method of visualizing a love scene different from the drab methods in use. On a second attempt, Bitzer shaded the lens with his cap and part of the cap appeared on the film. H. N. Marvin told Bitzer to "stop fooling around."

Undaunted, Bitzer cut the bottom out of a glue can and made a shade for the lens. When the film was projected it was discovered that the

(*Continued on page* 46)

(Continued from page 30)

corners of the film frames were cut off by the curves of the glue can. The result of the glue can incident was the development of the iris which made possible the fade-in and fade-out. Irises for fading didn't exist then. It was necessary to describe the non-existent device and ask a manufacturer to produce one.

Griffith had long recognized the need for broadening and improving methods of camera expression and Bitzer proceeding from accident to conscious experiment had produced the means.

Like the iris, the close-up and the flash-back came into use as devices by which the director increased the expressiveness of his medium. Griffith often used to complain to Bitzer that there was no way of centering attention on a single individual in the highly dramatic moments of a picture. One early attempt to approximate the close-up consisted of photographing through a gauze screen with a circular opening. The effect was to throw the minor characters into a shadowy haze while the principal actor's face was seen sharply through the opening in the screen. This was quickly abandoned. Filters with clear centers were also tried and found wanting. Finally the fade combined with the close-up gave an effective means of centering attention on the emotions and actions of a single individual in a film.

Even Mary Pickford, who makes no claims in this field, contributed her bit to movie photography, according to Bitzer.

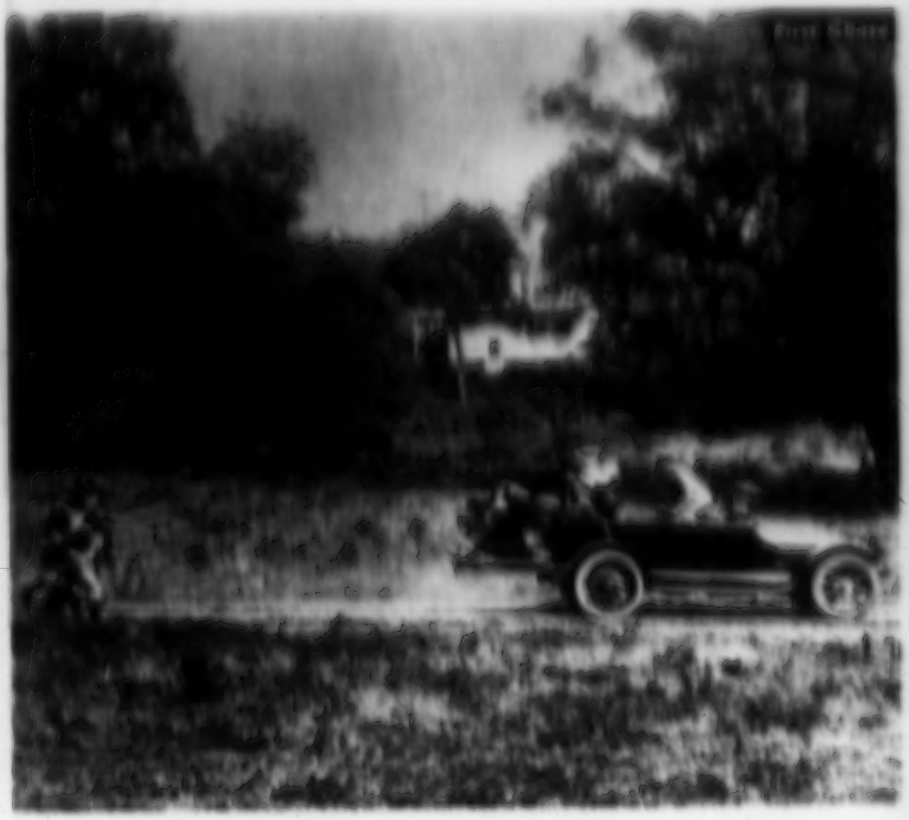
She complained repeatedly that when she went to the movies with her mother to see her pictures, she was discomfited to find that her screen images gave her a ghostly pallor. Bitzer, immersed in other problems, paid scant heed to the complaints of the little girl with the curls. He told her she had seen a bad copy of the film. When she persisted, saying that all the copies gave the same ghost-like effect, Bitzer gave the matter some thought, but Mary herself solved the problem by suggesting that she use darker make-up. Tests proved Mary was right and make-up finally began to receive the detailed attention needed for its development into the highly specialized art which it is today.

"We took our work seriously in those days," Bitzer declares. "We were always experimenting, fooling around, playing with lenses and lights, not because we had any clear idea of what we were after but because we had a vague hope that we would hit on something."

There could be no end and no limit to unplanned striving of this kind because art in the film, if any, was then only one or two short steps ahead of the imperfect and unfamiliar tools at the command of the film makers. Ingenuity in the use of the camera was the measure of film art. It was not merely unschooled taste that led people to regard as art those things which are now dismissed as mere trick photography.

Bitzer, it has been pointed out, hasn't been embittered by his last Hollywood experience. He still hopes to get back into the industry, for he is as good a camerman today as he ever was, if one takes him at his own word. There seems no reason to disbelieve him. But whether his name ever appears on the credit frames of another Hollywood movie or not, the camera will still be Bitzer's great and abiding passion. As long as he can lay hands on a box and a few feet of film he will continue to make pictures.

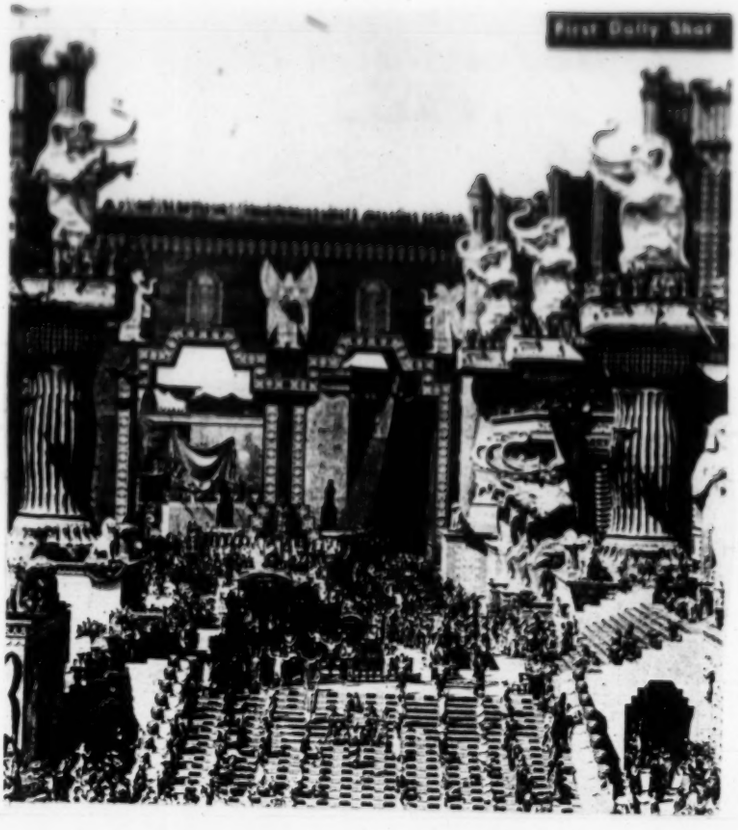
**FIRST CLOSE-UP.** Billy Bitzer and D. W. Griffith were the first to make film close-ups. The picture at extreme lower left, of Mary Pickford in "The New York Hat," is an early example. Before the close-up, the camera was fixed at a distance from the actors, who performed as on the legitimate stage.




**FIRST CHASE.** One of the most familiar elements in early films was the chase, photographed with the camera on a moving platform ahead of the pursuit. Bitzer and Griffith first combined film stories with the chase, as shown in the picture second from the left, below.

**FIRST BACK LIGHTING.** Photographing against the sun was revolutionary, because film was considered inadequate for shooting into such strong light, when Bitzer did it first. He shot Mary Pickford and Owen Moore, then very much in love, sitting on a bench with the sun at their backs. The result was extraordinary and back lighting became common. Below, from "Birth of a Nation."

**FIRST FADE-OUT.** Bitzer discovered the fade-out accidentally. A home-made shutter on his lens, used to round the sharp corners on film, happened to close as a result of vibration. The effect was the fade-out. Bitzer was the first to eliminate static by heating film, with the primitive bicycle lamp shown attached to his camera, second from right below.




**FIRST LONG DOLLY SHOT.** Bitzer devised a travelling tower to take this enormous set for "Intolerance" (~~extreme~~ right). It was the first time a camera travelled from a distance to a close-up.

# There Was a Time When Stars Wouldn't Act Unless Bitzer Turned the Camera Crank

In 1922 Lillian Gish was caught in this pose by the camera of Billy Bitzer in the shooting of Orphans of the Storm.

This tense moment in a scene from The Avenging Conscience the eye of the moviegoer. In this picture the director, David W. man, Mr. Bitzer, are part of the scene whose actions centers on h

In 1914 shows more than met Griffith (left) and the camera- enry B. Walthall.

By DOUGLAS GILBERT,
*World-Telegram Staff Writer.*

Billy Bitzer is past 60 now. It is a long while since he has turned the crank of a camera. He never will again; they don't make 'em. Currenly Mr. Bitzer is helping the Museum of Modern Art prepare their exhibit, opening Wednesday, of the films of David Wark Griffith. A kind of exhibit himself, Mr. Bitzer putters around, fixing up a thing that looks like a boy's mechanical dream, and that turns out to be just the gadget to test the negatives of 1900. For this the modern motion picture machines are useless.

Mr. Bitzer has become used to the what-did-you-say-your-name-was? reaction to him. For 10 years his name hasn't meant a thing in the picture business. In 1929 an executive of a studio sent him out to Hollywood. He was to get $450 a week as a camera man.

After he'd worked two weeks he lined up for his pay check. "Mitchell?" the clerk said, then, "Oh, Bitzer!" And he handed him a check for $75. "We can get a boy to do the work you do," the clerk explained.

So Mr. Bitzer got on an east-bound train and thought about the days, in that same place, too, where, as Mr. Griffith's ace camera man he was rated the No. 1 hpotographer in motion pictures, in demand by the stars themselves, many of whom refused to go on location, as they called it then, if he wasn't shooting.

In those days Mr. Bitzer drew $3500 a week. He wouldn't step out of his hotel room for a third less per week and once refused $2000 a week because he didn't think the company had the dough to pay him. As a matter of fact, they didn't.

**Has Been Through It All.**

Today he is a little deaf and his income tax returns trouble him only for notarization and mailing. But his attitude and contemporary approach are as aimiable as Muenchner once was. What has passed is all exposed film to him and he avidly harks back to the old Griffith silents he made. All phases of a preposterous industry are summed up in his recollections.

Even the stars' salaries were matched. Lillian Gish got—was offered, rather—$500,000 a picture in silent film times. And no one yet, Br. Bitzer says, has computed what Mr. Griffith spent in the two years he took to film Intolerance. Mr. Bitzer arrives at it by comparison. Says the picture cost nearly all the profits of the Birth of a Nation.

The Birth of a Nation, he says, grossed $18,000,000—the all-time top revenue for a film. And it cost, according to his recollection, $110,000 to make, or the trifling charge-off of a tossed-out Goldwyn scene.

**Recalls Problems.**

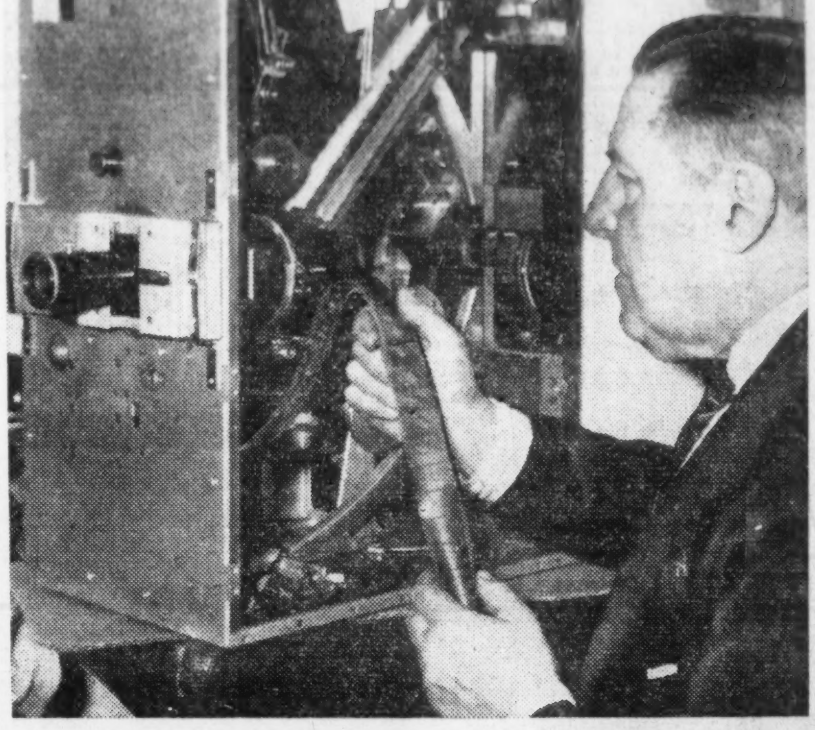
Mr. Bitzer would like to see some of the modern motion picture camera men face the difficulties that were his in shooting the Birth of a Nation.

"You may remember," he said reminiscing today in his Modern Art Museum workroom, "the cavalry charges and how the horsemen leaped into the camera and, apparently, flung themselves out into the audience.

"Well, I made those shots flat on my back in the road, hoping that the inexpert riders who made up the last of the troop and whose eyes were shielded by the disorganized bedsheets they wore as Klansmen were riding horses that knew enough to jump over or sidestep me. Today that would be done with a motor-driven camera operated by remote control.

**Anything to Get Extra Pay.**

"We faced also what you could call today 'occupational' dangers. In those days camera men, good ones, weren't a dime a dozen. So



Today Mr. Bitzer is working on this contrivance, an old-time film camera which he is converting into a projector for showing old films.

World-Telegram Photos by Lynch.

he supers in discharging blanks om their guns would casually hove the muzzles near a camera nan's hand to powder burn it, or areen into him with a horse—nything to disable him and thus lelay the shooting and grab a couple of extra days' pay."

Mr. Bitzer, Boston born, entered notion picture camera work in 896 with the Mutoscope Co., a oncern that manufactured penny-n-the-slot machines for resorts, carnivals and penny arcades. He thinks he made the first, or at any rate, one of the first, newsreel shots—that of the Empire Express rounding Kingsborough curve between Utica and Syracuse.

He was present at the staged picture of William McKinley receiving from the hands of his secretary, the late George B. Cortelyou, a telegram notifying him of his Republican nomination for the Presidency. This was made on Mr. McKinley's front porch at his Canton, Ohio, home.

**At Inauguration.**

Mr. Bitzer also photographed the inauguration of Mr. McKinley for motion picture showing in the vaudevilles of the day when the retiring President Cleveland rode beside the man who, three years later, died of an assassin's bullet in Buffalo.

Mr. Bitzer tied up with Mr. Griffith, or maybe it was the other way 'round, when Mr. Griffith went to Biograph as their top director in 1908. He filmed all of Mr. Griffith's great pictures except Isn't Life Wonderful. The last picture he made with Mr. Griffith was Orphans of the Storm, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut and the late Louis Wolheim.

He says Lillian Gish was the most intelligent and patient star he ever worked with.

Minicam
Photography
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pg. 60

# BILLY BITZER

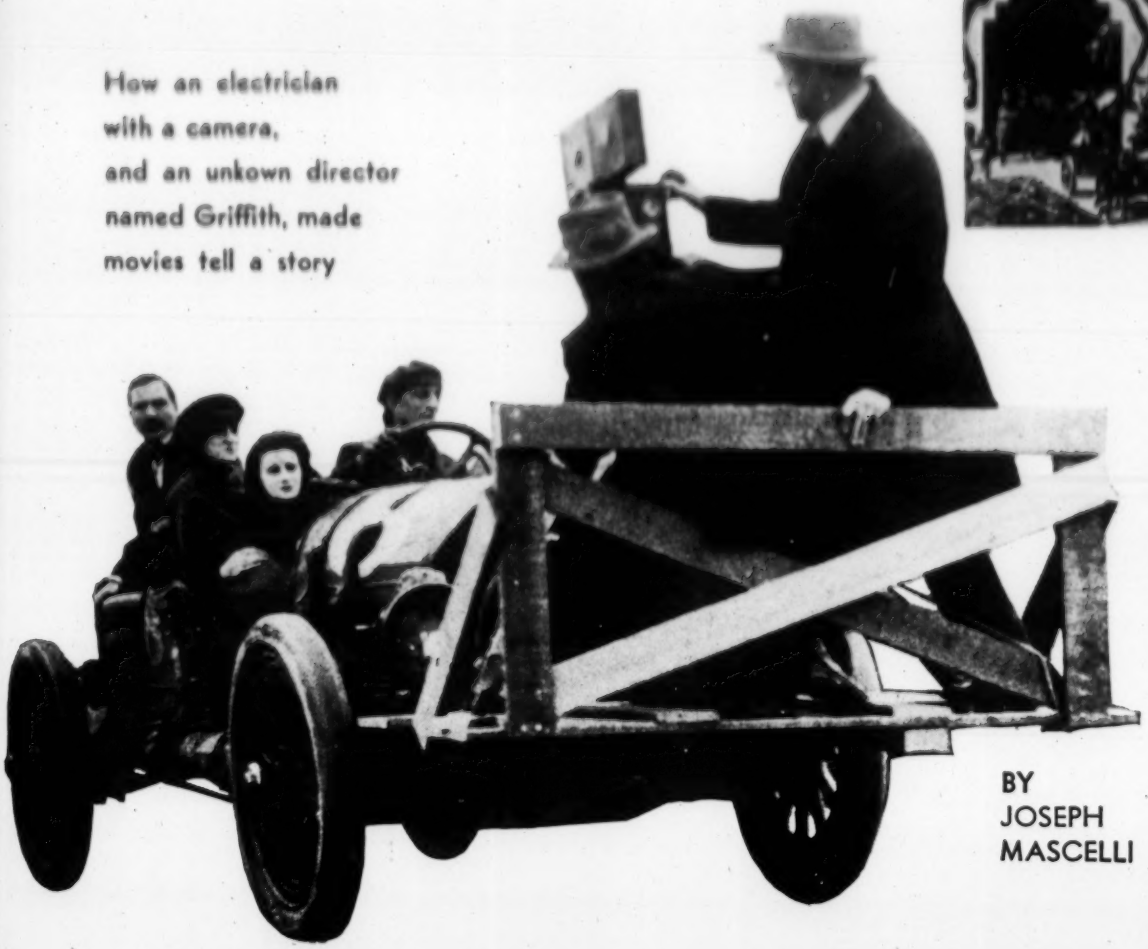
## Hollywood's first ace cameraman

**How an electrician with a camera, and an unkown director named Griffith, made movies tell a story**

BY JOSEPH MASCELLI

Cinematography has come a long, long way in the fifty-odd years since the birth of the motion pictures. The "flickers" of yesteryear, although crude by modern standards, formed the basis of a great industry. Today's films, so technically perfect, so well acted, and so beautifully presented, owe much of their perfection to the early pioneers who made the first "galloping tintypes."

Among the many technicians whose talents are required if the varied worlds of fantasy, drama, comedy and music are to be captured on celluloid, the Director of Photography is perhaps the most important. It is his responsibility to turn a



HOLLYWOOD still speaks with awe of "Intolerance," a D. W. Griffith picture that became the textbook for epic films. Telling four separate stories of prejudice through the ages, the original version required twenty hours projection time. At the left, D. W. Griffith is shown directing one of the scenes for "Intolerance" with Billy Bitzer at the camera. The Feast of Belshazzer, from the same picture (above), was one of the most lavish sets ever filmed. As many as 15,000 people appeared in some scenes. *Photos: Museum Modern Art.*

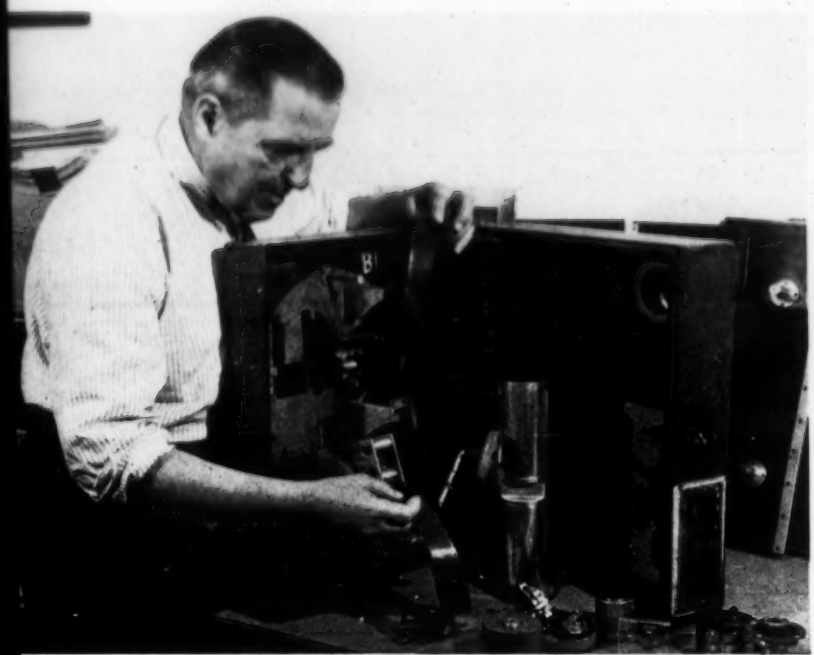
static script into visual motion and to translate everyone else's abstract ideas into images on film.

A master cinematographer is a rare combination of artist and technician. He deals in the highly exact sciences of optics, chemistry and light on one hand, while on the other he is involved with the artistic creation of fine compositions, mood, atmosphere, character and movement. The screen is his canvas; the action of light upon sensitive silver his brush. Today there are many camera aces in Hollywood—men such as James Wong Howe, Bert Glennon, Archie Stout, Ruttenberg, Karl Freund, Joseph Valentine, Ray Renahan, and others.

But only fifty years ago—when the movies were young—there was no such thing as an *expert* cameraman. Anyone who had the price of a camera and could grind a crank an even two revolutions a second was not only a cameraman but a director and producer as well!

There was one man, however, who was destined to become the first master of the movie camera and who's work was to influence those who came after him for many years. He was Biograph's G. W. Bitzer, later to become affectionately known as "Billy" Bitzer and always spoken of in the same breath with D. W. Griffith as the founders of motion picture technique as we know it today. It was Griffith who taught the movies to tell a story. He gave the screen its syntax, developed its powers of suspense, excitement, drama and movement. It was Griffith's dramatic use of the flashback, the close-up, cross-cutting, extreme long shot, trucking shot and the last-minute rescue that first gave the screen the great story-telling potentialities we take for granted today.

A COLD, clunky set and a treasure (above) who made movie history, Billy Bitzer and D. W. Griffith. Below, Billy Bitzer reassembles an old Biograph camera used from 1908 to 1913 (Photo by Eliot Elisofon). Notice the sprocket holes in the film. Blanche Sweet, opposite, emotes for a scene in "The Lonedale Operator," filmed in 1911. Few "still" cameras were used on movie sets in those days. Most publicity shots were blowups from movie frames. *Photos: Museum Modern Art.*



Today we view "Flicker Flashbacks" and laugh hilariously. Surely an earlier age could not have taken these films seriously! They seem so crude—so badly acted and poorly filmed. Yet the industry is founded on these pictures and even today a few early epics stand up remarkably well. It is difficult to properly appreciate these early efforts unless we project ourselves backwards into time and glimpse the workings of a pioneer studio.

The modern amateur cameraman, with even the simplest camera and accessories, is vastly better equipped than the professional of those days. Today's advanced amateur's movie making would have made an old time cameraman green with envy! The first Biograph camera, the Mutograph, actually punched the perforations in the side of the film as the scene was shot. The raw film was supplied unperforated by the manufacturer since the sprocket holes varied in different cameras. All pictures were shot outdoors—even "interiors," which were simply a wall or two or a painted backdrop. Studios made use of a revolving stage which rotated to follow the sun. The camera was locked down in one position so that it took in the entire scene. The view would be the same that a spectator at a play would see if he were seated in the middle of the house. There were no shifts in camera angle or distance. The camera was never panned since it took in the set completely and panning would

mean going past the set! An actor's prime requisite then was the ability to point. If a character could not point with emotion then he was no actor. . . .

Movie cameras did not possess motors, an assortment of lenses on a turret or dissolving shutters. A cameraman could not rely on exposure meters, process backgrounds or optical printers for trick effects. Everything had to be done in the camera. If a dissolve was needed it was made by first fading out, while counting crank turns. Then, with the lens capped, rewinding, once again going forward and fading in. Finders were crude little keyholes that allowed the cameraman to peek through and focus feebly on the back of the film this was before the advent of anti-halation backing. The camera's greatest worry was "static." In cold and dry weather the moving of the film through the gate would create static electricity which appeared on the negative as tiny lightning-like streaks resembling tree branches

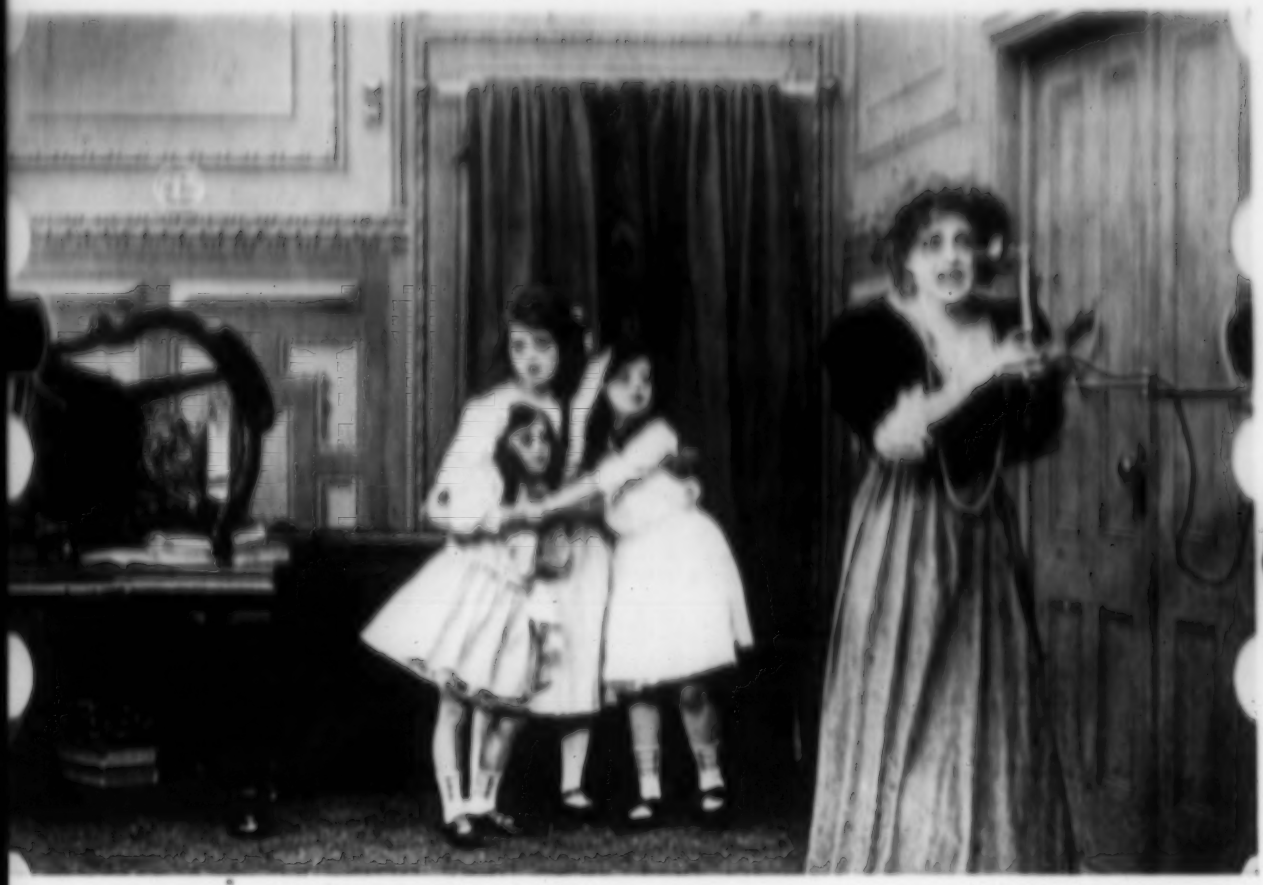
**TWO SCENES from "The Birth of a Nation," filmed in 1914. Billy Bitzer shot the picture with a Pathe camera, a clumsy wooden box with a crank in the back. He had two F:3.5 lenses and a wide-angle objective, but had never heard of such fancy gimmicks as turrets, exposure meters or light filters.** *Photos: Museum Modern Art*

Every cameraman worthy of the name had his own "secret" remedy. Some placed a small alcohol lamp in the camera to create steam and so provide the necessary moisture. In cold weather the heat brought further trouble: condensation on the lens. Some used a metal brush that swept the film or they grounded the camera to the nearest radiator. In the winter the film was buried in the snow overnight so that it would be the same temperature as the camera. Difference in temperature sometimes caused the trouble. The worst thing about static was that the cameraman could not tell when he was getting it and only knew after the negative was developed. It was finally considered licked in 1915 when Eastman developed "X-back" film with a resinous protective coating.

All film then had a habit of scratching very easily, but in spite of being slow and color blind the exposure did not differ greatly from today. The reason was that the developer was practically dynamite and developed a contrasty image that made the term "black and white" rather literal in meaning. The developing solutions in use then would develop modern fast pan emulsions by waving them back and forth over the tank. The fumes would be enough to do the work! Grain was ignored completely as a minor problem not deserving of consideration. There was no such thing as automatic machine processing—film was wrapped on a rack and dipped in large tanks of solutions. The "rack and tank" method was slow, to

BELOW: Mary Pickford and Marion Leonard in a scene from "The Lonely Villa," a Mack Sennett story directed by D. W. Griffith in 1909. Bitzer and Marvin did the shooting for Biograph on this one. Lower right: Richard Barthelmess in a scene from "Broken Blossoms." Griffith was producing (as well as directing) his own pictures by 1919 but Bitzer was still his cameraman.

*Photos: Museum Modern Art.*



say the least, since only 200 feet of film could be racked at one time. In spite of all these limitations the *Biograph* pictures were outstanding in photographic quality for the time. Since their cameras could not be run in reverse, and were thus limited in trick work, Biograph made up for this deficiency by stressing story values and production quality. A physical handicap resulted in achieving a finer product.

G. W. Bitzer started with Biograph in 1896 as an electrician and worked at all types of odd jobs before he became exclusively a cameraman. He helped film the Jeffries-Sharkey fight in 1899 when the old Biograph company made film history by utilizing 400 arc lamps over the ring to shoot the night contest on the slow film then available. The electrical connections were so badly overloaded that Bitzer had to raid the nearest saloon for ice to place on the sizzling plugging boxes and switches! The melting ice sent a steady trickle of hot rain down on the fighters to add to the gory misery.

Griffith joined Biograph in 1908 and Billy Bitzer was assigned to shoot his first directorial effort: *The Adventures of Dollie*. The early collaboration of Griffith and Bitzer is probably the best thing that happened to the early movies. They worked together perfectly — Griffith was the idea man and Bitzer furnished the technical knowledge necessary to realize

on film Griffith's many revolutionary innovations.

Although the movie industry was more than ten years old when Griffith started directing for Biograph, the films being produced were little better than the early "peep-show" films Edison first made for his Kinetoscope. Pictures, at the time, were still less than a reel and if made in two reels were released only a reel at a time. Many subjects were "split-reel"—two or more little episodes on one reel. Griffith, with his many ideas for lengthy subjects and new devices, had tough sledding at first because the powers-that-be frowned on anything radical. However, Biograph was in bad financial status and they were willing to try almost anything.

Movies were shot "off-the-cuff" or improvised on the spot to take advantage of a sudden snow-fall or some particular prop or location that was handy. The more elaborate productions may have been shot from an outline but such a thing as a shooting script was unheard of. There was rarely a second take—if anything went wrong the story was changed to fit the new development. This was a happy nonchalance that permitted both actors and technicians a free scope in their work. Stories consisted of a few related incidents pieced clumsily together to form a narrative.

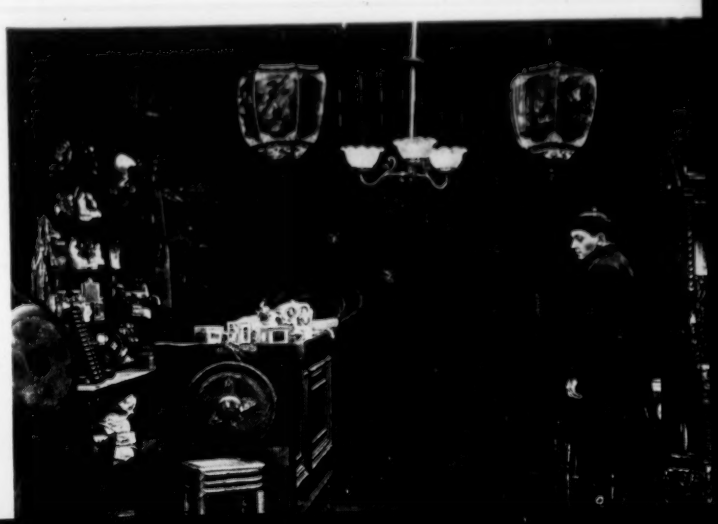
Griffith realized that until films told a complete coherent story and developed character and motivation to logical conclusion, they could never progress beyond their crude beginning. But before he could do this he had to develop the story-telling technique of the movie medium. That is where Billy Bitzer came into the picture.

A characteristic of slow, unbacked film in those days was its distressing way of exaggerating highlights. The halation, or spreading of highlights, could be partially prevented by using a lens hood. Bitzer, while working in his cellar at home, made a make-shift hood from an old glue pot. He took it on location and used it successfully but when the processed film was projected he saw that the corners were cut off in darkness. He had forgotten the fact that closing down his diaphragm had brought the end of the hood into view of his lens. Although Billy was disappointed, Griffith was wild with approval since he thought the effect very artistic which its subtle framing of the scene.

To be able to control the effect more easily and make the result more pronounced a large iris diaphragm from a still camera was added to the hood. A handle was used to control it. It was inevitable that one day the weight of the handle, added to vibration from the running camera, would cause it to close gradually and create the fade-out. Another technical failure, but once again Griffith realized the worth of the device. The final kiss climax of the films could now be given a dignified touch. As Bitzer so aptly put it: "We didn't have a five-cent movie anymore!"

Vignetting the corners of the frame and the fade-out were only the beginning. Bitzer later added gauze mattes to the front of his lens—simply a layer or two of chiffon with a cigarette hole burned in the center. Thus the corners would be soft and the center sharp. Later, graduated translucent celluloid was utilized along with special graduated filters. Also "barn-doors" which cut off the sides of the picture, so as to change the rectangular proportions of the frame, were used. Bitzer's camera became notorious and rival cameramen sent spies, in the guise of extras or bit players, to Biograph to give them detailed descriptions of his latest devices. Billy had to resort to covering his camera

(*Continued on page* 108)



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## Billy Bitzer, Ace Camera Man

(Continued from page 87)

with a cloth between shots to protect his innovations from the opposition. These were the days of fierce competition between the independents and the "Trust" and rivals stopped at nothing to beat their competitors.

Griffith and Bitzer were working well together and in June of 1908, in *The Lonely Villa*, we find the first use of cross-cutting to heighten suspense throughout two sets of parallel scenes. It was here that the first use of the "last minute rescue" appeared. Griffith further developed and experimented with this device in *The Lonedale Operator* in 1911. He was bringing Bitzer's camera closer and closer to the actors in scenes where emotional inter-play or small gestures were important. In *Ramona* he went to the exact opposite and introduced the very long or extreme long shot. Thus new and broader dramatic horizons were opened up for atmosphere and movement. The early confines of the first films with their limited stage was broken and movement was now possible on a vast scale. The motion picture was really beginning to *move!*

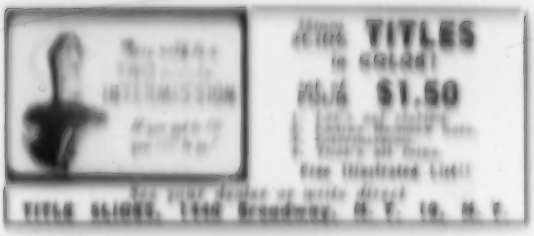
Griffith's films were not only fresh in camera treatment but enhanced by expert cutting. There was a daring and freshness about these early pictures that can still be discerned today when compared with contemporary films. While their rivals were content with merely recording an image, Griffith and Bitzer were creating whole new worlds on film. Together with their hard-working crew they knew they were in the thick of something big, on the edge of new and strange horizons. They were exploring the unknown and their new discoveries and technical successes sometimes baffled and surprised them almost as much as it did their audiences.

All of this early experimenting was leading up to the making of their masterpiece —*The Birth of a Nation*. Griffith decided to sever his ties with Biograph in late 1913

after producing *Judith of Bethulia* — a long, intricate, costly picture. This was the American four-reeler and Griffith's ambitions and plans for future expensive productions frightened his bosses sufficiently to cause them to let him go. It is notable that although Billy Bitzer was recognized at the time as the industry's top cameraman, and had been with Biograph for fourteen years, he had the courage to quit and go to the west coast with Griffith. Billy at first declined to go, although Griffith offered to treble his salary, because he didn't think Griffith's spending of both time and money would keep him going very long as an independent. But he went and the result is film history. The effect of *The Birth of a Nation* on the movie industry and the movie-going public can not be overestimated.

It seems fantastic, in looking back, that such an epic could have been made with one simple camera, a Pathe worth about $300, and with just two lenses. Billy had the standard two-inch F:3.5 lens and a wide-angle objective which were interchangeable. No turrets, remember; he had to unscrew one and screw in the other! The Pathe was a clumsy wooden box with the crank in the back, instead of at the side, and it had no means of positive registration as in modern studio cameras, such as the Mitchell, whose cost runs as high as $18,000, or Technicolor's $40,000 instruments.

Many scenes in *The Birth of a Nation* have been compared in quality with Brady's epic photographs of the Civil War. This resemblance is not entirely accidental. The entire picture was shot in daylight, with the exception of a few night shots lit by flares, on the slow orthchromatis film then available. Although the film was, of course, faster than the emulsions Brady coated on his wet plates, the color sensitivity would be roughly similar. But this alone does not account entirely for the similarity. Bitzer bribed a librarian with a box of candy to allow him to study some actual photographic prints of the famous Civil War collection. Thus Bitzer was the first cameraman to research his



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material and create a definite photographic style to fit the subject and make for greater authenticity.

*The Birth of a Nation* was the turning point of the motion picture industry — it was now Big Business. The movies were now accepted by even the severest critics as a new art form. They were no longer shunned by the Theater and the public as something degrading. *The Birth of a Nation* blended melodrama, heart throbs and romance with big mob scenes of armies fighting and masked horsemen dashing through the night and it was acted, directed and photographed in a manner hitherto unknown to the screen.

Bitzer's camera work is noted particularly for his daring lighting. Working in an era when motion picture lighting consisted of enough sunlight to flood the scene so that a recognizable image could be recorded, it is remarkable that he had the courage to so brazenly break the rules. Under anyone less than Griffith he wouldn't have dared to try such innovations as back-lighting, with reflectors to fill in the shadow side. These were not "hard" polished metal or tin foil reflectors but "soft" cloth ones casting a subdued fill light that was hardly noticeable as reflected light but was sufficient to bring out the shadows. Considering the contrast range of his slow ortho negative, it is amazing that he was able to record such subtle effects. Bitzer even went to the extreme of allowing light to fall directly on the lens if that was the only way to get what Griffith desired!

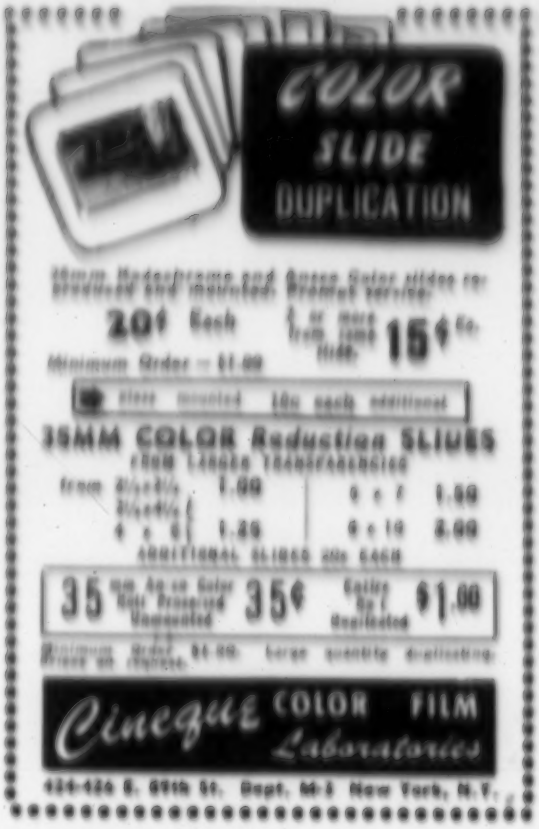
Hollywood still speaks of Griffith's *Intolerance* with awe — its massive sets, its tremendous crowds, its extravagance of both money and film have rarely, if ever, been surpassed. In this attack on prejudice and cruelty Griffith tells four parallel stories of injustice throughout the ages. The film is an epic sermon which took two years to produce. Architecturally, the sets for *Intolerance* were far more pretentious and costly than those of any other film up to that time. Gigantic plaster elephants rose a hundred feet above street level; the towering buildings of Babylon stretched, a

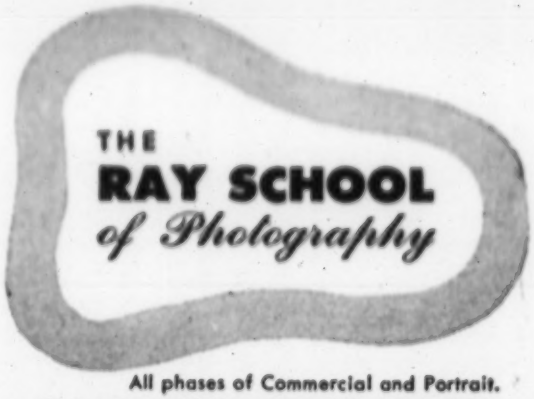
profile of ancient Asia, across the sky. Thousands of horses and sheep grazed along the green enclosures, while hundreds of fighting men, their swords and helmets flashing in the brilliant sunlight, mingled with the vast crowds. As many as 15,000 people were filmed by Bitzer's camera in certain key shots. It seemed as though the entire population of Los Angeles had turned out to take part in the various pageants and mighty rushing armies.

Although *Intolerance* was never a popular success, it is of extreme importance in cinema history. It is a model of fine cinematography and expert editing. Its magnitude and complexity influenced motion picture making in both America and Europe for many years to come. *Intolerance* became the textbook by which all future epic films were produced.

Much of the camera technique and cutting was copied by the Germans and the Russians and re-introduced in their epic pictures years later. This has led to the erroneous idea that they developed much in the way of new camera angles, camera movement and fast cutting. Griffith did all there was to do, said all there was to say—what came later was merely repetitious. *Intolerance* reached the incredible length of eighty reels (twenty hours' projection time!) and cost approximately two million dollars. It was finally released in twelve reels. This sheer spectacle type of picture was not to be seen again until years later when C. B. DeMille became the producer best known for this kind of screen fare.

The modern amateur movie maker could well take a tip from the notebooks of Billy Bitzer and achieve a finer quality in his home movies if he would but substitute clear thinking, imagination, experimentation, and clever ideas for a battery of lenses and needless gadgets. After all, it is the way the camera is used that counts. It is what is placed on the film—the ideas and thought that the cameraman puts into his cinematography and not how fancy his equipment is—that really makes the difference. Make the handicap of less pretentious equipment a challenge to your im-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agination. Remember that the motion picture is a medium to tell a story and that the camera is only a tool used in the process.

So much of what Bitzer put on film has been absorbed into routine motion picture technique that it is difficult to properly appreciate his many contributions. In their day they were a new kind of story-telling magic that established the Motion Picture as an art form, ushered in the Golden Age of the Cinema and made the American movie the world's most popular and best loved entertainment.

## Candids In The Dark

(Continued from page 87)

ordering addresses appears at the end of this article.

Dissolve the gelatine in 600 c.c. of the water. Then dissolve each dye in a separate container, using about 77 c.c. of water for each dye. Add a little of the gelatine solution to each dye solution, and also add gelatine to the glycerine. Then add the eosin to the rest of the gelatine solution, followed by the other dyes in the order named in the formula. Add enough water to bring the total volume up to one liter. If necessary, filter the solution through two layers of muslin and allow to stand overnight.

When the solution is mixed and you are ready to coat the bulbs, heat the solution to about 95° F. Dip each bulb twice, or until the sun can just be see through the bulb. Then let the bulbs dry for 24 hours before use.

If you are lucky enough to get a few factory-coated bulbs, the dye on them can be made to serve for several shots. Save the bulb after firing it, and scrape the coating off. Dissolve the scrapings in enough acetone to make a syrupy solution, and dip the plain bulb in it just as if it were the mixed coating solution. It will probably take more dippings to get the same coating of dye than it would take with the mixed solution, but the end result will be the same.

Guide numbers are used to determine

# Billy Bitzer

**Photographs by courtesy Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences**

**by JOSEPH V. MASCELLI**

Cinematography has come a long, long way in the sixty-odd years since the birth of the motion picture. The *flickers* of yesteryear, although crude by modern standards established the basis of a new art form and a great industry. Today's wide-screen films, so technically perfect, brilliantly photographed, well acted, beautifully mounted and presented, owe much of their perfection to the primitive pioneers who filmed the first *galloping tintypes*.

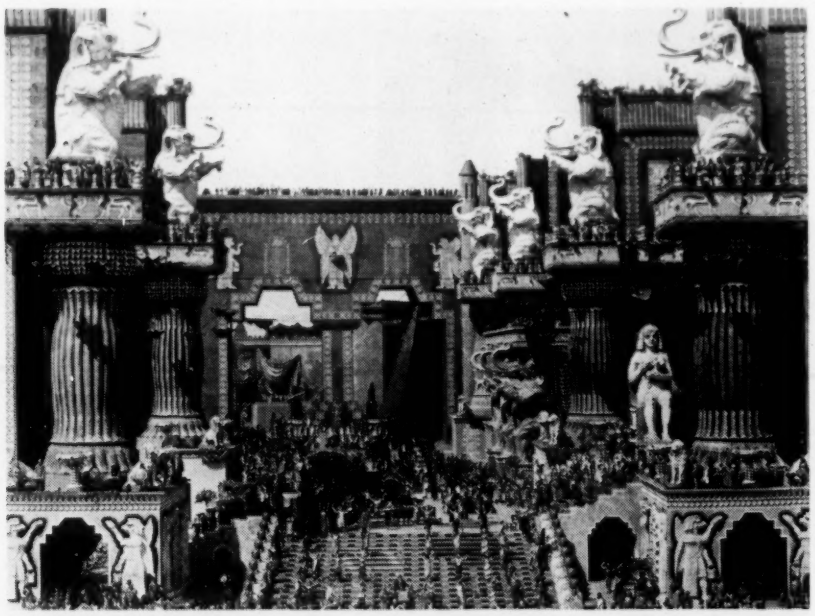
Among the many technicians whose talents are required if the varied worlds of fantasy, drama, comedy, adventure and music are to be captured for the pleasure of millions of movie goers, the director of photography is without a doubt the most important. It is his responsibility to turn a static script into visual motion and to translate everyone's abstract ideas into concrete images on film. The work of the writer, director, scenic and make-up artists, and all of the other workers intimately connected with the production go for naught if the cinematographer can not complement and enhance their labors with his skillful handling of the motion picture camera.

A master cinematographer is that rare combination of artist and technician. He deals in the highly exact sciences of optics, chemistry, electronics, mechanics and light on the one hand, while on the other he is involved with the artistic creation of beautiful compositions, atmosphere, mood, character and movement. The screen is his canvas, the action of light upon sensitive silver his brush. Today there are many camera ace's in Hollywood and other motion picture centers throughout the world.

But sixty years ago, when the movies were young, there was no such thing as an expert cameraman. Anyone who had the price of a camera and could turn the crank an even two revolutions a second was not only a cameraman but a director and producer as well! There was one man, however, who was destined to become the first master of the movie camera and whose work was to influence all others for many years. He was Biograph's G. W. Bitzer, later to become affectionately known as "Billy" Bitzer and always spoken of in the same breath with D. W. Griffith as the founders of motion picture technique as we know it today. It was Griffith who taught the movies to tell a story. He gave the screen its syntax, developed its powers of suspense, excitement, drama and movement. It was Griffith's dramatic use of the flashback, the close-up, cross-cutting, extreme long shot, trucking shot and the last minute rescue that first gave the screen the great storytelling potentialities we take for granted today.

Today we view "Flicker Flashbacks" and other silent films on TV and laugh hilariously. Surely, an earlier age could not have taken movies seriously! They seem so crude—so badly acted and poorly filmed. Yet the industry is founded on these pictures and even today a few early epics stand up remarkably well. It is difficult properly to appreciate these pioneer efforts unless we project ourselves backwards into time and look into the strange workings of a primitive movie studio.

The modern amateur cameraman, with even the simplest camera and accessories, is vastly better equipped than the professional of those days. The first Biograph camera, the Mutograph, actually punched the perforations in the side of the film as the scene was shot. The raw film was supplied unperforated by the manufacturer since the sprocket holes varied in different cameras. All pictures were shot outdoors—even "interiors" which were simply a flimsy wall or two or a painted backdrop. Studios were out in the open or on roof tops equipped with a revolving stage which rotated to follow the sun. The camera was locked down in one position so that it took in the entire scene. The view would be the same that a spectator at a play would see if he were seated in the middle of the house. There were no shifts in camera angle or distance. The camera was never panned since it took in the set completely and



**"Intolerance" became the textbook for future films.**

**Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess in "Broken Blossoms."**

panning would mean going past the set! An actor's prime requisite then was the ability to point. If a character could not point with emotion—then he was no actor.

Movie cameras did not possess electric motors, an assortment of lenses on a turret, rack-over focusing or dissolving shutters. A cameraman could not rely on exposure meters, process backgrounds or optical printers for trick effects. Everything had to be done in the camera. If a dissolve was needed it was made by first fading out by gradually closing the diaphragm while counting crank turns. Then, with the lens capped, rewinding, then once again going forward and fading in. Finders were crude little keyholes that allowed the cameraman to peek through and focus feebly on the back of the film—this was before the advent of anti-halation backing. The cameramen's greatest worry was *static*. In cold and dry weather the moving of the film through the gate would create static electricity which appeared on the negative as tiny lightning-like streaks resembling tree branches. Every cameraman worthy of the name had his own "secret" remedy. Some placed a small alcohol lamp in the camera to create steam and so provide the necessary moisture. In cold weather the lamp's heat brought further trouble; condensation on the lens. Some used a metal brush that swept the film, or they grounded the camera to the nearest radiator. In the winter the film was buried in the snow overnight so that it would be the same temperature as the camera. Difference in temperature sometimes caused the trouble. The worst thing about static was that the cameraman could not tell when he was getting it and only knew *after* the negative was developed. It was finally considered licked in 1915 when Eastman introduced "X-back" film with a resinous coating.

All film then had a habit of scratching very easily, but in spite of being slow and color blind the outdoor exposure did not differ greatly from today. The reason was that the developer was practically dynamite and developed a contrasty image that made the term "black and white" rather literal in meaning. The developing solutions in use then would develop our modern ultra fast pan emulsions simply by waving them over the tank! The fumes would be enough to do the work. Grain was ignored completely as a minor problem not deserving of consideration. There was no such thing as automatic machine processing; film was wrapped on a rack and dipped in large tanks of solutions. The "rack and tank" method was slow, to say the least, since only 200 feet of film could be racked at one time. In spite of all these limitations the Biograph pictures were outstanding in photographic quality for the time. Since their cameras could not be run in reverse, and were thus limited in trick work, Biograph made up for this deficiency by stressing story values and production quality. A mechanical handicap thus resulted in achieving a finer product.

Birth of a Nation."

"Broken Blossoms."

G. W. Bitzer started with Biograph in 1896 as an electrician and worked at all types of odd jobs before he became a cameraman exclusively. He helped film the Jeffries-Sharkey fight in 1899 when the old Biograph company made film history by utilizing 400 arc lamps over the ring to shoot the night contest on the slow ortho film then available. The electrical connections were so badly overloaded that Bitzer had to raid the nearest saloon for ice to place on the sizzling plugging boxes and switches! The melting ice sent a steady trickle of hot rain down on the fighters to add to the gory misery.

Griffith joined Biograph in 1908 and Billy Bitzer was assigned to shoot his first directorial effort: *The Adventures of Dollie*. The collaboration of Griffith and Bitzer is probably the best thing that happened to the early movies. They worked together perfectly—Griffith was the idea man and Bitzer furnished the technical knowledge necessary to portray on film Griffith's many revolutionary innovations.

Griffith realized that until films told a complete coherent story and developed character and motivation to logical conclusion, they could never progress beyond their crude beginning. But before he could do this he had to develop the story-telling technique of the movie medium. That is where Billy Bitzer came into the picture.

A characteristic of slow, unbacked film in those days was its distressing way of exaggerating highlights. This halation, or spreading of highlights, could be partially prevented by using a lens hood. Bitzer, while working in his cellar at home, made a make-shift hood from an old glue pot. He took it on location and used it successfully but upon seeing the processed film projected he found that the corners were cut off in darkness. He had not noticed that closing down his diaphragm had brought the end of the hood into view of his lens. Although Billy was disappointed, Griffith was wild with approval since he thought the effect very artistic with its subtle framing of the scene.

To be able to control the effect more easily, and make the result more pronounced, a large iris diaphragm from a still camera was added to the hood. A handle was used to control it. It was inevitable that one day the weight of the handle, added to vibration from the running camera, would cause it to close gradually and create the fade-out. Another technical failure, but once again Griffith realized the worth of the device. The final kiss climax of the films could now be given a dignified touch. As Bitzer so aptly put it: "We didn't have a five-cent movie anymore!"

*(To be concluded in December Issue)*

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*G. W. (Billy) Bitzer was president of Local 644, New York, and he believed that cameramen could better serve the industry and help themselves by organizing into a union. With this conviction he undertook the organization of cameramen on the West Coast and organized Local 659.*

International photographer

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to make a completely new technique conform to the 40-year-old Mitchell operation. Isn't this like trying to turn back the clock, Mr. Mohr? Would you have us junk our cars and go back to the horse and buggy so that your position in the industry could not be jeopardized?

Both you gentlemen I'm sure would have raised your voices in protest if someone had told you 10 years ago that it was not possible for you to do any number of things that today are taken for granted in the film industry. So it is with videotape, we know it's here to stay and only a matter of time before it gets as good as or better than 35mm film. We're not three-headed monsters, Mr. Mohr, just good television cameramen who for the moment have bewildered you because you do not understand our technique. But we do believe we deserve a place in the progress of the entertainment industry as well as your Billy Bitzers, etc.

It's nice to look back, but it seems rather foolish to try slamming the door in the face of progress because it looks to you like a three-headed monster.

Respectfully yours,
John B. Kipp—Television camera operator, Local 659.

---

Mr. Joseph V. Mascelli
c/o International Photographer
Dear Mr. Mascelli:

I have read your series of articles in the International Photographer with great interest.

I first met Billy Bitzer when the Biograph Company filmed a comedy in front of our house on one of the canals at Venice, California. I think it was in 1911.

Mary Pickford, Billy Quirk and Mack Sennett were the principals and with Mary in a canoe, the plot called for Mack Sennett to fall into the water, which was not exactly his idea of a pleasant afternoon.

I was operating an experimental radio telephone station in Venice under the direction of Dr. Lee de Forest, and I was quite impressed with the importance of my work, but when this motion picture company started to shoot scenes practically in my front yard, I entered a new and glamourous world.

There was something about this big Biograph camera and the man behind it that fascinated me and I brought out my photo album with my best #2 Brownie pictures to show him. In spite of the excitement and confusion of the occasion it is a commentary on Bitzer's nature that he took time to look at my pictures and give me some advice. He also showed me how the "static lamp" on the Biograph camera worked. From that day on I never missed a Biograph picture, and some of them had truly great photography.

Somehow some of the interest had gone out of my wireless job and a few years later, when Griffith and Bitzer had left the Biograph to make pictures for the Majestic-Reliance Company at 4500 Sunset Blvd. I hastened to renew the aquaintance. By this time I considered myself a cameraman, but it never occurred to me to ask for a picture to do. I knew I wasn't in the same league with John Leezer, Karl Brown, Billy Fildew, and other cameramen working on the lot.

But I used to stand around the camera (there were no fences around the lot at first) and help Bitzer occasionally, trying to make an iris out of the bottom of a 400 ft. film can, etc. For this he would give me twenty dollars at irregular intervals, usually a twenty dollar gold piece.

A boyhood friend of mine, Hugh Gwynne, took a job in the lab and we would meet at night and talk over everything we had seen or heard during the day. We couldn't have been more concerned if we had been the producers.

"The Avenging Conscience" with Henry Walthall was one of the pictures and Griffith thought that the robes of the flying angels should blow in the wind instead of hanging limply as the angels hung on wires. I suggested that big power fans would do the trick, and arranged to rent them. I was the hero of the situation until the motors were hooked up and the angels were almost pulled into the fans. We had rented suction fans instead of blowers, but fortunately the motors were reversible and it turned out all right.

When the battle scenes for The Clansman were being shot, the Pathe camera would be out in the sun all day. The film would curl and get out of contact with the gate, and it was thought that the heat would warp the wooden magazines.

Here was our chance to help. Gwynne and I worked all night and made a metal water jacket that would fit over the magazines. Metal ties 1 ½" wide and 1 2" apart gave it a professional look. We were proud of it. Then the sudden thought—suppose it should leak and ruin the film and the camera? We filled it with water. Good—no leaks. But when full of water it was very heavy. No one in their right mind would put anything this heavy on a camera. But it looked impressive and we had collected $40.00 in advance from Bitzer, so there was nothing to do but drain the water and deliver it to him.

All day long I hung around the lot waiting for reports that the tripod had collapsed or something. When the tired troupe returned to the Studio after sundown from the battle scenes, Bitzer's greeting was nominal, so I ventured: "Did you try the water jacket" He said yes, it worked fine. "How about the weight?" Bitzer said the weight was the best part of it. It helped keep the camera steady.

One time Billy showed me how he made fades on his Pathe by slowly closing the lens diaphragm. As the 2" Heliar lens did not close all the way out it was necessary to speed up the cranking to complete the fade.

Shortly after this I had a chance to try it for myself. The director didn't know how to end the picture, and I suggested that he have a chase where all the characters jumped off a pier into the lake and I would make the scene fade out. A rousing finish. My lens wouldn't stop down much past f:11, but I would make it up by very fast cranking.

All went well—no buckles—everything fine. But when we ran the film the finish was a dud. The picture darkened somewhat and the actors seemed to lose all their enthusiasm for the chase and slowly floated off the end of the pier. I was too downhearted to realize that I had created one of the earliest examples of slow motion.

Much later Bitzer gave me a camera mechanism that he had built to get around the Motion Picture Patents Co. monopoly. The film moved continuously and the lens moved down with the film, and then popped up when the shutter was closed. This was repeated every frame. Billy thought I might be able to refine the mechanism and make it practical.

I left it in a camera shop when I went on location for two months and when I returned, the Sheriff had attached the camera shop and there was no trace of the things I had left there. If this should turn up somewhere it might make an interesting

*(See bottom of facing page)*

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### new high-speed process for movie film

*(From the New York Times, June 7, 1959)*

A revolutionary high-speed process for developing movie film was demonstrated last week at Roosevelt Raceway, where the first commercial application of the process will be made later this summer. In the demonstration an apparatus called the Cine Speed Instant Film Processor was attached to the back of a Maurer 16mm camera.

Within seconds after the filming of a dance sequence with the camera, the fully developed movie of the performance was projected on a television screen. The film processor was introduced by the J. A. Maurer Company of Long Island City, the inventor, and Cine Speed, Inc., of Westbury, L. I., the distributor.

Although for the amateur moviemaker the device is not likely to be anything more than an interesting curiosity, at least for the present, some hope was expressed that the device might be adaptable to the amateur field in the future. Already, the Instant Processor has been scaled down in size several times in the course of perfecting the design, and there was a possibility that even the demonstrated hand-made model could be made smaller.

This new technical achievement is made possible by instantaneous development of

**Cine Speed Instant Film Processor attached to the back of a Maurer 16mm camera.**

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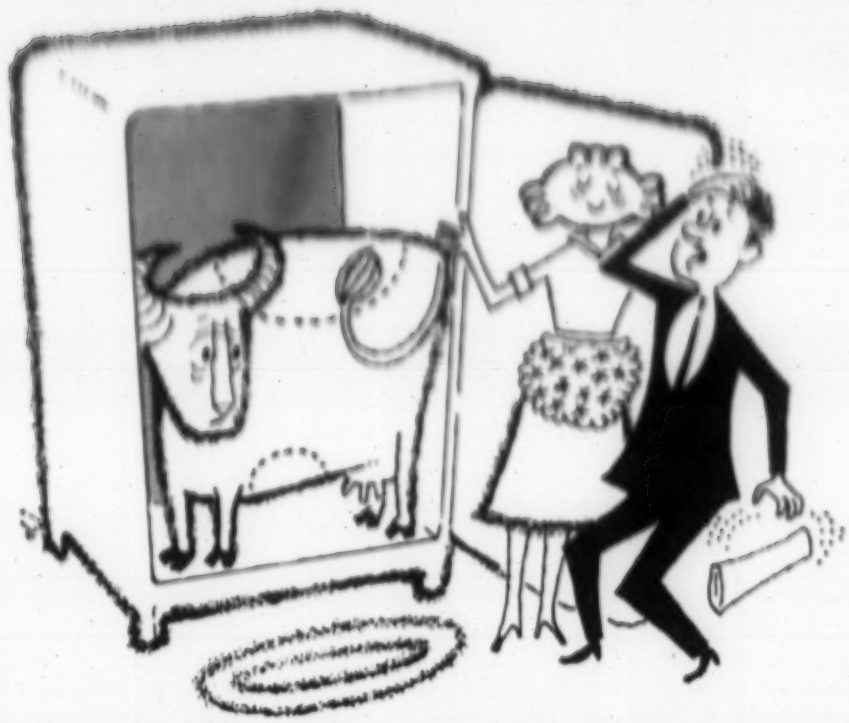
exhibit for the motion picture museum.

It was a pleasure to see H. Lyman Broening's name in connection with one of your recent articles. I didn't know him very well, but I followed his work closely. It was always of the highest quality and we learned a lot from him.

Hugh Gwynne was the negative developer on "The Four Horsemen" with Valentino, a landmark in obtaining beautiful gradation, and now owns the Video Film Laboratories in New York.

Hoping I haven't bored you too much with the above.

Best regards
Joseph B. Walker

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# Looking Backward To Billy Bitzer

**by KARL A. BARLEBEN**

The present-day maker of motion pictures cannot fully appreciate the remarkable strides that have been made in cinematography over the years without reviewing the past, the early days when silent movies were in full bloom, so to speak, and making comparison between then and now. This point was forcibly brought to my attention the other evening while I was idly thumbing through some old and long-forgotten magazine articles I had written many years ago; in the early thirties, to be specific.

One article especially attracted my notice, perhaps because I had only recently been reading Homer Croy's latest book on movies titled *The Star Maker*, which outlines the life story of the fabulous movie director David Wark Griffith. This particular article, which appeared in the December 1931 issue of *American Photography* magazine (page 654, Vol. XXV, No. 12) under the departmental heading "The Cine Amateur" which I wrote as a column feature for *American Photography* for more than six consecutive years, was devoted to Griffith's ace . . . and now legendary . . . cameraman, Billy Bitzer.

It seems that I had had several talks with Billy prior to the writing of the article referred to, during which he showed me some specimen strips of the huge, crude movie film with odd, rounded sprocket-holes he had used in his very earliest days, along with some of his clips of 35mm standard-size film which was subsequently accepted universally by and in the industry. My article reported on Billy's comments about the past and the then-present, and he gave me several photos of himself and Griffith. One of these I reproduced in the article; it showed Bitzer and Griffith standing in the snow (in New York) with Billy's old, battered Pathe camera between them. It was perhaps one of the best likenesses of both men I have thus far seen of the many to be published.

But the interesting thing, to me at least, about this picture was the bicycle lamp that was attached to Bitzer's camera. During the interviews I asked Billy what on earth a bicycle lamp was doing on his camera, and he explained that in those days, especially in cold weather, the film would pick up static markings going through a wooden camera unless means were taken to overcome it. The lighted lamp tended to keep the camera sufficiently warm to avoid the disfiguring static markings which took the form of lightning-like zig-zag streaks. This problem bothered cameramen in those days. Eastman's contribution was to develop a special coating on the back of the film called "X-Back" which helped materially to insulate the film from the static in cold weather.

Bitzer's old Pathe camera was in its day typical of the type then used professionally by most of the film studios. Made of wood, leather covered, it had a crank at the rear instead of at the side. Two separate square, wooden film magazines were located on top of the box. It was, according to today's standards, crude and primitive, yet this was the camera Bitzer used to shoot most of the famous Griffith classics of the time like *The Birth of a Nation*, *'Way Down East*, *Broken Blossoms*, *Intollerance*, *Orphans of the Storm*, etc. With it, Bitzer also developed and improved the many photographic tricks and effects which were later to become routine in film production and which have made Bitzer a truly historical figure in the film industry. Pathe was among the pioneers in films; the firm Pathe Freres having been founded by Charles Pathe in 1895. In films Pathe today is represented chiefly by the Pathe 16mm camera in the United States, which exhibits many major and significant features and advances in design, including a unique reflex focusing through the lens method that does not flicker when the camera is running.

With the development of all-metal cameras and their grounded, insulated design, the need for static-prevention of the film gradually disappeared, along with "X-Back" film. But static was a real problem in the old silent days, for it was unpredictable and could ruin costly scenes. That was only one of the problems the old-timers had. Chances are very few cameramen today remember "X-Back" film. Of course you can create static marks on film deliberately today by "cinching" the film prior to or after exposure but before development, but essentially this problem no longer exists with modern films and cameras.

It is also surprising to realize that the

(*Continued on Page* 64)

## BITZER

(Continued from Page 61)

famous Griffith films were photographed, for the most part, through a single lens! Billy Bitzer's Pathe camera functioned without benefit of a lens turret carrying a battery of lenses; something that is today regarded as an absolute necessity. Yet witness the results Billy achieved with his worn (it was literally held together with rubber bands and tape) camera equipped with a single 50mm f. 1.5 lens. What he lacked in equipment he made up for in ingenuity, inventiveness and sheer skill.

Another thing the old-timers had to worry about was their film, which then was a far cry from what it is today. It was slow, according to modern standards, non-panchromatic, and lacking in consistency of quality we now take for granted. Color, too, as we know it, was still a dream and being experimented with. Lenses were also slow, the usual top speed being f. 3.5. This meant plenty of illumination (originally mercury vapor lamps for studio work) . . . or no picture. Now we have ultra-fast optics that are coated, fully color-corrected and based on optical formulas and made of rare-earth glasses that were completely unheard of in the old days.

Cameras had to be hand-cranked, eight frames per turn. It was mandatory that the cameraman train his right hand to move the crank two complete revolutions per second (silent 16-frames per second speed) with considerable accuracy and constancy, otherwise he would get a fluctuation in density from frame to frame on the developed film. Today, with spring or electric motors to drive the camera mechanism, it is no trick at all to obtain perfect, uniformly-exposed film.

Tremendous strides have been made during the past thirty years, to be sure, yet witness the wonderful results the old-timers secured with their primitive equipment and film. This tends to point up the fact that, as with so many other things, it is the individual and his skill rather than the equipment, that counts! Today's finest and most modern and automatic equipment cannot be made the most of if the user has only a hazy idea as to its function and utility. Harking back to the old days may seem a bit of "old hat" to many, nevertheless we can learn many valuable lessons by surveying the past and profiting thereby. I sometimes think that perhaps our modern equipment and methods are inclined to make us lazy and careless . . . and our minds inactive. Rarely do we utilize them to their fullest possibilities. I have often wondered what marvelous things Billy Bitzer might have done had he had access to our modern equipment; considering all he did with the simple materials he had at his disposal in his era.

## Father and Son Affair

**Norman Alley (on right), master of ceremonies at the 10th annual Radio and Television News Club of Southern California, presents his father Dexter Alley, KRCA-TV, with a "Golden Mike" award for best news film coverage.**

Even so, despite his very real genius for cinematography, Billy Bitzer, although famous during his lifetime, died penniless in New York. Mary Pickford, hearing of his plight, rushed to the hospital and paid his bills . . . and for his funeral. You see, Billy was Mary Pickford's first cameraman when she came to work for Griffith as a young girl.

And, oh yes . . . what was my contact with Billy? When I knew him, I was teaching cinematography at the New York Institute of Photography, and he came up to visit me several times at the school to . . . of all things . . . interest me in joining the then-forming cameraman's union . . . at an initiation fee of five dollars! The union was another of his contributions to the industry.

## New TV Technique May Produce Zoom Camera

Taylor, Taylor & Hobson of Leicester, a Division of Rank Precision Industries, Ltd., has announced its new Zoom Lens for Image Orthicon Television Cameras. The versatility of this new lens in comparison with those previously available is increased by its very wide focal range of 2 to 60 inches and it is therefore suitable for all types of Broadcast Television. Its design was only made possible by the incorporation of aspheric optical components.

It has taken 18 years to develop machine tools and techniques capable of repetitive quantity production of aspheric surfaces to accuracies of profile equal to those normally produced on high grade spherical lens surfaces (i.e. within 1/100,000 inch).

The lens should be of value in the development of Zoom Cameras. The ability to position the lens system within the body of the camera will reduce bulk and improve operational characteristics. Other advantages will arise from the application of the new lens to color television techniques. Production has already started at Leicester.

## SMPTE Convention

The 87th semi-annual convention and equipment exhibit of the SMPTE will be held in Los Angeles May 1-7. The convention theme will be new techniques for films, television and videotapes.

An important announcement from SMPTE President Norwood L. Simmons is that a distinguished guest speaker, Krafft A. Ehricke, of Convair Astronautics, will deliver an address at the Evening Session of Space Age Motion Pictures. He is expected to speak on "Photoreconnaissance of Our Solar System."

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VARIETY-
JUNE 2, 1971

Publicist Al Sherman is seeking any printed material, anecdotes, blurb, etc. on cameraman Billy Bitzer for his work in progress, "Billy Bitzer: The Man Behind D. W. Griffith." Address P.O. Box 9, N.Y. City 10023.

From Akerkay

Two valuable new film books, related to each other, come from Farrar, Straus and Giroux. First is an autobiography: *Billy Bitzer: His Story*. Bitzer was one of the first American cameramen, who was working in films a dozen years before D. W. Griffith, was Griffith's collaborator through the whole Biograph period from 1908 to 1913, went to Hollywood with Griffith, then back with him to Mamaroneck. He worked steadily with Griffith until 1924 and sporadically with him thereafter.

This manuscript was written in 1939 (Bitzer died in 1944) and has now been edited unobtrusively, just for style, and published. The book tells us some things we didn't know before, and even when it covers familiar material does so with a presence and from a point of view that extend the subject. When he began with the American Mutoscope Company (forerunner of Biograph), Bitzer was projectionist as well as cameraman. His account of how he operated the seven-foot-tall, coffin-shaped projector at the first Mutoscope theatrical exhibition in New York, in 1896, is like a combination of Rube Goldberg and W. C. Fields at his most harried. After two pages of description of the huge clumsy apparatus, which kept both his hands constantly busy, Bitzer says, "If [the film] tried to creep toward the edge of the feeder pulley, I would give it a push back with my forehead or nose."

Newsreel, or documentary, work was his first major assignment, and he gives a vivid little sketch of his visit to Canton, Ohio, to photograph McKinley receiving the notification of his presidential nomination. Later he rode in a police van in the inaugural parade, shooting film.

Bitzer gives some technical details of his experiments and innovations as the years went on, and also describes the accidents that led to his discovery of the iris shot and soft focus. He supplies lots of color about the periphery of filmmaking in those days (lunches and transportation and favorite bars), together with some data on his personal life. And he also adds to what we know of Griffith's personal life from Mrs. Griffith's *When the Movies Were Young* and Lillian Gish's autobiography.

One carping note: Bitzer's text is not long; there are many illustrations. Couldn't some of the better-known photographs have been omitted so the book could have been priced at less than $10?

Along with Bitzer's book the same firm is publishing *Biograph Bulletins 1908-1912*. These bulletins were broadsides printed to advertise the films—to distributors, principally; each one has a photo and a plot synopsis.

This large book (8¾ × 11½; $30) contains 457 bulletins, plus addenda, a complete set dating from Griffith's first film, *The Adventures of Dollie*. And there is an added feature, noted by Eileen Bowser in her introduction. For this book the publisher used the set (one of the few complete ones) owned by the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art in New York—the set annotated by Billy Bitzer when he worked there in 1939-40. In the early Biograph days, actors were not identified in films, and Bitzer went through this set scrawling in names on the pictures as he remembered them, or thought he did. Many omissions and some (admitted) mistakes, but it's nice to have a set commented on by the cameraman who made the films. Essential for film libraries and scholars.

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# New Books

## BILLY BITZER HIS STORY

*by G. W. Bitzer. Introduction by Beaumont Newhall. N.Y. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 1973. 300 pages, cloth $10.00*

The story chronicled in the newly published autobiography, "Billy Bitzer His Story," is Bitzer's personal account of his work as one of the first cinematographers and of his life with Biograph, D. W. Griffith, and the troupe that followed this "ace cameraman" and his famous director. However, the interest and charm of the narrative are not limited to Bitzer's full coverage of his work days from 1894 to 1930, but rather are, by extension, exemplary of the creative innovation in mechanisms that marks the first half of this century.

This autobiography is a tribute to Yankee ingenuity of the best kind: making an average of one film a day, Bitzer risked the ire of his bosses to experiment, saved film ends for more tests, and sweated out the trials of his beloved but difficult camera. His will "to make things work" at all levels of filmmaking is typical of the "advanced tinkering" of our mechanical age. In fact, in addition to the certain interest Bitzer's book will draw from cultural and especially film historians (those concerned with the growth of mechanisms and of Bitzer's and Griffith's film work), current filmmakers should read this book in order to mix their own sensibilities with the life and work of the earliest cinematographer of genius. Bitzer may be, after all, one of the only true *auteurs* of film: he describes how, at the beginning, he erected sets and gathered props, helped the actors think out the simple plots, directed, ran the camera, processed the film, edited, and ran the resulting film as projectionist. (Can anyone claim so much today?)

The book, moreover, is a love story—Bitzer tells of his affection for his camera and the projectors and other gadgets that went with movie-making, his love for his first lover/wife, Nora, his admiration for Griffith, and the zest for the life they lived at Biograph and beyond. In his sometimes home-spun, sometimes inelegant, but always honest and engaging, language, Bitzer describes these loves of his life: "The Pathé camera, which I had worked with throughout so much of my career, was scorned by all but me [by 1920]. Stubbornly I clung to it . . ." (pp. 235-6). Of his first dinner with Nora, Bitzer recalls, "We sipped our cold golden beer, smiling more than talking. I took a hot roll from the basket, broke this in half, and offered it to Nora. She accepted. Her expression altered as she looked into my eyes. 'Yes?' she spoke softly, leading me on. We spent the rest of the meal flirting and teasing." (p. 31). Of Griffith, Bitzer cites the director's generosity, tolerance, temper, peacemaking, persistence, and patience in glowing but shallow terms (pp. 207-8). Bitzer is quite open in recounting Griffith's eye for ladies both within and without the troupe, an eye which led to separation from Linda Arvidson and perhaps to extra money from the studios for private hotel rooms when on location.

Of course, Bitzer's book is self-serving, but only in so far as is the nature of any autobiography. Maudlin reminiscences are rare, and many times, Bitzer is brutally frank about himself—in his sustained friendly way—as, for example, when he recalls his inability to understand immediately the technique of Melies's stop-action disappearing people. Bitzer's dogged insights into the artistic possibilities of the infant film medium, however, are exciting and likely are accurately "firsts" as he claims. Bitzer's recorded memories are, ultimately, the story of a man confronting and mastering his artistic medium—and in a field almost completely unplowed ahead of him.

*Billy Bitzer His Story* is generously illustrated with nearly

an even balance of stills from the films and photos of Bitzer at work. There is an excellent selection, all captioned and large in format, many rarely seen elsewhere. (The illustrations are integral, not padding.) The index is eloquent, and there is a Bitzer filmography that seems to deserve the publisher's label of "complete."

**Reviewed by Charles H. Harpole**


# Animators . . .
# Filmmakers . . .
# Art Students . . .
# Advertising People
# WHY JOIN ASIFA?

ASIFA is an international society of animators founded in 1961 for the purpose of holding an annual film festival for the animation field. The intention of the society is to exchange information on films and animation techniques and to support the meetings of film societies which foster interest in the animation medium.

There are now two branches of the organization in the United States, ASIFA EAST in New York and ASIFA WEST in Hollywood. ASIFA EAST holds meetings throughout the year at which a wide range of animated films is shown. These may include examples of the earliest cartoons to computer animation. A richer and even more varied series of screenings will be held during the present year as a result of cooperation with local schools and museums. The best examples of what's happening currently in animation are attracted to our yearly Animated Film Festival.

Membership is not limited to those actually working in the medium. Anyone interested in animation is a welcome member of the organization. This includes illustrators, art and film students, and people in television and advertising—as well as filmmakers.

ASIFA membership now brings with it a subscription to FILMMAKERS NEWSLETTER. FN features a monthly "Animation Kit" and keeps you posted on festivals, equipment, new books and the latest techniques in animation as well as in all aspects of filmmaking.

The cost of ASIFA membership is $15 a year. (Current subscribers who join ASIFA will have their subscriptions extended one year.)

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Wednesday, July 11, 1973

# Billy Bitzer, Ever D.W.'s 'Shadow'

## Famed Cameraman's Autobiog Gives A 'Birth Of A Nation' Gross Under Legend

Sometimes it is the fate of a very talented person to be so long associated with a person of even greater talent, to the point that the lesser man is doomed to live forever in the shadow of the greater. Such it was with cameraman Johann Gottlob Wilhelm Bitzer, whose place in cinematic history has always been Billy Bitzer, Griffith's cameraman.

The redoubtable German-American, whose association with the silent motion picture has been almost as long as that as David Wark Griffith, worked in other and less brilliant areas than under DWG's aegis, including a long span with the Biography Company, where he matured from an amateur photographer to a veteran master of the medium.

"Billy Bitzer; His Story" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10) is captioned an autobiography and by and large, it is that, taken from what is virtually a diary he kept for years. It has been beautifully edited, however, and given a masterful foreword by Beaumont Newhall, curator of photography at Rochester's Eastman House, with an appendix that is a complete Bitzer filmography. During the 1930s Bitzer joined the staff of the Film Library of New York's Museum of Modern Art. He died in April, 1944, in California, leaving a legacy of superbly photographed motion pictures.

Besides the interesting background of the various features for which he was head cameraman, and the personalities involved, Bitzer's autobiography contains some interesting material on "Birth of a Nation," including the assists given Griffith on the financing (his own investment was $7,000 of his savings; exhibitor Bill Clune's $15,000, etc.). The budget, originally set for $40,000, eventually passed $110,000.

Considering his statement was made in the late 30s or early 40s, Bitzer says that "Over the years 'The Birth' grossed $20,000,000 from all its showings." This is considerably less than the film rental figure which VARIETY has always credited to it in its anniversary listing of all-time champions, as 'Birth' has not taken in too much business (other than low-scale museum showings) since Bitzer made the statement (and as a stockholder, he should have known).

Newhall's adaptation of Bitzer's memories is a fascinating book for anyone to read and a must for any serious student of American films.

*Robe.*

# BOOK REVIEWS

*BILLY BITZER: HIS STORY.* By G. W. Bitzer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, New York, 1973. 336pp. $10.00.

The long overdue publication of Billy Bitzer's unfinished autobiography is an important addition to motion picture history. D. W. Griffith's famous cameraman emerges from these memoirs as a charming and modest person, scarcely the stodgy stubborn, sometimes quarrelsome heavy drinker that he has been pictured to be. His reminiscences are laced with anecdote, bits of philosophy, and an occasional glimpse into his early private life with a woman ten years his senior, but always the emphasis is upon his first love, the motion picture camera, and the enormous admiration he had, despite a clash of their personalities, for the genius whose films he photographed over a 21-year period.

Johann Gottlob Wilhelm Bitzer, who nursed a secret ambition to be a professional magician, was born at Roxbury, Mass., in 1872. At 22 he began to study electrical engineering at night school, and threw up a job as a silversmith to go to work at $12 a week for the Magic Introduction Company, which dealt in all sorts of new inventions. Among these were the fascinating movie camera and projector, and Bitzer became a jack-of-all-trades for the company's burgeoning motion picture business: cameraman, director, projectionist, electrician, laboratory technician and repairman. Biograph soon had him turning out topical films mounted on big cards for its American Mutoscope peephole machines – things like *How Girls Go to Bed* and *How Girls Get Undressed*.

Among Bitzer's other assignments were to photograph the first campaign pictures of presidential candidate William McKinley, the desultory fighting in Cuba during the Spanish-American War (for which he operated from the palatial yacht of publisher William Randolph Hearst), and the mammoth hurricane which devastated Galveston, Texas, in 1900. Three years later, he began to photograph the short films which Biograph was making for nickelodeons at its new brownstone studio at 11 East 14th Street in New York. It was here that D. W. Griffith, an impoverished actor, and frustrated playwright, came seeking work late in 1907. The following year Griffith reluctantly began to direct, with Bitzer as cameraman, beginning an association that lasted on and off through the historic *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*, *Broken Blossoms*, *America*, and ending with *Lady of the Pavements* in 1929.

The writing of Bitzer's memoirs was

August - September 1973

...e is a gripping psychodr...
... a film of surprises. The ...
...ly concerns a search in ...
... of London for a child ...
... the film really uncovers ...
...ity problems of the inves...
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...nor is killing himself. ...
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...nor help him. ...
...sher's camerawork adds to ...
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... and only falters when ...
...Howard, as his superior ...
...Connery about his actions. ...
...t this point becomes repeti...
... is only a minor flaw in a ...
... acted, well-written (by ...
...kins) and superbly photo...
...lm.

WILLIAM AVERY

## A TOUCH OF CLASS

...gorgeous Melvin Frank and Jack Rose have written a most funny lover with the dress designer heroine (Glenda Jackson) meeting (on her ... words and her boss (George ... begat, a husband who couldn't live ... he does without his wife's money. His wife (Hildegarde Neil) knows nothing of his amorous high jinks and is a dull matter to whom he returns when his affair with Miss Jackson ends not with a bang but a whimper.

Director Melvin Frank has tried to pass his story for comedy but it all seems very limp, including Paul Burnside as a motion picture producer who once had a meaningful love affair and was left incoherent by it.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4-13)

romance with the bottle.

Bitzer writes easily and well, but his book is regrettably sketchy, and his immense knowledge about Griffith and the early days of the motion picture is largely untapped. There are brief but interesting accounts of the making of several of the Griffith classics, particularly the overseas trip during World War I to shoot scenes for *Hearts of the World* in France and England. (Bitzer was so convinced that he would not come back alive that he gave away his securities and jewelry, and then inexplicably buried $1,200 in gold in his back yard).

There is a serviceable introduction by Beaumont Newhall, but what the book needs most is an authoritative annotation, which would have added so much to putting Bitzer into perspective. The beautiful illustrations are razor-sharp and superbly reproduced. Not all of the stills are new, but most are rare and from the personal collection of Mrs. Bitzer, and have never been published.

JACK SPEARS

## THE LONG GOODBYE

Taken from Raymond Chandler's novel of the same name and featuring Elliott Gould in a mod version of private eye Philip Marlowe (shades of Bogart!), this film is so badly made that the flaws often are more amusing than the intended humor. Also Gould's mumbling doesn't help.

Nina Van Pallandt has padded her movie fame with a putrid performance as Sterling Hayden's wife. His role was originally assigned to Dan Blocker. I think it would have looked less like a parody of Hemingway in Blocker's hands. Scriptwriter Leigh Brackett has managed a good adaptation of the novel. Ex-Yankee Jim Bouton will not have a big film career as a result of his acting in this picture.

HENRY MANCINI

G. W. (Billy) Bitzer, Griffith's photographer, who, under the master hand of D. W. Griffith, has given the moving pictures patrons a thrill in photographic effects in each new Griffith picture. In the famous Griffith Biograph pictures, the photography of Mary Pickford showed the flash of a thought in the eyes of this now wonderful Star. In "Judith of Bethulia," Blanche Sweet was so adorably pictured that she seemed no longer a picture but a living person.

In the "Feast of Belshazzar," in D. W. Griffith's famous production, "Intolerance" the manipulation of the camera, showing what was probably the most stupendous banquet scene ever made in a movie and then dropping from a height of over a hundred feet right into the midst of the King and dancers, was startling. The wash-drawing effects in Griffith's "Hearts of the World," wherein the pastorals conceived by D. W. Griffith were beautifully and wonderfully worked out through collaboration with his associates, presented to us a series of three paintings of pleasure in this picture taken on the battlefields of France. He has truly been called America's foremost Cinematographer, Griffith's camera man. He is now making a series of Love paintings of Lillian Gish in effects that are a realization of the Movie fan's dream of Art on the Screen. He was the photographer of the "Birth of a Nation" and all the other great Griffith productions.

Dear Mr. Rosenheimer

Herewith 2 clippings from Leslies Weekly probably early in 1906? There were some other pictures also on this American Mutoscope and Biograph write up. I had one which is described a little on the back of War Scene clippings but it has been lost.

The picture we would like to get shows a shabby Italian setting, an interior Studio scene 11 E 14th St in which the Biograph Camera of that day is very prominent in the foreground. shooting at action which is taking place on an elevated platform. portraying a roof upon which a struggle is in progress.

I have been asked to give you this info as you would get results. Quicker than anyone else. Is it possible to get borrow the volume so that Mr. Jamison could make a copy of this picture showing the Biograph Camera definately as around that time

Thanking you

G Bitzer

*Ailing:* 4/1/60

G. W. Bitzer, 85, pioneer camera man who filmed "The Birth of a Nation" and 1,000 other movies for D. W. Griffith, from an undisclosed illness. In his prime he earned $850 weekly plus a profit of $130,000 on an investment of $7,000 in "The Birth," developing the fade-out, close-up, soft-focus, and other camera techniques. But he quarreled with Griffith in 1924, lost his fortune, and recently has depended for support mostly on his 4-year-old son, a John Powers model. Mary Pickford, who made her screen debut under Bitzer's camera, moved him from a New York City hospital ward to a private room in St. Luke's.

# 'Birth of Nation' Photographer Ill and in Need

## Mary Pickford Finds Bitzer in City Hospital, Moves Him to a Private Room

D. W. Bitzer, the cameraman who filmed "The Birth of a Nation" and more than 1,000 other early motion pictures for D. W. Griffith, was reported in "grave danger" from an undiagnosed illness last night at St. Luke's Hospital, Amsterdam Avenue and 113th Street. Mr. Bitzer, who once had a fortune of more than $500,000 as his profits on a $7,000 investment he made in "The Birth of a Nation," was in the City Hospital on Welfare Island Sunday, the first day of his sudden illness, but had been moved to a private room at St. Luke's on Monday by Mary Pickford who agreed to pay all bills. Mr. Bitzer photographed Miss Pickford in her first motion picture, "The Violin Maker of Cremona," when she was fifteen years old.

Mr. Bitzer's illness brought his straitened circumstances to Miss Pickford's attention for the first time. Although she spoke readily and eagerly about Mr. Bitzer, recalling his years as the only cameraman of the Biograph Studios and commenting that "his photography then compares with the best done now," she was reluctant to discuss the help she extended. She said it was "a great privilege to be able to help."

Mr. Bitzer collapsed Sunday morning at a studio at 601 Second Avenue where he was doing an odd job of photography. By evening authorities of the City Hospital notified his wife, Mrs. Ethel Bitzer, at their home at 109 West Sixtieth Street, that Mr. Bitzer was dying. Although physicians thought a brain hemorrhage, a heart ailment or some rare disease might be responsible, a series of spinal and other tests failed to show the cause. His condition was unchanged last night, although he was resting comfortably.

### Had Worked for W. P. A.

Mrs. Bitzer said that all the vast fortune her husband once possessed had been gone for more than ten years, and that they had been living in such poverty that Mr. Bitzer had to depend for clothing upon Christy Walsh and other friends. She said Mr. Bitzer, whose income was $850 a week as one of the foremost motion-picture cameramen of the pioneer days, had worked on a Works Projects Administration motion-picture job around New York for several months, but that the two of them had had to depend for the most part for their support on their five-year-old son, Eden Griffith Bitzer, a John Powers model. Their telephone was listed in Eden's name.

Miss Pickford recalled the making of "The New York Hat" in 1912, a print of which she contributed to the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art," West Fifty-third Street, a year ago. She said that, with Mr. Bitzer doing the photography, "Lionel Barrymore played the lead, I played in it, and Mae Murray, my brother Jack, and the two Gish girls, Harry Carey, Max Sennett and Mae Marsh all were extras."

"The Birth of a Nation," which Mr. Bitzer filmed in 1914, had grossed more than $18,000,000 by 1929. Mrs. Bitzer recalled that when the financial backers of the film refused to put up any more money, Mr. Bitzer started chipping in until even he called a halt at $7,000.

### Devised Camera Techniques

Mr. Bitzer was credited with inventing many of the important modern motion picture camera techniques. He was said to have developed the close-up, the fade-out or running dissolve, soft focus, camera angles and the wash-drawing effect. Rival companies were said to have hired spies to steal his secrets on the Biograph lot.

Mrs. Bitzer said her husband quit Mr. Griffith after an argument in 1924. She said he had gone down hill financially ever since. Good times and generous lending used up much of the profits from "The Birth of a Nation," she said and during the last ten years it had grown so bad that they had almost constant worries of having the gas and electricity shut off or of being dispossessed.

In the last couple of months, she said, Mrs. Bitzer had been back at work on his masterpiece again. She said the Museum of Modern Art had hired him at $20 a week to patch up its print of "The Birth of a Nation" and write out the continuity of the missing parts.

# G. W. BITZER DEAD; NOTED CAMERA MAN

## Made Mary Pickford's Early Pictures—Filmed 'Birth of a Nation,' Other Epics

HOLLYWOOD, Calif., May 1.—G. W. (Billy) Bitzer, pioneer motion-picture camera man, died Saturday in St. Vincent's Hospital at the age of 73.

Mr. Bitzer came here in ill health two months ago to live at the Motion Picture Country Club.

He leaves a widow, Ethel; a son, Edgar, and a sister, Anna H. Bitzer, all in New York.

### Filmed "Birth of a Nation"

Billy Bitzer was a pioneer in motion-picture photography. It was he who first recorded the facial beauty of Mary Pickford and made her one of the greatest stars of the screen. His hand turned the crank that recorded David Ward Griffith's masterpiece, "The Birth of a Nation." Long before there were newsreels he was catching American history on celluloid. And the stamp of his mechanical genius is still upon the science of photography as practiced in Hollywood today.

Not only did Mr. Bitzer film "The Birth of a Nation," but he also was the photographer of more than one thousand other silent pictures produced by Mr. Griffith. Among the famous films which he photographed were "Intolerance," "Way Down East," "Orphans of the Storm" and "Broken Blossoms." It was Bitzer who perched on a postage-stamp camera platform, holding his breath and grinding away, as the perilous perch descended for what is still regarded as the most ambitious dolly shot of all time—the fabulous approach out of the sky into the Babylonic midst of "Intolerance."

Long before D. W. Griffith's name became the most imposing in moviedom Billy Bitzer was known as the greatest camera man in the business, which had its inception fifty-one years ago when Thomas Alvah Edison returned from Europe to East Orange, N. J., and posed for those first Kinetographs which started the whole ball rolling. He had achieved a modicum of success as a camera man, the progenitor of the newsreel photographer of today, when he took the picture of William McKinley being notified of his nomination for the Presidency. These "shots" were shown on the first Biograph program publicly exhibited at Hammerstein's Olympia Theatre on Oct. 12, 1896.

### Covered Spanish-American War

Two years later he became the first camera man to cover a war. He was sent down to Cuba on a boat chartered by William Randolph Hearst to get Spanish-American War pictures. With him were many war correspondents. His equipment was a huge camera which was powered by a 2½-horsepower motor and 1,000 pounds of

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Long before D. W. Griffith's name became the most imposing in motion pictures Billy Bitzer was known as the greatest camera man in the business, which had its inception fifteen years ago when Thomas Alvan Edison returned from Europe to East Orange, N. J., and gave to the first Biographs which started the whole ball rolling. He had achieved a modicum of success as a camera man, the progenitor of the newsreel photographer of today, when he took the picture of William McKinley being notified of his nomination for the Presidency. These "shots" were shown on the first Biograph program publicly exhibited at Hammerstein's Olympia Theatre on Oct. 12, 1896.

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"I had been promised a bonus for actual battle scenes," he told Bosley Crowther in an interview for THE NEW YORK TIMES many years later, "but what could I do with the fighting going inland, such open fighting as there was? I remember the storming of El Caney, with me watching from behind a skinny palm tree as Teddy Roosevelt charged his Rough Riders up the hill yelling like fury for the colored boys to get out of the way, and my camera—like Sampson and Schley when the Spanish fleet came out—fourteen miles away down the beach. My kingdom for a wagon!"

Billy Bitzer spent many years at 11 East Fourteenth Street, where the first Biograph films were made and where Griffith, Pickford, the Gish sisters, Mae Murray and many other stars were cradled. It was there that he met Griffith, a flamboyant actor who wanted to be a director and whom Billy presumptuously coached on his first directorial assignment because he figured the poor "ham" was a dud.

**Assisted Mary Pickford**

In the same studio he met Mary Pickford. She was just an extra girl, seeking recognition. She and Billy conspired together and he had her sneak toward the camera into fuller focus when appearing in crowd scenes.

One day Miss Pickford asked Billy Bitzer why her face seemed so white on the films. They mixed a box of face powder so that it would be darker than the usual and thus gave Mary's face distinction. This simple act, executed on Billy's camera tripod, gave entirely new impetus to the art of movie make-up.

Many of the camera tricks which became and still are stock-in-trade were discovered or developed in Bitzer's old black box. The fade-out, which is used in almost every picture made, was one of his great discoveries—and he modestly says it was purely accidental. An iris, or circular shutter, which he was using on the front of his lense for rounding off the corners "to get away from the cheap-looking 10-cent movies," happened to close slowly one day as the result of vibration. Billy was reprimanded for letting it happen, until it was seen what a marvelous effect had resulted.

Billy Bitzer was the first to film a picture under artificial lights. He also developed the soft focus, the gauze effect, and, with Griffith, developed the close-up. He patented none of these or his other inventions, such as the fade-out, running dissolve, and wash-drawing effects. But he made a fortune by investing $7,000 in "The Birth of a Nation" at a crucial financial moment in its making. But he lost it all. He quit with Griffith after a quarrel in 1924. Later he worked on the WPA as a camera man, then found work at $20 a week repairing old films for the Museum of Modern Art. At the height of his career as camera man he earned $850 a week.

N. Y. Times
Tues. May 5/36

# G. W. BITZER DEAD; NOTED CAMERA MAN

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Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

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Long before D. W. Griffith's name became the most imposing in movieland Billy Bitzer was known as the greatest camera man in the business, which had its inception thirty-one years ago when Thomas Alva Edison returned from Europe to East Orange, N. J., and rose to fame for those first Biotographs which started the whole ball rolling. He had achieved a modicum of success as a camera man, the progenitor of his newsreel photographer of today, when he took the picture of William McKinley being notified of his nomination for the Presidency. These "shots" were shown on the first Biograph program publicly exhibited at Hammerstein's Olympia Theatre on Oct. 12, 1896.

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N.Y. Herald-Tribune
May 8 1940

# Billy Bitzer, 70, Is Dead; 'King Of Camera Men'

## Filmed Griffith Pictures; First Newsreel, Close-Up, Fade-Out and Soft Focus

HOLLYWOOD, May 1 (AP)—G. W. Bitzer, pioneer motion-picture camera man who filmed most of the David Wark Griffith productions, including "Broken Blossoms," "Intolerance" and "The Birth of a Nation," died here on Saturday of a heart attack. He was seventy years old.

### "King of the Camera Men"

Billy Bitzer, often called the "King of the Camera Men," was credited with [illegible] newsreel and with inventing many motion-picture camera techniques, especially the close-up, the fade-out, the soft-focus and the wash-drawing effects.

Born in Boston, Mr. Bitzer became an electrician. He began his motion-picture career in 1896 with the Mutoscope Company, a concern that manufactured penny-in-the-slot picture machines for resorts and penny arcades. He later joined the Biograph Company and climbed the first rung to fame by filming, in the summer of 1896, the scene of William McKinley being notified that he had been nominated as the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

This scene, with some shots of Niagara Falls, a sequence of the New York Central's crack Empire State Express doing sixty miles an hour, and a Negro child in a bath tub, was exhibited in the fall of that year in the old Oscar Hammerstein Theater at Broadway and Forty-fifth Street. Mr. Bitzer recalled that the mixture was entirely successful and that the audience's applause "sounded like an explosion."

### Success Led to Griffith Films

This successful venture led to the filming of the Sharkey-Jeffries fight at the Coney Island Athletic Club in 1899, then the series of full-length pictures for Mr. Griffith.

Mr. Bitzer was the first man to photograph the early stars of freedom, among them Mary Pickford, the Gish sisters, the late Henry B. Walthall and James Kirkwood. The Biograph Company had moved to California and decided to risk the staggering sum of $18,000 on a single picture, "Judith of Bethulea." The film was twice as long as Vitagraph's "The Great Train Robbery" and was an immediate success.

"The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Broken Blossoms" "Orphans of the Storm" "Way Down East" and hundreds of other full-length motion pictures followed, all photographed by Mr. Bitzer. All were innovations in their field, Mr. Bitzer recalled during an interview in 1936, but the best of all was "The Birth of a Nation," which was filmed in 1914 and which grossed $18,000,000 by 1929.

### On W. P. A. in 1936

With the advent of the talking film, Mr. Bitzer's career declined and in 1936 he was working for the Works Projects Administration in New York.

In 1940, Mr. Bitzer collapsed at a studio at 301 Second Avenue, where he was doing photographic work, and was rushed to St. Luke's Hospital, Amsterdam Avenue and 113th Street. Although he was known to have made $250,000 as his shareof the profits of "The Birth of a Nation," he was found to be penniless and his hospital bills were paid by Miss Pickford.

An interview with Mrs. Bitzer, living at that time at 109 West Sixtieth Street, disclosed that Mr. Bitzer had quit working for Griffith after an argument in 1924. Mrs. Bitzer said that the fortune her husband once possessed had been gone for more than ten years because of "good times and generous lending." The family, then, was living on the proceeds of odd jobs picked up by Mr. Bitzer and by occasional fees earned as a model by their son, Eden, then five years old.

# FILM PIONEER BITZER DIES

## Veteran Cameraman Succumbed to Heart Attack Saturday

G. W. (Billy) Bitzer, who as Hollywood's pioneer cameraman, captured on celluloid the first motion pictures made by Mary Pickford and D. W. Griffith's great productions, played out his last scene alone and indigent when he died last Saturday at St. Vincent's Hospital, it was learned yesterday.

Once a millionaire, Bitzer was taken to the hospital the first part of last week from the Mo-

**LAST SCENE—**
**G. W. "Billy" Bitzer, who first filmed Mary Pickford, died last Saturday from heart attack at the age of 70.**

tion Picture Country Home, where along with other aged indigents of the motion picture world he had been living out his days dreaming and talking of past glories.

Bitzer's death at the age of 70 was attributed to a heart attack by hospital authorities.

At the home, it was learned, Bitzer had been troubled for years with a weak heart, but it wasn't until a month ago that he returned to California from New York to enter the sanctuary for motion picture people whose luck has run against them.

### LIST OF SUCCESSES

Bitzer photographed Griffith's trail-blazing films, "Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Way Down East" and "Broken Blossoms," in which Lillian Gish rocketed to fame.

Just four weeks ago, in a heart-warming reunion, Griffith, Miss Pickford and Miss Gish paid a visit to Bitzer at the Motion Picture Country Home.

Four years ago, when Bitzer was dangerously ill in a New York hospital, his expenses were paid by Miss Pickford, who had been associated with the cameraman in the days when he made a fortune in pictures, only to lose it all and wind up working at $20 a week patching up old films.

Funeral arrangements have not been completed, pending word from Bitzer's wife, Ethel, who is in New York.

# LIBERTY THEATRE

KLAW & ERLANGER MANAGERS

## 42ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

COPYRIGHT 1910, BY FRANK V. STRAUSS & CO. N.Y.

In spite of the war in Europe, Kerkoff is making us large shipments. Djer Kiss can now be obtained at all the leading toilet counters.

The True Artistry of Fashion
It is to mould that which is commonplace into something which expresses radiant, living beauty. To model a figure which is clumsy and lacking plastic grace, into easy lines of youthful simplicity and distinction. That is the mission of the C/B a la Spirite Corset. Into it is built nearly half a century's leadership in style creation. The knowledge of how best to bring to every kind of figure elegance of line, coupled with ease and comfort.
The newest C/B models show the very newest lines—the slightly confined waist, the slightly fuller bust. See them at your favorite shop today.
Over 240 different C/B models—one for every figure. $1 to $10.
C/B
a la Spirite Corset
"The Standard Everywhere for the Woman of Fashion"
C/B
a la Spirite Corsets
For the Woman of Fashion.

# SEN-SEN

THROAT EASE AND BREATH PERFUME

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES



**GAIETY THEATRE** Broadway and 46th Street.
Klaw & Erlanger ..... Managers
Ev'gs at 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.

**RUTH CHATTERTON**
—in—
**DADDY LONG-LEGS**
A New Comedy by Jean Webster.
Direction of Henry Miller.
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.


"Remember, boys," said the master, "that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail." After a few moments a boy raised his hand.

"Well, what is it, my lad?" asked the master.

"I was merely going to suggest," replied the youngster, "that if such is the case it would be advisable to write to the publishers of that lexicon and call their attention to the omission."


The bristles of the ordinary toothbrush are few and far between.

The Kleanwell Toothbrush fairly bristles with bristles. And they're the bristliest bristles known.

*Kleanwell*
It bristles with quality

Sold in sealed boxes by accommodating shops. Send 4c for Dolly's Kleanwell—a tiny toothbrush.

ALFRED H. SMITH COMPANY
New York

# LIBERTY THEATRE

Klaw & Erlanger ..... Managers

The Klaw & Erlanger Amusement Co., Owners

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1915.

THE BOX AND CHAIR OFFICE for the theatre proper, located at the north end of the Promenade floor. The matrons in attendance there will take charge of any wraps or hand parcels entrusted with it by ladies during the performance, without charge. Gratuities are not expected and will not be accepted by any attendant.

LADIES' RETIRING ROOM can be reached from the staircase at the rear of the Orchestra, leading from the easterly end of the Promenade floor.

GENTLEMEN'S RETIRING ROOM on the balcony floor will be found at the westerly end of the Balcony Promenade.

LOST PARCELS. All articles found in the theatre should be left at the box office, where they will be restored to the owner. Inquiries intended for the department may also be directed there.

ATTACHES. Every attache of the Liberty Theatre is eager to lend every possible attention and courtesy to its patrons. Any information required will be cheerfully given, and it is unnecessary to tender gratuities as this practice is not permitted by the management, and renders the recipient subject to dismissal.

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## GEO. M. COHAN'S THEATRE

Broadway and 43d Street.

Klaw & Erlanger ..... Managers

Evenings at 8.20 P. M.

Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2.20 P. M.

COHAN and HARRIS Present

"The Funniest Farce in the World"

Endless Chain of Laughter.

Every Link a Scream.

## IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

By Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett.

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## ZIEGFELD DANSE DE FOLLIES

A-TOP NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

DANCING EVERY NIGHT EXCEPT SUNDAYS, 10:30.

Starting at 12 o'clock—Midnight.

The Greatest Novelty That Has Ever Startled New York.

## ZIEGFELD'S MIDNIGHT FROLIC

Nothing But Girls.

After Theatre Suppers Refreshments

---

## LYCEUM THEATRE

45th Street, near Broadway

Charles Frohman ..... Manager

Ev'gs, 8.20. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.20.

BEGINNING MONDAY, APRIL 12th.

MISS

## ANGLIN

—IN—

## THE DESERT ISLAND

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

By PAUL KESTER

---

## NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

42d Street, near Broadway

Klaw & Erlanger ..... Manager

Ev'gs, 8.15. Wed. and Sat. Mats., 2.15.

CHARLES DILLINGHAM Presents

The Syncopated Musical Show,

## WATCH YOUR STEP

By Irving Berlin and Harry B. Smith

MR. and MRS. VERNON CASTLE | FRANK TINNEY

BRICE & KING | SALLIE FISHER | HARRY KELLY

HALLIGAN and SYKES

HARRY ELLIS And Company of 100

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## KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

38th St. and B'way

Charles Frohman, Klaw & Erlanger, Proprietors.

Ev'gs, 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2.15.

KLAW & ERLANGER'S ENTERTAINERS

In the New Mirthful, Musical Medley,

## FADS and FANCIES

Book by Glen Macdonough.

Music by Raymond Hubbell.

Staged by Julian Mitchell and Herbert Gresham.

—100—

COMEDIANS—SINGERS—DANCERS

—AND—

THE WORLD'S PRETTIEST CHORUS

# Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

## The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

NEW YORK'S FAVORITE CONFECTION

**Schaer's Real Southern Grill**

136 WEST 42d ST., Near BROADWAY
Famous Creole Specialties, prepared by our renowned New Orleans Chef. THE ONLY GENUINE New Orleans Gin Fizz and Sazerac Cocktail Served in New York City

## A STRONG ACT

Our strongest act is making good if anything goes wrong.

Though naturally we're mighty strong for having everything right in the first place.

Everything men and boys wear.

ROGERS PEET COMPANY

Broadway at 13th St
Broadway at Warren
"The Four Corners"
Broadway at 34th St.
Fifth Ave. at 41st St.

# LIBERTY THEATRE

KLAW & ERLANGER — MANAGERS

The Klaw & Erlanger Amusement Co., Owners

THIS THEATRE, UNDER SUDDEN CONDITIONS, WITH STORE SEAT DEVICES, HAS BY EXERCISE OF LESS THAN THREE MINUTES, LOOK AROUND NOW, CHOOSE THE NEAREST EXIT TO YOUR SEAT, AND IN CASE OF DISTURBANCE OF ANY KIND, TO AVOID THE HAZARDS OF PANIC, WALK, DO NOT RUN, TO THAT EXIT.

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE, MARCH 29, 1915.

Matinee Every Day.

D. W. GRIFFITH PRESENTS

# THE BIRTH OF A NATION

An Historical Drama in Two Acts.

Founded on Thomas Dixon's Story,

"THE CLANSMAN."

NOTE.—There will be an intermission of eight minutes between Acts I. and II.

**Cast of Characters.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Col. Ben Cameron | Henry Walthall |
| Margaret Cameron, the elder sister | Miriam Cooper |
| Flora, the pet sister | Mae Marsh |
| Mrs. Cameron | Josephine Crowell |
| Dr. Cameron | Spottiswoode Aiken |
| Wade Cameron, the second son | J. A. Beringer |
| Duke Cameron, the youngest son | John French |
| Mammy, their faithful old servant | Jennie Lee |
| Hon. Austin Stoneman, Leader of the House | Ralph Lewis |
| Elsie, his daughter | Lillian Gish |
| Phil, his elder son | Elmer Clifton |
| Tod, the younger son | Robert Harron |
| Jeff, the blacksmith | Wallace Reed |
| Lydia Brown, Stoneman's mulatto housekeeper | Mary Alden |
| Silas Lynch, mulatto Lieutenant-Governor | George Seigmann |
| Gus, a renegade negro | Walter Long |
| Abraham Lincoln | Joseph Henabery |
| John Wilkes Booth | Raoul Walsh |
| Gen. U. S. Grant | Donald Crisp |
| Gen. Robt. E. Lee | Howard Gaye |

Cabinet Members, Generals, Military Aides and Attaches, Secretaries, Senators, Representatives, Visitors, Soldiers, Abolitionists, Ku Klux Klansmen, Plantation Crowds and Mobs.

PROGRAM CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*WHILE WAITING, SMOKE*

**Between the Acts**

For forty years the standard *all tobacco* Little Cigars.

*It's waste to light a big cigar, when you've only time for a "Between the Acts."*

10 FOR 10 CENTS

## PROGRAM CONTINUED.

Entire production under the personal direction of D. W. Griffith.
Photograph by G. W. Bitzer. Music by Joseph Carl Breil.

### A NATION IS BORN.

Among our fathers lived a great leader who dreamed a new vision of humanity—that out of the conflicting interests and character of thirteen American states, stretching their territories from the frosts of the north to the tropic jungles of Florida, there could be built one mighty people. For eighty years this vision remained a dream—sectionalism and disunity the grimmest realities of our life.

Lord Cornwallis, the British Commander, had surrendered at Yorktown, Virginia, to the allied armies of the Kingdom of France and the original thirteen States, by name—New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. Through seventy-five years of growth and conflict these States clung to their individual sovereignty, feeling with jealous alarm the slow but restless growth of a national spirit within the body of the Federal Union. This new being was stirred at last into conscious life by Daniel Webster's immortal words—"LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE, NOW AND FOREVER!"

The issue, which our fathers had not dared to face—whether the State or the Union should ultimately have supreme rule—was joined in 1861 over the problem of the Negro.

The South held with passionate conviction that we were a Republic of Republics, each State free and sovereign. The North, under the leadership of Abraham Lincoln, held that the Union was indestructible and its sovereignty supreme.

Until Lincoln's day the right of each State to peaceful secession was scarcely disputed, North or South. New England had more than once threatened to withdraw long before South Carolina in her blind rage led the way.

And yet unconsciously the new being within had grown into a living soul, and, in the mortal agony of four years of Civil War and eight years of more horrible Reconstruction, a Nation was born.

### THE PLAY'S MESSAGE OF PEACE.

If this graphic presentment serves no other purpose, its message for **universal peace** marks it of great importance. Morally and educationally it establishes **the futility** of armed conflict. A member of the Senate of the United States expressed the foregoing sentiment. "**Any one contemplating war should see this picture**" added the Senator, "I sincerely believe it will do more to deter people from engaging in war than anything written or spoken on the subject in years."

Great care has been taken not to glorify battle. Even the **music** stops in its motif of **glorification** to sound the note of **terror and desolation which is the real truth of WAR.**

Armies seldom settle disputed questions of state. But where they accomplish this much, in the wake of conflict, arise newer and more terrible questions. But for the **hatreds engendered in the Civil War, the sufferring of the Reconstruction period would never have been known.**

### FACTS ABOUT THE PICTURES.

Mr. Griffith was eight months making the entire production. During that time he employed a small army of men and women to get the desired results.

Over eighteen authorities were consulted to get the proper atmosphere into the scenes in which President Abraham Lincoln appears. The great majority of these authorities agreed that as near as the time of the assassination could be set was 10:13. This calculation is based upon the most authentic reports of the hour that John Wilkes Booth entered Ford's Theatre on the fatal night.

**PROGRAM CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE**

## PROGRAM CONTINUED

It was a brilliant spring night in Washington, but historians record that just before the shooting the temperature fell quite a bit. This detail is carried in the picture when you note President Lincoln change his position in the box and slip a warm cape over his shoulders.

Another detail in the Ford's Theatre scenes does definitely the facts of the actual shooting. Contrary to current opinion the President was not shot from the stage. The picture shows the action as it has authentically been reported by a majority of the authoritative writers on the subject.

The portions of Ford's Theatre shown in the story are exact reproductions of the surroundings in which the President was assassinated. The actual distances were faithfully followed in the scene even to the twelve foot long white booth made from the box after firing the fatal shot. All the reproductions for this scene were vouched for by eye witnesses of the tragedy, who retain vivid recollections of what happened that night.

In the great battle scenes which are given in the earlier portions of the production Mr. Griffith employed many novel appliances to get his effects. For the first time in making motion pictures he utilized the telephone most extensively. Imagine a stage director handling thousands upon thousands of players in one scene and directing them by telephone.

This was done by laying underground wires to all parts of the battle fields. The director had a switchboard of ten wires directly in front of him and in this way kept in touch with every part of the big conflicts.

The great battle scenes were also the first ever taken by a motion picture camera at night. The scenes showing the escape of the refugees from Atlanta, the bombs effects in Piedmont and the great red battle effects were all realized by night photography. Elaborate preparations for these were secretly laid and several inventions were made on the ground to accomplish the desired end. Patented illuminators were distributed over an area of two miles to get the midnight battle scene.

An amusing incident happened while one of the great battle scenes was being photographed at night. Mr. Griffith kept his plans so carefully concealed that if was not known what is intended doing. The night the big fight came off many citizens miles away from the actual scene telephoned into the newspapers and the following morning several papers appeared with stories of a mysterious naval engagement the night before in which the long thunderous roll of heavy cannonading had been distinctly heard by citizens miles inland from the sea.

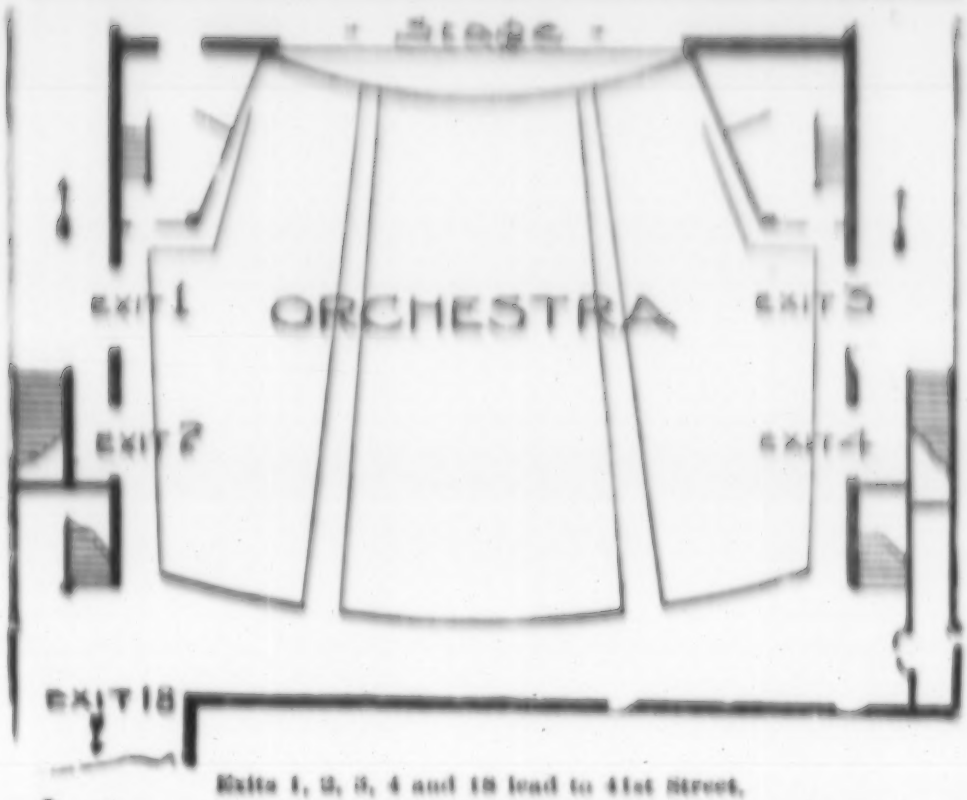
The novelty of midnight photography is carried to a striking point in one of the vast pictures. Here under the glare of the giant illuminators and bursting bombs one can see a line of trenches stretching over a territory of more than three miles.

In the meeting of Generals Grant and Lee at Appomattox a historic incident is revealed. When General Robt. E. Lee wanted to make some marginal notes on the papers of the final surrender, he asked for a pencil, and to the surprise of the numerous generals assembled it was found that not a person in the company owned one. Finally an officer in General Lee's staff found a pocket inkstand in his kit and it was with ink from this that the historic document was written. It will also be noted that General Grant and several of his staff were not expecting the surrender and were present in private uniforms.

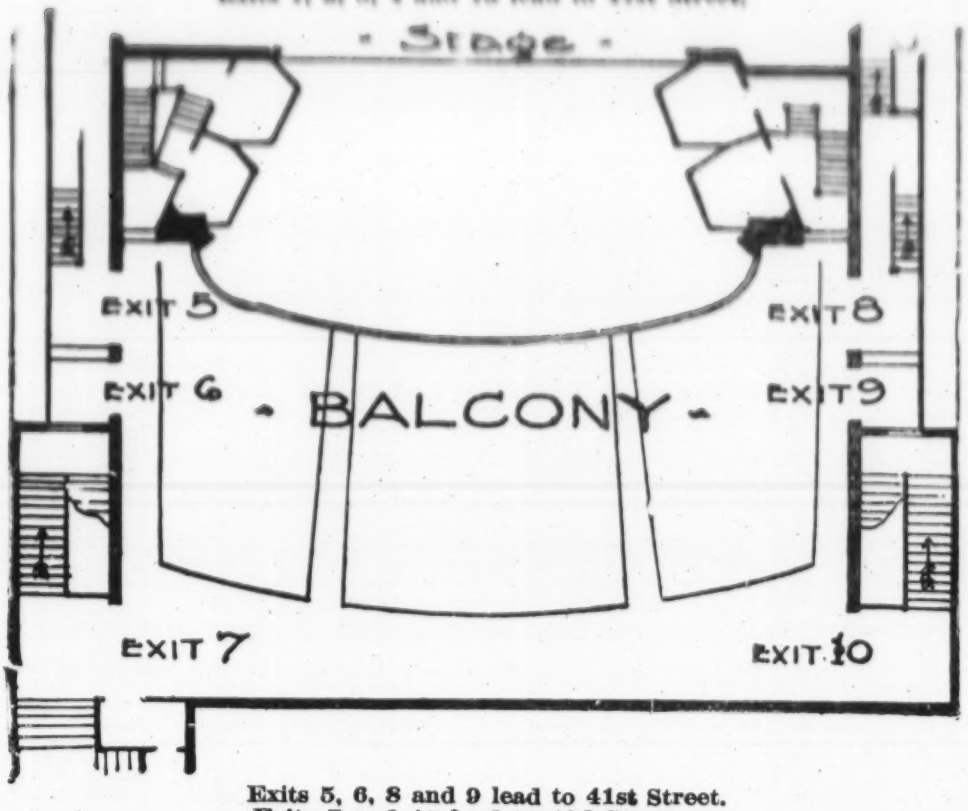
Twenty-five thousand yards of material were used to make the costumes for the women in the spectacle. There were over four hundred different kind of dresses and gowns made. It took five months to make the costumes. Twelve thousand yards of white material was used in the costumes for the Ku Klux Klan. Twenty dressmakers worked eight hours a day for four months on these.

In one of the scenes Elsie Stoneman wears a seal skin dolman that was purchased in an antique shop. It is over 100 years old. In another scene Margaret Cameron wears a grey ruffle dress of the war period. It required 150 yards of material to make the ruffles in this costume.

**VOLK'S** LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S RESTAURANT and CAFE
Sea Food Our Specialty At All Hours.
**42nd STREET, at EIGHTH AVENUE**
Oelsners' Imported Pilsner and Hollender's Imported Humbser on draught.




Exits 1, 2, 3, 4 and 18 lead to 41st Street.




Exits 5, 6, 8 and 9 lead to 41st Street.
Exits 7 and 10 lead to 42d Street.

LIBERTY
THEATRE
KLAW & ERLANGER
MANAGERS
42ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

# D. W. GRIFFITH

PRESENTS

THE COLOSSAL SPECTACLE

# INTOLERANCE

A SUN PLAY OF THE AGES, IN A PROLOGUE AND TWO ACTS

Entire production under the personal direction of Mr. Griffith

"Why touch upon such themes?" perhaps some friend
May ask, incredulous; "and to what good end?
Why drag into the light of day
The errors of an age long passed away?"
I answer: "For the lesson that they teach;
The tolerance of opinion and of speech."

—Longfellow.

—THE CAST—

| | |
|---|---|
| The Woman who Rocks the Cradle | Lillian Gish |
| Miss Mary Jenkins | Vera Lewis |
| Jenkins, Industrial Magnate | Sam de Grasse |
| The Girl of the Modern Story | Mae Marsh |
| The Girl's Father | Fred Turner |
| The Boy of the Modern Story | Robert Harron |
| Mary Magdalene | Olga Grey |
| Catherine de Medici | Josephine Crowell |
| Charles IX | Frank Bennett |
| Henry of Navarre | W. E. Lawrence |
| Duc d'Anjou | Maxfield Stanley |
| Admiral Coligny | Joseph Henaberry |
| Brown Eyes | Marjorie Wilson |
| The Father of Brown Eyes | Spottiswoode Aitken |
| The Lover of Brown Eyes | Eugene Palette |
| The Foreign Mercenary Soldier | A. D. Sears |
| The High Priest of Bel | Tully Marshall |
| The Mountain Girl | Constance Talmadge |
| The Rhapsode | Elmer Clifton |
| Prince Belshazzar, reigning with his father, King Nabonidus | Alfred Paget |
| Nabonidus, King of Babylonia | Carl Stockdale |
| Attarea, favorite of Belshazzar | Seena Owen |
| A Friendless One | Miriam Cooper |
| The Musketeer of the Slums | Walter Long |
| The Bride of Cana | Bessie Love |
| The Kindly Policeman | Tom Wilson |
| The Governor | Ralph Lewis |
| Cyrus | George Siegmann |
| The Mighty Man of Valor | Elmo Lincoln |
| First dancer of Tammuz | Grace Wilson |
| Second dancer of Tammuz | Lotta Clifton |
| Second Priest of Bel | George Beranger |
| First Pharisees | Baron Von Ritzhow<br>Count Von Stroheim |
| First Priest of Nergel | Ah. Singh |
| Second Priest of Nergel | Ranji Singh |
| Chief detective | Edward Dillon |

(CONTINUED)

# FOREWORD

The purpose of the production is to trace a universal theme through various periods of the race's history.

Ancient, sacred, medieval and modern times are considered.

Events are not set forth in their historical sequence, or according to accepted forms of dramatic construction, but as they might flash across a mind seeking to parallel the life of the different ages.

There are four separate stories, each with its own set of characters. Following the introduction of each period there are subsequent interruptions as the different stories develop along similar lines, switching from one to the other as the mind might do while contemplating such a theme.

Through all these ages Time brings forth the same passions, the same joys and sorrows, the same hopes and anxieties—symbolized by the cradle "endlessly rocking."

The modern story is laid in a western American city of the present time. It shows the workings of intolerance upon the victims of a band of so-called uplifters who are financially supported by a self seeking philanthropist. The sufferings experienced are the outgrowth of that age old cry "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and a murder for a murder."

The story of a sacred time is laid in Judea A. D. 27. Jerusalem is the scene of the intolerance of the Roman law which finds its victim in the Man of Men, the greatest exemplar of tolerance in all ages, who expiates upon the cross the penalty to be paid by "those who do not believe as we believe."

In the medieval time the scourge of intolerance was sweeping one of Europe's fairest kingdoms, France, which after suffering four civil wars within a decade was the victim of the horror of the massacre of 1572 perpetrated by Catherine de Medici, the arch exponent of the law "We must destroy or be destroyed."

The ancient story depicts the destruction of the greatest civilization of antiquity—the treason growing out of the intolerance of Babylon's High Priest of Bel, who to suppress the growing worship of other Gods betrays his king Belshazzar and opens the gates of the capital to the conquering Cyrus and his hosts.

For the romantic and poetic developments of the separate stories in "Intolerance" there are historical backgrounds. Great care has been taken to make these as accurate as modern research and record render possible. In the matter of details bearing upon this point of the production all the recognized authorities on the different periods covered here have been carefully followed. The following list gives the names of the best known authorities whose writings have been utilized to supply the data:

## FOR THE BABYLONIAN SCENES:

**Civilization of Babylonia and Assyria—**
By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph. D. L. L. D.
University of Pennsylvania.

**History of Babylon—**
By Leonard W. King, Litt D. F. S. A.
University of London and Asst. Keeper of Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum.

**Nineveh and its Remains—**
By Austen Henry Layard, D. C. L.
Trustee British Museum.

**Seven Great Monarchies—**
By George Rawlinson, M. A.
Prof. Ancient History, University of Oxford.

**Babylonian and Assyrian Life—**
By Archibald Henry Sayce, D. D. F. O. and Prof. of Assyriology at Oxford.

**Ancient Egypt and Assyria—**
By Gaston Camille Charles Maspero, Professeur Le Ecole des Hautes Etudes, Paris.

**Babylonian Life and History—**
By Dr. E. Wallis Budge, Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum.

**Ancient Assyria—**
By Rev. C. M. W. Johns, Theologian and Antiquarian.

**Cuneiform Parallels—**
By Robert William Rogers, John Hopkins University and the University of Pennsylvania.

**Herodotus—**
Edited by George Rawlinson, M. A.

**Hammurapi's Code of Laws—**
Mons. Ernest Leroux of Paris.

**The Carnegie Institute, Washington—**
Plates from Maspero—Faucher and Gaudin.

**George Friedrich, German epigraphist—**

**Julius Oppert, German Assyriologist—**
Dr. John Henry Haynes, Explorer for University of Pennsylvania.

## FOR THE HOLY LAND SCENES:

**Antiquities of the Jews—**
By William Brown, D. D.

**Dictionary of the Bible—**
Edited by William Smith, L. L. D.

**Life of Jesus Christ—**
By James Tissot, with plates reproduced from his own paintings.

**Story of the Bible—**
By Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D.

**Encyclopedia Biblica—**
Edited by T. K. Cheyne, M. A. D. D. Canon of Rochester.

**History of the Jewish Church—**
By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminster.

**The Jewish Encyclopedia—**
Edited by Cyrus Adler, Ph. D.; Gotthard Deutsch, Ph. D.; Louis Ginsberg, Ph.D.; Richard Gottheil, Ph.D.; Joseph Jacobs, B. A.; Marcus Jastrow, Ph. D.; Kaufmann Kohler, Ph. D.; Morris Jastrow, Ph. D.; Frederick de Sola Mendes, Ph. D.; Isidore Singer, Ph. D.; Crawford H. Toy, D. D. L. L. D.

FOR THE FRENCH PERIOD A. D. 1715:

The Catholic Encyclopedia—
History of France—
By G. W. Kitchin, D. D. F. S. A., Dean of Durham University.
Later Years of Catherine de Medici—
By Edith Helen Sichel.
Massacre of St. Bartholomew—
By Henry White.
History of France —
By Francois Pierre Guillaume Guizot, Chair of modern history at the Sorbonne 1812.
Iconographic Encyclopedia—
By J. G. Heck.
Le Moyen Age et la Renaissance—
By Paul Lacroix and Ferdinand Sere.
Chronicles of Charles IX—
By Prosper Merimee.

For the Modern Period numerous writers and authorities have been studied along with reports of the United States Industrial Commission and the different civic and legislative bodies that have made authoritive investigations of sociological conditions covering the past two decades. Citations can be had from Woodrow Wilson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Stewart Mill, Frank P. Walsh, Longfellow, Rousseau, Dr. Charles F. Aked, John Koren and others whose essays and writings upon these topics are familiar to all students.

# ARE THESE INTOLERANT?

**SPECIALIZED REFORM—**

"The world is governed too much**** They are partial; they are not equal to the work they pretend. They lose their way; in the assault on the kingdom of darkness, they expend all their energy on some accidental evil and lose their sanity and power of benefit. It is of little moment that one or two or twenty errors of our social system be corrected, but of much that the man be in his senses.************ When we see an eager assailant of one of these wrongs, a special reformer, we feel like asking him, what right have you sir, to your one virtue?"—**Ralph Waldo Emerson.**

**HYSTERICAL REFORM—**

"No age will take hysterical reform. The world is very human, not a bit given to adopting virtues for the sake of those who merely bemoan its vices. ******** Is it because we are better at being common scolds than at being wise advisers that we prefer little reforms to big ones? Are we to allow the poor personal habits of other people to absorb and quite use up all our fine indignation? It will be a bad day for society when sentimentalists are encouraged to suggest all the measures that shall be taken for the betterment of the race. ************* And the mind that is impatient, or intolerant, or hoodwinked, or shut in to a petty view shall have no part in carrying men forward to a true humanity."

—**Woodrow Wilson** "On Being Human."

**TYRANNICAL LIBERTY—**

"The tyranny of liberty is now generally included among the evils against which society requires to be on its guard. When society is itself the tyrant and it issues wrong mandates instead of right, or any mandates at all in things with which it ought not to meddle it practices a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression. It leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating much more deeply into the details of life, and **enslaving the soul."—John Stewart Mill.**

**A SOCIAL QUESTION—**

"In the present heated state of public opinion about the drink situation he who attempts to differentiate the chaff of exaggeration from the known truth, in writing of its social aspects, must expect to be stigmatized as an

advocate of drink. The open-minded will realize that to fashion safeguards to meet supposed social conditions but in consonance with the facts, is to court an unavoidable disappointment which can serve only to make the path of reform more difficult."—John Koren, in the Atlantic Monthly.

PERILOUS PHILANTHROPY—

"From the knowledge I have gained in my work as chairman of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, I challenge the wisdom of giving public sanction and approval to the spending of a huge fortune thru such philanthropies as foundations . . . taking money obtained from the toil of thousands of poorly nourished, specially submerged men, women and children, and spending these sums, thru a board of personal employes, in such fashion that his estate is in a fair way not only to exercise a dominating influence in industry, but before many years to exact a tribute of loyalty and subserviency to him and his interests from the whole profession of scientists, social workers and economists."

—Frank P. Walsh, in The Independent, 1915

POLITICAL INTOLERANCE—

"Intolerance, political or religious, is the fatal characteristic throughout its history, of French party life."—Stichin's History of France.

"Which of the two parties began them? It would be difficult to determine. The passions that lead to insult, attack, defense and vengeance were mutually felt and equally violent on both sides. . . . From 1561 to 1573 there were twenty-odd massacres on both sides, and thirty or forty single murders sufficiently important to have been kept in remembrance by history."—Guizot's Reformation and Massacre.

FROM ANOTHER AGE—

Shall man be a free agent in prohibition? It is a grave and serious question. A famous rabbi has said "While excess and intemperance is most strongly condemned, merely the use of wine is not frowned upon in the bible."

"And John came among you, neither eating nor drinking and ye said, he was possessed of the devil: Jesus, the Son of Man, came among you, both eating and drinking and ye said:

'a wine biber, a friend of publicans and sinners.'" —Matthew II.

"Be no longer a drinker of water, but use a little wine for my stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." —I Timothy V-23.

"Wine cheereth God and man." —Judges IX-13.

EARLY CIVILIZATION—

## BABYLON

**(Added Note to Herodotus by the Editor, George Rawlinson)**

For nearly 2000 years Babylon was the centre of the world's civilization. Her script and her language were known in Egypt, and on the shores of the Mediterranean, and were the universal medium of communication between educated men. She was the bank and emporium of the East; and in the age of her splendour, with her daughter states about her, dominated the thoughts of mankind. What Rome has been, and London is, that Babylon was—" the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldaeans' pride" (Isaiah xiii. 7). Her ruins are still wonderful; but she has left us spiritual ruins too, and these are yet more strange. The debt of ancient Israel to Babylon was immense. The code of Hammurabi (B. C. 2200) may well have influenced the Mosaic code; the angelology of later Jewish Scriptures was Babylonian in origin; the legends of Creation, the Fall, and the Deluge, are of Babylonian ancestry. Little wonder if, when the end came, and she fell, a cry went through the earth that had once feared her power, her pride, her universal empire—"Babylon is fallen, is fallen!" (Isaiah xxi. 9)."

## CAST OF CHARACTERS—Continued

| | |
|---|---|
| Charioteer of Cyrus | James Curley |
| Charioteer of the Priest of Bel | Ed. Burns |
| Charioteer of the 2nd Priest of Bel | James Burns |
| Catholic Priest | Louis Romaine |
| Judge of the court | Lloyd Ingraham |
| Warden | W. H. Brown |
| Kindly neighbor | Max Davidson |
| The Wife | Miss Lee |
| Babylonian mother | Kate Bruce |
| Favorites of the Harem | Pauline Starke<br>Mildred Harris |
| Auctioneer | Martin Landry |
| Babylonian dandy | Howard Scott |
| Brother of the girl | Arthur Meyer |
| Girls of the marriage market | Margaret Mooney, Ruth Darling, Agnes Lubin |
| Attorney for the Boy | Harney Bernard |
| Babylonian Judge | Lawrence Lawlor |
| Society social worker | Mary Alden |
| Duc de Guise | Morris Levy |
| Mary the mother | Lillian Langdon |
| Counsellors of the King | Raymond Wells<br>Geo. James<br>Louis Ritz<br>John Dragdon |
| Barbarian chieftain | Chas. Eagle Eye |
| Ethiopian chieftain | Wm. Dark Cloud |
| Gobryas, Lieutenant of Cyrus | Chas. Van Cortland |
| Chief Eunuch | Jack Cosgrove |
| Duc d'Anguien | Maxfield Stanley |
| Marguerite de Valois | Georgia Pearce |
| Cardinal Lorraine | Howard Gaye |
| Bridegroom of Cana | George Walsh |
| Self-styled Uplifters | Luray Huntley<br>Lucille Brown<br>Miss Washington<br>Pearl Elmore<br>Mrs. Arthur Mackley |
| Guest at ball | Marguerite Marsh |

Assyrian, Persian, Median, Roman and French soldiers, militiamen, mill workers, Babylonian dancers, Persians, Ethiopians, East Indians, Numidians, Eunuchs, Roman mobs, people of Jerusalem, Pharisees, Scribes, Publicans, members of the Sanhedrin, ladies in waiting and courtiers at the Court of Charles IX, attendants at the wedding feast of Cana, denizens of the streets of Paris, knights, Huguenots and Guisards, handmaidens of the Babylonian temples, Priests of Bel, Nergel and Ishtar, convicts, camp followers, nobles and subjects of Babylonia.

---

Musical Arrangement by.....JOSEPH CARL BREIL
Musical Director.....FREDERICK ARUNDEL
Persian musical themes supplied by
FARAHANGUIZE KHANUM and SIDNEY SPRAGUE
Photography .....G. W. BITZER and STAFF

---

**IMPORTANT NOTE—The audience is requested to remain seated during the brief pause between the Prologue and Act I. There will be an intermission of six minutes between Acts I and II.**

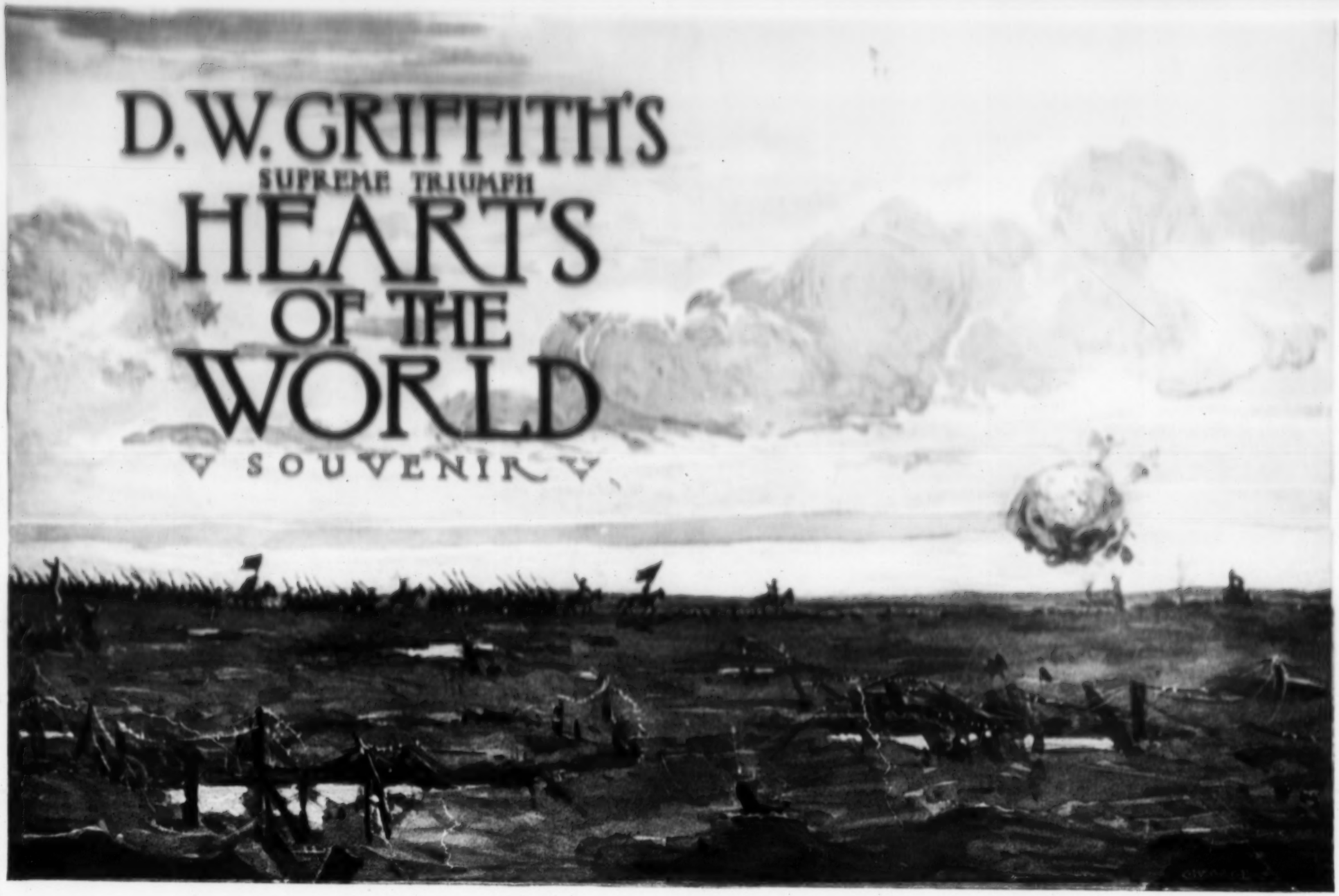
BILLY BITZER
COLLECTION

# D. W. GRIFFITH'S

SUPREME TRIUMPH

# HEARTS OF THE WORLD

SOUVENIR



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by
David Wark Griffith
All rights reserved

HELPLESS REFUGEES SEEKING SHELTER FROM THE GUNS OF THE INVADING HUNS

# GREATEST OF WAR HISTORIANS

THE Most Remarkable Tribute Ever Paid to Anyone Identified with the world of the Screen Drama, is the honor which has just been bestowed upon DAVID WARK GRIFFITH by the Board of Historians at present engaged in compiling the Standard Contemporary History of the Great War.

At a meeting of these historians, comprising representatives, professors and members of the faculty of the leading universities of America, a general discussion took place concerning MR. GRIFFITH'S supreme triumph, "HEARTS OF THE WORLD," and those present agreed that in this gigantic contribution to the world's record of the war, MR. GRIFFITH has proven himself THE GREATEST OF WAR HISTORIANS.

Read the following letter to Mr. Griffith from Dr. Francis Trevelyan Miller, of the Board of Historians:

New York, N. Y.,
April 23rd, 1918.

My dear Mr. Griffith:—

At an editorial conference of our Board of Historians today, we discussed the value of your Motion Picture Masterpiece, "HEARTS OF THE WORLD," as a permanent contribution to the world's history.

It may interest you to know that we agreed your production is the most notable on record that the WAR has produced. We feel privileged in greeting you as the GREATEST OF WAR HISTORIANS.

I have produced nineteen volumes on the War. But in a single picture, you produce a vital, human record that embodies the spirit and the soul of the War with deeper reality than all these books combined.

While we are at work analyzing the official documents from the belligerent governments and battle fronts for our cumbersome volumes on the great War, you reveal the world-tragedy in two and a half hours with "HEARTS OF THE WORLD."

While I am informed by my publishers that my works are breaking all business records (with sales exceeding $4,000,000) we find that your work reaches millions of people where we reach only thousands, and that your business figures leap far beyond all possibilities of the printed page.

I have come to the conclusion that hereafter history must be divided into four epochs: Ancient, Mediæval, Modern—and the Motion Picture. The Stone Age, the Bronze Age, the Age of the Printed Page,—and the Film Age.

Heroditus was the first of Grecian historians; Josephus, the first celebrated Jewish historian; then in modern times we find Gibbons in his "History of Rome"; Hume with his "History of England"; passing along to our own Prescott, Bancroft, Motley and Parkman, until today we find in this age of inventive genius the great historian of the People—Cinematography—of which you—MR. GRIFFITH—are the FIRST of the great Cinema historians. This is the position that you will occupy in the records of human progress.

This letter, then, is a greeting from an historian of the old school of typography, to a historian of the NEW SCHOOL of cinematography.

Again extending to you my highest admiration for your epoch-making achievements, I am, cordially yours,

(Signed) FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER.
(Litt.D., LL.D.)

*One last good-bye as the troops depart for the front*

*The Call to Arms - The First Sign of War*

*Scenes of mobilization of the French army*

*The first tidings of War*

*Preparation for the Conflict*

# AN EXPRESSION

THE place where science meets and mingles with the fine arts is the motion-picture screen.

Starting in their first crude beginnings as little else than a sublimated "peep show," the pictures are now attracting the best brains of the world. The finest actors, many of the best writers, chemists, inventors and artists with both camera and brush have heard the call.

Every great feature picture, beginning with the "Birth of a Nation," has registered some extraordinary advancement. Each new picture drama is waited for as a new milestone along the path. So rapid is the progression!

On Tuesday night, D. W. Griffith presented "The Hearts of the World" here for the first time. And the world is already eagerly inquiring, "What new thing has it brought to this, the baby of the arts?"

"Hearts of the World" was filmed under extraordinary circumstances. By the favor of the British Foreign Office, Mr. Griffith was permitted to take many of the scenes of the drama in the front line trenches, where his properties were French and British cannon actually hurling shell into the German lines.

The music that inspired his actors was the shriek of shrapnel on a mission of death. The villains of the piece were not supers arrayed in the prop costumes; they were real German soldiers with the fear of death in their hearts and the sound of death in their ears.

Before the outbreak of the war, motion-picture directors were often heard to sigh that motion cameras had not been invented at the time of the great wars of the past. Yet, in the light of this great Griffith picture, we come to the realization that the camera is to bring the death of the great spectacle. Moving pictures are so common in their profusion of wonderment that the thrill has oozed away. The grandeur of war is an old story to every child.

The Griffith picture is a great drama, as we now discover, not because it was made under fire at the war front, but because it is a wonderfully sweet, human, appealing love story. And with this realization, the artist steps up to the place he should have had this long while, and the mechanic steps down.

The mechanical difficulties of motion-pictures have been solved, the artistic famine is next to be relieved. "Hearts of the World" opens up a field of rich promise in this regard. It hints in a striking way of the splendid opportunities that wait for literary men in the films—yes, and for great actors.

Hitherto picture plays have been sheer melodrama in that they dealt with types rather than characters. There have been very, very good people and very, very bad people. As in the old morality plays, there has been virtue and vice disguised in various personalities.

"Hearts of the World" shows what opportunities there are for real delineations of real people.

There is not in all literature a more charming character study than that of the little street singer in "Hearts of the World"—the debonair little philosopher who holds to the text that if "you can't get what you want, then want what you can get." There is insouciance and delicate fascination in this little bit of literature that suggests Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night."

Some of this charm is due to the author and the director, but a great deal of it is attributable to the exquisite art of Miss Dorothy Gish. No less can be said of the sweet wistfulness of the love story. We cannot disentangle the credit that goes to the director from that belonging to the sincere, intelligent, studious effort of Miss Lillian Gish and Mr. Robert Harron.

"Hearts of the World" sets a new ideal for motion-pictures, as have most of the great feature films of the past. Yet it does more. It shows a new way; it turns a leaf. It shows that hereafter the spectacle is to be but a setting; the story is the thing.

In the first big days of the films, the stage managers who had been confined to a sixty-foot stage, canvas forests and armies of a dozen beery supers went wild when they found real forests and huge armies ready at hand. The spectacular element ran away with pictures. But with this feature play, the story comes into its place again.

It is a call for brains. It is a call for authors and for actors, as well as directors.—*Editorial Los Angeles Times, Thursday, March 14.*

*The Refugees*

Writing letters to the
loved ones at home

"The Stars and Stripes Forever"

The French
re-capture the village

Under the German banner
of frightfulness

*During the bombardment - and after.*

# WHEN TWO GREAT MEN CLASPED HANDS

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND, SHAKES HANDS WITH DAVID WARK GRIFFITH AND WISHES HIM GOD-SPEED ON HIS JOURNEY TO PRODUCE "HEARTS OF THE WORLD" UPON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT

The greatest statesman of England today is David Lloyd George, Prime Minister and Premier of the War Cabinet which directs the participation of Great Britain in the Campaign against Autocracy and in Defence of Civilization.

Upon the shoulders of Lloyd George rests the mighty burden of directing the destinies of Five Million Men in the British Army, of exercising Supreme Control over the great English Navy which is the bulwark of that kingdom and which is the outpost of the defences of the United States against aggression by sea.

Essentially a self-made man, David Lloyd George rose from the comparative obscurity of humble birth, to be called by his Nation to the exalted position he now holds; a leader of statesmen, entrusted by the King with supreme power, the House of Commons voting support for all measures he advocates, and the entire supreme conduct of England's share of the Great War in his hands.

Eighteen hours a day is the normal time he places at the disposal of his great task. Eating and sleeping are but subordinate matters to his tremendous energy.

Sitting at his desk, at Number 10, Downing Street, the unpretentious offices of the British Cabinet, David Lloyd George is now consecrating his life, his services, his mighty brain, to the cause of Civilization in order that the Allies—the United States, England, France and the other nations battling for Freedom—may bring the War to a victorious conclusion.

Busy as this man is, with demands upon every second of his time; with Admirals, Generals, Ambassadors, Statesmen, Leaders of Parliament, Members of the House of Lords, Emissaries from the King, with a thousand and one people anxious to interview him upon important matters, Lloyd George set aside a large part of one busy morning, eighteen months ago, to receive David Wark Griffith in his private office at Number Ten Downing Street.

Mr. Griffith was accompanied by Lord Beaverbrook, member of the House of Lords, and prominently identified with war relief work for wounded soldiers. Mr. Griffith had come to London to seek official permission to visit the battlefields of France in order to secure material for use in his wonderful love story of the war, "Hearts of the World," which he had planned to stage with the Great War as a background.

Months before, in his bungalow near Los Angeles, Mr. Griffith had conceived the idea of staging the sweetest love story ever told, with the scenes and incidents taking place in a little village in France which was devastated and ruined by the war.

Lord Beaverbrook, a prominent member of the British nobility, welcomed the idea with such enthusiasm that he arranged the meeting with Lloyd George.

For more than one hour, the British Prime Minister held up the cog-wheels of the war while he discussed the situation with Mr. Griffith, heard Lord Beaverbrook enthuse over the story which should be a lesson to the civilized world, to bring courage and comfort to the hearts of the Allies, to show the world the evils and the wretchedness of a population under German control, and to arouse the greatest patriotism and love of country in every land where the great story should be told.

When all was agreed upon, and Mr. Griffith was formally commissioned by the British Government to visit the battle-

fields of France, when the full resources of the British and French governments and their armies had been placed at his disposal to aid him in his great work, David Lloyd George took Mr. Griffith by the hand and said, cordially:

"You will do this to aid Humanity. The idea back of your splendid story is a message to civilization that its fight will not be in vain. Let me be the first to predict that when you have completed your labors, you will have produced a masterpiece which will carry a message around the world—a story which will inspire every heart with patriotism, with love of country, with the great Cause for which the civilized nations of the world are now fighting in France. This, Mr. Griffith, is the greatest and most wonderful task you have ever attempted. God speed you in your great work and grant that you may accomplish your desires."

And so David Wark Griffith set forth from the British Cabinet offices at Number Ten Downing Street, with the official endorsement, aid and approval of the British Prime Minister, the British government, and with full authority to call upon any officers of the forces on land or sea to aid him in his cherished work.

Back of the battle lines in Flanders, through stricken villages in the ruined section of France, following the British army, risking life a hundred times to get close enough to the firing line to get effective material, Mr. Griffith, his camera men, and his intrepid company of players moved and acted for the camera, within sound of the big guns, near bursting shells, until at last Mr. Griffith gave the signal that the task had been accomplished.

In peaceful villages far from the turmoil of war, amid rustic surroundings of such great beauty that they resembled Corot landscapes, Mr. Griffith and his associates took these wonderful scenes which show the beginning of the great love story depicted in "Hearts of the World."

There the sweetest of all love stories was enacted by the beautiful and charming Gish sisters, Lillian and Dorothy, with their mother participating in most of the scenes; with Robert Harron, leading man; George Fawcett, and other players, all of whom had risked their lives for the big dramatic scenes and who now appeared in a new light in those peaceful and beautiful episodes which form the first part of Mr. Griffith's latest and greatest achievement, "Hearts of the World."

# D. W. GRIFFITH'S

SUPREME TRIUMPH

# HEARTS OF THE WORLD

The Story of a Village

An Old-Fashioned Play with a New-Fashioned Theme

In Two Parts

Scenario by M. Gaston de Tolignac

Translated into English by Capt. Victor Marier

Under Personal Direction of D. W. Griffith

## THE CHARACTERS

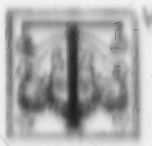
(In the order in which they appear)

| | |
|---|---|
| The Grandfather | Adolphe Lestina |
| The Mother | Josephine Crowell |
| The Girl, Marie Stephenson | Lillian Gish |
| The Boy, Douglas Gordon Hamilton | Robert Harron |
| The Father of the Boy | Jack Cosgrave |
| The Mother of the Boy | Kate Bruce |
| The Littlest Brother | Ben Alexander |
| The Boy's Other Brothers | { M. Emmons<br>{ F. Marion |
| The Little Dutchie | Dorothy Gish |
| Monsieur Cuckoo | Robert Anderson |
| The Village Carpenter | George Fawcett |
| Von Strohm, agent of German autocracy | George A. Siegmann |
| The Inkeeper | Fay Holderness |
| A Deaf and Blind Musician | L. Lowy |
| A Poilu | Eugene Pouyet |
| A French Peasant Girl | Anna Mae Walthall |
| A Refugee | Mlle. Yvetter Duvoisin |

(COURTESY MAX DUBUY, COMEDIE FRANCAISE, PARIS)

| | |
|---|---|
| A French Major | Herbert Sutch |
| A Poilu | Alphonse Dufort |
| A Poilu | Jean Dumercier |
| Stretcher Bearers | { Jules Lemontier<br>{ Gaston Riviere |
| A Poilu | Georges Loyer |
| A German Sergeant | George Nichols |
| Refugee Mother | Mrs. Gish |
| Woman with Daughter | Mrs. Harron |
| Wounded Girl | Mary Harron |
| Refugee | Jessie Harron |
| Boy with Barrel | Johnny Harron |

# SYNOPSIS OF "HEARTS OF THE WORLD"



WO American painters make their homes in France. Marie, the daughter of one painter, and Douglas Hamilton, the oldest son of the other, live next door to each other. A natural event is the love between the two.

The Little Disturber, a strolling singer, falls in love with young Douglas also. However, this affair does not develop to any disastrous conclusion.

Marie and her lover are in the midst of great preparations for their coming wedding when the Great War begins. Though an American citizen, he gives his life to the service of France.

Marie and her family, left at home in the village, refuse to believe the possibility of danger.

The little French company, a part of the great army of France, however, is beaten back by the great German offensive.

Then follows the overwhelming of the French, the bombardment and destruction of the village. The scenes of the evacuation and of the distress and terror of the villages under the bombardment, are shown.

The latter part of the story takes up the village under the German occupation.

In this village Marie and the Little Disturber manage to drag out an existence at the village inn, now in possession of the Huns.

The story relates the suffering, privations and agony of the villagers in their captivity, relating also the preparations for the rescue of the village by the French, the massing of their troops, the intense struggle of the French soldiers to recapture the village and free their loved ones, and the prayers and hopes of the women and children of the village awaiting their deliverance, as they ascend from cellar and crypt in the stricken district.

The first part of our play is the story of the village in the time of peace, an attempt in a small way to suggest the beauty of France, the music of her moonlight, the perfume of her blossoms, the charms of her walls and her streets, her streams and pathways —ways that the legions of Cæsar found beautiful centuries ago.

An attempt to suggest the gold of her love, her small troubles, her light laughter, her great hopes.

The heroes and heroines are humanity; the villain, militarism.

Our poor little heroes and heroines we know have a heavy burden, trying to give even the faintest suggestion of that heavy load carried by humanity in stricken France and Belgium.

So try to bear with them indulgently, for the story they tell is the story of truth. The things that occur may not have happened in quite the sequence as told here but all these incidents have really happened in that land where nothing seems impossible, where all the world is in Gethsemane and the earth is a forest of crosses on which hang the atoms of broken humanity. In the night outside our house anguished voices cry out. Whatever the darkness holds, we must take the lantern and go out into it.

*Lillian Gish*
*and Josephine Crowell*

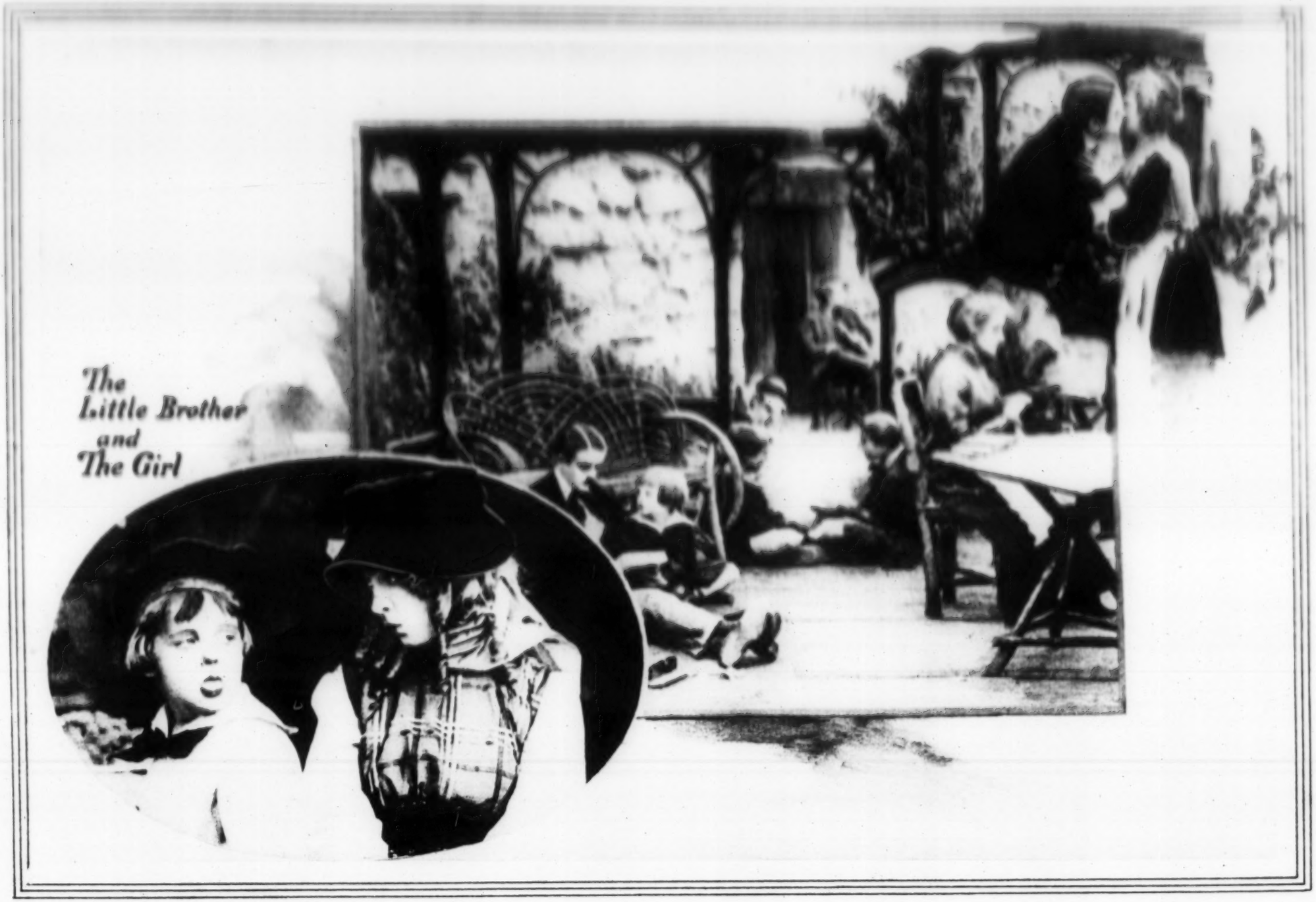
*Lillian Gish*
*and*
*Robert Harron*

*Dorothy Gish*
*"The Little Disturber"*

*The dream of the absent Lover*

*The Girl returns home unexpectedly to visit her parents*

*The children watch the Lovers in their wooing*



*The Little Brother and The Girl*

The Blind Musician
Little Ben Alexander

*The Little Disturber is annoyed*

*Discussing the engagement*

# NOTES CONCERNING "HEARTS OF THE WORLD"

MOBILIZATION occurred in France August 1st. The declaration of war with Germany did not occur until two days afterwards.

The incident of the boy crossing into the enemy's territory follows exactly the experience of a young officer in the French army, save that his hiding place was a cellar instead of an upper room. These bold visitations by the enemy on both sides have been of not uncommon occurrence. It is not a matter of extreme difficulty in quiet sectors to get into the enemy's trench and back areas. The great difficulty is in returning to one's own lines.

It is a strange and unpleasant coincidence that the first scenes of the second act were taken in the village of Ham, which has only recently fallen again into the hands of the German invaders.

At least two of the cameras that recorded some of the events in this picture have been destroyed by enemy shells.

Scenes in the prologue, showing Mr. Griffith on the battlefield, were taken by the official cinematographer of the British War Office. Captions by the British War Office.

The scene of the repairing of the trench shows the soldiers doing away with the ill results of two shells dropped six minutes before the camera passed.

The scene of the camera set in the front line was taken just as three rifle grenades dropped twenty feet away.

The battery of guns, taken in action on the 18th of September, 1917, during the heaviest artillery bombardment ever known, just before the combined British and French push at Paschendaelle Ridge. This picture was taken in the morning. The camera men and staff returned by St. Julien Road in the afternoon in time to see this very battery put out of action by enemy shells two hundred yards away.

The scene of the ruins of the old home of the girl, shown during the climax in the last act, was again under fire from German guns later.

It may be of interest to know that the principal characters in the play have been many times under bombardment, and have suffered the terror of shell and shrapnel, have seen and heard humanity stricken by actual war. In one instance a rehearsal of a scene was interrupted by a shell unexpectedly falling without warning twenty yards away. In the silence after the passing death, the vicinity was alive with the cry of the wounded and busy with stretcher bearers carrying away the dead.

The wall, against which the lovers lean in our story, is only a wall, and a similar one can be built in any studio, but parts of this wall were built when the legions of Cæsar marched through Gaul; the actual ruins of the girl's home were actually torn by shot and shell and are actually under the hand of the German invader; the stream seen in the play has often been crimson with the blood of France; at least these backgrounds are actual and real monuments, reminding us of the greatest of the world's dramas.

ALONE AT NIGHT UPON THE BATTLEFIELD, THE BRIDE DISCOVERS HER WOUNDED LOVER

*The Ballad Beautiful*

# HEARTS OF THE WORLD

DEDICATED TO

## MR. D. W. GRIFFITH

*Lyric by*
BARTLEY COSTELLO

*Music by*
JAMES W. CASEY

Across the sky of sunshine
Now drift the clouds of war;
The star of Mars is ruling
In my land and afar.
The lands that once were brothers
Have battle flags unfurl'd,
And countless hearts are breaking
Thru out the whole wide world.

Hearts of the world
Are crying out in pain.
Sorrow creeps on,
It seems in endless chain.
Pray that tomorrow
Will end all sorrow.
Hearts of the world
When will you smile again.

Across the darken'd shadows
There comes a ray of light.
Big hearts are bravely fighting
To set the world a-right.
May love and rest soon linger
In lands now torn with pain,
May heaven bless the heroes
Who'll bring peace once again.

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BILLY DITZER
COLLECTION

Designed
Engraved and Printed by
The Sackett & Wilhelms Corporation
New York

D. W. GRIFFITH'S
The Fall of Babylon
SOUVENIR

"Why touch upon such themes?" perhaps some friend
May ask, incredulous; "and to what good end?
Why drag into the light of day
The errors of an age long passed away?"
I answer: "For the lesson that they teach:
The tolerance of opinion and of speech."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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ALBERT L. GREY, Mgr.
720 Longacre Bldg., N.Y. City

D.W.GRIFFITH
offers
The Fall of Babylon
A Purple Romance
of an Ancient Day
Produced Personally
by
DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

Rhapsode
Virgins of the Sacred Fires
The Mountain Girl

# PREFACE

*The people in the days of Babylon lived the same, worked the same, loved the same, as we of today. When you see this play just imagine the scenes are in your own city, your own street corners, your own familiar squares. Imagine the people of the story are your own people. Imagine the invaders are destroying your own country, even as the Huns did Belgium, only there was no one to take up the fight for the Babylonians, and they were trampled forever into the dust. Their sorrows and sufferings, sacrifices and loves, have come down through these many years.*

*Therefore have in your heart a little tear, a little sympathy, a little pity for those who have been so long in the tomb of days gone by.*

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

# BABYLON
## (EARLY CIVILIZATION)

FOR nearly two thousand years Babylon was the center of the world's civilization. Her script and her language were known in Egypt and on the shores of the Mediterranean, and were the universal medium of communication between educated men. She was the bank and emporium of the East, and in the age of her splendor, with her daughter states about her, dominated the thoughts of mankind. What Rome has been, and London is, that Babylon was—"the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency." (Isaiah 13, 19.) Her ruins are still wonderful; but she has left us spiritual ruins, too, and these are yet more strange. The debt of ancient Israel to Babylon was enormous. The code of Hammurabi (B. C. 2200) may well have influenced the Mosaic code; the angelology of later Jewish Scriptures was Babylonian in origin; the stories of Creation, the Fall, and the Deluge, are of Babylonian ancestry. Little wonder if, when the end came, and she fell, a cry went through the earth that had once feared her power, her pride, her universal empire—"Babylon is fallen, is fallen!" (Isaiah 21, 9.)

Prince Belshazzar
and the Princess
Beloved
The
Mountain Girl

# "THE FALL OF BABYLON"

## (SYNOPSIS)

David Wark Griffith's story, "The Fall of Babylon," is that of a brilliant people who were dust when the Gentle Carpenter was born; who hungered for food and love and happiness—even as you and I.

They built a marvelous city, Babylon the Mighty, with massive walls and stately palaces that only treachery could reduce.

When the story begins (Babylon, 539 B. C.) two religious factions are fighting each other. The great High Priest of Bel—he of the cold, stern religion, intolerant and hard and bitter—is jealous of the worship by the Babylonians of Ishtar, Goddess of Love.

Prince Belshazzar and his father, King Nabonidus, reign upon the throne of Babylon. They have songs and prayers of rejoicing for Ishtar. The High Priest of Bel looks upon the revelry with hatred and bitterness. He has great power. He puts his guards in control of the gates and bribes several of the king's guards to join his forces. He plots to send a messenger to Cyrus, King of the Persians, and have him bring his mighty army to Babylon and destroy the city, and so avenge himself on Belshazzar and Ishtar. A trusted young man is sent, Cyrus agrees, and chariots and horses are made ready for the siege.

But a young mountain girl comes to the city to buy a dress. After she has traded her apples and other fruits for the coveted garment, she sets about to view the city of Babylon. She is seen by a young poet, the Rhapsode. Her country ways and her wild nature appeal to him and he whispers love into her ears and sings little songs of youth and happiness.

In playful romp the little mountain girl ventures afar. She is seen by a merchant of the Marriage Market, captured and placed among the maidens to be sold in the open mart.

Prince Belshazzar in all his glory, accompanied by attendants of the court, happens by the Marriage Market in time to see the predicament of the short-curled, beautiful, warm-eyed girl from the country. He is angered at her captivity. She is immediately released and Belshazzar places upon her upturned hand the seal of freedom. In the one fleeting glance the grateful girl receives from the Prince a spark of love is kindled in her heart. She forgets about her poet-lover and seeks to know more about Belshazzar.

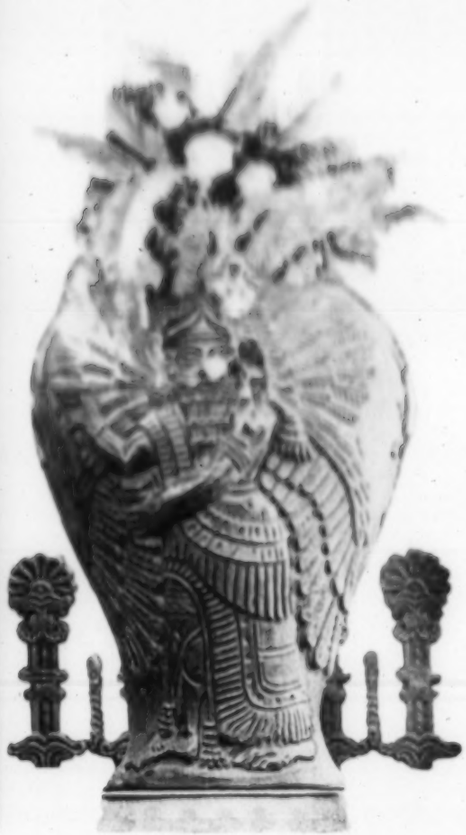
The Feast of Belshazzar is in progress. The mountain girl, standing afar off, adventurous, heydenish, strong in love and hate, approaches to the great gate and beholds her Prince. She adores him; she worships him. Her thoughts are interrupted by the voice of the messenger who is to carry the plans of the invasion to Cyrus. By a clever ruse she lures the carrier of the High Priest of Bel into an inn and beguiles him until, boastingly, he tells her everything.

She spies upon the army of Cyrus as it leaves on its night journey of destruction, and seizing a chariot and horses she gallops ahead to warn Belshazzar, arriving in Babylon while the greatest banquet in all history still is in its height. But amid the feasting and wine and revelry the message of the mountain girl is not believed; her warning is not taken. With the onrush of the army of Cyrus, the huge gates give way, the mighty forts are brushed down, the palaces are set afire—and Babylon falls.

To avoid being taken by the enemy, Belshazzar dies by his own hand, with no one near him in his last hour but the little mountain girl who loved him and tried to save him. She holds his hands and kisses the dying lips, while the last blare from the trumpets of Cyrus falls upon her ears.

The little mountain girl wanders into the desert, alone and forsaken, her wild spirit crushed by the death of the Prince. Then love comes to her gently, softly, as the boy who sang songs to her slips his hand in hers and leads her back to her country home. There solace and happiness are found in the love of the Rhapsode.

THE PERFUMED MADNESS OF THE FEAST OF BELSH



AZZAR IS AT ITS HEIGHT, WHEN BABYLON FALLS

They worshipped
Ishtar,
Goddess of Love

Belshazzar saves
the Mountain Girl
from the marriage
mart

The hordes of Cyrus before the mighty walls of Babylon

Babylon's war engines belching liquid fire

Belshazzar's revelry interrupted by the onrush of the Persian invaders

# D. W. GRIFFITH

PRESENTS

# "THE FALL OF BABYLON"

A PURPLE ROMANCE OF AN ANCIENT DAY

*PRODUCED PERSONALLY BY DAVID WARK GRIFFITH*

CHARACTERS AND PLAYERS

| | |
|---|---|
| The High Priest of Bel | Tully Marshall |
| The Mountain Girl | Constance Talmadge |
| The Rhapsode | Elmer Clifton |
| Prince Belshazzar, reigning with his father, King Nabonidus | Alfred Paget |
| Nabonidus, King of Babylonia | Carl Stockdale |
| Attarea, favorite of Belshazzar | Seena Owen |
| Attarea's Slave | Loyola O'Connor |
| Cyrus | George Siegmann |
| The Mighty Man of Valour | Elmo Lincoln |
| The Pharisees | Baron Von Ritzan<br>Count Von Stroheim |
| Charioteer of Cyrus | James Curley |
| Babylonian Mother | Kate Bruce |
| Babylonian Dandy | Howard Scott |
| Girls at the Marriage Market | Alma Rubens<br>Ruth Darling<br>Margaret Mooney |
| Babylonian Judge | George Fawcett |
| Favorites of the Harem | Mildred Harris<br>Pauline Stark |
| Favorite of Egibi | Winnifred Westover |

• • • • • • • •

Wid's Year Book 1920 -

# BILLY BITZER

*Shooting A Scene For*

# "Way Down East"

# D. W. GRIFFITH PRODUCTIONS

SOUVENIR BOOK
D. W. GRIFFITH'S
MAGNIFICENT ELABORATION OF
WAY DOWN EAST

COLLECTION

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We feel that everyone should see this Great Motion Picture, particularly since it is in such excellent condition due to the new print.

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THE NEW

# Inwood ART THEATRE

*Proudly Presents*

THE GREATEST MOTION PICTURE EVER MADE

# The Birth of a Nation

D. W. GRIFFITH'S

IMMORTAL MASTERPIECE

Brought To Life Through The Medium Of Sound

*— Souvenir Program —*

INTERNATIONAL MASTERPIECES INC.

## SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT

## "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

When the New [redacted] Management inaugurated its new policy, we were bound and determined to revive this great screen classic.

The picture has been seen by over 100 million people.

This is the original uncut and uncensored version.

Produced in 1914 it is still considered the greatest motion picture ever made, and all great motion pictures are measured by its magnificence.

There are over five thousand scenes, twenty-five thousand people, and three thousand horses.

Thirty-five thousand yards of white material were used to make costumes for the Klansmen.

Ten thousand dollars a day was paid for the use of an entire county for the production.

West Point engineers laid out the great battle scene at Petersburg.

Five thousand works of history of the civil war and the period immediately following were consulted.

Night photography was perfected for the first time to secure battle scenes in the dark.

Closeup photography was perfected for the first time.

Contains twelve thousand feet of finished film. Nearly two hundred thousand feet were originally taken.

Cost of production was over half a million dollars.

You will note that the film is in remarkable condition. There was a new print made for the New [redacted] Art Theatre.

We would like to call your attention to scenes of Lillian Gish's visit to the hospital. The guard on duty was so astounded by Miss Gish's beauty, that he went out of character and gazed fondly at her. Mr. Griffith saw fit to leave this slight deviation.

The horn you hear in the final scenes is an authentic facsimile of the horn used to summon the Klans.

COLLECTION
BILLY BITZER

D. W. GRIFFITH

*Presents*

# The Birth of a Nation

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA IN TWO ACTS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|---|---|
| Col. Ben Cameron | *Henry Walthall* |
| Margaret Cameron, the elder sister | *Miriam Cooper* |
| Flora, the pet sister | *Mae Marsh* |
| Mrs. Cameron | *Josephine Crowell* |
| Dr. Cameron | *Spottiswoode Aiken* |
| Wade Cameron, the second son | *J. A. Beringer* |
| Duke Cameron, the youngest son | *Maxfield Stanley* |
| Mammy, their faithful old servant | *Jennie Lee* |
| Hon. Austin Stoneman, Leader of the House | *Ralph Lewis* |
| Elsie, his daughter | *Lillian Gish* |
| Phil, his elder son | *Elmer Clifton* |
| Tod, the younger son | *Robert Harron* |
| Jeff, the blacksmith | *Wallace Reid* |
| Lydia Brown, Stoneman's mulatto housekeeper | *Mary Alden* |
| Silas Lynch, mulatto Lieutenant-Governor | *George Seigmann* |
| Gus, a renegade negro | *Walter Long* |
| Abraham Lincoln | *Joseph Henabery* |
| John Wilkes Booth | *Raoul Walsh* |
| Gen. U. S. Grant | *Donald Crisp* |
| Gen. Robert E. Lee | *Howard Gaye* |
| Nelse, an old-fashioned negro | *William DeVaull* |
| Jake, a black man faithful unto death | *William Freeman* |
| Stoneman's Servant | *Thomas Wilson* |

and a cast of over 25,000

Cabinet Members, Generals, Military Aides and Attaches, Secretaries, Senators, Representatives, Visitors, Soldiers, Abolitionists, Ku Klux Klansmen, Plantation Crowds and Mobs.

Entire production under the personal direction of D. W. Griffith

Photography by *G. W. Bitzer* Music by *Joseph Carl Breil*

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Ronald Colman in "BEAU GESTE"
Emil Jannings in "THE PATRIOT"
Valentino in "THE SHEIK"
Valentino in "BLOOD AND SAND"
Betty Bronson in "PETER PAN"
"SENTIMENTAL TOMMY"
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in

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in
"Ariane"

Yvette Guilbert
in
"Les Deux Orphelines"
(The Two Orphans)

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*Exclusive Revival Showing in America!*

## D. W. GRIFFITH'S

Tremendous Epic of the Screen

# "INTOLERANCE"

*"A Timeless Masterpiece"*
Richard Watts, Jr., Herald-Tribune

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## PROGRAM

*Exclusive and Only Revival Presentation in America!*

## D. W. GRIFFITH'S

# "INTOLERANCE"

*Described by the creator as "A Sun-Play of the Ages"*

The PRINCIPAL ROLES are played by:

Mae Marsh
Constance Talmadge
Tully Marshall
Seena Owen
Bobby Harron
Pauline Starke
Kate Bruce
George Fawcett

PLAYERS in MINOR PARTS:

Alma Rubens
Raoul Walsh
Lillian Gish
Colleen Moore
Bessie Love
George Walsh
Eric von Stroheim
Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.
Mildred Harris
Monte Blue
Carol Dempster
Ruth Dennis Shawn

## A PERSONAL MESSAGE BY MR. GRIFFITH

"Intolerance" was made 18 years ago and was first shown in America in August, 1916. It has an unusually interesting history. It seems to me that at that time the depth of its idea and the unconventional treatment of the story were ahead of the day which explains the slight interest audiences took in this film.

As time went on, the interest increased and the picture received its share of success. Its influence went even as far as Soviet Russia where Lenin was personally responsible for arrangements of extensive road-shows during the early time of his regime. And I feel extremely happy about statements by Eisenstein, Pudovkin and other Soviet directors who claim that this film has greatly influenced the trend of the new Russian cinema.

It is the timeliness of "Intolerance" which leads me to revive it now again after so many years. Although made several years before prohibition, the film contains a protest against that act which was formally repealed by the American people only a few days ago. We believe it provides a fairly accurate forecast of the evils which were brought about by the dry era.

It is also a protest against despotism and injustice in every form, and that protest runs through all four stories that comprise the whole film. I have tried to picture four contrasted civilizations in the dramatic process of their collapse, and I feel that every civilization is doomed that is built on despotism and injustice.

Mr. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., has urged me to release my film again for this exclusive showing for the benefit of the New York American Christmas Relief Fund, and I am most gratified to be able to aid this worthy cause.

(Signed) D. W. GRIFFITH.

New York, November 10, 1933.

THE FOLLOWING PICTURES REPRESENT A SAMPLING OF THOSE FROM THE G.W. BITZER COLLECTION, SERIES VI. THE REMAINDER CAN BE FOUND IN THE STILLS COLLECTION, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N.Y.

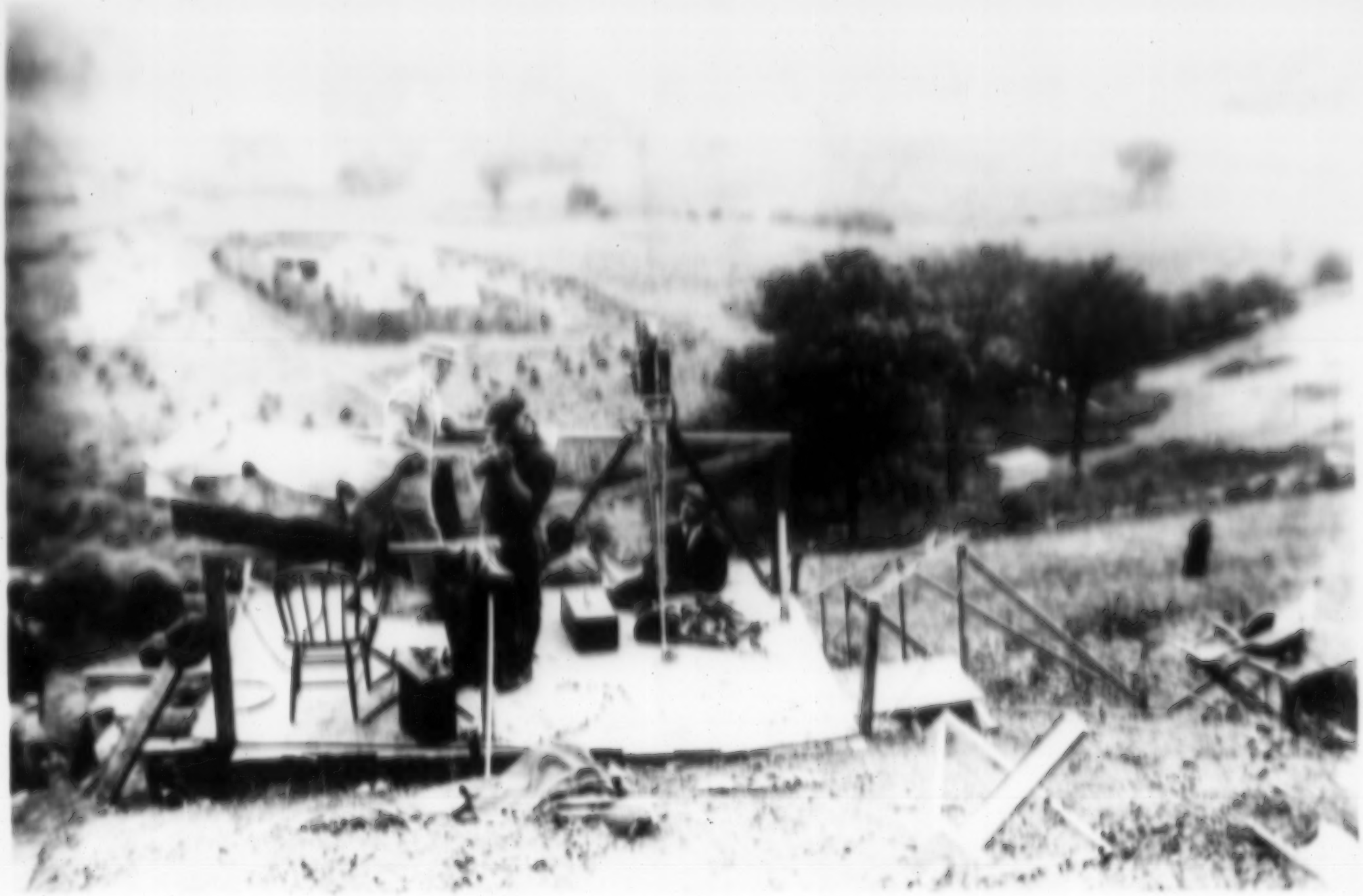
FILM CREW ON AMERICA SET, FARMINGTON, N.Y.

DWG AND "GREY DUCK" - GREETING RICHARD BARTHELMESS AND KATE BRUCE.

DW AND BILLY BITZER LOOK AT FILM.

DW ON SET OF "WAY DOWN EAST" WITH ACTORS, L TO R - MARY HAY, DW, R. BARTHELMESS, LILLIAN GISH, CREIGHTON HALE, LOWELL SHERMAN

DW AND B. BITZER - "LOVE FLOWER."



SERIES SEVEN

BARNET BRAVERMANN RESEARCH COLLECTION,
1897-1954.

Oliver Towne

# Out of the past, old movie-making lore

Barnet Braverman. DISP. AUG 2 3 1973

I think about him now and then when I pass Seven Corners and see the sleek, new Inn where the old Moore block stood.

Barnet lived there, in a tiny, open-room apartment behind the elevator shaft. And he died there in 1965, one day in September and that's how I came to know parts of his story.

That's how the late Roy Swanson, Dispatch librarian, and I hauled five big cartons of manuscript and photographs of Hollywood's early years to the Dispatch building here on Fourth Street.

It was Roy who winnowed out the important bits and sent them on to the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, the repository and museum of the film industry.

What sharpened the focus of my memory as I rode by the corner the other day is a magazine article I read about a Museum of Modern Art exhibition of the motion picture history, with emphasis on the early eras and contribution of D.W. Griffith, pioneer producer, best known for his epic "Birth of a Nation" and in later years a somewhat controversial figure in the civil rights movement.

Much of Barnet Braverman's diaries, notes, photographs and research must have been included as a basis for the show.

I'm sure, of course, that the Museum of Modern Art could have done admirably without this contribution, yet I like to think that the incident of September of 1965, which drama focused on the Moore block, played its part.

Swanson started the train of events. Or rather, a mysterious phone call from an unidentified woman who said to Roy: "An old man died in the Moore block. Do you know he had a $25,000 manuscript on D.W. Griffith in his room?"

Roy called me. I called Tom Flaherty, then deputy Ramsey County coroner. He opened Braverman's room, or rather, in the absence of a key, crawled through the transom. Tom already knew that there was something strange about Barnet Braverman.

He had no known relatives. He had been a familiar figure in the Loop, dapper, well-dressed, unassuming, visible in the lobbies of the old hotels St. Paul and Lowry, which he used as his parlors.

His "study" was the Downtown Public Library. And his outdoor lawn was Rice Park in the summer.

When he died, Barnet Braverman went to a pauper's grave in Elmhurst Cemetery, with not one mourner.

For almost a day Tom Flaherty and I searched that cluttered room, filled with books and boxes of letters, notes, pictures and the early days of the motion picture came alive.

Barnet Braverman had been born in New York City, was a pioneer script writer, public relations man and an early mover from the New York to the Hollywood scene in the first part of the century. He obviously was an intimate in the lives of movie makers.

The Barrymores, Lillian Gish, Helen Hayes, Valentino, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Harold Lloyd — all were represented in letters and interviews.

But over and over again, it was D.W. Griffith's story that Barnet was trying to tell.

Only, there never was a manuscript, neatly typed and put into a spiral notebook. We concluded that all five boxes of materials were his manuscript.

Why he had come to St. Paul to live the anonymous life, why he had left Hollywood and what had happened to turn him inward — all of these questions remained unanswered in that room.

The probate court, in the absence of any survivors, turned the materials over to us — Roy and myself. It was Roy who inventoried and culled out the best. Then he got in touch, by way of the University of Minnesota library, with the Museum of Modern Art, which eagerly accepted the life's work of Barnet Braverman.

But if the new Inn is haunted and it might well be by anyone of the strange and eccentric characters who once inhabited that property when it was the Moore building, I am sure that the ghostly leader will be Barnet Braverman, who died from a lonely as well as a sick heart as he tried to climb the stairs to his apartment that September day in 1965.

First Rough draft (Ch. I)
with corrections

~~Six Days in the Saloutuck~~

~~Boyhood of Jacob Mark Griffith~~

Ten weeks after Lee surrendered to Grant at Richmond a sixty-year man of forty-six, two inches short of being six feet, and wearing a tattered Union army coat, dismounted in front of a greystone house in Floydsburg, Oldham County, Kentucky.

He had ridden all the way from Nashville, Tennessee, where on May 23, 1865 he was mustered out a Confederate prisoner of war after taking an oath of allegiance to the United States. The red dust of the road seamed the lines of his weatherbeaten face and neck, clung to his fierce, ~~[illegible]~~ mustache and luxuriant chinbeard, and streaked the scabbards of a sword and pistol that dangled from his hip. That he had these weapons and the horse at all was due to the decree by General Grant that Confederate soldiers may keep their horses and officers their sidearms. As souvenirs salvaged in battle, he also had a Union army musket and five American flags.

Four years before, the horseman moved his wife Mary and their two children, Mattie and William, ~~to a smaller greystone house in~~ Floydsburg from "Lofty Green, their home on May's 520-acre farm ~~in~~ nearby Floydsfork between Beard's Station and Centerfield. In Floydsburg his family would be ~~living~~ among friends and relatives during his absence. Then ~~the horseman~~ he rode away on his own horse, with a company of cavalry that he had formed and drilled, without pay, to join the fight for maintenance of slavery as a right and as a labor system. He thought the war would be over in a few months.

~~The horseman was Colonel Jacob Mark Griffith, C.S.A.~~ He had to plan on getting his wife and children back to "Lofty Green". One day while driving into Floydsfork with a last load of household goods, he found Mary and two

negroes fighting a fire that had broken out in the old farm-
house. [illegible] but among the poss-
essions destroyed were family records and the Griffith family tree, the loss
of which was to lead to romantic and numerous conjectures by the
Griffiths of Floydsfork, Oldham County, Kentucky, about their aristocratic
origin.

By the time he was six, David Wark Griffith firmly believed these conjectures. He was told that his paternal ancestry included the fearless pagan kings of early Wales from whom the Griffiths inherited qualities of valor, leadership, greatness, Mary's blue-blooded forbears were the Cavaliers of the Carters of Virginia. Calethial Griffith was a Maryland sheriff during the Revolutionary War, but there was no slightest evidence to show that his qualities were handed down by his endocrines and chromosomes; he even gave one slave her liberty. That there never has been an exact science of heredity and origin, as regards the qualities of personality, no more prevented Jake and Mary from making genealogical assumptions than it prevented most others from doing likewise, whether post-bellum Southerners or biographers following the coventional procedures of biography.

Supplementing talk about aristocratic lineage, Jake, as he sat beside the whiskey barrel on the front porch, pictured vanished ante-bellum glories, the feats of his swashbuckling friend Gen. Jeb Forrest, who had a way of charging the mouth of an enemy cannon and ramming a Confederate flag into the mouth of a cannon, the violence and murders of the KKK; in behalf of white supremacy and Southern womanhood, what the freeing of Mary's slaves meant to her in long hours of domestic activity, and his exploits in four years of fighting. Jake's projection of feeling, and emotion and caste-consciousness inflamed the imagination of his young son who was never to forget that he was an aristocrat, a superman. The conjectures and tales of Jake and Mary, without a working relationship to reality, could only lead to daydreaming by the boy. They could only evoke a state of conflict within himself between his daydreaming and reality. Yet his known ancestors, without benefit of blue-blooded lineage, were plain and good enough.

From the time he was six until he died, David Wark Griffith believed the conjectures of Mary and Jake. As a child he was told that his paternal ancestry included the ~~Cavaliers~~ pagan kings of early Wales from whom the Griffiths inherited qualities of leadership and greatness, that Mary's blueblooded forbears were the Carters of Virginia, that Lord Brayington--another Griffith--was high in the councils of King George II of England only to be shorn of his estates and exiled to the Colonies, that Salathiel Griffith, earliest of the known Griffiths, played a leading part in the American Revolution. However, since there never has been a science of heredity and origin as regards the qualities of personality, there is no indication that Salathiel's ~~qualities~~ were handed down through his endocrines and chromosomes to Col. Griffith and family. Salathiel even freed his only slave.

In addition to the conjectural indoctrination about his aristocratic origin that he received from geneological assumptions to the immediate.

The geneological assumptions of greatness and blue-bloodedness were supplemented by Jake, as he sat in his hickory chair beside a whisky barrel on the porch.

As he sat in his hickory chair beside a whisky barrel on the porch of Mary's old farmhouse, Jake would supplement his geneological assumptions of aristocratic origin by picturing to little Davy, the vanished ante-bellum glories, the feats of his swashbuckling friend---General Jeb Forrest---in charging the mouth of a cannon and ramming into it the Confederate flag, the battles for white supremacy and white Southern womanhood by the KKK, what the freeing of the slaves meant to Mary in long hours of domestic drudgery and the wounds he received during four years of war.

This by Jake
Jake's projection of feeling, emotion and caste-consciousness inflamed the imagination of young Davy

Page Seventeen
(in place of page twelve)
Old Country Christmas Parties

Fiddle Fashion, Folk Songs

Jake was a friendly man around the house, especially when fiddling for his own amusement or for a group. He enjoyed company. He liked having a house or yard full of neighbors and dancers who sang in rhythm with the folk melodies and songs he gaily sawed on his violin.

As a fiddler Jake was quite an institution in his county because of the recreation his violin-playing provided at parties given by himself or by others. [illegible] many as twenty couples came to Jake's parties at which he officiated as fiddler. Sometimes, Lelia Brown, a neighbor, or Hattie played the piano. When the guests filled the Griffith living room, David and such children as were brought by their parents sat under the stairway facing the makeshift ballroom.

Like any good fiddler Jake had the intitiave of a master-of-ceremonies. He knew all the play-party games, many folksongs and complex figures in folk dancing. He had to know them because he, as the fiddler, expected to set the pace and rhythm of the fiddle-playing, the dancing and the singing. It was an exciting moment for young David when Jake turned the keys of the violin and practiced a few preliminary notes while the adults---farmers, tradesmen, and other neighbors---who, came to enjoy themselves, chatted in the living room until his anniuncement that he was ready gave him their attention. Then Jake gave the name of the song he would fiddle. Each guest seemed almost transformed into something more striking than a tired farmer, a mechanic, a cobbler or school-teacher. . . "We will now do a square dance, and the title of the song is 'Cotton-Eyed Joe'", said Jake. The guests took their positions and Jake began playing. Other songs and dance formations followed. . . Changes of movement and position in a Virginia reel, single or double quadrille, a contra or railraod track dance. These rural folk seemed inspired, not people but impersonal units in swiftly moving patterns .

different,each of less complex dance figures for him or that following are commanded by Jake. . .Take your partner as you go round. . .Drop your partner and bow the head. . .Join right hands and circle again. . .All goats to the center and form a ring. . .All ladies form the star,right hand to the back. . .Ladies in the center ,back on the bar. . .Sing sally you swing your partner Snatches of song from Jake,from the dancers. . .Sometimes the song is subordinated to the dancing,and vice versa. . . Movements,formations, tempo and rhythm merge and vary--as the expression of rural Kentuckians now no longer rural folk but graceful,acrobatic gymnasts,both young and old.

At times there are exchanges of quips and raillery between Jake and a dancing guest. . .There is Ballard Brown.Married forty years to Lillie.Jake substitutes the name "Ballard" for "Charley" in a few lines from Heavily Wheat to turn them to humorous account.So Jake sings out,

"Oh,Ballard he's a nice young man
Ballard,he's a dandy
He feeds the girls on candy"

Other interspersed patter and comment by Jake and the dancers enliven the unfolding human,mirthful or dramatic interplay of movement,rhythm and humorous sallies.

The subject matter of the songs were basically folk.They dealt with the forces of nature,human relationships,sardonic humor,food,sleep,human needs or aspiration,animals,good and evil,fun or tragedy,the Civil War or Reconstruction.Songs from one stanza to many,and some so old their origin is unknown,such as :

My Massa

Old Massa had a washing maid
To wash up all de dishes
And every time she comb her haid
She caught some little fishes.

Or,with variations: My Gal

I took my gal to the blacksmith shop
To have her mouth made small
She opened her mouth for to take a breath
And swallowed shop and all.

[illegible] had no pretensions to singing,but he had taste,passion and a booming voice.These three elements were his effective when he sang stanzas from The Homespun Dress as he twanged the tune on the strings of his violin,soon [illegible] the air for the chorus. The Homespun Dress was a universally popular ballad,before and after the Civil War ,among families that had supported the Confederacy,its content [illegible] left an impress on young Davis's mind ever heard it sung or played many times, [illegible] the subject matter in the song unquestionably influenced Griffith in later years when he [illegible] scenes of the southern colonel's home, in The Birth of a Nation, in which Miss Marsh stood before an old mirror pretending to admire her homespun dress made during the war years.The lines of the ballad [illegible] as follows:

Oh,yes,I am a Southern girl
And glory in the name;
I boast of it with greater pride
Than glittering wealth and fame. . .

I envy not the Northern girl
Her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds deck her snowy neck
And pearls bestud her hair

Chorus:
Hurrah!Hurrah!
For the Sunny South so dear,
Three cheers for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear.

The Southern land is a glorious land
And has a glorious cause,
Three cheers,three cheers for Southern rights
And for the Southern boys

We scorn to wear a bit of silk
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up
And wear them with all in grace

P. 265
Folksongs of the Mississippi
and Their Backgrounds
— Arthur P. Hudson
Chapel Hill, N. C. Press
Univ of N.C.
1936

Sung to tune of Bonnie Blue Flag

for The Birth of a Nation

(Somehow dearly with the tears and deeper emotions. May need to sing it)

Picked up by Jake from a Lt. Harrington when he was with Forrest's Cavalry

[illegible] Ch.II

One ballad which Duke frequently sang and fiddled, for his or others' pleasure, was [illegible] of which he wrote and music left their mark on his son Davis with such effectiveness as to have led him during the height of his career to state privately that he is "an unreconstructed rebel" and to repeat the statement as late as 1958. The words of the ballad follow:

I

I'm a good old rebel,
Now that's just what I am;
For this "free land of freedom",
I do not care a damn;
I'm glad I fight against it,
I only wish we'd won,
And I don't want no pardon
For anything I've done.

II

I hate the Constitution
This great republic too;
I hate the freedman's curse,
In uniforms of blue
I hate the nasty eagle,
With all his brag and fuss,
The lyin' thievin' Yankees,
I hate 'em wuss and wuss

III

I hate the Yankee nation
And everything they do;
I hate the Declaration
Of Independence, too.
I hate the glorious Union,
'Tis dripping with our blood;
I hate the striped banner,
I fit 'um all I could.

IV

I followed old Massa Robert
For four years near about,
Got wounded in three places
And starved on Camp Lookout.
I catch the roomatism,
A-campin' in the snow
But if I killed a chance of Yankees
I'd like to kill some now

V

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Are stiff in Southern dust;
We got three-hundred thousand
Before they conquered us
They died of southern fever,
And southern steel and shot,
I wish it was three million
Instead of what we got

VI

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now no more,
But I aint goin to love 'em,
Now that is certain sure.
And I don't want no pardon
For what I was and am,
I won't be reconstructed
And I don't give a damn

Folk Songs of the South
John Harrington Cox
Cumberland Press
Hunnewell, Mass.
1925
p. 281

in the experience of one as young as David.

Folksongs. . .folk-dancing. . .folk-music. . .folkways. . .the mores of a culture that [illegible] in defeat flung defiance at social changes. . .all these were unique as as conditioning factors in the experience of one as [illegible]

## Folk Parties,Folk Songs

Jake was a friendly man around the house,especially when he fiddled for his own amusement or for a play-party of his friends.He enjoyed company. He liked having a house or yard full of town people dancing and singing in rhythm to such melodies as he gaily scraped off his violin or improvised rhymes for them. He was quite an institution in his county because of the recreation his fiddling provided at parties he or others gave during the winter months.And he continued fiddling despite protests from revivalists who disliked the fiddle because as an instrument of the devil it kept some families away from church.It is safe to say that as a fiddler Jake made more of a contribution to American culture than the churches.

As many as twenty adult couples filled the living room at the Griffith home when Jake cared to give a play-party.Sometimes,his fiddling would be supplemented by Lulie Brown,a neighbor,or Mattie ,at the pianoforte.David and the other children who came with their elders sat under the stairway facing the living room. It was an exciting moment for young David when Jake turned the keys of the violin to practice a few notes as casually chatting farmers and their womenfolk,with a sprinkling of tradesmen,waited for the fiddling to begin. These rural people at the first direction from Jake seemed to become agile gymnasts as they took their places and on the first note began making exciting pictures of varying movement, and pattern.

"Two rows facing. . .The corners lead out and criss-cross. . .Facing rows step out and back. . .Vigorous shaking of the head. . .Couples walk around each other,backs turned. . .Couple in turn join hands and sing up and back . . .Take your partner as you go 'round. . .Stop your partner and take the next. . .All gents to the center and form a ring. . .Ladies in the center, back on the bar. . . Sing while you swing your partner. . .Snatches of song

[illegible] . . Sometimes the dance is subordinated to song and vice versa . . Imagery and grouping of fantasy back-country in the songs. . The songs interspersed with patter by Duke or a dancer here and there. . Such graceful,changing dance formations. . Simple to complex dance figures by young and old seemingly acrobatic dancers in an interplay of skillful, dramatic movement and rhythm

And having a good time as spectators,David and the other children sit under the staircase facing the makeshift ballroom.

But there are songs,text and dance movements written in on the progress anger,in arrogance,in defiance---songs that bring forth tears or a sob among these former defenders of slavocracy.For example,there is the song entitled The Homespun Dress of strong emotional appeal because it deals with the plight of many Southern women during and after the Civil War.Jake came across the song after it had been composed by a Lt.Harrington,a fellow officer in Gen. Forrest's cavalry. The ballad proved to be popular all over the South,for even now at this play-party dance,fifteen years after Lee surendered to Grant,Jake and many of his neighbors singing and dancing with a professional aplomb all their own,are wearing homespun. . .And the images of the sung,which David has heard heard often,are emblazoned on the memory of young David so deeply that in 1914,when he is to direct a scene for The Birth of a Nation in which a girl stands before a mirror pinning small bits of cotton on her homespun dress to obtain an effect of ermine, shemmight to all intent the gril in The Homespun Dress .A few stanzas and the chorus follow:

However,one song that does really exite,if no one help it,when finding at a play-party is I'm a Good Old Rebel. . Into its rendition he pours an impassioned fury,by the time the second stanza is begun,every man and woman in the gathering is using voice and a lurid vigor of movement to express the violent feelings of frustration and desperation prompted by memory,current circumstances and the content of the text. . .Jake's right foot stamps heavily in rhythm to the song and the dancers' movements which have now become a sort of tragic rite. . .All these leave their mark on the memory of young David with such completeness as to lead him years hence,at the height of an unique career,and again in 1938 to state privately many times to affirm publicly,"I am an unreconstructed rebel".

As a child Griffith often heard his father and veterans of the First Kentucky Cavalry,S.C.A.,sing these stanzas of I'm a Good Old Rebel :

## 7. Precocity in Pronunciation

In the seventies ~~there was an addition to the family when~~ David Wark Griffith was born on the night of January 22,1875 in the old house,near Beard's Station,which had come through the war unscathed.A year later the family moved into a new five-room house built on the same site, after which the ~~summer dwelling~~ was razed.The exterior of the new house was unpainted,but the surrounding apple,walnut and beech trees helped make this unpretentious home an attractive place.

Soon David began toddling around on the living room floor.By some of his relatives he was considered an amiable little youngster.Others ~~kinfolk~~ have said they never saw the child cry although some of them thought him the homeliest brat" they had ever seen.This view was quite at variance with that of Jake who,in a letter to Mattie while she was at Millersburg, wrote:"

"The baby is one of the first in point of beauty and sense"

~~As the youngest~~ David became the pet of his sisters and cousins, ~~and~~ In time ~~he became~~ a pupil under Mattie's tutelage, at home and at the one-room Walnut Grove school.He lisped, ~~and~~ spoke very slowly and called her "Thith Mat",a nickname by which Mattie was to be addressed the rest of her days by children and adults alike.When he was five,Mattie considered him the brightest member of the Griffith family because his repartee and quips were pointed.But this youngster,who one day was to aspire to a stage career,at the age of eight continued to speak in a slow drawl and slurred his words,as for example,when he would say "hry" for "cry".

The world of the one-room school was considerably enlarged for David by his father's references to great-grandfather Salathiel, to grandfather Daniel's participation in the War of 1812; ~~Jake's~~ to battles

Subsequent revised copy are on pages 18 at bottom,19 and 144 of the original chapter 1. This page becomes page 2 in Chapter II.Details explained on sheet separate

2

The world of the one-room school was unanimously emerged for David by his father's proud references to . . . the Royal Welch encounters at the battle of Lofty Green. . .Breed's Hill. . .Bunker Hill. . .Mexican War battles . . .Gettysburg. . .Wilderness. . .Cold Harbor. . .how would you like to pretend with how they fought enemies. . .in this new world, . .how he first saw his sworn to uphold. . .what's new and what's precedent now. . .campaigns against the British in the abolition of slavery. . .campaigns that might have mustered out many British every day. . .the bravery of the Britishs through the centuries . . .bravery even now at midnight thwarting British. . .that's your cousin,boys... what chance those Cherokee Indians,Frank and Jesse James. . .

Tears welled in Jake's eyes,rolled down his cheeks.David sidled over to his father,his face now also moistened by a few tears. . .Perhaps that is how David Wark Griffith learned how to evoke tears readily. . ."Always be proud that you are the son of Colonel Griffith.Always be proud of your ancestors.Always hold your head high",Jake admonished little David and his older brothers,Jacob and William.

Jake's reminiscences about tumult and turmoil,suffering,violence,bravery, and glorious days before the war of the rebellion naturally colored the viewpoint and did something to the emotions of young David.He resented that the slaves were ever freed because that made his father unhappy now.As an indulgent parent,Jake sought to promote self-respect in his children. He was still too much the man of the Frontier,of the wagon-train, to understand that the frontier ways of the Old South--in conflict with the beginnings of technological developments a budding industrial society---had to become myths.Nevertheless,his emphasis on such myths as lost antebellum privileges fit only for a superior race served to foster the spirit of noblesse oblige,paternalism and implicit dominion by masters over slaves---attitudes certain to be wrong in a world of marching thought.Such an anachronistic viewpoint could only intensify the social distortion implanted in the mind of David by his father and

[illegible] others besides himself and [illegible] enter the one-room school. . . The kerosene lanterns, each brought by some person, lighting up the interior . . .Each lantern in a row with others set on the floor in front of the [illegible] platform. . . On the platform two chairs, a 100-lb rock, a sledge hammer standing [illegible] on the rock . . The entrance of the strong man. . . What a chest, what a torso. . .The strong man stands on the platform, seems to give every one in the room a smile. . .His two assistants, face each other six feet apart, each behind a chair. . .The chairs are placed side by side, and on them the strong man lies down on his back.One assistant straps a leather pad on the strong man's chest. . ..The big rock is lifted, placed on the strong man's chest. . .an assistant takes the sledgehammer . . .He raises the sledge, swings it over his head . . .Back it swings, now forward and down. . .with a mighty thud . . .steel fighting stone. . .a big chest defying both. . .The strong man braces himself for the next blow. . . Five, ten minutes pass. . .The rock still resists the blows from the heavy sledgehammer. . . Beads of sweat fall from the brow, cover the arms and torso of the man wielding the hammer. . . Again the stone is struck. . . Again and again. . . ---and again. . ."Dad-burn it'", exclaims Jake, using a phrase nearest to profanity when in the presence of women and children. .. A woman's shrill voice: "Will that rock ever crack?". . .Here and there a spectator now begins to sweat with tension. . .Blow follows blow on the stone resisting the impact of steel. . .Chips from the rock begin falling to the platform floor, flying against the back wall or toward the audience . . ."Will the man be killed, father?", asks David, much upset. . .Suddenly stone gives way to steel. . .The rock splits into several large chunks. . . There are shouts of approval from the little audience. . .The strong arises . . .He bows to the audience and leaves the platform. . .The applause continues and he returns with his assitants, then all three bow to the audience and leave the platform smiling.

Thus did David on that evening have a foretatte of dramatic tension and of the "personal appearance" device which he as a showman was to use

It was now the turn of the strong-man act. The only lighting for the interior of the one-room schoolhouse was the kerosene lamps, one of each brought by a patron of the show. The lamps were placed in a row on the floor in front of the platform, thus giving a sort of improvised theater lighting. David was now about to see some pictures of action in mounting tension that he was to remember for many years. . . On the platform he saw a 200-lb rock rock, a sledgehammer leaning against it and two chairs. Then. . . the entrance of the strong-man, followed by two husky assistants. . . They held the chairs firmly together as the strong-man lies down on the seats and balances his torso upon them. . . The strong-man's head over the end of one chair, his knees hanging over the edge of the second chair. . . An assistant picks up the hammer. . . raises it. . . high and far back. . . Then comes down swinging the sledge. . . a loud thud. . . A quiver of the strong-man's torso. . . The assistant steps back, takes his position, raises the sledge. . . Again it comes down, again and again. . . Five, ten minutes pass. . . More blows are resisted by the rock and the torso on the chairs. . . Thud follows thud in a conflict between steel and stone, and a human torso defying both. . . The strong-man is drips with perspiration. . . Beads of sweat run down the hammer-man's arms and face. . . "Dad-burn it", exclaims Jake, using a phrase nearest to profanity when in the presence of women and children. . . A woman's voice whispers, "Will that rock ever be smashed?" . . . The spectator's faces, their tautness, reveal their suspense. . . Chips now begin falling to the platform floor, toward the audience. . . Suddenly, the rock gives way, breaks into several chunks that fall fall to the floor. . . Sighs of relief as the strong-man arises. . . He bows . . . The audience applauds, continues, and the strong-man and his men leave the the p,atform. . . Applause calls back the strong-man. . . Another bow. . . More More applause, and now the three men in the act bow and walk off the platform

That evening David had the experience of seeing a mounting, dramatic tension unfold that held an audience spellbound and a foretaste of the "personal appearance", that device which he as a showman thrity-odd years later was to employ at times with a precious, nervous coyness.

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On the walls and ceiling moved the eerie shadows of the hammer-man going through his routine.

3.The Magic of Pictures

The dream and color of Jesse's encounter were supplemented one cold November evening when the father took David to the one-room Centerfield school, rented on a percentage basis by an itinerant exhibitor with a lantern show and a strong-man act.Here,for the first time,the boy was introduced to a new phase of existence in the form of large pictures projected by a source of light--a lantern--upon a white cotton sheet tacked to the wall in a darkened room.The images thus projected from the slides were of far-away places,animals and characters in history or Biblical lore,and accompanied by a steady stream of description by a lecturer.The strong-man act that followed gave David the experience of seeing a mounting dramatic tension unfold before him that held the small audience spellbound. It was his introduction to the basis of dominating spectator attention.

The only source of lighting the school interior was a kerosene-lantern which each person brought and placed on the floor with others set in a row along the front of the platform.This improvised theater lighting was more than satisfactory;it also threw on walls and ceiling the large eerie shadows of the strong man and his assistants as they went about their routine.On the platform David saw two chairs,a rock large enough to weigh about two-hundred pounds and a sledgehammer.Then he watched the deepchested,thicknecked,muscular man,who was stripped to the waist and wore silver-braided green trunks,mount the platform.Two assistants followed him.One held the two chairs as the strong man lay down on his back and balanced himself across them.The other assistant placed a strapped thin leather pad on the strong man's chest.~~and tied it securely~~.Then both assistants lifted the big rock and placed it squarely upon the pad.Pop-eyed and openmouthed,David saw an assistant take the sledge-hammer and begin pounding the rock with all his strength.The strong man ~~so quivered time and again~~ braced himself to resist the impact of

stone-and-metal vibrations.Five, then ten, minutes passed and the rock resisted the blows from the heavy, iron sledge-hammer/ as perspiration dripped from the assistant wielding it.Again and again he swung and struck.It was now the spectator's turn to sweat."Will he kill the other man?",asked David, and Jake whispered,"Dad-burn it, no!"---the phrase nearest to profanity that Jake used in the presence of women and children/ when he was excited."Will that rock ever crack!",he murmured.Men and women gasped.Chips from the rock began falling to the platform, flying against a wall or toward the audience. Finally the rock split into several large chunks amid shouts of relief and approval,whereupon the strong man arose and with his assistant acknowledged the applause,then left the platform.But the applause continued,so the strong man returned to the platform to offer remarks of appreciation.Thus David on this evening was not merely given a taste of/audience mounting tension but also of the"personal appearance" device which he as a showman, thirty-odd years later, was to employ with precious cleverness for the benefit of Kerrms

## 10.The Little Peddler

Until the family moved to Louisville,David looked forward especially to the visits of an old peddler named Isadore Kahn and his fifteen-year-old son,Jacob.Once a month they called on families living in Oldham and Shelby counties/ to sell them tinware.Isadore and his son took turns at driving Johnnie,their old horse,and wagon from Louisville.On days when country roads were muddy,the farmers between Beard's Station and Ballardsville were apt to see Isadore,a little man with a bald head and a short grey beard,trying to pull the old horse uphill as he urged the animal and his son in these words:"Up,Johnnie!Push,Jakie!"

When obliged to stay overnight in a village,in the home of some farmer,

the next morning Isadore paid his host in tinware or crockery,however those had nothing to do with the eagerness with which the Griffiths and Oglesbys looked forward to a visit from the little genius peddler.For them it was a glowing interlude in their existence.The reason therefor was old Isadore himself---his travel stories,his repertoire of Jewish & folk songs, and the accordion music with which he likes to entertain his friendly hosts in Oldham and Shelby counties.The strange melodies and the varied mood with which he sang fascinated David, and others of the family and highsisters Mattie and Wheeler.Between songs Isadore told tales as he ate apples freshly baked in the open fireplace,placed there by Mary. Some of the songs he sang with a kind of mad ecstacy;others were sentimental,humrous,and others were tinged with the melancholy or sadness of traditional Jewish song.As he sang or talked Mr.Kahn had a way of smiling pensively into the fire or sometimes at his audience.These visits by the little peddler who would rather sing than sell tinware were the only occasions when Mary permitted the children to stay up late, but they probably

## 11.Early Images.

But perhaps David's greatest childhood pleasure was on the weekly "reading night" as it was called,a gathering held alternately at the Griffiths in Oldham and at the Oglesbys and Wights in Shelby county.Usually some of the neighbors joined them.On these special nights Mattie,Colonel Griffith,Sally Wight or her father John took turns reading aloud from Poe,Shakespeare,Goldsmith, and such old-fashioned story-tellers as Simms and Kennedy,and Sir Walter Scott whose concepts of social caste, lofty speech and manner,continued to be the ideals of post-bellum Kentuckians.For that matter,no American or English writer who wrote critically about slavery could possibly have had any appeal for Colonel Griffith.Sometimes the readings were chosen from the Bible.

There never were enough chairs in the Griffith household to accommodate all who came to enjoy "Evening Night";their parents were fortunate to find chairs cheerfully sat on the floor.In such occasions the only place for children to sit was under the long living-room table.Except for the reader's voice, there was complete silence in the room,dimly lit by oil lamps because the Griffiths sometimes could not afford to burn more than one.Gatherings such as these probably helped shape the personality of David as a child,so that at the age of six or seven,he could be heard dramatizing himself by repeating in a [illegible] Southern drawl and accent/read the night before/Lion as,"the castle of Macduff Am surprise" ,or,"they have tied me to a stake,I cannot fly",

Sprawled under the table and listening to plays, tories and poems read aloud,young David was learning to think of action,emotion and ideas in mental terms of/pictures. He could not read about Desdamona,Juliet or Rosalind but , in his mind's eye, he saw them/in the semi-darkness of the shadowy room,as others read their speeches.With these characters he associated the girl types he saw in illustrated Sunday School lessons on picture cards distributed at the Mt.Tabor Methodist Episcopal Church,South.These/pictures were "pretty,pretty" and perfectly awful---sweet young girls with flat chests and starveling breasts;of frail physique, tiny foot,of spiderlike waist,of lily-white small hands, and faces like the types David Wark Griffith chose years later for his films at Biograph,Majestic-Reliance,Fine Arts and Mamaroneck.Evidently these types became rooted in his memory as a child and lingered with him through the years.They were that would seem lovely to a child.But they also represented the effete ideal of womanhood handed down from the days of the Old South.

## 12.Neighborhood Parties.

Jake was a friendly man around the house and enjoyed fiddling. Also he enjoyed company and was in demand

~~18.End of an Era~~ 6

~~In the years after the war Jake entertained old cronies with whiskey from~~ 86
~~a barrel that stood in a corner on the veranda of his house.Unable to af-~~
~~ford the pureness of whiskey glasses,Jake supplied tin cups out of which~~
~~he and his friends drank their liquor.It was a time when there was a barrel~~
~~of whiskey on everybody's porch.Mary's discipline was such that her child-~~
~~ren knew that the contents of the barrel was for the exclusive use of Pa~~ reserved
~~and his friends.~~

~~Colonel Griffith was a man who liked to have his own way.He ate when and~~
~~what he pleased.His irregular eating habits distressed Mattie who had~~ 5
~~warned him on numerous occasions to correct them.Nevertheless,in March 1868~~
~~he awoke one night after twelve to eat a snack.This nocturnal repast con-~~
~~sisted of eight pickles~~ 86 ~~washed down by copious draughts of whisley.He be-~~
~~came immediately ill and had such paroxysms of pain that Mattie dressed~~
~~hurriedly and mounted a horse to fetch a doctor.In the meantime the entire~~
~~household was astir.~~Mary soon supplied hot packs. David assumed a position
at the foot of the bed,looked anxiously ~~into~~ at the face of his father who
insisted he would recover.But the pain would not subside, ~~and the boy stood~~
~~arm by the bed,his own~~ face was grimly serious,as he gazed steadily at Jake.
Mattie and the doctor arrived,Jake was given a sedative, ~~and~~ By morning he
was dead.~~Mattie~~ smoothed ~~combed~~ back Jake's hair as David stared at the
deep lines etched in his father's face by the Colonel's last agony. ~~The~~
~~boy knew that his father who had been his hero,~~ and who had transported him into a world of adventure,valour and romance
would speak to him no more. ~~Outside~~ Outside the ~~cold~~ March rain drizzled,
popular
~~Lon~~ Clore,a neighbor who composed music and long a friend of the family,
called at the Griffith home,saw David's ~~drawn~~ face,Mattie distraught and
walking around dry-eyed,Mary sitting quietly as ~~she~~ in her lap she ~~held~~
held two-year-old Albert,her eighth born.The Griffith women were not given

to tears.From the countryside in buggies, trimbis and mostly ox-carts came hundreds of farmers, the citizens of Dana and many Confederate veterans, a sprinkling of tavern owners, a few former state legislators and the little people who preferred singing to selling.During the funeral services at the St.Paul Methodist-Episcopal church,South,the minister broke down in the course of his sermon,wiped his red, [illegible] features with a red-patterned handkerchief and [illegible] his statement was [illegible] eulogy of Judge Dr.Griffith.Old comrades of the First Kentucky Cavalry,C.S.A. stood at attention in two files as the remains of the Colonel were carried past them and driven away.Other former Rebel comrades fired a last salute of farewell.Later,Lucy Clore helped Mattie and David get into her buggy and took them with her to her home where they stayed for several weeks.

"Griffith,Griffith,you are quite a terrible person.I go to the theatre to be entertained,to relax.I don't go there to be thrown out of my chair,on to the floor,by the thing I am seeing,as your intolerance did to me.You shouldn't do that sort of thing".These remarks were made by Winston Churchill to D.W.Griffith during luncheon at the Savoy in London one day in 1917. Griffith had been invited by the British government to produce an anti-German film after King George V had seen Intolerance.

Churchill's remarks were far from facetious.Actually they were a tribute to the powerful impact and organization of image ideas that Griffith gave that film.No film made since equals its attack on the mind and nerve centers of the individual spectator.Beside it the work of ~~[illegible]~~ Eisenstein is elementary.And the work of current film directors ~~[illegible]~~ To compare it with the is like comparing the performance of a master pianist with the efforts of beginners going thru their piano exercises. When shown a few years ago in New York Frank Nugent in The New York Times referred to it as the best picture of the week---more than twenty years after its premiere.

The aftermath to the passing of Colonel Griffin opened a new chapter for Mary and her children. Creditors soon filed their claims against the personal estate of Jake. Among the obligations disclosed were three mortgages which symbolized the plight of American farmers from the end of the Civil War to the twentieth century. These mortgages had been renewed for six years and the interest on them, paid or due, amounted to more than a fourth of the appraised value of "Lofty Green". It was understood that part of one mortgage represented a gambling debt incurred by the [illegible] Jake.

final revision of last sentence first paragraph.

Chapter II—OLD KENTUCKY DAYS (Continued)

I. Courtship of Lafy Green.

The aftermath to the passing of Colonel Jake opened a new chapter for the children. Shortly after his burial at Mt. Zion three from close had obtained loans at 10 and 8 per cent filed their claims for payment with the Oldham County Court. The largest of the loans, one to Mary for $419, was sizable in relation to the total market value of Lafy Green. One, at 10 per cent was for $1043 which had been renewed yearly since 1876, another at 8 per cent for $600 had been renewed each year since 1877. In each instance Lafy Green was put up as security. A third claim was filed by Mary's brother, William H. Oglesby, was for 89 acres, never deeded to him by Mary and Jake after William had paid them $1,000 for that tract in 1868. Mary had paid a like amount for these 89 acres in 1866. (4)

Although Mary had been a co-signer with Jake of the papers concerned with these transactions, she quietly assented and asked no questions about the possibility of meeting the obligations incurred. In those old Kentucky days a wife usually did as she was told by her husband. Mary was considerably shocked when the Oldham County Court ordered an inventory, appraisal and sale of Jake's personal estate to satisfy some of the creditors' claims after she had refused to qualify in writing letters of administration in due form of law.

The court seemed considerate, however, for items appraised at $434.50 "were set apart for the use and benefit of the widow and infant children residing with her". (5) These items included: 1 Bay horse, 1 sorrel mare, 1 spotted cow "Sally", a red cow "Cherry", 1 lot of cows, pigs and shoats, 1 sewing machine, 1 bureau, 1 lot of carpet, 1 lot of old chairs 1 dining table, 1 clock, 1 lot of cupboard ware, 10 head of sheep, 2 plows, 2 hoes, 1 axe, 1 four-horse wagon, 1 lot of poultry, 2 bedsteads and bedding,

1 lounge and bedding,2 beds and bedding for infant children,1 set gear, 4 more beds and bdgs.,1 stove,1 kettle,one lot of old books was sold appraised at $1. The remaining personal property was appraised priced at $888.44 and when sold by the administrator,D.H.French,brought $890. Even Jakie was sold on lien,which he always knew belonged to the family. Listen to one of the many auctioneers who has assembled for the sale on the Griffith estate, as he has so often, cant his mother so delightfully and heartrendingly easy-going brother Will so alert, for both of these were the most active customers at the sale and succeeded in recovering most of the tools,plows,cattle,horses, and household goods. Mary also paid the top price for Nattie's piano.

In June 1882,a month after the administrator's sale,Mary was desperately in need of ready funds.It was with reluctance that she sold 18 acres leading to the turnpike that Jake had built.But the sale thereof brought her $580.It was a desperate time for the survivors of Jake Griffith.However,in November 1884 Mary received in hand for the remaining 28½ acres of Lofty Green the sum of $5,447.28 "in hand" and a promissory note for $1,552.28 due December 1885 which was not paid until 14 years later in September 1897. Of the money "in hand", which she received, about half went to meet the claims of her brother William and the other creditors.

In the meantime youthful romance was having its innings.Hardworking if easy-going Will had been smitten by good-looking little Ann Crutchers of Southville.They had married in 1884 not long before Mary had sold Lofty Green to farmer George Neal.Will and Ann were now settled in a five-room one-story frame house on a 130-acre farm at Southville, which her parents presented to the couple.Mary was not allowed to contribute to the purchase of the little farm and house.

(7)

...ture to the purchase of the little brown cottage nestled near a spot ...called "the Old Hawthorne Well" because of a ...ridge ...which ...the spring water of some high character, in each side of the ridge was a ...grandparents by about an acre. Three ...limited by two barbed wire fences, three rows of which ran eastward to the road ...a number of large walnut trees in the south end none of ...them was ...but while it enlarged the profits. The soil was good and there ...were ...walnut trees on the little farm.

...the first of January, 1906, the day on which Mary was to give up the keys to Lofty Green, still called for her and the younger children and turn them to Southville to live with him and Aunt. He had previously carried away Mary's fall apple crop and straw. Anyway, seated beside Will in the driver's seat on this January first, David, ~~at the age of ten~~, was ~~for~~ leaving behind him Lofty Green's apple, peach and walnut trees that had been silent witnesses of his childhood days. He rode past the blacksmith shop, the drugstore, Beard's general store, Mahoney's tavern where his father had talked politics, and the sprinking of houses that comprised the hamlet of Beard's Station---so-named ~~originally~~ long ago after its original settlers ~~long ago~~ and changed in 1910 to Chestwood because summer residents ---wanting more dignity for the village---tired of hearing ~~the~~ Louisville & Nashville interurban brakemen jokingly, in a sing-song voice, shout "Whiskers!" whenever they had to make a stop ~~at Beards Station~~ there.

(8)

(9)

After David came to Southville he was sent to the Cassaday ~~one-room~~ school, ~~a one-room institution 20 x 40 feet and~~ large enough to accomodate 40 pupils, ~~at a time~~. Its door was never locked. The school was ~~operated~~ taught by a Professor Kootch, assisted by two ~~male~~ men teachers and ~~female instructor named~~ one woman Miss Jenkins. David took his turn building the fire in the school stove ~~on cold days, when he traveled over many a crossroad and hill to get to the little school.~~ But building the fire seemed the limit of his ~~aptitude~~ inclination for physical activity. He ~~declined~~ refused the invitations of his Oglesby

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(10)

cousins to go swimming with them in the creek although he would condescend to drive the cows to water. The girls and boys around Sassafras Southville thought him queer because he seldom played with them and preferred to sit on a bench under a walnut tree and read. Not understanding this isolationism, they S sometimes threw rocks at him and shouted at him, "Hey, funny boy, why don't you play with us!" Little did they realize that his intangible participation in the exploits of his mother and her brothers and sisters as he read about, while which the normal strains of childhood roared around him, was due to his unconscious preparation for the ordeal of pioneering that was not long after Mary had come to live with Will and Ann that settled began pestering her insistent admonition that em mother move to Louisville where educational facilities and economic opportunities were better than such as Southville offered. About four years were to pass before Mary heeded their entreaty. Finally had hit Will's farm successively for two years, Mary felt obligated to stay with Will and Ann and see them through. In the meantime, Jacob II, who had learned typesetting and printing on The Spencer County Courier, a weekly published by Will's brother-in-law, Jack Crutchers, had migrated to Louisville.

(11)

When Mary decided on the change, the task of moving the piano, flowers, furniture and other household effects fell on Will and David. Several trips were made in the two-horse spring and Jersey wagons. Mary had rented one half of a two-family dwelling at 121 Chestnut Street. After one of their trips to town, the homespun clothes worn by Will and David elicited the epithet, "Look at the country galoots." from city urchins. Like other rural mothers, Mary wove and sewed most of the clothing for the family, unless a seamstress was engaged. They never thought of buying ready-made garments in the city if the necessities of economy required that homespun be worn.

(12)

* Now homespun is a watchword - In the 1880's, it is surprising that people like the Griffiths wore. No detail tells more about their poverty.

## A Poor White in Louisville

In 1899 David enrolled at the Second and Gray public school. This school was a five-story brick structure bounded by Second and Gray streets, the fenced-in, gravel playground without a single shade tree contrasted with the pastoral environment of Lofty Green and The Old Sunstone Mill. He remained at the Second & Gray [illegible] through [illegible] During which year Mattie succumbed to tuberculosis. David began selling newspapers after school hours and later he established a route of regular customers. His general appearance at school suggested to classmates that he came from a very poor family and got little attention at home. His shirts and coatsleeves were usually frayed. When he crossed his knees while seated in class, his shoes looked markedly worn and sometimes a hole in one of the soles revealed the

Virginia Ruth established herself as a dressmaker at the new address of the Griffiths on Fifth Street. Looking through the window on a Sunday morning David saw a buggy stop and a doctor, carrying a satchel, get out to walk up the steps of the Hull residence across the street where a newcomer, soon to be christened Henry Watterson by "Marse" Henry himself, would grow up and at the age of 10 appear with young Griffith at the The Temple Theatre in the first play acted in there by young Griffith. Anne Wheeler now worked at the Galt House as secretary to Dr. J.M. Bodine of the Louisville Medical College. She, Virginia Ruth and Jacob II were the mainstay of the family until 1907.

But their incomes hardly warranted to have David continue his schooling beyond the grammar grade level. In a hit-and-miss economic society, David for a year got hit-or-miss jobs, each of brief duration. One of these was selling vinegar on commission to delicatessen stores and grocery stores. He carried a sample of the vinegar in a small glass tube, and the tube itself in his pocket, only to learn soon there was no great demand for this product. He was about 17 now, tall as a full-grown man, slender, broad-shouldered, had thick wavy brown hair, and a deep voice that carried and attracted attention.

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# A Poor Waif in Louisville

Dec 1899

[illegible] year, Davis enrolled at the Second and Gray public school [illegible]. This school was a five-story brick structure [illegible] Second and Gray streets, the fenced-in gravel playground without a single shade tree contrasted with the [illegible] of Lofty Green and The Old Sunshine Mill. He remained at the Second & Gray [illegible] through [illegible]. During which year Mattie succumbed to tuberculosis. David began selling newspapers after school hours and [illegible] established a route of regular customers. His general appearance at school suggested to classmates that he came from a very poor family and got little attention at home. His shirts and coatsleeves were usually frayed. When he crossed his knees while seated in class, his shoes looked markedly worn and sometimes a hole in one of the soles revealed the color of the stocking. Unlike other pupils who came to school clean and well-groomed, David's fingernails were usually caked with black dirt, his face was unwashed, his hair unkempt. But in class he impressed his fellows by

Virginia Ruth established herself as a seamstress dressmaker at the new place on Fifth Street to which her mother had moved with other members of the family. Anne Wheeler now worked at the Galt House as secretary to Dr. J.M. Bodine of the Louisville Medical College. Both girls and Jacob II were the mainstay of the family until 1907. But their earnings hardly warranted to have David continue his schooling beyond the grammar grade level. In a hit-or-miss economic society, David left school and for a year got hit-or-miss jobs, each of which was of brief duration. One of these was selling vinegar on commission to delicatessen and grocery stores. He carried a sample of the vinegar in a small glass tube, in his pocket, and soon learned there was no great demand for this product. He was about 17 now, tall as a full-grown man, [illegible], had a thick thatch of wavy brown hair, a deep voice that carried well and attracted attention.

(15)

(14)

at the home of her uncle Will D. Oglesby in near Centerfield

INSERT 5-A

looking out the window in Sunday morning David saw a buggy stop and a doctor get out to walk up the stairs of the Hull house across the street where a boy, christened by "Marse" Henry Watterson, was one day to make a niche for himself at the Amerika theatre.

Since his voice was of no use in selling vinegar, David applied for and got a job as elevator-and-errand boy at the John G. Lewis department store. He took pains in his interview with Mr. Lewis to impress upon him that he was the son of Col. Jacob Wark Griffith under whom the said Mr. Lewis had served in the late War of the Rebellion. The boy's salary was $6 per week, most of which he turned over to Mary. What was left for himself was so little that when given money for carfare he walked to and for the store, David contrived to hitch on the rear of a horse car or street-car to get free transportation, and spent the change for a sandwich and coffee.

But for several factors, he might have spent the rest of his life youth as a cog in the Lewis store which proudly asserted advertised its slogan, "We never misrepresent goods nor exaggerate prices". To a lad of David's economic status the principal avenues befitting a gentleman---such as law, banking, the clergy, the whiskey or tobacco industries---were closed. These were reserved for the scions of Louisville's more well-to-do families who often inter-married and kept such opportunities, as with in a closed corporation.

The several factors that possibly shaped young David's course to of nation were a Negro lad at the Lewis store, the bookstore of Bernard and Washington Flexner, the Krauber photographic gallery and young Adolph Krauber, the voice teacher Annie H. Bausted, and his elder brother Jacob II.

3---First Amateur Night

The Negro lad in the basement at the Lewis store was quite observant. Often, when sweeping the basement floor or wrapping packages he overheard the stenorian voice of young Griffith in conversation with another chap by the name of Frank P. Coyle. Addressing Griffith one day

the colored boy remarked,"Boss,if Ah had a voice lak yo' has,Ah'd be on de stage quicker'n yo' kin shake a stick.Yo'd never ketch me in a dispatcher stashi".Young Coyle,whose avocation was music, The idea took Coyle's suggestion hold in David's mind.

Coyle later told David about an amateur show, "The District School", being rehearsed by Thomas Coffin Cooke at the Broadway Baptist Church. Not 20 were in the cast,and that some one was needed to play a dunce. Griffith volunteered for the role with alacrity.He got Cousin Woodson Oglesby to send him a woodbloom hat, coat and pair of pants that had served for the scarecrow on Will's farm.In return for this cooperation,Woodson received a complimentary ticket to the show.David's part required that he sit on a high stool and speak one line,"The breese from the lake blows chilly tonight".After that he was to be silent for the rest of the performance.

Without being facetious Coyle told David his acting was quite natural, that his voice carried beautifully,and that he should keep up his interest in dramatics.But how?Young Griffith could not afford to attend a reputable dramatic school in the East.Nor did he have an entree to any of the local theatres.However,he notified their managers he would be available should they need an extra usher or stagehand for any of their evening shows.In either capacity he at least would be inside a theatre.Meanwhile David got to know a young German-Jew,Max Davidson,who had played in "The District School".Max talked fluently about the style and content of acting and play production, in the German theatre of the 90's. as he and David and a few others ~~who had played in The District School~~ sat on the front steps of the old Broadway Baptist church.Davidson ~~spoke about~~ talked especially about the people's theatre movement in Germany ~~under the~~ direct sponsorship of the labor unions, He recalled every Saturday night and Sunday practically all the theatres in Berlin, ~~and their several hundred thousand seats~~ were filled by workers and professionals,how the

He described vividly how

people's theatre movement spread through many cities from the Eastern seaboard, [illegible] there a permanent site and encouraged new forms of drama and presentation, and provided ample opportunity for young [illegible] like themselves to become professional theatre [illegible]. Over [illegible] in young Davidson's home, the serious talks [illegible] theatre [illegible] continued from time to time.

The few first experiments at ushering for 25 cents an evening attracted (20) David's interest in the possibilities of acting as a livelihood. He was impressed when he read in the [illegible] that visiting players stayed at the best hotels, dined at the best restaurants, were guests of smart people and received many [illegible]. The need to earn money led David to approach acting seriously. To his [illegible] seemed more dignified, more [illegible] gentleman, than running an elevator, delivering parcels or selling articles on commission.

The few books brought to Louisville from Southville had not grown [illegible] since he [illegible] to the Second & Gray school. But among

them were Puck's Bad Boy, Alcott's Little Women, some volumes by Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott and Dickens. Without benefit of coach or teacher he read very loudly from these classics in a Southern drawl. The King sons next door opened their windows to listen to the vehement sounds. These readings took place in his upstairs room. He walked up and down his room a high pitched and the wall on which were mounted Confederate war map, a photograph of his father, and the Griffith family coat-of-arms purported to have been used by the Griffins or Griffiths who had been Welsh kings and princes when the English sought to exterminate Wales. David compared his diction with that of the performers he had seen on his nights as an usher. He told his mother about his aspiration to be an actor. Disliking theatres and actors as strongly as ever, Mary quietly said, "Davy, remember always that among the Griffiths in the past who held high position in Wales and Maryland, there never was one to disgrace the name by being an actor". Mary never permitted theatre people to enter her threshold. In her quiet way she was the dominating, matriarchal type. Yet Mary did not object when David would don her flapping bonnet and ask her or his sister-in-law Louella to take turns holding a copy of Lochinvar or Lady of the Lake and check on him as he declaimed. Nor would Mary disapprove when occasionally he used her and Louella as foils for his lovemaking scenes.

However, David one morning told J.C. Lewis that he was resigning his elevator job to join The Twilight Revelers and take up acting. Mr. Lewis, a cataract covering one eye, looked at young Griffith with and said, "You'll rue the day you ever left this store, Davy." To which Davy replied, "And I will rue the day I ever came here if I don't".

INSERT see "copy"

Life in Louisville to her meant living a pioneer life, fighting poverty and imposing the discipline of poverty on her children. She tried to put her set of values into their heads. She ruled them. None of the boys dared come home with the smell of tobacco or beer. David developed a feeling of womanly matriarchal dominance.

INSERT

INSERT ON PAGE 8

Taken from A

life in Louisville to [illegible] a pioneer, never touched [illegible] the two or three thousand dollars left from the sale of Lofty Green, fighting poverty and imposing the discipline of poverty on her children. She sought to [illegible] her set of values into their [illegible]. None of the boys dared come home with the smell of tobacco or beer on his breath. Once young Albert stayed away from home all night because he had had some beer. [illegible] early became accustomed the feeling of being and wanting to be under matriarchal [illegible].

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blacksmith to believe that by backing the troupe with eighty-odd dollars, he might make a handsome profit in addition to being a hit as a blackface song-and-dance man. The tyro thespians played the villages along the Ohio River, near Louisville and over in Indiana. They soon became a ramshackle, ill-fed aggregation, as the blacksmith's finances dwindled. They went on short rations and slept wherever they could. Risley persuaded the owners to become partners in the troupe by assuring them he would be paid after the Twilight Revelers began clicking with the farmers. A few more tavern keepers joined the troupe on a similar basis and became so engrossed learning their songs, dances and jokes that they cancelled bills due and prolonged the enterprise another week or two.

I had to be helped by some one by a hotel owner

One morning before sunrise the entire troupe was halted in an attempt to depart without paying their lodging bill.

in the harness-maker's wagon

Girls

back and hit his foot,he thought the girls employer had returned. Without ~~encumpum~~ he dashed from the ~~basement~~ ~~case~~ entrance house, ~~almost~~ not ~~sure~~ taking time to adjust his garments ~~~~ from a dark to a designated spot where Albert Ojeby was waiting for him. ~~as~~

## 5— The Flexners.

In the Fall of 1876 Albert introduced David to Bernard Flexner who engaged him at $5 per week.He was to wait on customers,become acquainted with and dust the books,sell stationery,take orders for engravings,run errands,and set up the folding chairs in the little lecture room in the rear of the store. The scholarly Bernard and Washington Flexner were brothers of Simon Flexner who later became associated with the Rockefeller Foundation,of Mary Flexner the playwright,of Lincoln,a school principal;of Jacob,a doctor;of Jane a librarain;and of Abraham,owner of the Flexner School. The ~~Flexner~~ store was a good-sized establishment at 330 Fourth Street in downtown Louisville.Its atmosphere made it a center for booklovers. Out-of-town visitors to ~~attend the races~~ at the Kentucky Derby as well as visiting notables in literature,music,theatre,business and medicine, ~~crowdmin~~ came to 330 Fourth Street to browse or buy.The rear of the long store was partitioned off for talks by visiting novelists,poets, musicians and actors..~~It was therefore with eagerness that~~ David went eagerly about the business of opening and setting up rows of folding chairs for an afternoon or evening audience of thirty or forty persons.At other times he obtained free passes to concerts,lectures and plays on tour that came to The Music Hall or to The Auditorium,and tickets for which the Flexners advertised in the local press. ~~Contacts~~ and impressions that he ~~had never dreamt of garnering as he dealt with and got~~ to know "Marse" Henry Watterson,Charles Hamilton Cosgrove and other local newsmen, actors and actresses with companies from the East,concert musicians, art students and the local intellgentsia---all ~~those stirred emotions and thoughts in the youth that~~ suggested some of the ~~numerous~~ gaps he had to

bridge culturally.He drove himself to read omnivorously,if unsystematically,he ~~seemed to~~ concentrated on history,especially on ancient history, ~~and apparently for his~~ fiction,drama and poetry.He was indifferent to(the~~ir~~ views of)social sciences.The works by a hoster Hunt,Carl Schurz,Henry George,~~Prof.~~Ely or Alcegrthy Ross ~~were strangers~~ to a youthful mind too colored by the emotional thinking of a ~~[illegible]~~ romantic,post-bellum "unreconstructed rebel".Sometimes on Sunday afternoon he ~~visited~~ a public forum on Market Street which a surviving ante-bellum snobbery dubbed "Freedom Hall" because economic freedom was the chief topic among the trade unionists,single taxers,socialists and populists who ~~[illegible]~~ there.And although young Griffith and his family were having none too easy a ~~fight~~ ~~[illegible]~~ for survival,he looked upon these nonconformists and dissenters with amused detachment because they ~~did not~~ seem to ~~have meaning anywhere~~.

6--The Klaubers

A stimulating influence ~~was~~ David's friendship with Adolph Klauber.who became an actor,played with Frank Mayo in Puddin'head Wilson and John Drew,served as dramatic critic for The New York Times,married Jane Cowl when he lived at her father's borading house for actors,branched out as a theatrical producer and brought Eugene O'Neill's ~~[illegible]~~ plays direct from The Provincetown Playhouse in Greenwich Village to Broadway when the wiseacres of that inflated area shook their heads. Prior to his death in 1933 he had been with the Selwyns and ~~was~~ casting director for Samuel Goldwyn.

When young Griffith met Adolph,the latter was associated with his father, Edward Klauber,photographer and art dealer.Adolph,six years David's senior,was a cousin of Bernard Flexner.The Klauber enterprise was next door to the Flexner bookstore.Father and son were elegant dressers.They wore high silk hats and silk gloves,flowers in their lapels,carried slick,shining canes to business.Their main floor was given over to the sale of camera equipment,art materials,etchings and

paintings.Klauber's was an important as well as a fashionable Louisville institution in its time,David often regarded it with open-mouthed wonder when he stopped in to see Adolph.The plastic symbols of affluence and economic power---such as the cut and texture of clothes and the accessories worn by urbane-looking men and women as they stepped out of individually designed carriages to enter Klauber's or Flexner's made David feel the sharp cleavage between those who have and those who have not,even if at the time he were not interested enough in the causes thereof to analyse them,like the men at "Freedom Hall".It was this social contrast that seemed to become fixed in his unconscious and was to reveal itself in later years in his playwriting efforts and film creations.From the Klaubers,too,he acquired a sartorial style--a sense which he was not to be able to emulate for twenty years.However,th the association and conversation exchanged with young Klauber opened new avenues of interest in theatre and literature for young Griffith.And in Spring 1895 when he one day picked up a copy of Fetter's Southern Magazine (28) and saw Klauber's appraisal of Maximilian Guyon and of "April",an effete Guyon drawing of a woman in negligee blowing soap bubbles,David decided that he too must learn how to write.He tried,only to discover that he would have to master the rudiments of grammar and of penmanship that others might be able to read what he might write. What was to become most important of all, his penmanship remained illegible and was to remain so throughout the years.Last and not least,David's frequent brief sojourns to the Klauber gallery and art exhibits gave him his introduction to visual and pictorial values.

### 7---Meet Mme.Baustead

In the meantime Jacob II had been taking vocal instruction from Mrs.Annie H.Boustead,(26) a popular voice teacher.Jacob worked during the day as a printer with The Farmers' Journal ,but he had a passionate inter-

set in music and singing.As early as 1898 he and members of his family and coworkers at the shop that same day saving pictures synchronized with sound would be shown on large screens in big theatres to mass audiences.Jake sang on Sundays for the Portland Avenue Methodist Church, and when standing in the choir he sometimes could spit out the back door of the church.In boyhood an attack of typhoid fever left him with a withered leg which he now padded and threw forward courageously when he walked.Jake persuaded Dave to join him and their brother Albert to study voice with Mrs.Bausted at her studio at Fourth and Jefferson Streets.The studio was also the business address of her husband James, a piano agent,whom she left in 1895 for Philadelphia where she built up a reputation for developing successful concert singers.

There were times when the Griffith boys did not have between them enough to pay for their lessons,(30) That did not deter the experimental Mme.Boustead from taking on David's friend Coyle and teaching all four boys as a quartette. She advised David that his voice possessed powerful volume but that the requirements of a speaking voice for the stage conflicted with those of operatic singing.She deplored his determination to become an actor.Adroit young Coyle,aware of young Griffith's D.W.'s financial position naively countered:"The career of the successful singer lasts about fifteen years whereas that of the actor continues indefinitely".The vocal study with Mme.Bausted was to be the background for D.W.'s taste and showmanship of later years when he contributed ideas for music scores to accompany his major films.

## 8--The Louisville Theatre in the 80's and 90's

Young Griffith's aspirations for a career in the theatre were buttressed by an unique citizen of Louisville whose faith in the theatre was boundless. The gentleman was Col.William Frederic Norton,(31) a Kentucky Colonel,but what a theatre devotee! After having worked sixteen

years for his family's large estate and bank,Norton's fondness for the drama prompted him in 1909 to have a large amusement hall built for the simple reason that Louisville had none.He wanted to bring drama to thousands. The new structure covered an entire city block, was built entirely of wood, located in then the outskirts of the city, and named The Amphitheatre Auditorium because it had an artificial lake for operatic performances. Once, Norton criticised the Louisville theatergoers as a "dead town" because visiting theatrical companies found that managers charged restricted billings to one matinee and three nights, and in general the his fellow citizens to task for their indifference to the theatre, the newspapers forthwith dubbed him "the Mayor of Dead Town".

As manager of his enterprise Norton assumed the name of Daniel Quilp. A sign bearing the image of the repulsive dwarf was mounted outside Norton's office door. In September 1889 Norton brought the great Booth and the equally great Lawrence Barrett to Louisville to dedicate the Auditorium to the drama, an event that remained the talk of the town for years. The interior of the Auditorium was so large that its seats --- were never fully sold out. Perhaps why David usually found it easy to get a pass to it to see a new show. On one occasion, when the advance sale of tickets to the Theodore Thomas ' Chicago Symphony Orchestra was sharply below expectations, Norton returned all money received and published announced to the orchestra, "If the people do not wish to pay to hear you play, then you shall play for me". When the Colonel died, it was found his will specified that a train be engaged for his friends and a big brass band which was to play operatic selections

From Louisville to Paducah where his remains were to be buried.While at Fl[illegible]ner's,David received passes to the Auditorium for performances by Yvette Gilbert,Walter Damrosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra,Mme. Gadski and Klaw & Erlanger choral comedy companies.When Sarah Bernhardt came for one night,he managed to be hired as a super for the 4th scenes.

Besides working at Fissner's during the day,David ushered or helped shift scenery in the evening ,at one time or another,at almost every theatre in the city,such as The Avenue,The Buckingam,The Bijou,The Grand,The Harris,The Macauley and The Temple.The Avenue,for example,offered (34) in one of its advertisements a show containing---

> Merry Maidens,Catchy Tunes
> The Funniest Story Hatched in Moons
> With Timely Jokes and Costumes Gay
> All in a Polite,Comic Way.

Obviously,The Avenue specialized in burlesque,and David was as engrossed in devouring with his eyes the merry maidens as with props backstage.A vigorous competitor of The Avenue was "The Buck" or The Buckingham Burlesque Theatre and Saloon,operated by Col.John H.Whallen who claimed his was "the largest burlesque house in America".(35) It probably was since all classes of Louisville's citizenry---including the then Third and Fourth Avenue "aristocrats"---enjoyed hearing a spade called a spade in polite but dirty plays by such troupes as Delaur & Debrimont in a travesty on Carmen entitled Carmencitada (36) ,Isham's Octroons,The Woods Sisters Extravaganda (37) Company,Twentieth Century Maids and like companies booked by Reilly & Woods or Brady & Stair.Oddly enough,at this time,Louisville's "aristocrats",who considered it horrible for anybody (38) to attend Ibsen's Ghosts or Shaw's Mrs.Warren's Profession on the ground that these plays were dirty,reveled in [illegible] explicit burlesque jokes as they sat in their boxes,attired in formal dress,and protected by lace curtains from the [illegible] glances of the hoi polloi in the balcony and on the orchestra floor. Col. W h a l l e n

was a magnetic, charming man whose [illegible] and sloppy grooming never seemed to mar his luxuriant walrus mustache and genial manner. He also set up the Honest Elections League to help the Louisville and Nashville Railroad beat Goebel, the Independent, in the gubernatorial election in 1899.

There was The Bijou, which boasted as being "the only family theatre in Kentucky and the only popular-priced theatre having more than one exit"; it claimed to offer a range from Steele Mackay's Hazel Kirk to Pete Baker, well-known German dialect comedian of the day, in a musical comedy like The Emigrant and sang such jovial ditties as "I am Dutch but I ain't no fool" or "Hippity-de-hop to the Candy Shop". Incidentally, Phil Baker (in January 1892) was the first professional performer young Griffith had ever seen in a theatre. ~~The Bijou also maintained a stock company in 1897 with which Davis tried~~ to make a connection.

The same week in which David saw Pete Baker for the first time, his attention was drawn to the Harris Theatre's announcement that the following week would open with Kate Claxton as Louise, the blind girl, in Two Orphans with her own traveling company, and that "in the mounting of the

> barnyard scene, which is one of the finest ever introduced upon the stage, special attention will be paid to secure the necessary live-stock accessories which will lend an unusual realism to the surroundings" ~~(Louisville Courier-Journal, Jan. 3, 1892)~~

Thirty years later, Kate Claxton, then a little old lady with dyed red hair, was to walk into the Mamaroneck studio and watch D.W. direct his film version of Two Orphans.

Elihu R. Spencer, the "eminent young American tragedian" and his company gave in one week

The Grand Opera House, low-priced competitor of The Macauley, achieved the distinction of being the only Louisville theatre to give 50 straight performances of a play---in this instance, Hamlet, with William Owen and a cast of unknown players. The Grand also presented in Othello,

(41)

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Sullivan Crasing and Rumor and Sullen. Moreover, ~~at~~ was the only Louisville theatre ~~at that time~~ which offered the ~~novelty~~ attraction of Biograph & shorts ~~in an advertisement~~ as follows:

(With No Increase in Price)

EXTRA! EXTRA!

The Greatest of Them All!

The AMERICAN BIOGRAPH

owned and controlled by the American Mutoscope Company, New York

Invention of Herman Casler

The Most Wonderfully Realistic Projecting Picture Machine in the World

SEE:

McKinley at Canton
Niagara Falls
Herald Square Fire Depot
Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle
Beach at Atlantic City
Stable on Fire
Niagara Upper Rapids
New York Boulevard
and
The Famous Empire State Express, the Most Marvellous Picture Ever Presented in the World(s)

~~(Louisville Courier-Journal Jan.3,1897)~~

David was too concerned at the time ~~with finding~~ probing for a foothold in the theatre to be more than casually interested in Biograph trailer/programs. He ~~continued his evening~~ sought seeking ushering with diligence, ~~and welcomed the opportunity to do so~~ at The Macauley where he studied the work of such celebrities as De Wolfe Hopper, Lillian Russell, Lily Langtry, Ada Rehan, Thomas W. Keene, Julia Marlowe and her husband Robert Taber, E.H. Sothern and Olga Nethersole, Nat Goodwin, Wilton Lackaye, Maxine Elliott, Otis Skinner and Walker Whiteside.

Raymond Hitchcock and

xxx

Comp. IE - p. 15 - A

9 — An Interlude

David had spent ten rich years working for the Flaccary Flaccars. Their establishment brought him much that he would otherwise have missed, for it was on quite an intellectual desert to him. In 84 he sold their bookstore to Charles T. Dearing, formerly manager of the Baptist Book Concern. Dearing gave the place a commercial emphasis. After retaining David for two years, the bookseller to Flaccars fired him [illegible] he spent too much time reading books and not enough selling them.

[Comp. IE - p. 15 - A]

-19 B

ell in the theatre. Many ~~the~~ express concern that David had ~~been on~~ ~~tour for a solid week~~ and had ~~not~~ been no compensation ~~for these~~ ~~days~~ Actors' Equity had not yet been organized to protect the actor from unscrupulous managers. At Kalamazoo The John Griffith company be- had a most trying ~~came stranded, and likewise were the players.~~ David ~~eventually~~ ~~secured~~ ~~an associate financial help~~ ~~position~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~stock~~ ~~company~~ ~~and~~ ~~remained~~ ~~with~~ ~~it~~ ~~for~~ ~~a~~ ~~short~~ ~~time~~ ~~before~~ ~~returning~~ ~~home~~ ~~to~~ ~~Louisville~~ ~~by~~ ~~way~~ ~~of~~ ~~Cincinnati~~ ~~and~~ ~~Chicago~~ ~~and~~ ~~Indianapolis~~ ~~and~~ ~~Louisville~~ ~~again~~ ~~and~~ ~~Louisville~~ ~~again~~ ~~and~~ ~~Louisville~~ ~~again

# 49 Col. Meffert's Temple Theatre

One evening in February 1897 David walked home in a state of exhilaration. He had come from an interview with Ralph and Robert Cummings who had formed a dramatic stock company, the first Louisville had had in some years. They had rented Col. William H. Meffert's Temple Theatre which had been advertised early in January as available for Dramatic Entertainments, Concerts, Lectures, Minstrels, Etc. (49) The Cummings brothers in the course of their talk with David decided to cast him as Stephen Bodman, governor of Arizona, in David Belasco's western melodrama, Man and Woman. Each of the Cummings brothers was to alternate as William Prescott, cashier of the Jefferson National Bank. The production was to open March 1st for a two weeks' ~~[illegible]~~ run, twice daily, but not on Sundays. Young Griffith's salary was set at $10 per week, a secondary matter ~~when~~ beside the ~~sensation he felt at~~ the prospect of playing with experienced actors, ~~in a professional theatre for the first time in his life. In his mind he counted the number of times the play would be given, the total number of appearances that he would make on the stage.~~ and being close to home. (remaining) It dawned now upon him that ~~at least, right in Louisville,~~ persons give him an identity as an actor as they read his name ~~in the cast listed~~ in the program, even if the ~~name~~ "Lawrence" (47) of the great Barrett ~~was~~ preferred Griffith. His trance-like self-exaltation ~~backstage and on stage~~ was enhanced by the strains of Sousa's March Directorate, Flotow's Overture Stradella, Titl's Serenade for flute and cello, Gaune's Russian Mazurka and Brooke's Two Step Swing ---the musical program between acts played by a five-women's orchestra. However, the Cummings brothers did not require David for their subsequent productions. His disappointment was assuaged by the thought that he had appeared in 24 successive performances. Eventually the Cummingses became rough and uncouth toward their patrons. Sometimes the brothers even began arriving at the theatre drunk. So Col. Meffert tossed them out.

had but alternative: He

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Two weeks later D.H. was engaged at $9 per week with meals, to play in East Lynne as Frederick Lawrence, the lover, opposite Ada Gray, aged seventy and considerably past her zenith but trying for a comeback and married to a man much younger than she. After a one-week stand run at The Avenue, the company went to New Albany, Ind., and from that point operated on a river showboat along the Ohio, playing the river towns. Queer things had a way of happening to theatre troupes in those days. In this instance, Miss Gray's business manager absconded with funds on an early morning. They were probably due him (for back pay) consequently, after several weeks with East Lynne and a former notable of the theatre, David returned to Louisville with pleasant memories of the refreshing sleep he enjoyed on the deck of the showboat.

For three months he worked as a salesman (and collector for The Baptist Recorder) but gave up that venture to hang around The Courier-Journal building hoping to button-hole reporters for their theatre passes, (some such) teasing them with a quip as, "Writers work all day to keep from sleeping and all night to keep from eating". In August 1897 he learned that a new dramatic stock company was to be organized at The Temple Theatre.

During the interim he visited the Auditorium where his friend Adolph Klauber was acting in comedies for the Bond stock company.

Col. Meffert had engaged Oscar Eagle, a vaudeville actor and his actress wife, Esther Lyon, to act and direct at a combined salary of $175 per week. (#49) Most of the Cummings players eventually returned to The Temple to play under the new director who had been stage manager for Melbourne MacDowell and Fanny Davenport, while alternating Shakespearean roles.

The Temple Theatre was housed in the old Masonic Temple Building which originally had not been planned to include a theatre. Consequently, lodge rooms were rebuilt to permit space for the "flies", stage and auditorium. The Temple was "an upstairs house", set over a drugstore. Many theatres in the time were (in the category) known as "upstairs houses". The entrance to The Temple consisted of a rough 25-foot wooden stairway from street level to the second floor. The stairs were common as wooden stairs can be. After

making his 20-foot climb, the patron bought his ticket at the box-office window and climbed four more feet of stairs to get into the theatre. Once in the auditorium, he (50) received to note that the floor was carpeted.

The stage at The Temple was 30 feet long and 28 feet from wall to wall--rather small for a theatre. Electrical equipment was ample. There were 700 seats on the orchestra floor and 300 in the balcony. The acoustics were so good that one could hear a pin drop. Being a small house with a low price range of 10, 15 and 25 cents, The Temple was obliged to pay low salaries. This made it feasible for high school girls to quit class every Wednesday to admire their matinee idols.

The orchestra consisted of a violinist, flutist, clarinetist and the conductor-harpist, Dominick Veradi, whose solo playing sometimes stopped the show. The ushers wore black tuxedos. The theatre had no asbestos curtain, but there were no fire laws. The (57) terms "asbestos" and "fireproof" had no significance to theatre people prior to the Iroquois fire in Chicago.

The Temple, unlike The Grand, showed short films between acts. Since there was no projection booth in the theatre, the projector was set on a kitchen table. As the images were thrown on the screen, the filmstrip fell into a large wicker wash-clothes basket on the floor, directly in front of the table. After the pictures had been shown, the filmstrips were rewound by hand. It was at this time that the Sivori brothers, Tony and John, had The Temple let them devise simple gadgets for sound effects "to keep the keep the damn fools awake (52) between acts".

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After Oscar Egale's appointment, David came daily to the stage entrance and sought an opportunity to do anything. He talked with the actors of the company who thought he might get a small part. Finally Tony Sivori, chief prop man, hired David to shift furniture and serve as call boy for 25 cents

a performance.Young Griffith was one of four such lads under Sivori,all of whom became actors.David also helped out as prompter when the stage manager was busy elsewhere.His first acting chore (at The Temple) was as a super in a mob scene.Then came very small parts of two or three lines,a page,two or three pages and a book.As a super he was paid 15 cents(for each show.) the super captain,whose task it was to have 50 or 60 supers ready for a mob scene,received 10 cents for each super.Electricians and carpenters earned $15 weekly.A player,if his part ran to more than one or two pages,(received $1; if it was more than two pages he was paid more proportionately.) This practice made it unnecessary to import an actor(s) for (per performance)

D.W. studied hard what lines he was assigned.He was eager to learn all the details of the acting business,rarely retorted to sallies,and practically lived at the Temple day and night.Tony Sivori recalled,"With that mop of thick brown hair and his high-winged collar,he surely looked the legit.How he loved to act!" After his third week at The Temple,David was considered one of the family.Friendly,helpful advice from seasoned players followed,especially from Adolphe Lestina and Kate Toncray who in coming years were to play in his films.At The Temple too,was his young friend Max Davidson (the neighbor across the Griffith son fifth streets) and Henry Hull,who at 10 was making his stage debut.

One day Oscar Eagle needed somebody to play a butler in Little Lord Fauntleroy (and asked Sivori if he could recommend some one.) "What the hell's the matter with Griffith?He looks like a butler," the prop boss answered.From October 25,1897 to May 1,1899 D.W.played 33 characters in 28 plays.The roles varied from butler to secretary,servant,clerk,miner,soldier,carpenter,(landlord,) priest and murderer.Since two plays were staged every week at The Temple,young Griffith's development as a studen-

of new problems in characterization, tempo, mood and theatre technique [illegible] Then Eagle left The Temple in the late Spring of 1899, most of his players including David [illegible] But at the termination of his connection with the Moffett [illegible] he was still battling to overcome traces of his Southern drawl. His experience under Eagle, however, enabled him to observe and respect audience reaction to each situation or bit of business. This high regard for spectator attention was to prove a key important element in his work at biograph [illegible]

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## II — Marking Time

While marking time through the summer of 1922 in the hope of finding an engagement with the new director of the Keffert Dramatic Stock Company or with some other stock company, young Griffith managed to get free-lance writing assignments from The Courier-Journal while its sub reporters were on vacation. These assignments were usually the kind given sub newsmen, such as getting river news or covering "The District". Doing the river roundup was straight routine, although a very interesting chore in getting material for The Stage of the River column which The Courier-Journal ran for years. The column was originated by Will S. Hayes, a local wit and celebrity. Under his guidance Griffith secured boats and barges due, arriving and departing, and got news about the arrival and departure of boats and barges, the local weather, the rise and fall of the river, meteorological conditions, temperature and precipitation, river business and personalities.

"The District" was Louisville's redlight section situated only a few streets from the City Hall. This area consisted of five long city blocks, one of them, a thorofare that became later known as Green Street, was the focal point from which there branched out the numerous dancehalls, saloons, taverns, hotels and related establishments operating under police surveillance. "The District" hailed and found emotionally exhilarating the boogie-woogie songs and rhythms of New Orleans origin long before they were accepted by respectability as part of American music. The rounds of the hospitals and police stations uncover the latest in news about crimes. Griffith often heard in the night the distant strains of a newly improvised boogie-woogie song by some untutored, but talented Negro pianist.

× × ×

The summer season was almost over. Most of the cub newsmen on The Courier-Journal had returned from their vacations. There was no prospect of an engagement with any of the Louisville theatres. So Griffith sold his bicycle for $19, bid his family farewell and boarded a freight train for New York.

The demigods of

David recalled the advice from the older actors at the Temple, that some or later he would have to go to New York if he hoped to grow in theatre.

the metropolis.

Jacob's

CHAPTER II------SOURCES AND NOTES

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A.Two mortgages at ten percent are recorded in Bond Book,Vol.8,p.201, one [illegible] Platte County Court, [illegible] Wyoming.

The third mortgage at eight per cent,listed in Bond Book,Vol.8,p.____ Platte County Court,Wyoming.

The three mortgages,including at interest,represented obligations of [illegible] and a release at twelve five and six thousand dollars. [illegible] Wyoming.

Of interest is the claimed use of many buildings,for eighty-six acres for which no deed may be found a thousand dollars,although the tract had not been deeded to Bond Book,Vol.8,p.[illegible] Platte County Court, Wyoming.

CHAPTER II------SOURCES AND NOTES

1. Deed Book, Vol.A-p.[illegible], Oldham County Court, LaGrange, Ky.
   Deed Book, Vol.A-p.417, Oldham County Court, LaGrange, Ky.
2. DeedBook, Vol.B, p.____ Oldham County Court, LaGrange, Ky.
3. Deed Book, Vol.V, p.[illegible]--Oldham County Court, LaGrange, Ky.
4. Deed Book, Vol.M, p.[illegible]--Oldham County Court, LaGrange, Ky.
5. Will Book, Vol.C--Oldham County Court, LaGrange, Ky.
6. Deed Book, Vol.R, p.436--Oldham County, LaGrange, Ky.
7. Tom Oglesby, Santa Ana, Cal., 1943
8. Mrs. Ann Crutchers Griffith, LaGrange, Ky., 1943
9. Tom Oglesby, Santa Ana, Calif., 1943
10. Beard's Station became Crestwood in 1910, a change made at the behest of summer residents who objected to Louisville & Nashville Interurban brakemen calling "Whiskers" for stops at Beard's Station. (Cleves Kinkaid of The Pendennis Club, Louisville, Ky., The Oldham Era, LaGrange, Ky., June 9, 1922).
11. Woodson A. Oglesby, LaGrange, Ky., 1943
12. Mrs. Ann Crutchers Griffith, LaGrange, Ky., 1943
13. National Archives, Washington, D.C.: Mexican Dependents, Certificate No. 4740
14. William W. Griffith, LaGrange, Ky., 1943
15. (When interviewed by the writer, Mrs. Ann Crutchers Griffith denied that D.W. Griffith as a boy had ever worked, every Saturday for fifty cents, at wrapping copies of the weekly [illegible] his brother Jacob published in Taylorsville. Not only did Griffith never work on a paper published by his brother, but the latter did not even issue one in Taylorsville. Nor did Griffith ever work on the weekly published in Taylorsville by her brother Jack.)

   "as asserted in Griffith's publicity material"
16. William W. Griffith, LaGrange, Ky., 1943
17. Dr. John B. Richardson, The Pendennis Club, Lousville, Ky., 1943
    (Dr. Richardson was a classmate of D.W. Griffith at the Second & Gray School)
18. Miss Ruth Griffith, Santa Ana, Calif., 1944
19. D.W. Griffith, Hotel Roosevelt, Hollywood, Calif., 1944
19. Frank P. Coyle, Deputy Commissioner, Court of Domestic Relations, Louisville, Ky.--1943
19-A: William O. Oglesby, Crestwood, Ky. 1943
19-B: Jackson, George Pullen: "White Spirituals in the Southern Uplands", p.215, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C., 1933

32.D.W.Griffith,Hollywood,Calif.,1944

34.D.W.Griffith,Oceanic,N.J.,1941

36.Mrs.Louella Calhoun,Santa Ana,Calif.,1943

38.Woodson W.Oglesby,Wolfgang,Ky.,1943

34.Frank P.Coyle

37.D.W.Griffith,Hollywood,Calif.,1944

39.Frank P.Coyle

37.D.W.Griffith,Hollywood,Calif.,1944

38.Mrs.Louella Calhoun,Santa Ana,Calif.,1943

32.D.W.Griffith,Newark,N.J.,1941

30.Mrs.Louella Calhoun,Santa Ana,Calif.,1943

31. Frank P.Coyle

32.D.W.Griffith,Newark,N.J.,1941. This anecdote is denied by William O.Oglesby of Crestwood,Ky., who stated that he had never heard of such a venture, and that he would have known of it had it occurred because he was always in touch with Griffith during their boyhood.

33.Dr.J.V.P.Oglesby,Los Angeles,Calif.,1944

34.Cleves Kincaid,The Pendennis Club,Louisville,Ky.,1943

35.Frank P.Coyle

36.Cleves Kincaid,

37.Frank P.Coyle

38.,, ,, ,,

39. Cleves Kincaid,

40.D.W.Griffith,Hollywood,Calif.,1944

41.Cleves Kincaid

42.Klauber,Adolph:"Maximilienne Guyon",Fetter's Southern Magazine,Apr.1893, Vol.II,No.9,pp.258-259

43.Mrs.Louella Calhoun,Santa Ana,Calif.,1943

44.Frank P.Coyle

45.William Hoke Camp,Director,The auditorium,Louisville,Ky.,1943

46.William Hoke Camp

47.William Hoke Camp

48.Art Supplement,"The Courier-Journal",Jan.3,1897,Louisville,Ky.

49.Dr.J.W.P.Oglesby,Los angeles,Calif.,1943

50.Mrs.Louella Calhoun,Santa ana,Calif.,1944

51."The Louisville Courier-Journal",Oct.1,1897

52. ,, ,, ,, ,, April 4, ,1898

53.William Hoke Camp

54."The Louisville Courier-Journal",March 3,1896

55.William Hoke Camp

56."The Louisville Courier-Journal",Jan.3,1897

57. ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,,

58.Miss Dorothy Gish,Beverly Hills,Calif.,1944

59."The Louisville Courier-Journal",Jan.3,1897

60. ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,,

61.Frank P.Coyle

62.D.W.Griffith,Newark,N.J.,1941.
Letter by courtesy of
63.Miss Ruth Griffith,Santa Ana,Calif.,1943

64.Miss Lou Clore,Crestwood,Ky.,1943

65.Frank Woodson A.Oglesby,LaGrange,Calif.,1943

66."The Louisville Courier-Nournal",Jan.3,1897

67.D.W.Griffith,Philadelphia,P.a.,1941

68.John Sivori,National Theater,Louisville,Ky.,1943

69.D.W.Griffith,Philadelphia,Pa.,1942

70.William Coleman,New Albany,Ind.1943. For many years Mr.Coleman was city-editor of The Louisville Times.

71.John Sivori

72.Anthony Sivori,Strand Theater,Louisville,Ky.,1943

73.Miss Ellen T.Marving,Kentucky Division,Louisville(Ky.)Public Library,1943

74.Anthony Sivori

75.John Sivori

76.Anthony Sivori

77. " "

78. " "

79.Henry Watterson Hull

80.Anthony Sivori and Boyd Martin,drama editor;

81.Tom Johnston,Managing Editor of the Louisville Courier Journal stated in 1943 to the writer,as did Mr.William Coleman/in 1943 and Henry Hull at Los angeles in 1944,that Griffith never was on the staff of reportorial staff of "The Courier-Journal".Mr,Coleman akthough for many years after leaving Biograph,Griffith often maintained publicly that he had been with this newspaper in the capacity of a reporter.Mr.Coleman advised that The Louisville Times, of which he was managing editor when Griffith lived in Louisville,and The Louisville Courier-Journal shared the same City Room,and that if Griffith had been on the staff of "The Courier-Journal",he would have known it. According to Mr.Hull,whose father,William Madison Hull was city editor of The Courier-Journal when Griffith resided in Louisville,the city itself was so small everybody knew what the other fellow was doing,and that if Griffith had been on the staff of the newspaper,he and his father would have known it.One Coyle of Louisville,and a reprorter on The Times under Mr.Coleman,said in 1943 that was with The Courier-Journal for a short time.When confronted with the statements of Messrs.Johnston,Coleman and Hull,Griffith in 1944 remarked that his connection with The Courier-Journal was limited to free-lance assignments for three months,during which time he covered "the river" and "The District".

82.Cleves Kincaid,Louisville,Ky.,1943

83.D.W.Griffith,Newark,N.J.

84.Mrs.Louella Calhoun,Santa Ana,Calif.,1944

CHAPTER II--NOTES AND SOURCES

74.John Sivori

75.Anthony Sivori,Strand Theater,Louisville,Ky.,1945

76.Miss Ellen F.Harding,Kentucky Division,Louisville(Ky.)Public Library,1945

74.Anthony Sivori

75.John Sivori

76.Anthony Sivori

77. " "

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81.Tom Johnston,Managing Editor of The Louisville Courier Journal stated in 1945 to the writer,as did Mr.William Coleman in 1945 and Henry Hull at Los Angeles in 1944,that Griffith never was on the staff of reportorial staff of "The Courier-Journal", After leaving Biograph,Griffith often maintained publicly that he had been with this newspaper in the capacity of a reporter.Mr.Coleman advised that The Louisville Times, of which he was managing editor when Griffith lived in Louisville,and The Louisville Courier-Journal shared the same City Room,and that if Griffith had been on the staff of "The Courier-Journal",he would have known it. According to Mr.Hull,whose father,William Madison Hull was city editor of The Courier-Journal when Griffith resided in Louisville,the city itself was so small everybody knew what the other fellow was doing,and that if Griffith had been on the staff of the newspaper,he and his father would have known it.One Coyle of Louisville,and a reporter on The Times under Mr.Coleman,said in 1943 that was with The Courier-Journal for a short time.When confronted with the statements of Messrs. Coleman and Hull,Griffith in 1944 remarked that his connection with The Courier-Journal was limited to free-lance assignments for three months,during which time he covered "the river" and "The District".

82.Cleves Kincaid,Louisville,Ky.,1945

83.D.W.Griffith,Newark,N.J.

84.Mrs.Louella Calhoun,Santa Ana,Calif.,1944

Please attach to [illegible] copy:

CHAPTER II------SOURCES AND NOTES

1.Two mortgages at ten percent are respectively recorded in Deed Book,Vol.E,p.[illegible], and [illegible] p.117,Oldham County Court, Six Grantees,Ky.

The third mortgage at eight per cent[illegible] in Deed Book,Vol.[illegible],p.[illegible] Oldham County Court,Lagrange,Ky.

The three mortgages,exclusive of interest,represented obligations of ex-Gov."Lofty Green" now appraised at between five and six thousand dollars.

William B.Oglesby,

Of interest is the claim of one of Mary's brothers,for eighty-nine acres for which he had paid Mary and Jacob a thousand dollars,although the trust had not been decded to himDeed Book,Vol.V,p.[illegible] Oldham County Court, Lagrange,Ky.

Please insert before [illegible] deleted

in 1868

TRIAL ALONG WORK

new copy insert

Pixie:SOURCES 1,2 and 3 ,in the first original paragraph,are telescoped under a single general source note,1, as above. Thanks to your critical eye,you've hit the nail on what has been bothering me.Quite a few such details belong in "notes".Smart Pixie.

Chapter II

[illegible] (Concluded)

1. [illegible] to "Lofty Green"

The aftermath to the passing of Colonel Griffith opened a new chapter for Mary and her children. Soon after the funeral, those from whom he had received loans entered their claims against his personal estate. There were ten mortgages at ten per cent and a third at eight per cent for a total of $8,045. These had been renewed yearly and by the time Jake died the interest alone, paid and unpaid, [illegible] six years had grown to sixty per cent of the combined loans. One of the notes, it was understood, included debts incurred by the Colonel's [illegible] for gambling. A fourth claim was that of William B. Oglesby, Mary's brother, for eighty-nine acres which had never been deeded to him by Jake and Mary after he had paid them a thousand dollars therefor in 1868. However, the relatively small amounts of the loans were sizeable to Mary in relation to the then current valuation of "Lofty Green" - between five and six thousand dollars.

Although Mary had been a co-signer with Jake of the papers [illegible] for these loans, she had apparently assented and asked no questions about the possibility of meeting the obligations incurred. Yet she was considerably shocked when the Oldham County Court ordered an inventory and sale of Jake's personnal estate to satisfy some of the creditors' claims after she had refused in writing to qualify letters of administration in due form of law. The court ruled fairly, however, for items of property appraised at $434.50 "were set apart for the use and benefit of the widow and infant children residing with her" These possessions included one Bay horse, one sorrel mare, one spotted cow "Sally", one red cow "Cherry", one lot of cows and pigs, one sewing machine, one bureau, one lot of carpet, one lot of old chairs, one dining table, one clock, one lot of cupboard ware, ten head of sheep, two plows, two hoes, one axe, one four-horse wagon, one lot of poultry,

ten beasteads and bedding,one lounge and bedding,ten beds and bedding for infant children,one set gear,ten more beds,one bureau,one stove,one kettle and one lot of old books appraised at one dollar.The remaining personal property was valued at $555.10 and,when sold by the administrator,brought $680.For this sale,farmers from all parts of Oldham County assembled,each one bent upon getting something from the Griffith homestead.Never had young David seen his mother so resolute or his husky,easy-going brother Bill so alert,for both were the most active bidders at the sale and succeeded in recovering most of the tools,plows,cattle,horses, and the walnut furniture Mary also bought back Mattie's piano for twenty dollars.

But a month after the administrator's sale,Mary stood greatly in need of ready funds.Reluctantly she sold eighteen choice acres leading to the turnpike for $360.It was a desperate time for the heirs of Jake Griffith.Some relief came in November 1883 when Mary received for the remaining 282 acres of "Lofty Green" the sum of $5,447.28 "in hand" and a promissory note,for $1,552.28 due December 1885,that was not paid until fourteen years later---in September 1897.Of the money "in hand",about a half went to meet the claims of Mary's brother William and other creditors.

In the meantime youthful romance was in the air.Charmed by attractive,little Ann Crutchers of Southville,hardworking William Griffith married her in 1884 shortly before Mary had sold "Lofty Green" to George Neal.Will and Ann were now settled in a five-rpom one-story frame house on a 130-acre farm at Southville,the gift of Ann's parents.Mary was not allowed to contribute to the purchase of their little house and farm which was situated near a mill called "The Old Backbone Mill" which was thus named because it stood by a steep ridge indented like the spinal column of a dinosaur.On each side of the ridge was a creek.The young couple's livestock seemed

limited to ten horses and three cows one of which answered to the name of "Shakespeare",and a number of hogs.The soil was good and there were a good many walnut trees on the little farm.

On the first of January,1868,the day on which Mary was to give up the keys to the homestead at "Lofty Green",Will called for her and the younger children,and in a Jersey springwagon took them to Southville to live with his and ann.He had previously carted away Mary's fall apple crop and straw Anyway,seated beside Will in the driver's seat on this first of January David,now ten years old,was leaving behind his "Lofty Green's" apple,peach and walnut trees that had been silent witnesses to his early childhood days He rode past the blacksmith shop,the drugstore,Beard's general store,Mahoney's tavern where his father had talked politics and the sprinkling of houses that comprised ~~the hamlet of~~ Beard's Station. (10)

At Southville, David ~~was sent~~ attended (11) to the one-room Cassaday school which was large enough to accomodate forty pupils.Its door was never locked.The school was taught by a Professor Kootch,assisted by two men teachers and one woman,Miss Jenkins.On cold days David took his turn building the fire in the school stove,but this chore seemed the linit of his physical activity. He refused the invitations of his Oglesby cousins to go swimming with them in one of the creeks at the Old Backbone Mill.Although this farmbred boy would condescend to drive the cows to water,he did not take to the usual round of farm routine chores.The girls and boys around Southville thought him queer (12) because he seldom played games with them and preferred to sit on a bench under a tree and read,Sometimes they threw walnuts and shouted at him,"Hey,funny boy,why don't you play with us?"Perhap's David's aloofness was due to his vicarious participation in the exploits of his father and of the various characters mentioned on "reading nights",besides which the normal pastimes of childhood seemed dull

The Southville boys and girls thought him queer

In the meantime Mattie began urging her mother to move to Louisville for the sake of better educational and economic opportunities.Nearly four years were to pass before Mattie's advice was heeded.Drouth had hit Will's farm successively for two years,and Mary felt obliged to stay on with Will and Ann to see them through their struggles.She even filed a widow's brief in January 1887 for a Mexican war pension for eight dollars a month.According to the deposition in her behalf by Dr.H.B.Cassaday,Mary was"disabled by organic dieases of the heart,producing hypertrophy without dilitation,causing palpitation upon the slightest exertion" and that she was "dependent on her children,a daughter ,especially,who teaches school". However,the first pension check arrived eighteen months after Mary presented her claim.Other checks followed regularly for the next twenty-nine years,despite Dr.Cassaday's forebodings. Jacob II,who had learned typesetting and printing on The Spencer(Ky.)County Courier ,a weekly issued at Taylorsville by Will's brother-in-law,Jack Crutchers,had established himself in Louisville.

shade-tree contrasted sharply with the lovely countryside of "Lofty Green" and The Old Backbone MillAfter school hours he began selling newspapers and later he established a route of regular customers.His general appearance at school suggested to classmates that he came from a very poor family and got little attention at home.His shirts and coatsleeves were usually frayed.When he crossed his knees sometimes a hole in the sole of a shoe revealed the color of a stocking.Unlike other pupils who came to school clean and well-groomed,David's fingernails were usually caked with black

late Jan 1889

When Mary had rented half of a two-family house at 141 Chestnut Street in Louisville, Will 14 and David got out the old two horse spring and Jersey wagons and moved the household effects to town. On one of their several trips, Louisville children shouted at them from the sidewalk, "See the hicks!" or "Country rubes!". For Will and David wore the homespun clothes which Mary, like other mothers 15 in rural Kentucky, had woven and made with her own hands.

## A Country Boy in Louisville

[redacted] David enrolled in the three-story public school at Second and Gray streets where the fenced-in, gravel playground without a single shade-tree contrasted sharply with the lovely countryside of "Lofty Green" and The Old Backbone Mill. After school hours he began selling newspapers and later he established a route of regular customers. His general appearance at school suggested to 16 classmates that he came from a very poor family and got little attention at home. His shirts and coatsleeves were usually frayed. When he crossed his knees sometimes a hole in the sole of a shoe revealed the color of a stocking. Unlike other pupils who came to school clean and well-groomed, David's fingernails were usually caked with black

dirt,his face was unwashed,his hair unkempt,But in class his good memory impressed his fellows.

The Griffith family struggled along through their first years in Louisville.Virginia Ruth established herself as a dressmaker;Anna Wheeler worked at the Galt House as secretary to Dr.J.M.Bodine of the Louisville Medical College;Jacob II continued at typesetting.Their efforts kept the family going until 1907,but their combined incomes were insufficient to keep David in school past grammar gradesThe fifteen-year-old boy had to take such jobs as he could get.One of these was selling vinegar on commission to grocery stoes .He carried a sample of the vinegar in a small glass tube in his pocket,only to learn soon that there was no great demand for his product.But the tall,slender boy had developed a dep voice that carried and attracted attention.

After the venture in selling vinegar,David applied for and got a job as elevator-and-errand boy at the John C.Lewis department store.In his interview with Mr.Lewis,who appraised him with one eye, the boy took pains to announce himself as a son of the late Colonel Jacob Wark Griffith under whom Mr.Lewis had served in the War of the Rebellion. The boy's salary was six dollars a week,most of which he turned over to his mother.What was left for hinself was so little that when given carefare for an errand for the store,David usually managed to get free transportation on the rear of a delivery wagon,and then spent the money for a sandwich.At this stage he might have remained the rest of his youth as a cog in the Lewis store which proudly advertised its slogan,"We never misrepresent goods nor exaggerate prices".To a lad of David's economic status the principle avenues of employment then befitting a Southern gentleman, i.e.,law,banking,the clergy,the liquor and tobacco industries---were closed

[illegible] avid in school past grammar grades.Our cars their financial problems were [illegible]
[illegible] the death of gallant Dutile [illegible], at the age of thirty-four, succumb[illegible]
[illegible] subsequently in the home of Uncle William [illegible] near Flemingsburg.It was a sadness
fifteen-year-old boy who that summer had to look for and take such jobs as he could
get.One of these was selling vinegar on commission to grocers.He carried a sample of
the vinegar in a small glass tube in his pocket, [illegible] there was no great
demand for this product.

But the tall,slender lad had developed a deep voice that carried and attracted attention,not only in everyday conversation but also at the camp meetings on the Cavanaugh camp grounds when on weekends he visited Beard's Station.At these camp meetings he sometimes took part in the ejaculatory ,contagious [illegible] hymn-singing [illegible] by various religious sects.Whole families came with their camp clothes and rented cabins for ten days to share their religious [illegible] ecstasy in these camp meetings which originated in Kentucky as an evangelical novelty and spread rapidly through the nation at large.And as he joined in the agitated ,now rhythmic, singing of spontaneous ,revivalistic songs about "longing for heavenly rest," brothers-in-arms battling for the Lord," or "when shall I see Jesus," he saw many of these believers in heaven writhing on the ground, drooling madly and continually shaking hands. [illegible]

But ~~formative influences were at~~ work ~~to shape~~ the course of Griffith's life:a discerning Negro lad at the Lewis store;the bookstore of Barnard and Washington Fleener;friendship with young Adolphe Kleuber of the Kleuber Photographic Gallery;the musical interests of his elder brother Jacob II and a voice teacher,~~Mrs~~.Annie H.Bausted.

## 6.Amateur Night

The Negro lad in the basement at the Lewis store often overheard the stentorian voice of young Griffith in conversation with Frank F.Coyle and other lads.One day this colored boy ~~remarked~~ ventured to remark,"Boss,if Ah had a voice lak yo' has,Ah'd be on de stage quickern yo' kin shake a stick.Yo'd neveh ketch me in a depahtment stoah!" Young Coyle,whose avocation was music,concurred with this observation.These chance suggestions sank into young Griffith's mind.

Later Coyle told David about an amateur show,"The District School", that was being rehearsed by Thomas Coffin Cooke at the Broadway Baptist Church.There were twenty in the cast and some one was needed to play a dunce.Griffith volunteered for the role with alacrity.He wrote to Cousin Woodson A.Oglesby for ~~a windblown hat,coat and trousers that had served for the scarecrow on Will's farm~~ his oldest country clothes and boots, and in return for this cooperation Woodson received a complimentary ticket to the show.David's part required that he sit on a high stool and speak one line:"The breeze from the lake blows chilly tonight".After that he was to be silent for the rest of the performance.Without being facetious,young Coyle told David that his acting was natural,his voice carried beautifully,and he should keep up his interest in dramatics.But how?

at ~~Crestwood~~ Beard's Station

Mary, despite her disapproval of theater people, helped David with his costume

Griffith could not afford to attend a reputable dramatic school in the East.Nor did he have an entrée to any of the local theaters.However he notified their managers that he would be available should they need an extra usher or stagehand for any of their evening shows.In either capacity he would be at least inside a theater.Meanwhile David got to know a young, short-statured German-Jew,Max Davidson,who had played in "The District School".Max talked fluently about the style and content of acting and play production in the German theater of the nineties,as he and David and a few others sat on the front steps of the old Broadway Baptist church.Davidson reminisced especially about the people's theater movement in Germany under the sponsorship of the labor unions.He described vividly how every Saturday and Sunday practically all the theaters in Berlin were filled by factory and white collar workers and their families,how the people's theater movement spread throughout Germany despite opposition from the commercial managers,how experimental theaters there experimented with and encouraged new forms of drama and presentation,and provided ample opportunities for young people like themselves to acquire dramatic training.Over coffee in young Davidson's home these serious talks on theater continued from time to time.

The first nights as an usher at twenty-five cents an evening aroused young Griffith's interest in the possibilities of acting as livelihood.He was impressed when he read in the newspapers that visiting players stayed at the best hotels,dined at the best restaurants,were guests of society people and received many press notices.The need to earn money,rather than acting as an art,led David to approach acting seriously To him the profession seemed more dignified,more suitable for a gentleman, than running an elevator,delivering parcels or selling articles on commissin

The small collection of books brought to Louisville from Southville had not grown since he left the Second and Gray school.But among them were Peck's Bad Boy, Alcott's Little Women ,a few plays by Shakespeare and some volumes by Sir Walter Scott and Dickens.Without benefit of teacher or dramatic coach he read selections loudly,too loudly,in a father which Southern cruel.The Kingstons next door opened their windows to,listen to the extraordinarily vehement sounds.Passersby stopped to listen to the din.Neighbors across the street,among them James Madison Hull,city editor of The Courier-Journal, peered through their windows in the direction of the booming, intense voices .These readings occurred in an upstairs room in which young Griffith walked up and down between a high walnut bed and the wall on which were displayed a Confederate war map,a photograph of his father,and the Griffith coat-of-arms purported to have been used by the Griffins or Griffiths who had been welsh princes when the English sought to three times to exterminate them and their followers.

Griffith told his mother about his intention to become an actor,Disliking theaters and actors as much as ever,Mary said:"David,remember always that among the Griffiths in the past who have held high position in Wales and Maryland,there never was one who disgraced the name by being an actor". Throughout her life Mary never permitted theater people to cross her threshold. To her life in Louisville meant living like a pioneer,for she had never touched the two or three thousand dollars left from the sale of "Lofty Green",and had imposed the pioneer's discipline of poverty on her children. She sought to establish her set of values in their minds.None of the boys dared come home with the smell of tobacco or beer on his breath.Once young Albert stayed away from home all night because he had had some beer. And yet Mary did not object when David donned her flapping bonnet and asked her or his sister-in-law Lucille to take turns holding a copy of "Lochinvar" or

"Lady of the Lake" won Chaos his declamation,but could very disapprove when occasionally he used her [redacted] as a foil for his lovemaking scenes.

One morning David told J.C.Lewis that he was resigning his elevator job to join "The Twilight Revelers" and take up acting as his lifework.Mr. Lewis looked at young Griffith and said,"You'll rue the day you ever left this store,Davy".To which Davy replied,"and I will rue the day I ever came here if I don't".

"The Twilight Revelers" was a group of stage-struck youths composed of whom one Edward Risley ,a riverboat blackface comedian and acrobatic dancer,had gathered together after persuading them that they might be as lucky as other stage luminaries who had begun lucrative careers in country barns.Besides young Griffith,the troupe included a blacksmith,a carpenter, a harnessmaker,a waiter and a barber who played the banjo rather well.After two weeks of night rehearsals in the blacksmith's shop,the troupe set forth in the harnessmaker's wagon.Risley had made the blacksmith to believe that by backing the troupe with eighty-odd dollars,he might earn a nice profit in addition to his share of the proceeds as a member of the troupe.These tyro thespians played the villages along the Ohio River,near Louisville and in Indiana.They soon became an unwashed,ill-fed aggregation,for as the blacksmith's funds dwindled they went on short rations and slept wherever they could.One morning before sunrise the entire troupe was halted by a tavern-keeper in an attempt to leave without paying for their night's lodging.Risley persuaded the tavern-keeper to become a partner in the troupe by assuring him that he would be paid after "The Twilight Revelers" won the farmers. They were also joined by farmers who wanted their friends in neighboring villages to see them dancing jigs as blackface comedians.Thus was the enterprise prolonged for two more weeks.

This is Wakefield — D.G. knew the Hardins at the Lowell.

This seems to end abruptly - a sentence is needed to tell D.W.'s next move.

4.The Flexners

Late in 1908 [illegible] albert Shipp Ogilsby,a clerk at Flexner's bookstore,introduced [illegible] to Bernard Flexner who engaged him at five dollars a week.He was to take Cousin Albert's place,and wait on customers,become acquainted with and dust the books,sell stationery,accept orders for engravings,run errands and set up the folding chairs in the little lecture room in the rear of the store.David was to become quite impressed by the Flexners 94 ---the scholarly Bernard and Washington Flexner, brothers of Simon Flexner who later became associated with the Rockefeller Foundation;of Mary Flexner,the playwright; of Lincoln,a school-principal;of Jacob,a physician;of Jane,a librarian;and of Abraham,owner of the Flexner school. The bookshop was a good-sized establishment at 35 550 Fourth Street in downtown Louisville.Its intellectual atmosphere made it a center for bookloversm and altogether was something new in young Griffith's life,especially since Louisville at the time did not have a public library.Out-of-town visitors to the Kentucky Derby as well as visiting notables ~~in literature,the theater,music,business~~ and medicine came to 550 Fourth Street to browse or buy. and The rear of the long store 36 was partitioned off for talks by visiting novelists,poets,musicians,actors.David went eagerly about the business of opening and setting up the folding chairs for afternoon or evening audiences of thirty or forty persons.At other times he received 37 free passes to concerts,lectures or plays on tour that came to The Music Hall or to The Auditorium,and tickets which the Flexners advertised regularly in the local press.At Flexner's he made acquaintances and garnered impressions that he never dreamed would be his as he came to know "Marse" Henry Watterson, Charles Hamilton Cosgrove and other local newsmen,students,musicians,the local intellgentsia,and actors and actresses with companies from the East ---all of which suggested some of the gaps he had to bridge culturally.He drove himself to read omnivorously,if unsystematically.For a time he con-

centrated on history---especially ancient history---and on fiction, drama, poetry. He was indifferent to books on social science, works by a Lester Ward, Carl Schurz, Henry George, Richard Ely, Edward Bellamy Rose or Hinton Rowan Helper meant nothing to a young man whose mind was much too colored by the emotional thinking of a romantic, post-bellum "unreconstructed rebel" Sometimes on Sunday afternoons he attended the public forum in a hall on Market Street which a surviving ante-bellum snobbery dubbed "Freedom Hall" because economic justice was the chief topic among the dissenters---the trade unionists, populists, single taxers, and socialists---who came there. And although young Griffith and his family were having none too easy a struggle for existence, he looked upon these nonconformists with amused detachment because they seemed to accomplish nothing.

5. The Klaubers

David met Adolph Klauber when the latter was associated with his father, Edward Klauber, photographer and art dealer. Adolph, six years Griffith's senior, was a cousin of Bernard Flexner. The Klauber enterprise was next door to the Flexner bookshop. Father and son were elegant dressers. They wore high silk hats and silk gloves, flowers in their lapels, and carried slick, shining canes to business. Their main floor was given over to the sale of camera equipment, art materials, etchings and paintings. On the second floor an elaborate reception room was opened off the photographic gallery. In its time, Klauber's was an important as well as fashionable Louisville institution. David often regarded it with open-mouthed wonder when he stopped in to see Adolph. The plastic symbols of affluence and economic power, such as the cut and texture of clothes and the accessories worn by urbane-looking men and women as they stepped from their handsome carriages to enter Klauber's or Flexner's made David feel the sharp cleavage between those who

never-ceasing stress. We have not, even of at the time he were not interested enough in the causes thereof to analyze them, like the men at "Freedom Hall" It was this social contrast that seemed to become fixed in his unconscious and was to reveal itself in later years in his playwriting efforts and/his creations. From the Klaubers, too, he acquired a clothes-sense which he was not to be able to emulate for twenty years. However, the association with young Adolph opened new avenues of objective appreciation of theater and literature for Griffith. and when he one Spring day in 1888 picked up a copy of Peter's Southern Magazine and saw Adolph Klauber's appraisal of Maximilian Guyon and of "April", an effete Guyon drawing of a woman in negligee blowing soap bubbles, Griffith thought that he too must learn how to write. He tried, by going to night school only to discover that he would have to master the rudiments of grammar and of penmanship that others might be able to read what he might write. His penmanship was to remain almost illegible through the years. What was to become most important of all, David's frequent, brief sojourns to the Klauber gallery and art exhibits gave him his introduction to visual and pictorial values.

6. Mrs. Boustead

Repl

In the meantime Jacob II had been taking vocal lessons from Mrs. Annie H. Boustead, a popular voice teacher. During the day Jacob II worked as a printer with The Farmers' Journal, but he had a passionate devotion to music and singing. He would say, "If I should ever lose my voice and be unable to sing, I would want to die". As early as 1892 he predicted to members of his family and to his co-workers at the shop that some day moving pictures synchronized with sound would be shown on large screens in big theaters to mass audiences. Jacob sang on Sundays for the Portland Avenue Methodist Church. In boyhood an attack of malaria fever left him with a withered leg which he now padded and threw forward courageously when he

walked.Jacob persuaded David to join him and their youngest brother Albert in studying voice with Mrs.Eaustead at her studio at Fourth and Jefferson Streets.The studio was also the business address of her husband,a piano agent,whom she left in 1886 for Philadelphia where she built up a reputation for developing successful concert singers.

There were times when the Griffith boys did not have fifty cents between them to pay for their lessons,but that did not deter the experimental-minded Mrs.Eaustead from taking on David's friend Coyle and teaching all four lads as a quartette.She advised David that his voice was endowed with enormous power and volume,but that the requirements of a speaking voice for the stage were in conflict with those necessary for operatic singing. She deplored his determination to become an actor.Coyle,aware of David's slender resources,naively observed:"The career of the successful singer lasts about fifteen years whereas that of the actor continues indefinitely" The period of vocal study with Mrs.Eaustead probably served as background for young Griffith's taste when he began selecting passages from classics to Chaucer in musical composition for the orchestral scores to accompany his major films.

## 7--The Louisville Theater in the Nineties

Griffith's ambitions for a stage career were buttressed by his interest in an unique citizen of Louisville whose faith in the theater was boundless.The gentleman was Colonel William Frederic Norton,a 445 Kentucky Colonel,but what a theater devotee! He had a lot of money and not a lot to do with it.After having worked sixteen years for his family's large estate and banking business,Norton's love for the drama and music prompted him in 1889 to build a large one-story amusement hall for the simple reason that Louisville had none to accomodate mass audiences.The new structure covered an entire city block and embraced what became Fourth Avenue and Hill

Ref

no building for the accommodation

street.The building was entirely of wood and located in the outskirts of the city.Norton named it The amphitheater auditorium because it had an artificial outdoor lake for operatic settings and performances.Once Norton criticized Louisville as a "dead town" because visiting theatrical companies found local managers obliged to restrict billings to one matinee and three nights.For thus taking his fellow citizens to task for their indifference to the theater as a cultural force,the newspapers forthwith dubbed him "the Mayor of Dead Town".

As the director of his enterprise Norton [illegible] the pseudonym of Daniel Quilp.A sign bearing the name of Daniel Quilp and the image of the repulsive dwarf was mounted above the outside door of Norton's office and again over the ticket office cage.In all auditorium advertisements,the name of Daniel Quilp was featured as the manager.In September 1889 Norton brought the great Edwin Booth and the equally great Lawrence Barrett to Louisville for the dedication of the Audibrium to the drama,an event that remained the talk of the town for years.The interior of the Auditorium was so large that its seats---all of them folding chairs---were never fully sold out.Perhaps that is why a few years later David found it easy to get an occasional pass from the Flexners to see a new show.On one occasion when the advance sale of tickets to an opening concert by Theodore Thomas' Chicago Symphony Orchestra was sharply below expectations,Norton returned all monies and told the musicians,"If the people of Louisville do not wish to hear you play,then you shall play for me".After this torchbearer of the theater died,it was found that his will requested that a train be chartered for hundreds of his friends and a brass band [illegible] which was to play operatic selections all the way from Louisville to Paducah where his remains were to be buried.While at Flexner's,David received passes to the Auditorium for performances by Yvette Gilbert,Walter Damrosch and his

New York Symphony Orchestra, [illegible] and Rice & Erlanger musical comedy companies.When Sarah Bernhardt came for one night,he managed to be hired as a super for mob scenes.

Besides working at Flexner's during the daytime,David ushered or helped shift scenery in the evening,at one time or another,at almost every theater in the city,such as The Avenue,The Buckingham ,The Bijou ,The Grand The Harris,The Macauley and The Temple. The offerings of The Avenue,for example, fell into a pattern implied by one of its advertisements for a show containing---

Merry Maidens,Catchy Tunes
The Funniest Story Hatched in Moons
With Timely Jokes and Costumes Gay
All in a Polite,Comic Way

Obviously The Avenue specialized in burlesque.Young Griffith probably was as engrossed in devouring the merry maidens with his eyes as he was with shifting props backstage.A vigorous competitor of The Avenue was "The Buck" or The Buckingham Burlesque Theater and Saloon ,operated by Colonel John H. Whallen who claimed that his was"the largest burlesque house in America".It probably was,since all classes of Lousiville's citizenry,including the then Third and Fourth Avenue "aristocrats",enjoyed hearing a spade called a spade in vulgar plays by troupes such as Delaur & Debrimont in a travesty on Carmen entitled Carmencita ,Isham's Octoroons,The Woods Sisters Exravaganza Company,Twentieth Century Maids and similar companies booked by Reilly & Woods or Brady & Stair.Oddly enough,at this time,Louisville's "aristocrats",who considered it unspeakable to attend Ibsen's Ghosts or Shaw's Mrs.Warren's Profession on the ground that these plays were immoral, reveled in explicit burlesque jokes as they sat in their boxes,attired in formal dress,and protected in their privacy by lace curtains from the glances of spectators in the balcony and on the orchestra floor.Colonel Whallen

was a magnetic,charming man whose weight,carefree grooming and luxuriant/mustache never seemed to mar his genial manner.But as a politician,he set up the downright Honest Elections League to help the Louisville and Nashville railroad beat Goebels,the honest independent,in the gubernatorial election in 1896.~~It has been said that young Griffith cast his first ballot for the candidate favored by the railroad and Hanlon.~~

Then too,there was The Bijou, which boasted of being "the only family theater in Kentucky and the only popular-priced theater having more than one exit";it claimed twenty-seven exits.This playhouse offered a range from Steele Mackay's Hazel Kirk to Pete Baker,well-known German dialect comedian of the day,in a musical comedy like The Emigrant and who sang such jovial ditties as "I am Dutch but I ain't no fool" or "Hippity-de-hop to the Candy Shop" .Incidentally,in January 1893,Phil Baker was the first professional performer young Griffith had ever seen in a theater.

The same week in which David saw Pete Baker for the first time found ~~young Griffith's~~ his attention drawn to the Harris Theater's announcement that the following week would open with Kate Claxton as Louise , the blind girl,in Two Orphans with her own traveling company,and that . . .

> "in the mounting of the barnyard scene,which is one of the finest ever introduced upon the stage,special attention will be paid to secure the necessary live-stock accessories which will lend an unsual realism to the surroundings".

Thirty years later,Kate Claxton,a little old lady with dyed red hair,was to walk into the Mamaroneck studio and watch Griffith direct shots for his film version of Two Orphans.

David's experience as an usher or scene shifter at The Grand Opera House or at The Macauley were satisfying.The Grand, low-priced competitor of The Macauley ,in 1897 achieved the distinction of being the only Louisville theater to have given fifty straight performances of a play---in this in the city's history

instance,Hamlet, with William Gaun and a cast of unknown players.The Grand also presented Miss A.Spencer ,"eminent young American tragedian" and his company who in one week gave Othello,Julius Caesar and Romeo and Juliet in opposition to Thomas W.Keene at The Macauley. It was a golden time for titanic effort in the theater,thanks to the seed planted by the "Mayor of Dead Town".Moreover,The Grand at this time was the only theater in the city to offer an additional attraction of Biograph short ~~reels~~ news and fact films,as follows:

(With No Increase in Prices)

E X T R A ! E X T R A !

The Greatest of Them All !

T H E A M E R I C A N B I O G R A P H

owned and controlled by the American Mutuscope Co.,New York

Invention of Herman Casler

The Most Wonderfully Realistic Projecting Picture Machine in the World

S E E :

McKinley at Canton
Niagara Falls
Herald Square Fire Depot
Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle
Beach at Atlantic City
Stable on Fire
Niagara Upper Rapids
New York Boulevard
and
The Famous Empire State Express,the Most Marvellous Picture Ever Presented in the World

Young Griffith was too concerned at the time with probing for a foothold in the theater to ~~be more~~ have more than a casually interested in the Biograph trailer or "chaser" programs.He sought ushering assignments with diligence,especially at The Macauley where he studied the work of such celebrities as De Wolfe Hopper,Lillian Russell,Lily Langtry,Ada Rehan,Thomas W.Keene,Julia Marlowe and her husband Robert Taber,E.H.Sothern,Olga Nethersole,Nat Goodwin,Otis

Skinner,Raymond Hitchcock,Hilton Lackaye,Maxine Elliott and Walker Whiteside. As the young fellow observed these distinguished artists going through their paces,little did he dream that some of them one day would appear in films made under his supervision.

With the Fleasners ,David had now spent two years,richly laden with ever-new impressions and invigorating stimuli.This establishment,which had brought much to his inner spirit that he otherwise would have missed,was sold to a Charles T.Dearing,former manager of the Baptist Book Concern,who soon changed old bookshop's strictly commercial character.After retaining Griffith for two years, Dearing fired him because he spent too much time reading books and not enough time selling them.However,among the ones that captivated his attention was Struggles and Triumphs ,that artful exposition of ballyhoo and humbug--and bible of showmen--by Phineas T.Barnum.This book probably influenced Griffith much more than he ever cared to admit,for in later years he was to indicate how well he had studied that master.

After his discharge from Dearing's store,Griffith applied for a job with John Griffith's "Strolling Players",then playing Faust in Louisville on their way to New Albany,Ind.,and points North.He would try now to capitalize on his lessons with Mrs.Baustead.A Mr.St.John,stage manager for John Griffith,tested David's voice and thought he might engage him but for a possible objection to his name."John Griffith simply could not endure another Griffith in the theater programs", St.John advised. Young Griffith chose a new name on the spot---Laurence Brayington--and was hired to sing in the wings.The "Laurence",derived from an effete derivative of the "Lawrence" of the great Barrett;"Brayington" was none other than the name of that repudiedly exiled Lord Brayington claimed as the father of great-grand-father Balathiel.

The Strolling Players gave one-night stands in small towns and usually a full week in cities like Kalamazoo or Lansing.An incompletely-dated letter to Mary on stationery of the Sweet Hotel,Grand Rapids,in January 1897,sheds light on his respect for Mary's matriarchal dominance and her dislike for theater people:

Chap. II - p. 14

Grand Rapids, Mich. Jan. 1907.

Mrs. M. F. Griffith
Dear Mother:

When I left Louisville and came into Eastern Indiana the road followed along the river for miles before we reached Cincinnati. On both sides was water and nothing but water except here and there the roof of some shed or barn able to lift themselves above the muddy flood. The mist is heavy and it is raining softly but steadily with a regular beat like a small drum on a car window... and Cincinnati with her 400,000 people is but a few straight boxes in the darkness. Then they too are gone and we speed along in the starless night.

I arrive at Columbus where I am directed to a cheap room for the night and impress on the clerk the importance of calling me at 6:30. Columbus has buildings 11 to 14 stories high.

I last saw St. John in a peculiar cut of long coat, and am waiting for him. Asked the clerk for telegrams and told there were none. So I stroll back to my position, first examining myself on account of the sharp nose in the mirror. I don't blame him much. I don't look like a leading man or much like a man of any kind. I begin to wish I was back at 626 First Street.

Our next town is Abilene, about 1,200 or 1,300.

I find myself watching, as the play goes on, the leading female part with more interest than is absolutely needed as by no possible chance could I ever play with any degree of success the tender part of Marguerite. But after the words, "She loves me, she loves me not, he loves me, he loves me not" (in the flower scene) I begin to wonder what kind of a Faust I would make at the line, "Oh Faust, thou king of all the world". I am smitten with the impression I was born in May for no other purpose than nightly readings of the tender lines of Faust, providing of course I could have the proper support with a good Mephistopheles and others, not to mention Marguerite.

The next day at rehearsal I find Grif to be a rough but good-natured sort of a man, a hard stage manager. In the last part of Marguerite he told her she acted that particular line like a chippie. She came near fainting but held up to the end of the part when she broke into sobs.

Battle Creek is a beautiful town around which and through part of the town Battle Creek flows. I stood on the bridge at sunset and saw the gold from the west float softly down until it fell a glowing light on the clear waters and sweetly murmured below me. My thoughts went back to the old farm where I had so often watched the water in the selfsame way when I should have been doing something else.

Should I ever be fool enough to marry, I would never marry an actress, even if I got the chance. Write me as Laurence Brayington, c/o J. Griffith Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

St. John wants us to go to good hotels here. Of course I have received no money yet and he pays the board. I go where they go, except Grif and St. John who go to the finest everywhere. But my, this is fine enough. Have a beautiful room and steam heat for $1.25.

Your son,

David Griffith.

Mary had not the slightest inkling as to who Faust or Marguerite might be,nor what the epithet "whipple" meant,except for the fact that the letter was from her son,who was not interested, [illegible] never that he had not yet received any communication.He was supposed to have received eighteen dollars [illegible] for singing in the wings. [illegible] Actors' Equity Association had not yet been organized to shield the actor from unscrupulous managers.at Kalamazoo, The John Griffith company became stranded.The singer in the wings had a most trying experience as he made his way back to Louisville by freight trains when possible,walking the railroad ties,sleeping in barns,wearing out shoes, ruining clothes,and begging for food at bakeries.A few days after he returned home,his ardor for Faust revived and he fairly screamed the lines [illegible] in the yard of Miss Lou Clore's home at Beard's Station.Her neighbors feared that a drunken,raging maniac was about.

## 9.Colonel Meffert's Temple Theater

One evening in February 1897 Griffith walked home in a state of flushed elation.He had come from an interview with Ralph and Robert Cummings who had formed a dramatic stock company,the first Louisville had had in some years.They had rented Colonel Meffert's Temple Theater which had been advertised early in January as"available for Dramatic Entertainments,Concerts,Lectures,Minstrels,Etc." The Cummings brothers in their talk with Griffith decided to cast him as Stephen Rodman,governor of Arizona, in David Belasco's western melodrama,Men and Women. Each of the Cummings brothers was to alternate as William Prescott,cashier of the Jefferson National Bank.The play was to open March 1st for two weeks,with two performances given daily and no on Sundays. Griffith's salary was set at ten dollars a week,a secondary matter beside the prospect of playing with experienced actors and remaining at home. Out of deference to his mother's wishes,he did not use his given name and decided on the Lawrence in the name of the great Barrett.It now dawned on David that at last,right in Louis-

ville, people gave him an identity---if even as an actor---as they read his name in the theater billing. That meant a great deal to a young man who was born [illegible] into a great emptiness. His trunk-like self-exaltation was enhanced by the strains of Sousa's March Triumphant, Rotoli's Overture Strepitoso, Titl's Serenade for flute and cello, Wuest's Russian Rhapsody and Brooks's Ten Step Swing---the music [illegible] between the acts rendered by a five-women's orchestra. However, the Cummings brothers did not need Griffith for [illegible] productions. His disappointment was assuaged by the thought that he had appeared in twenty-four successive performances right in Louisville. Eventually the Cummingses became arrogant and [illegible] toward their patrons, and even began arriving at the theater drunk. Colonel Meffert had but one alternative: He tossed them out.

Two weeks later young Griffith was hired at eight dollars a week, [illegible] meals, to play in East Lynne as Francis Levinson, the lover, opposite Ada Gray who was now seventy and past her zenith but trying for a comeback and married to a man much younger than she. After a one-week run at The Avenue, the company went to New Albany, Ind., and from that point operated on a river showboat along the banks of the Ohio, playing the river towns. [illegible] had a way of hitting theater troupes in those days. In this instance, Miss Gray's business manager absconded with the company's funds on an early morning. Probably the money was due him for back pay. Consequently, after several weeks with East Lynne and a former notable of the theater, David returned to Louisville with little cash and with pleasant memories of the refreshing sleep he enjoyed on the showboat every night

After three months as a salesman and collector for The Baptist Recorder, Griffith began hanging around The Courier-Journal building to buttonhole reporter acquaintances for their theater passes, teasing them with

some such quip as,"writers work all day to keep from sleeping and all night to keep from eating".In the interim he visited the auditorium where his friend Adolph Klauber was acting in social comedies for the Bond stock company.Sometime in August 1927 he learned that a new dramatic stock company was to be organized at The Temple Theater.

[redacted] Colonel Heffert engaged Oscar Eagle,a vaudeville actor and his actress wife,Esther Lyon,to act and direct at a combined salary of $175 a week.Most of the Cummings players eventually returned to The Temple to work under the new director who had been stage manager for those two Shakespearean[illegible],Melbourne MacDowell and Fanny Davenport.

The Temple Theater was housed in the old Masonic Temple building which originally had not been planned to include a theater.Hence,lodge room rooms were rebuilt to permit space for the "flies",stage and auditorium.The Temple was an "upstairs house",set over a drugstore.Many theaters of that day were in this category.The entrance to The Temple was a rough 25-foot wooden stairway from the street level to the second floor.After making this climb,the patron--already puffing hard--bought his ticket at the box-office window and climbed four more feet of stairs to get into the theater.Once in the auditorium,he must have been relieved to note that the floor was carpeted.

Although the stage of The Temple was 30 feet deep and 65 feet from wall to wall---rather small for a stage--the electrical equipment was ample and the acoustics were perfect.There were 700 seats on the orchestra floor,300 in the balcony.As a small house with a low price range of 10,15 and 25 cents,The Temple was obliged to pay low salaries.But highschool girls skipped classes every Wednesday to admire their matinee idols.

Chapter Eleven

The orchestra consisted of a violinist, flutist, clarionetist and a conductor-harpist---one Dominico Varadi---whose solo playing sometimes stopped the show. Ushers were black Negroes. The stage lacked an asbestos curtain, but [illegible], there were no fire laws. The terms "asbestos" and "fireproof" had no significance for theater people prior to the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago.

Short films were shown at the Temple between acts. As there was no projection booth in the theater, the projector was set on a kitchen table, and as the images were thrown on the screen, the filmstrip fell into a wash clothes wicker basket that stood on the floor directly in front of the table. Just as primitive as the rewining of the filmstrips this was done by hand. It was about this time that the Sivori brothers, Tony and John, had the Temple management let them devise simple gadgets for sound effects "to keep the damn fools awake between acts".

* * *

After Oscar Eagle's appointment, David came daily to the stage entrance and sought opportunities to do anything. He talked with actors of the company who thought he might get a small part. Finally, Tony Sivori, the chief prop man, hired Griffith to shift furniture and serve as call boy for twenty five cents a performance. Four other lads were under Sivori, all of whom became actors. David also helped out as prompter when the stage manager was busy elsewhere. His first acting chore under Eagle was as super in a mob scene. Then came very small parts of two or three lines, a page, two or three pages and a book. As a super he was paid twenty-five cents for each performance. The super captain, whose task it was to provide fifty or more supers for a mob scene, received ten cents for each super. It was a time when stage carpenters and electricians lived well on fifteen dollars a week.

A beginning player received one dollar for a performance if his part ran to one or two pages, and if it were more he was paid proportionately. This practice made it unnecessary to import actors for small parts.

Young Griffith studied hard, ~~never~~ small the assignment, he was eager to learn all details of the acting business, and so greatly earnest that he rarely retorted to ad-libs. He practically lived at The Temple day and night. Tony Sivori recalled, "with that thick mop of brown hair and his high-winged collar, that fellow surely looked the part of the 'legit', and how he loved to act!" after a few weeks at The Temple, David was considered one of the family. Friendly, helpful advice from seasoned players followed, particularly from ~~Adolph~~ Lesting, ~~whose~~ who were to become associated with him in later years in film-making. In the company, too, there were his friend, Max Davidson, and Henry Hull, a neighbor, who at the age of ten ~~was to~~ make his stage debut and ~~continue~~ develop into one of America's most capable actors.

One day Oscar Eagle needed somebody to play a butler in Little Lord Fauntleroy and asked Tony Sivori if he could recommend some one. "What the hell's the matter with Griffith? He looks like a butler!", the prop boss answered. From October 25, 1897 to May 1, 1899 young Griffith played thirty-three characters in twenty-eight plays. The roles varied from butler to secretary, servant, clerk, miner, soldier, carpenter, landlord, priest and murderer. Since two plays were put on every week at The Temple, his development as a student of new problems in characterization, tempo, mood and other aspects of stage technique progressed steadily. When Eagle left Louisville for New York to direct big musical comedies, most of the company including Griffith were dismissed by the new director. But at the termination of his connection with the Meffert company, Griffith was still battling to overcome traces of his Southern drawl. His experience under Eagle, however, enabled him to respect and observe audience reaction to each situation and or bit of business. This high regard for spectator attention was to prove an important element in his work at Biograph nine years later.

## 10--Farewell to Louisville

While marking time through the summer of 1922 in the hope of finding a job with the new director of the Heffert or some other local stock company, Griffith manages to get free-lance assignments from The Courier-Journal while its reporters were on vacation. These assignments were usually handled by newsmen with little experience, and called for getting river news or covering "The District". Being the river roundup was straight routine, although very interesting as work in general material for the "Stage of the River" column which The Courier-Journal ran for years. This feature was originated by Will D. Hayes, local wit and celebrity. Under his guidance young Griffith secured news about boats and barges due, arriving and departing; the rise and fall of the river; meteorological conditions, temperature and precipitation; river business and its vivid personalities.

"The District" was Louisville's redlight section, a few blocks from the City Hall. This area was composed of five long city blocks. One of them, a thorofare that later became known as Green Street, was the point from which branched out the numerous dancehalls, saloons, taverns, gambling parlors and similar establishments operating under police surveillance. The denizens of "The District" hailed and found emotionally exhilarating the boogie-woogie songs and rhythms of New Orleans origin long before they were accepted as part of American music. Whether making the rounds of the hospitals and police stations to uncover news about the latest in crimes or sauntering through the "District" for his own amusement, Griffith often heard in the night the distant strains of anewly improvised boogie-woogie song by some untutored, untaught talented Negro pianist.

* * *

The summer was drawing to a close. Most of the cub newsmen on The Courier-Journal had returned from their vacations. At best, digging for news was not as emotionally satifying to young Griffith as working in the theatre. Yet there was no prospective job in sight among any of the Louisville theat

Chapter Eleven

ere.He recalled the advice of the older players at the Temple ,namely,that sooner or later he would have to go to New York if he hoped to ever prosper as an actor.So he told his brother Joseph's bicycle for nineteen dollars,bid the family farewell and boarded a freight train for the metropolis.

24 The Rialto

Remember, young people
read books know a thing about
the theatre. Their ideas are
formed wholly by current
fiction. They do not know
the real theatre at all. This

My suggestion is: condense as
much as you can but keep
the easy flow of speech -
but theatre.
This is interesting. Show people
how [illegible] got our theatre where
it is - sentimental and [illegible]

in one - night stands - I
know all about that. The
whole town went and
[illegible] people in those little
towns enjoyed those [illegible]
actors!

chapter for most people
they no find it strange
books. She may see how it
would be to get out their
comfortableness. I cried

Spencer ---Chapter 11

Page 3.

4th line from bottom:Fill "which was situated"

ten line " " " fill "a mill called"

Page 5.

Fifth line from top:Fill "the homestead at"

Page 4
Last line in First paragraph
The sentence about Jacob II on The Spencer County Courier should be placed two after the last line, paragraph 1 at top of page 4.... after...."with her own hands".

Jacob II, who had learned typesetting and printing on The Spencer(Ky.)County Courier, a weekly issued at Taylorsville by Will's brother-in-law, Jack Crutchers, had already established himself in Louisville

— Am wondering what kind of autobiog. DW could make, especially if reports of his daily drunkenness are true. If Stent persuaded him to try dry the autobiog.

— Has seemed to me her plea for divorce stated in part by "is impossible to live with" the old mandate.

street. The kingsmen next door spend their studious to listen to the din, pandemonium and clatter. Passersby were halted by [redacted] vocal noises that were as trumpet blasts, and once when young Griffith counted a man, James Madison Hull, city editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal living across the street, looked concernedly at the unending from whence came the ear-splitting hub-bub. These [redacted] (shrieks and wails) occurred in an upstairs bedroom that Griffith called up was open between a high-mattressed walnut bed and the wall on which [redacted] hung a Confederate war map, a photograph of his father, and the family coat-of-arms, purportedly of the Griffiths who [redacted] had been Welsh princes.

revised after fifth line - paragraph me - page 8

Later Gayle told Davie about an amateur show,"The District School", that was being rehearsed by Thomas Griffin Cooke at the Broadway Baptist Church. There were twenty in the cast and some one was needed to play a dunce.Griffith volunteered for the role with alacrity.He wrote Cousin Thomson at Bengo's Station for the oldest country clothes and boots he could find,for which cooperation Thomson received a complimentary ticket.Davy,as long as the show was to take place in a church,helped Davie make adjustments in the costume which had been used for years for scarecrow purposes on the Quincy farm.Davie's part required that he sit on a high stool and tremulously speak one line:"The breeze from the lake blows chilly tonight".After that he was to be silent.However,the rafters shook and the audience gasped as he read his speech with power. Young Gayle was encouraging, told David his voice carried beautifully,and that he should keep up his interest in dramatics.

Rowntree
bottom of pg 62

keep David in school past the grammar grades.Nor were their many problems eased by the death of valiant Hattie who in July 1883,at the age of thirty four,succumbed to tuberculosis in the home of one of her Enslee [illegible] near Beard's Station.

For ten years after he left school,David looked for and took such jobs as he could get.One of these was selling vinegar on commission to grocers.He carried a sample of the vinegar in a small glass tube in his pocket and soon learned there was no great demand for this product.

But the tall,slender lad,by [illegible] seventeen,had developed a deep voice that carried and attracted attention,not only in ordinary conversation but at the camp meetings on the Cavanlgh Camp Grounds when on week-ends he visited Beard's Station to see his kinfolk.Regardless of the sect that happened to be holding a camp meeting,young Griffith and his [illegible] cousins enjoyed taking part in the ejaculatory,contagious hymn-singing. [illegible] When the Methodists held forth,the Shelbyville Oglesbys came with their camp [illegible] clothes and rented a cabin for ten days;David and with them shared the [illegible] ecstasy at these meetings which had originated in Kentucky as an [illegible] novelty and spread through the nation at large.And as he joined in [illegible] singing the spontaneous, revivalistic songs about "a longing for heavenly rest","battling for the Lord" or "when shall I see Jesus",he saw many of these believers in a heaven writhing on the ground,foaming at the mouth in [illegible],and,shaking hands with a frenzied fervor shake hands without stopping.

After the venture in selling vinegar, etc.

pertaining

[I] saw one camp-meeting in my childhood — and it was enthusiastic, but not an orgy — The The genuine spirit "enjoyed religious — Hem. words.]

Insert/P. 5/after fifth line in Paragraph Two

Revision

P. 5

Pixie: DW once did a film (Romance of Happy Valley) in which he showed scenes of a revival as described above

Preface

p. 1 — Camp meetings

Thought it well to include this. Clover Winsett told me about their camp meeting at Beard's Station & and DWG & mom, & Will Oglesby told me the Oglesby boy & the Grundy boy would come to Pleasant Camp meetings at Carnesville & Franklin near Beard's Station.

p. 4 — added reference to Mary's dependence and perpetual inability. That a Scotch gal never let on that she had earned & financed in coal camp. A few years later, abt in 1900, she bought a house in Knoxville.

p. 18 — Barnum and his book were so much the rage around the 1890's that it is a natural to assume DWG read Barnum's book as it & that cheesecake is made of cheese. I've felt for a number of years,

An opportunity for both Griffith and Linda to work in the same company materialized in an innocuous play, The One Woman, by Thomas Dixon whose Clansman had recently closed a successful run in the East and that began a few weeks after Griffith had joined Essanay in Chicago. Dixon, like any other producer in those days when the player had no union protection, was not averse to cutting wages when he sought to cut Griffith's salary from $75 weekly to $50. Griffith quit Essanay and for some days sidewalk pounding until he obtained a three-weeks' engagement with Kiralfy's spectacle Pocahontas at the Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition at Norfolk, Va., where he met Spottiswoode Aitken, a character featured player and Griffith's great friends, and became important cogs in many of Griffith's best Essanay pictures. However, he (Griffith) left practically nothing to speak of to Linda inasmuch as his expenses consumed most of his ($50) salary. But he continued in a cheerful frame of mind, despite setbacks, as he thought of the recognition that might be his after the play was staged. He now divided his time between sidewalk pounding and writing, and made two sales, (1) a free verse poem, The Wild Duck, to Leslie's (1858) that brought him such that he was content to get for $15 and a degree of exaltation lost riding the subway. The other sale was of a short story, From Morning to Night, to Perriton Maxwell, editor of The Cosmopolitan (1859), who paid $75 for it; cousin Albert Oglesby, who had become a schoolteacher, had read the story and insisted on taking it to Maxwell. Unfortunately it was never published, probably because it was not wholly crowded out by other material.

Sometimes when in the neighborhood of that lith street, he would walk to Union Square a block away, perhaps to sit down on a bench and read a ~~[illegible]~~, talk with other actors ~~[illegible]~~ "at liberty", or ~~he might~~ listen to ~~[illegible]~~ soapboxers denouncing the ills of capitalism in terms of their favorite ideology. The showman, as well as the student, in him liked to watch the reactions of the audiences to the speakers' ~~[illegible]~~ arguments and gestures. ~~When~~ on ~~a late evening~~ strolling along Broadway ~~on a late evening~~ in the neighborhood of Columbus Circle he invariably tarried for a few minutes to hear what was said by this or that disciple of Single Tax, Philosophical Anarchism, Socialism, Industrial Unionism, or hell-fire-and-damnation religion. *Not that he himself was interested in any of these views.*

One evening Griffith ~~walked~~ almost walked past Columbus Circle on his way to Central Park when he noticed a rather large group *listening with* rapt attention to a speaker. Coming closer, he ~~stopped, stared, and also joined the audience listening~~ *stopped & stared to listen.* The young Socialist orator was talking about his own age and was lambasting the malefactors of wealth and their business practices. After the speaker had sold a few tracts or literature and invited questions, Griffith announced (77) that he would appreciate the indulgence of both audience and speaker if permitted to say a few words ~~on his own account~~ before the question period. The speaker invited young Griffith to mount the ~~[illegible]~~ little portable platform. ~~[illegible]~~

"Oh yes", he began, "it is true the country is run by a few men who control or own its wealth---wealth that they did not produce. But who can deny that these men have brains? When I read of the railroads owned by a Gould or Vanderbilt, or of banks and insurance companies, skyscrapers and mines owned by a Carnegie or a ~~[illegible]~~ organ, I then realize that it took brains to acquire them. They had the brains, gentlemen. That is why ~~they dominate~~ they dominate newspapers and control politicians and dictate the prices

[Does rule & cover of this direct quotation? You seem to have made good copy here.]

GR.111:B.7A

4 - Linda

However, there was at least one reason for Griffith's bizarre behaviour toward Mary Beattie's sister. That reason was personified by an 18-year-old girl.

When Lonsdale left stranded after reaching San Francisco, Griffith scurried about for another engagement. He found one as a juvenile, curiously enough, for the male part in Gillette's All the Comforts of Home at the Central Theatre. This playhouse was one of five or six others in San Francisco and Oakland that had their own dramatic stock companies, among both patrons and actors The Central was known as "Buckets of Blood" because it offered so many San Francisco melodramas, such as The Woman Hater, A Working Girl's Home, Way Down East and the like. Frederick Belasco, manager of the Central, as his brother David in the East, often resorted to naturalism in sets and [illegible] no effort to find for supplement spectacular action or turgid situations, with sensational mechanical props or effects, even in the matter of having a full-size locomotive move across the stage at full speed, emitting burning sparks, with the whistle roaring and the bell clanging, as it rushed through a mass of flame. It was in the fall of autumn that Griffith acted most of the time from late in 1904 to early Spring, 1905. Here, too, he met Herschel Mayall who had been leading man for five years. But despite the claptrap of its productions, The Central was a good school for many individuals who developed into excellent players, among them Frank Bacon and Frances Starr who came West after her start with an Albany (N.Y.) stock company under Frederick Bond---the same Bond who had directed The Bond Stock Company in Louisville for Col. Norton. Moreover, Frederick Belasco was so impressed by Miss Starr that in 1905 he wrote his brother David urging him to have her come East. Thus Griffith found players on the West coast who were to outdistance him in the art of acting.

And it was while playing at The Central that Griffith in the late Fall of 1904 met an 18-year-old girl, Linda Arvidson Johnson, who had had a few months' experience working as a super or in minute parts with some of the local companies, especially a fresh production of Fedora when Melbourne MacDowell and Helen Fuller appeared in a series of Sardou's tricky dramas at the old Grand Opera House.

Miss Johnson, or Miss Arvidson---as Linda chose to call herself for professional purposes---being new to the stage, knew not western, except eager to learn about the theatre and its celebrities. So gave her the diverse information pleasantly as walks in Golden Gate Park. He also told her about his great-grandfather Colonel Daniel, grandfather Daniel, Colonel Daniel and his battle-charge in a buggy at the head of his men, and how he---invid--- made to New York in a freight train to manage them in the theatre. He and Linda seemed to enjoy going to Golden Gate Park---where they read aloud plays and poetry, and sometimes he would read his own poems, plays and short stories that he had written in the East when taking involuntary "rests" between engagements. Possibly Linda was the only one of his associates in San Francisco who cared to listen to his readings of his manuscripts. Once in a while, then, their way home from Golden Gate Park, they would stop at The Chutes Theatre which faced the park, and see the eccentric dancers, lion tamers, freaks, incubator babies, novelty singers, comedians, or Bothwell Brown's Gaiety Girls in Princess Tan Tan, a musical extravaganza---all for 10 cents.

At any rate, he seems to have found a grateful listener.

Linda took Griffith in with her large, grey, feline-like eyes. She sat silently in awe when he spoke or read in this deep, resonant voice of his. His ideas, vision, hopes, appealed to her, she thought. Did she like them as the outpourings of an active, groping brain or for their ultimate, practical utility? Did she fall in love with that brain---such as it was---rather than with the man? The fact remains that in later years, after their separation, she was candid enough to say that when she married Griffith, she knew she was marrying a brain and expected it to earn a living for her as long as she lived. Evidently the girl not long out of highschool had a certain vision of her own.

Does this word look right?

I would delete this unless it could quote a passage from Chaplin's book.

Often after a matinee or evening performance, Griffith took Linda to one

the [illegible] and the managerial or executive rather than the artistic maternal [illegible]. Her mother died when she was a child and, with her elder sister, who taught school and their father, a boat captain, they lived a good part of the time, Linda early developed traits that [illegible] led her to be quietly dominating and, if necessary, assertive. She had a bright mind, knew what she wanted, could be either good company or stubborn, knew how to cook, and obviously her mental horizon was limited in comparison with Griffith's. Not long after their acquaintance, Linda invited Griffith to dinner with the Johnsons. Their little apartment was a warm spot for him, then, a stranger in the magnificent, grey city of San Francisco. Later he became a frequent caller at the Johnson home and sometimes brought along such theatre friends as Bobby Lawler and Lloyd Ingraham.

## 5--"Coast Defender"

Ordinarily, the high-bridged nose and deep voice of Griffith would have disqualified him for the juvenile part of the effete dude in Gillette's [illegible] which play he did the broken-down music-teacher, Christopher Dabney, at The Temple Theatre in Louisville six years before. However, he handled the dude part adequately. Besides working at The Central in melodramas requiring him to play stilted characters mouthing flub-dub dialogue in fake situations, he also played with the Harry W. Bishop Repertory Players in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse. This Mr. Bishop in 1904 had become the lessee of The Majestic, San Francisco's most progressive theatre, and he was the son of Walter Bishop who, early in his career, adopted and won respect for the pseudonym of Morosco in the theatre world. The father it was who built the old Grand Opera House and long before then, in 1887, took over the ancient Union Hall which consisted of 2,000 kitchen chairs in a very long hall with a stage at one end and deep balconies lining the side and back walls. This "theatre" Union Hall was located over the horse stables and carbarns of the Howard Street carline, and eventually became known as the Howard Street Theatre. was long a fire hazard

she [illegible] was the managerial or executive rather than the [illegible] maternal, [illegible]. Her mother died when she was a child and, with her elder sister, who taught school and their father, who [illegible] a good part of the time, Linda early developed traits that [illegible] led her to be quietly dominating and, if necessary, assertive. She had a bright mind, knew what she wanted, could be either good company or stubborn, knew how to cook, and obviously her mental horizon was limited in comparison with Griffith's. Not long after their acquaintance, Linda invited Griffith to dinner with the Johnsons. Their little apartment was a warm spot for him, then a stranger in the magnificent, grey city of San Francisco. Later he became a frequent caller at the Johnson home and sometimes brought along such theatre friends as Bobby Lawler and Lloyd Ingraham.

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In addition to Morosco, pseudonym of

highly respected in the theatrical theatre. Before Bishop set up a permanent stock company at Ye Liberty, this theatre had presented visiting troupes who's repertoire ran for five or six weeks. But by establishing a permanent company Bishop encouraged and drew upon and developed local talent with the result that players remained with him for as long as six 20 22 years and thereby learned their craft. When Griffith came to Ye Liberty in the late Fall of 1904, it already was ahead of most American theatres technically in that it had a large revolving stage which permitted a quick change of scene and acceleration of the tempo of a play. Stage colleagues of Griffith remembered at Ye Liberty thought Griffith's "Prisoner" immense" as Rupert in The Prisoner of Zenda and Rupert of Hentzau, leader in Stevenson dramatization of Anthony Hope's Ruritanian novels, and they also thought he read his lines beautifully, although there were moments when he could be seen fighting his strug gle with Southern drawl. 23 He also played Marmion in support of Melbourne MacDowell and Fanny Davenport in a six-weeks' program of Sardou, Sudermann and Shakespeare at the old San Francisco Opera House, which was a landmark before the 1906 quake. Its director, Fred J. Butler, considered thought Griffith's voice and acting very good at the time. 24

repertory

Either a typo or meant for Karen Peters (Ye Liberty) Check this.

in which he was apt to hear himself saying "m'self" for "myself".

25

During his first days at Ye Liberty a fellow actor with intellectual interests invited Griffith to come with him to one of the stag gatherings parties held weekly by Jack London and his cronies. They usually changed the locale of each gathering because every one of the many restaurants specialized in some particular dish or mode of preparation to please patrons in a city where dining was a pleasure. In this instance, the meeting place was over a restaurant near picturesque Fisherman's Wharf. As he entered the room with his friend, Griffith saw steaming platters of broiled and fried crabs and fish, Italian bread, many bottles of wine, and a large coffee urn---all ordered three days in advance. Griffith came solely as an onlooker to these parties, and to learn, as he listened to the ready, pungent wit and pungent repartee of Jack London and his friends, as in

highly respected in the western theatre. Before Bishop set up a permanent stock company at Ye Liberty, this theatre had presented visiting troupes who's repertoires ran for five or six weeks. But by establishing a permanent company Bishop encouraged and drew upon and developed local talent, with the result that players remained with him for as long as six or ten years and thereby learned their craft. When Griffith came to Ye Liberty in the late Fall of 1904, it already was ahead of most American theatres technically in that it had a large revolving stage which permitted a quick change of scene and acceleration of the tempo of a play. Stage colleagues of Griffith at Ye Liberty thought his performance "immense" as Rupert in The Prisoner of Zenda and Rupert of Hentzau, [illegible] Anthony Hope's Ruritanian novels; and they also thought he read his lines beautifully, although there were moments when he could be seen fighting his thick Southern drawl. He also played [illegible] in support of Melbourne MacDowell and Fanny Davenport in a six-weeks' program of Sardou, Sudermann and Shakespeare at the old San Francisco Opera House, which was a landmark before the 1906 quake. Its director, Fred J. Butler, thought Griffith's voice and acting very good at the time.

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virtuoso,rebuscian vein they discussed a range of subjects that included women,the economic basis of society and country slums,unemployment, [illegible] literature, [illegible] theatre and [illegible] painting, social revolution [illegible] as an alternative to a decrepit capitalism .Although [illegible] not participating in these discussions [illegible] Griffith found the ideas of Londgn and his comrades [illegible] invigorating and alive, that he not only attended these stag parties whenever possible, but often stayed until [illegible] breakfast time on Sunday when he [illegible] had to go to a rehearsal of the play to be given that afternoon or evening.

At other times, Griffith would stroll along at 2.a.m. up broadway in Oakland or along Powell Street in San Francisco, his head bowed in thought, thus giving him the appearance of a dreamer or an old man. He was usually clad in business suit and did not make a practice of patronizing bars. He seemed pretty much of a lone wolf,

the introspective type, he was genial and charming when he met any of the actors he knew. Sometimes, on these walks Griffith would meet young Robert Lawler or Lloyd Ingraham with whom he would talk seriously about the art of acting, plays, story and play structure. Griffith was a very reserved man even in 1904, for, like other actors, always figuring when and where he might have his next engagement. Like them he worked Sundays and in two matinees a week as well as evenings, so that meetings between himself and other players occurred only during their leisure hours. Young Lawler looked forward to meeting Griffith on one of his early morning walks, and listening to his appraisal of various writers, how Poe, or Dickens constructed their stories, [illegible] Griffith gave the impression of having ideals and ambitions about the theatre and made one feel he had much quiet power in him, which in later years, blossomed forth. He admired tremendously the artistic achievements of Charles Warner as an actor who in Drink, a dramatization of Zola's novel, played around the world. Warner, six feet three, had so much intense emotional power he could make women faint. He enjoyed studying the acting of Bernhardt, Stone, [illegible] and of Otis Skinner [illegible] in Francesca da Rimini.

and by his statements showed he had sought to acquire a profound understanding thereof.

vein they discussed a wide range of subjects including women, the economic basis of sex in capitalist society, city and country slums, literature, advertising, unemployment, and the [illegible] social revolution as an antidote to a decadent capitalism. Griffith never participated in the discussions which for the most part were then beyond his scope, but he found their ideas often invigorating.

Oftenat [illegible] Griffith could be seen strolling up Broadway in Oakland or along Powell Street in San Francisco, his head down, and looking like an old man lost in thought. His attire was that of a conservative business man. He was not known then to patronize bars. Although ever the introspective type, he was genial and charming when he met any of the actors he knew. Sometimes, on these walks Griffith would meet young Robert Lawler or Lloyd Ingraham with whom he would talk seriously about the art of acting, plays, story and play structure. Griffith was a very reserved man even in 1904, for, like other actors, always figuring when and where he might have his next engagement. Like them he worked Sundays and in two or three matinees a week as well as evenings, so that meetings between himself and other players occurred only during their leisure hours. Young Lawler looked forward to meeting Griffith on one of his after-midnight walks and listening to his analytical appraisal of various writers, how Poe, or Dickens constructed their stories, or other writers. Griffith gave the impression of having ideals and ambitions about the theatre and made one feel he had much quiet power in him, which in later years, blossomed. He admired tremendously the artistic achievements of Charles Warner as an actor who in Drink, a dramatization of Zola's novel, played around the world. Warner, six feet three, had so much intense emotional power he could make women faint. He enjoyed studying the acting of [illegible] on the stage, and of Florence Stone, a splendid actress, and of Otis Skinner in Francesca [illegible]

and by his statements showed he had sought to acquire a profound understanding of.

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[illegible] the techniques of [illegible] players as Florence Stone, along a splendid actress/Fanny Davenport in her [illegible] in her triumphant role as the princess in Zaza, Blanche Bates in Fleta, the sometime Belasco star and Richard Bennett in Kismet in Chicago, the versatile impersonations of Signora Antonietta Pisanelli, at the Tivoli opera house, [illegible] required no acclaim, [illegible] From these and the [illegible] he gained a play along by co-acting when he forgot the lines, which happened often.

III-p.11

~~and Lawrence Barrett who had first played in that tragedy in this one.~~

Between [illegible] Griffith manifested his first interest in directing when, to augment his ~~small~~ amateur income, he began to stage amateur theatricals for public schools in and around the San Francisco-Oakland region. His success with the youngsters led him to discuss with friends whether ~~he ought to try to be a director instead of an actor;~~ but unfortunately directing any opportunities for directing were even fewer than in the field of acting. Griffith received an offer from The Virginia Calhoun company of Los Angeles to come there, in response to his inquiry ~~application~~ for rehearsals in Ramona, ~~to this troupe for a job,~~ asked Griffith to report for ~~work on the dramatization of~~ Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of that name which ~~censured the white man's injustice to the Indian.~~ in which Miss Calhoun also cast him as Allesandro in the play which opened late in February 1905 at The Mason Opera House.

However, Griffith found plenty of diversion in Los Angeles. For one thing, the ~~was not all work and no play, however,~~ for he saw a great deal of Linda ~~between shows~~ for she had a small part in a play at one of the other local theatres. Bent on creating his own fun ~~and being downright jolly about it,~~ Griffith wandered into the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles in company with three Spanish-Mexicans from the Ramona cast who played guitar and other ~~rippling~~ instruments, and sang La Gala Drina which a Spanish-Mexican musician had translated into English for him. He also sang the same song in Ramona but it seems he and the three Spanish-Mexican colleagues were so entranced with it that for the sheer pleasure of doing so, they returned to the Mexican quarters several times to strum and warble the music and the words as they serenaded the residents of the neighborhood, and especially the [illegible]

III-p.13

Miss Calhoun's company toured California for two months without receiving critical opinion until [illegible] in San Francisco where [illegible] the following [illegible] in The Argonaut:

> No one in the company knows how to act and Miss Calhoun does not know how to write a play...There is scarcely a suggestion of the theatre about her.Her untrained voice,her lack of facial flexibility,her constrained attitudes,her paucity of gestures,all suggest a life away from the footlights.

The Argonaut's reference to the inability of anybody in Miss Calhoun's troupe to act did not prevent Barney Barnard from casting Griffith as the villain in Harry B.Cottrell's three-act comedy,The Financier, at The Majestic. Barnard's skill as a comedian won him a large following on the Pacific coast, and ten years later he was to warm the cockles of a nation's heart as Potash in Montague Glass' comedy,Potash and Perlmutter. The Financier had been running for six weeks at Bishop's Majestic in San Francisco when Barnard engaged Griffith for another six weeks at home, the company went on tour from Reno to Portland. Every night Griffith went through his business of the villain. But one night as Barnard was standing in the wings observing Griffith, he exclaimed,"That Griffith is the damnedest ham actor!"But Barnard used him because he liked Griffith and needed a player who could let himself go, smart all over the stage, tear down the curtains and eat up the furniture. Young Marshall Neilan, a member of the troupe and a [illegible] film director, recalls that Griffith received $25, that he got $18 per week, candidly declared, "and you can imagine how we both stunk".

Griffith had worked long enough in The Financier to afford the luxury of detachable cuffs on which he jotted down notes for stories, plays and poems, as the train carried the company from one town to another.

In [illegible] the thirty-year-old Griffith and [illegible] young Marshall Neilan, aged 18, to the nickelodeons. "I see a great future in them", he would tell Neilan, who in later years was to learn the rudiments of filmmaking from Griffith. After The Financier closed, and [illegible] engagements were not available, Griffith spent several months "at liberty" [illegible] writing stories, plays and poems. In the meantime [illegible] meagre savings, [illegible] nearly three-months income with The Financier, dwindled to the danger point and it began to look as if he might have to write home for help. He turned to the want ads of a local paper and [illegible] one of them offering a chance to have a little money working in the hop fields in Niles Canyon, all expenses paid, including meals, lodging and transportation. In addition to the [illegible] inducement was the prospect of making the experience an exciting one. So Griffith had himself sent to the hopfields where he remained three weeks and shared a tent with four other men. The first evening after dinner, many of the hop-pickers, who in the main were unskilled or semi-skilled Spanish-Mexicans and a sprinkling of white-collar workers, danced and sang to improvised music far into the fragrant California night. The experience gave Griffith an idea for a play, The Fool and A Girl, which [illegible] written around life in the hop fields and the Bull Pup Cafe in San Francisco.

[This may not be right, but it is what I make out of what you have written.]

---at night he lay stretched on his back on the grass,his head pillowed on his interlocked hands,the stars were so sharp and close they seemed strung on turquoise

---during the warm days he and his mates stripped on deck and threw buckets of sea water over each other. He made friends with big Victor and Axel,and for the rest of the cruise they were known as the three Swedes

---Fought the storm,the sea shipped his mate into his eyes,resulted in keeping the vessel on her tack for an hour.....He was always eager.....

---he spent enjoyable hours listening to his comrades in the forecastle spin yarns of storms at sea and gigantic catches-------talked about fights with fists and feet------

---at night,in his---propped a book against the steel wall.....reading Dickens,Poe,was taken by Moby Dick,

---he had faced death and hardship(incredible)----bought them a drink in Portland ....made them farewell...

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~~for $3 per day, meals and a bunk in a tent shared with ten other men. At night-ties, the hop pickers who came from the ranks of unskilled workers, chiefly Spanish Mexicans, sprinkled with white-collarites such as unemployed actors, bookkeepers, account-ants and mechanics, danced and sang impromptu music. The experience spurred him to resume voice lessons when he returned to town and it gave him an idea for a play, "A Fool and a Girl", written around the seamy side of burlesque life and itinerant agricultural workers with the Bull Pup Cafe of San Francisco and the hop fields as background.~~

Pixie: We'll check to make sure it needs the apostrophe belongs

× × ×

One of Griffith's early outings culminated in the acceptance of his one-act playlet, "In Washington's Time", which he both directed and played in for vaudeville presentation on the West coast Orpheum Circuit under the management of Morris Meyerfeldt and John Morrisey Ogden, two theatre executives who thought they saw possibilities in Griffith. Obviously the title suggests, the sketch dealt with the American Revolution of 1776. Without being profound in any way, the playlet called for intensely emotional, performance. Griffith's part was that of a rebel spy seeking refuge in the home of a Tory's daughter played by Linda Arvidson and the British pursuers played by Griffith's friends, Robert Fawler and Olaf Hanson. Since Washington's time The playlet proved too heavy for vaudeville audiences, and was withdrawn after a one-week run. Its rejection and the absence of immediate stage engagements led Grifith to spend the next ten weeks as a deckhand on coastal schooners, loading and unloading their cargoes, ~~and using a small crow bar with which to shift lumber from one side of the deck to the other to prevent the ship listing in rough weather.~~ On one of

| NOTE | PAGE | SOURCE |
|---|---|---|
| 28 | 12. | Robert Lauder |
| 29 | 12 | Dr.John Van Felt Ogilvie |
| 30 | 12 | Los Angeles Times, Feb. 24, ...1906. 4/4 |
| 31 | 12 | D.W.Griffith in letter to B.&.B. May 28,1942 |
| 32 | 13 | The Argonaut,April 27,1907-San Francisco |
| 33 | 13 | Marshall Neilan (Hollywood,Cal. |
| 34 | 13 | Marshall Neilan (New York) in letter to Bub,apr.13,1944 |
| 35 | 14 | Marshall Neilan.Hollywood,Cal. |
| 36 | 14 | D.W.Griffith |
| 37 | 15 | Robert Hosler |
| 38 | 15 | D.W.Griffith |
| 39 | 16 | Mrs.Dorothy Bernard Van Buren in letter Oct.23,'44 (In Biograph files under "riffith and Lona with Life with Father"); |
| 40 | 17 | ...Griffith, D.W. A Fool and A Girl, copyright Dec.1906, Library of Congress, Div. of Dramatic Arts |

The flavor and content of the dialogue may be suggested by the following excerpts:

I was drunk last night,dear mother
I was drunker the night before'
and if ever I get sober
I am gonna to get drunk some more.--ACT I

(The above is sung softly by Effie,one of the show-girls,as she primps herself before a mirror)

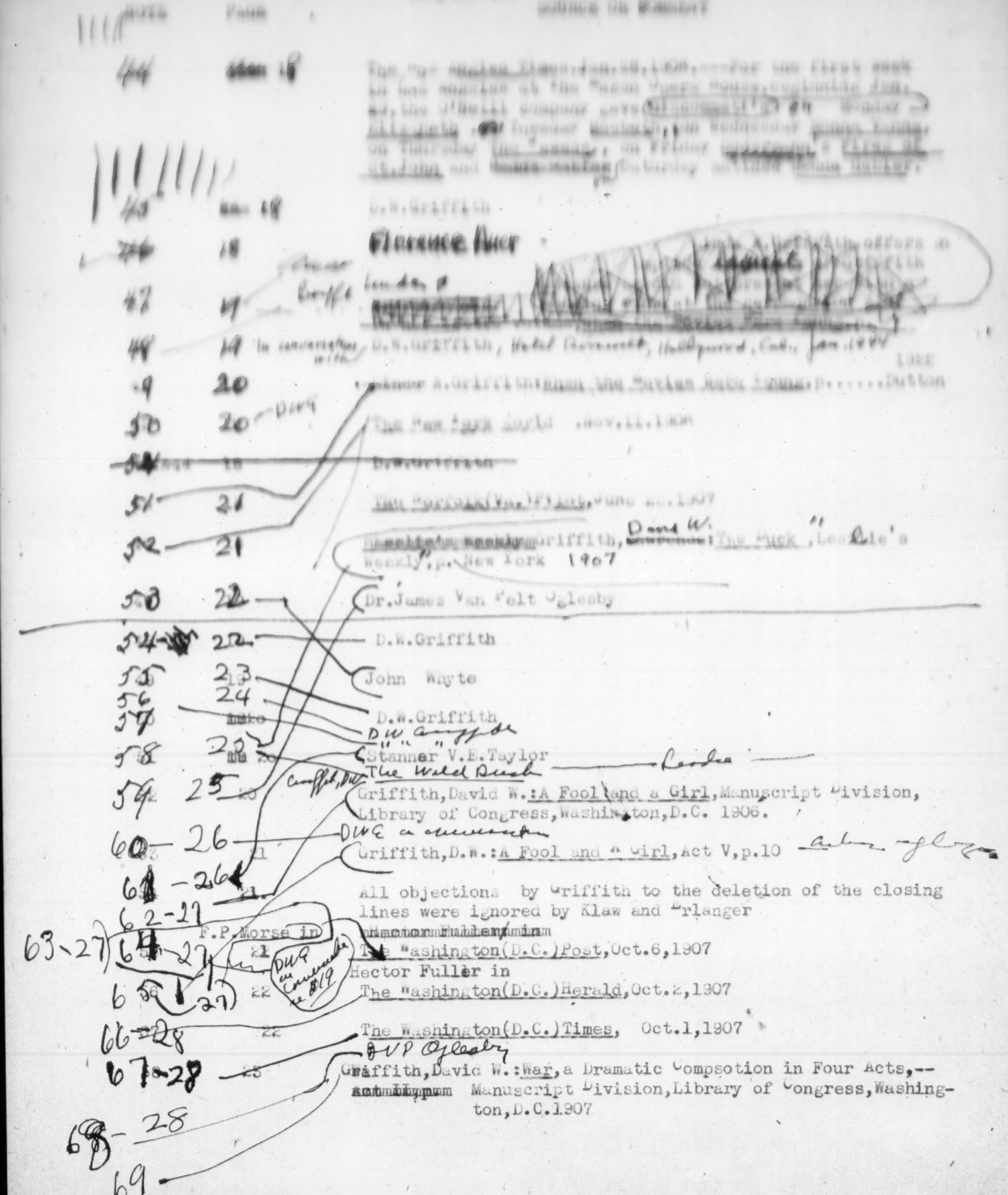
EFFIE:Sur.e Mike.They're here.Think I'm a lonely booze?
---ACT.I-p.10

EVA(,to Albert):Say.you're a funny man.you are.Billy tells me you are innocent.Is that a kid?"
---ACT I-p.21

EFFIE(to Eva):....Hello.Eva Tucker.where in hell did you get that hat?"---ACT Impm II

MIKE to EFFIE):Oh come off.The sponduliks.the cush,its the coin I we came after .The stuff you puts down and gets the goods.Eva puts up this game.and gives you the start and now you're renigging.Come up with some coin.~~mmmm

| NOTE | PAGE | SOURCE AND COMMENT |
|---|---|---|
| 44 | 18 | The Los Angeles Times,Jan.18,1906---For the first week in Los Angeles at The Mason Opera House,beginning Jan.21,the O'Neill company on Monday gave Giacosetti's Elizabeth ,on Tuesday Macbeth, on Wednesday Romeo Juliet ,on Thursday Les Cloches on Friday Sudermann's Fires of St.John, and on Saturday matinee Under Cover. Today we view it drama in the best tradition. |
| 45 | 18 | D.W.Griffith |
| 46 | 18 | Clarence Smith |
| 47 | 18 | D.W.Griffith |
| 48 | 18 | Clarence Smith and D.W.Griffith |
| 49 | 19 | D.W.Griffith |
| 50 | 19 | D.W.Griffith |
| 50-A | 21 | Math Griffith |
| 51 | 22 | D.W.Griffith |
| 52 | 21 | New York Herald, Nov.18,1906;Belasco adv. |
| 53 | 21 | John Wayte,New York and Shelbyville,Ky. |
| 54 | 22 | D.W.Griffith |
| 55 | 23 | D.W.Griffith |
| 56 | 24 | D.W.Griffith |
| 57 | 25 | D.W.Griffith |
| 57-A | 25 | See The Norfolk (Va.) Pilot, June 23,1907 |
| 58 | 25 | Griffith,David W.:The Wild Duck,"Leslie's Illustrated Weekly",New York.....1907 |
| 59 | 25 | Dr.J.V.P.Oglesby |
| 60 | 26 | D.W.Griffith |
| 61 | 26 | Stanner V.E.Taylor,writer at Biograph |
| 62 | 27 | Griffith,D.W. A Fool and A Girl,Library of Congress, Copyright Division,Washington,D.C.1906 |
| 63 | 27 | D.W.Griffith:"A Fool and Girl",Act.V,p.10 .All objections by Griffith to deletion of these ignored by K & E. |
| 64 | 27 | D.W.Griffith |
| 65 | 27 | See F.P.Morse in The Washington Post,Oct.6,1907 |
| 66 | 28 | See Hector Fuller,The Washington Herlad,Oct.2,1907 |
| 67 | 28 | See The Washington Times,Oct.1,1907 |



All objections by Griffith to the deletion of the closing lines were ignored by Klaw and Erlanger

The Washington(D.C.)Post,Oct.6,1907

Hector Fuller in
The Washington(D.C.)Herald,Oct.2,1907

The Washington(D.C.)Times, Oct.1,1907

Griffith,David W.:War,a Dramatic Compsotion in Four Acts,--Manuscript Division,Library of Congress,Washington,D.C.1907

| DATE | PAGE | SOURCE AND COMMENT |
|---|---|---|
| 69 | 68 | [illegible] |
| 69 | 68 | Griffith,David W.: [illegible] A Dramatic Impression by [illegible] Mss.Division,Library of Congress,Washington,D.C. |
| 70 | 68 | [illegible] |
| 71 | 68 | [illegible] |
| 70,71, | 68 | D.W.Griffith |
| 74,76 | 68 | D.W.Griffith |
| 70 | 80 | In his conversation with me on the experience in [illegible] From an Actor's Point, Griffith was emphatic in his [illegible] of acting before the camera. [illegible] |

[illegible] of dancers in general

| NOTE | PAGE | SOURCE AND COMMENT |
|---|---|---|
| 44 | 18 | The Los Angeles Times,Jan.13,1908---For the first week in Los Angeles at The Mason Opera House,beginning Jan.13,the O'Neill company on Monday gave Giacometti's Elizabeth ,on Tuesday Macbeth, on Wednesday Romeo Vanzetti , on Thursday The Tragedy, on Friday Sudermann's Fires of St.John, and on Saturday matinee Hedda Gabler. Truly an orgy of drama in the best tradition. |
| 45 | 18 | D.W.Griffith |
| 46 | 18 | Florence Auer |
| 47 | 18 | D.W.Griffith |
| 48 | 18 | Florence Auer and D.W.Griffith |
| 49 | 20 | D.W.Griffith |
| 50 | 20 | D.W.Griffith |
| 50-A | 21 | Mrs Griffith |
| 51 | 21 | D.W.Griffith |
| 52 | 21 | New York World, Nov.11,1906:Belasco adv. |
| 53 | 22 | John Whyte, [redacted] Shelbyville,Ky. |
| 54 | 22 | D.W.Griffith |
| 55 | 23 | D.W.Griffith |
| 56 | 24 | D.W.Griffith |
| 57 | 25 | D.W.Griffith |
| 57-A | 25 | See The Norfolk (Va.) Pilot , June 23,1907 |
| 58 | 25 | Griffith,David W.:The Wild Duck,"Leslie's Illustrated Weekly",New York.....1907 |
| 59 | 25 | Dr.J.V.P.Oglesby |
| 60 | 26 | D.W.Griffith |
| 61 | 26 | Stanner V.E.Taylor, ~~Walter at Biograph~~ Sherman Oaks, Calif. |
| 62 | 27 | Griffith,D.W. A Fool and A Girl,Library of Congress, Copyright Division,Washington,D.C.1906 |
| 63 | 27 | ~~Mr. Griffith~~:"A Fool and Girl",Act.V,p.10 . ~~His~~ Griffith claimed objections ~~by Griffith~~ to the deletion of these ignored by K & E. |
| 64 | 27 | ~~Mr. Griffith~~ Times were |
| 65 | 27 | See F.P.Morse, The Washington Post,Oct.6,1907 |
| 66 | 28 | See Hector Fuller,The Washington Herald,Oct.2,1907 |
| 67 | 28 | See The Washington Times,Oct.1,1907 |

CHAPTER II---SOURCES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

71.John Sivori

72.Anthony Sivori,Strand Theater,Louisville,Ky.,1943

73.Miss Ellen T.Harding,Kentucky Division,Louisville(Ky.)Public Library,1943

74.Anthony Sivori

75.John Sivori

76.Anthony Sivori

77. ,, ,,

78. ,, ,,

79.Henry Watterson Hull

80.Anthony Sivori and Boyd Martin,drama editor,

81.Tom Johnston,Managing Editor of the Louisville Courier Journal stated in 1943 to the writer,as did Mr.William Coleman/in 1943 and Henry Hull at Los angeles in 1944,that Griffith never was on the staffof reportorial staff of "The Courier-Journal".Mr,Coleman although formany years after leaving biograph,Griffith often maintained publicly that he had been with this newspaper in the capacity of a reporter.Mr.Coleman advised that The Louisville Times,of which he was managing editor when Griffith lived in Louisville,and The Louisville Courier-Journal shared the same City Room,and that if Griffith had been on the staff of "The Courier-Journal",he would have known it. According to Mr.Hull,whose father,William Madison Hull was city editor of The Courier-Journal when Griffith resided in Louisville,the city itself was so small everybody knew what the other fellow was doing,and that if Griffith had been on the staff of the newspaper,he and his father would have known it.One Coyle of Louisville,and a reporter on The Times under Mr.Coleman,said in 1943 that was with The Courier-Journal for a short time.When confronted with the statements of Messrs.Johnston,Coleman and Hull,Griffith in 1944 remarked that his connection with The Courier-Journal was limited to free-lance assignments for three months,during which time he covered "the river" and "The District".

82.Cleves Kincaid,Louisville,Ky.,1943

83.D.W.Griffith,Newark,N.J.

84.Mrs.Louella Calhoun,Santa Ana,Calif.,1944

Chapter III

| DATE | PAGE | SOURCE AND COMMENT |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | In conversation with D.W.Griffith,Hotel Robert Treat, Newark,N.J.Fall 1941 |
| 2 | 2 | In conversation with D.W.Griffith,Hotel Roosevelt,[illegible] ember 1943 |
| 3 | 2 | In conversation with D.W.Griffith,Leona Apts.,Fall 1941 |
| 4 | 2A | In conversation with D.W.Griffith,Hotel Roosevelt, Hollywood,Cal.,Dec.1943 |
| 5 | 3 | Garrett J.Lloyd,Beverly Hills,Cal. Formerly in charge of publicity and writer for D.W.Griffith |
| 6 | 3 | In conversation with D.W.Griffith,Hotel Roosevelt, Hollywood,Jan.1944 |
| 7 | 4 | In conversation with D.W.Griffith,Hotel Roosevelt, Hollywood,Cal. Jan.1944 |
| 8 | 5 | Apropos of the epithet Griffith remarked, "[illegible] received ample returns from [illegible] pictures, to jumped to the other side of the [illegible] fence, economically speaking, and [illegible] ideas about [illegible] wealth [illegible] changed. However, the content of [illegible] |
| 9 | 5 | In conversation with D.W.Griffith, Abraham Levy's Restaurant, Hollywood, Cal. Feb. 1944 |
| 10 | 5A | Florey, Robert: Histoire Du Cinema Americain, Vol.I, ... Editions Cinemonde, Paris, 1929. The incident described was detailed by Wilfred Lucas to Mr. Florey who, in 1928, with Slavko Vorkapich, produced a uniquely imaginative, satirical film entitled Hollywood Extra. |
| 11 | 6 | In James Van Felt Oglesby, North Hollywood, Cal. |
| 11 | 6 | Details concerning Mary Scott given by Dr. James Van Felt Oglesby, North Hollywood, Cal. |
| 12. | 7A | Lloyd Ingraham, who began as actor with Griffith at Mutual-Reliance and became a leading director of the 1920's. |
| | 7A | |
| 13 | San Francisco Post, Feb. 18, 1905 | |
| 14 | 7A | Winter, William: "Life of David Belasco", Vol.II, 221, Moffat, Yard Company, 1918 |
| 15 | 7A | Robert Lawler |
| 16 | 8 | Miss Florence Auer, Hollywood, Cal. |
| 17 | 8A | " " " " " |

| NOTE | PAGE | SOURCE AND COMMENT |
|---|---|---|
| 18 | 8 | This impression was confirmed respectively by Miss Florence Auer who had known Linda since the early days at Biograph ,and by Mrs.Russell Birdwell of Beverly Hills who met her in 1941 at a local woman's relaxing club. |
| 19 | 9 | Robert Lawler |
| 20 | 9 | Robert Lawler |
| 21 | 10 | Robert Lawler |
| 22 | 10 | Lloyd Ingraham |
| 23 | 10 | Lloyd Ingraham |
| 24 | 10 | David Butler,an actor with Griffith at Mutual Reliance and a leading director in the 1930's and 1940's.Son of Fred J.Butler. |
| 25 | 10 | In conversation with D.W.Griffith,Hotel Lenape,Philadelphia,Pa.,Feb.1942 |
| 26 | 11 | Robert Lawler and Lloyd Ingraham |
| 27 | 11 | Robert Lawler |

HOME---High featherbeds--pictures of father--coat of rms--good all fathers house---

In 1895 J II would tell folks there would be beautiful pictures with voice and violoncel attendance by whole families---boy with on floor

at 18--GIRLS Used to court Florence Carruthers(so did Jake II)---Had polished manners--Waltzed miles---In those days girls would rather talk with the boys---The young lady uninterested--not serious--He'd rather go with her than somebodyelse---jolly company---G. was not giddy sort--

At.18--stagehand and usher
He used to recite Lochinvar/J II great for singing/
At 18 first show a was in Trilby as super/

Lewis

VOICE
At STORE--Flexner or Lewis:In basement,negro packing:"Boss,if I had that voice,I'd be on the stage

business
Went to night schoolmmm to brush penmanship---Always reading at Shakespeare,Dickens,Whitman(?) Used to recite Lady of the Lake(before actor/ Put on mother's old slattered pasteboard bonnet-sun to make sister-law laugh

C. 1894-5 at 20?

Would rehearse like madman in upper room(his/ The Kingstons next door would run to the windows and listen---D always singing or acting --Used mother and sis-law as foils to make love to--cry--Outting on bonnets sidelasts--Would have them hold copy

Usher at old Avenue Theatre(now Kaufman-Strauss site/-L.Herald-Post
May 16,1933

187-
17
1892

i897--found g. doing nothing/had been on road selling books-Frank P.Coyle

1904

MRS BAUSTED was teacher coerner 4th and Jefferson--Coyle went with G. to Mrs.B. five times---Thought G. had talent for nging--He took lessons "on cuff",didn't have money--50 cents a lesson--Jake and Al used to dome for lessons at same time/Once she organized Coyle,Jake,al and G. into quartettes---G. hard Oscar was organizing stock comapny.Actors he met said they could get him small part--Mrs.Bausted argued stage voice would sppoil singing---She left Louisville for Philly where she became successful turning out good singers--Coyle argued successful singers last 15 years---a player lasts-----Need of money,Coyle feels,influenced G. to go to stage---

1903/
1817/28

Chapter I---SOURCES AND NOTES

41.Cottrill,R.S.:"The Old South",A.H.Clark,Glendale,Calif.,1937,p.

42.Tax Commissioner's Books,1858 and 1861,Oldham County,Ky.,p.

43.Wilson,Samuel M.:"S.J.Clarke Pub.,Co.,Chicago-Louisville,1928,Vol.II,207 "History of Kentucky"

44.Dodd,Wm.E.:"The Cotton Kingdom",Yale University Press,New Haven,Conn., 1919-p.148

45.Tax Commissioner's Book,Oldham County,Ky.,1861,p.18

46.Rebel Archives:"The War Department,National Archives,Washington,D.C.

47.[illegible]"Sally Dorns,etc....Louisville(Ky.,)Courier-Journal,_____date & to come

48.War of the Rebellion,Official Records,Series 7,Vol.XXXI,Ch.XLIII,p___

49.Second Division,Rebel Archives:Feb.9,1865 letter from Captain J.W.Griffith to Colonel Giaciowsky.National Archives,Washington,D.C

50.War of the Rebellion,Official Records:Series I,Part II,Vol.XXX,725

41.Cottrill,R.S.:"The Old South",The Arthur H.Clark Co.,Glendale,Calif.1937, pp.328-329

42.Anna Fogg,Department of Confederate Pensions,Frankfort,Ky.
In 1945 Miss said that she was informed by the late Major W.F.Stone,long a state senator until his death in 1936 and a soldier in the same division with Colonel Griffith,that his men after the battle had spoken to him about the buggy ride.

42.Kerr,Judge Charles:"History of Kentucky",ed.by W.E.Connelley and E.M. Coulter;American Historical Society,Chicago and New York, 1922,p.638
The buggy ride is mentioned in the biographical sketch respectively of D.W.Griffith and J.W.Griffith.However, the entire sketch is typical of the publicity material previously released by D.W.Griffith,and was not subjected to an impartial checking of facts.This "History of Kentucky" is the product of the kind of subsription-boo book enterprise which charges so much for the write-up of each individual.It is quite likely that this "History of Kentucky",since it contains the buggy-ride tale,is the one credited as the source thereof on the family tombstone at Mt.Tabor.

44.Cleves Kinkead,author of the play "Common Clay" and Reuben Thornton Taylor both members of the famed Pendennis Club of Louisville,Ky. stated to the writer that their colleagues in the club who know their history wondered why Griffith was eager to stress an alleged title of brigadier,whereas Griffith's father piled up an impressive war record as a Colonel.Mr. Taylor,an Oxford alumnus,thought the misstatements on the tombstone should be removed.

45.Deed Book,Oldham County,Ky.,Vol.L,pp.461-62.In this division Mary received 269½ and Miller,her half-brother,260½ acres.

46.Morton,Louis:"Robert Carter of Nomini",Colonial Williamsburg,Inc.,Williamsburg,Va.,1941,p.61

47.W.W.Whyte,Shelbyville,Ky.1943

Ch.I---SOURCES AND NOTES

48.William W.Griffith,LaGrange,Ky.,1943
William O.Oglesby,Crestwood,Ky.,1943

49.Sarah Van Pelt,Los angeles,Calif.,1943

50.Tom Oglesby,Santa Ana,Calif.,1943

51.Sarah Van Pelt,Los Angeles,Calif.,1943

52.Sarah Van Pelt,Los Angeles,Calif.1943
53.William W.Griffith,LaGrange,Ky.
54.Tom Oglesby,Santa Ana,Calif.,1943

55.Sarah Van Pelt,Los Angeles,Calif.

56.Gerrit J.Lloyd,Beverly Hills,Calif.

57.Sarah Van Pelt,Los angeles

58.Cubberly,Elwood P.:"History of Education in the United States",Houghton, Mifflin Co.,Boston,1920,p.656

From

59.Nov.3,1875 letter from J.W.Griffith at Beard's Station to Mattie Griffith

60.Hamlett,Barksdale:"History of Education in Kentucky",Department of Education,Frankfort,Ky._____,p.152

61.Knight,Edgar:"Education in the United States",Ginn & Co.,Boston,1929,p.491

62.Dr.J.V.P.Oglesby,Los Angeles,Calif.

63.Mrs.Ballard Brown,Mt.Tabor,Ky.

64.Jan.4,1878 letter from J.W.Griffith to Mattie Mattie Griffith

65.Will O.Oglesby,Crestwood,Ky.,1943

66.Gerrit J.Lloyd ,Beverly Hills,Calif.

67.From Nov.3,1875 letter by J.W.Griffith to Mattie Griffith

68.W.W.Whyte,Shelbyville,Ky.,1943

69.Woodson A.Oglesby,La Grange,Ky.,1943
William W.Griffith,LaGrange,Ky.,1943

70.Morton,Marmaduke:"Kentuckians Are Different";The Standard Press,Louisville Ky.,19..,p.268-69

71.Yorke,Philip:"The Royal Tribes of Wales",John Painter,Wrexham,England,1799,pp_____

72.Bradley,Arthur Granville:"Owen Glyndr",C.P.Putnam & Sons,New York,____,p. p.121

73.Sarah Van Pelt,Los Angeles,Calif.

74.Odum,Howard W.:"Regional Quality and Balance in America" in"Social Forces" March 1945,p.283,University of North Carolina,Chapel Hill,N.C.

Ch.1,SOURCES AND NOTES :

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Woodson A.Oglesby,LaGrange,Ky., and D.W.Griffith,Hollywood,Calif.

76.[illegible]

78.Dorothy Gish,Beverly Hills,Calif.

77.Bill O.Oglesby,Crestwood,Ky.

78.Mr.and Mrs.Ballard Brown,Mt.Tabor,Ky.

79.W.W.Wyte,Shelbyville,Ky.

80.Sarah Van Pelt,Los Angeles,Calif.

81.W.W.Wyte,Shelbyville,Ky.

82.Mrs.and Mr.Ballard Brown,Mt.Tabor,Ky.

83.Miss Mable Oglesby,North Hollywood,Calif.

84.Tom Oglesby,Santa Ana,Calif.

85.D.W.Griffith,Hollywood,Calif.,1944 ;Woodson A.Oglesby,LaGrange,Ky.,1945

86.Woodson A.Oglesby,LaGrange,Ky.,1945

87.Lau Clore,Crestwood,Calif.,1945

88.Woodson A.Oglesby,LaGrange,Ky.,1945

Chapter 1. [illegible]

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15. Liber S.S.No.17, Folio 460, 461, 462; Somerset County, Md., Maryland Orphans' Court.

16. Inventory Book, January [illegible], 1748, Somerset County, Md.

14. Morton, Louis; "Robert Carter of Nomini", Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., Williamsburg, Va., 1941, p.84

15. Liber S.S.19-Folio 405--Administrator's Account Book--Sept.13, 1787 Somerset County, Md.

16. War Department, Adjutant General's Office; National archives, Washington, D.C

17. Sarah Van Pelt, Los Angeles, Calif. 1943

18. Will Book 28, p.317, County Clerk's Office, Shelbyville, Shelby County, Jan. 1865

19. Speer, Dr. John Grover; "Reminiscences of the Speer Family", Oldham County, Ky., published by the author. P.102

20. Dr. J.V.P. Oglesby, Los Angeles, Calif. 1943

21. Tax Commissioner's Book, Oldham County, [illegible] 1846

22. Davenport, F. Garvin; "Ante-Bellum Kentucky", Mississippi Vally Press, Oxford, Ohio. 1943.-p.5

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24. The minutely detailed Carter Family Tree, designed and written in 1888 by R.R. Carter of Shirley, Va., and edited by his sister in 1897 contains no reference to a Nancy B. Carter, nor to her father Joseph Carter, nor to her husband, Thomas Blakely Churchill Oglesby. Nor did the sister of R.R. Carter---Mrs. Marion Carter Oliver---in a letter Jan. 1, 1947 to me confirm the claim that Nancy B. Carter was a descendant of the Carters of Shirley. According to Mrs. Eugene Ray, Louisville (ky.) genealogist, the mother of Nancy B. Carter was not listed in the marriage ceremony, as recorded by Oldham County Marriage Records Books, when Joseph Carter "gave her away". The question arises Was Nancy B. Carter even the daughter of Joseph Carter? since the name of her mother was not known? Griffith has often insisted publicly, and that Nancy was descended from the Shirley Carters. In a letter May 22, 1947 to the writer

Mrs. Ray thought Griffith would have been most interested to learn that Nancy B. Carter was related to the Carters of Shirley.

25. Dodd, Wm. E.: "The Cotton Kingdom", Yale University Press, New Haven, 1919, p.12

26. War Department Records of the Mexican War, 1846; National Archives, Washington, D.C.

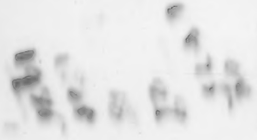
27. Tom Oglesby, Santa Ana, Calif. 1943

28. Dr. J.V.P. Oglesby, Los Angeles, Cal. 1943 --Gerrit J. Lloyd, Beverly Hills, Calif Tom Oglesby, Santa Ana, Calif. 1943

29. The Frankfort (Ky.) Daily Commonwealth, Jan. 11, 1854

30. Deed Book, Oldham County, Ky., Vol. L, 461-462

31. Cottrill, R.S.: "The Old South", A.H. Clark, Glendale, Calif., 1937



We sold vinegar on commission for two weeks--4 cents an for vinegar sixteen--better than using nothing.--- Sold it in glass tubes to delicatessen stores and grocers in Louisville and Jeffersonville.In a few weeks found out no one wants to buy vinegar.

Bristol

BOORSTEAD---annie H.Boorstead studio at 427 Fourth --in 1894-5.At the same address James H.Boorstead,a piano agent

Flexner

Flexner's was west of 4th between market and "efferson---now a ladies to wear store---opposite store then---many brush---actually man---waited on customers---Flexner's scholarship made impression on D.
Bernard Flexner attended U. of Louisville law school when it was beautiful of students---Practices law in Chi and of--member of committee for Displaced Foreign scholars--organized Palestine economic Foundation 1918---Family of doctors(Jacob & Dr.Morris,Miss "ary(literaries,etc

'Wry'

JVP O'g mother and he went to visit Jake and "ary at Pickum,came back with D-then Di"is glad albert didn't see me leave.He would have cried.I rate D. a big boy before he could speak plainly--he's 4 1/2,but he was smart/ at five or six say "by" for cry/

Albert Shipp Flexner's

Albert Shipp O.lively worked at Flexner,left for college about same time D. was there.--both boys hot after girls---They played the servant game, i.e.,entered premises where servants lived and made love to them.In the midst of one of these amours D.'s foot accidentally hit door and as door swung back and hit his foot,without looking, he arose and dashed out,thinking the master of the house had returned.

Mary

In Louisville Mary read bible every day,never quoted from it,always wore her Sunday bonnet,never preached----Even-tempered----Didn't like theatre nor actors--"Ladies don't sit like that"--to girls sitting legs over side of chair and relaxed

Bessie Moffett

D. used to get passes from newspaper men to see shows---before "effert/

In 1896 Dr.JVP maintained that future medicine will be by intravenous injection because people don't like to take medicine re stomach effect/ Preceded by 10 years the experimentation in it...In 1906 made first ambulatory splint that there is a record of anywhere(Leavenworth,Kansas,1906 (While,DR was trying to get going in Louisville/

Both Albert and D. sold papers/

Jacob bought a bycycle to get to Jeffersonville to get married/VP and Jake always intimate---license fee and wedding fee as wedding gift from VP----$3 or $4 in all----$2 for preacher---

Albert Shipp

Albert Shipp boarded at Mary's /named after Dr.Albert Shipp,dean of Theological dept. of Vanderbil Iniv/Took degree at Ky.Wesleyan in Winchester ---VP boarded at "ary's too---paid $3 week and had 50 cents left

---Albert Shipp got $5 weekly at Flexner---paid aunt mary $3/In NYC taught at Berkely Academy---J II and wife lived with Mary long time---

...recent class dismissed for the afternoon, whenever Mattie planned to leave a pupil ten, he invariably arranged to have one of her schoolmates Fannie Oglesby or Sally [illegible] escort her.

Mattie in her humble way was among the women and girls in the South of her time who made teaching the principal work of their lives, and thereby helped develop public confidence in education. She also insisted on teaching her mother's ex-slaves how to read and write. [illegible] her drive, enthusiasm and financial sacrifices [illegible] enabled her brother Jacob II and sister Anna Wheeler to study at Kentucky Wesleyan College at Winchester. Thus, Mattie more than met the "fire ... necessity" touched on in the following letter from her father [illegible] returned as [illegible] to the House in the State legislature, in 1878 [illegible] after campaigning in his new $40 pleasure carriage.

Frankfort, Jan. 4, 1878

Miss Mattie Griffith
Dear Daughter

This completes the week of my legislative labor. So far all goes well. I have met a host of old friends who seem to have been more than glad to see me, all agreeing that I look as nice and as young as when I first flashed my sword in the great Lost Cause.

I am boarding with Mr. Quails, my old soldier and friend. His family is small but pleased, a wife and 2 children both small and young. She is quite domestic but of a good family. I have a good room and well-furnished, everything being adressed to comfort.

I have contrary to my wishes been compelled to speak twice, once in the legislature and once in convention. I was highly complimented in both instances. I attended a meeting in which many of the first men of the state were present and many of the best orators spoke, after which there was a cessation for a few moments when the silence was suddenly broken by a call from the Chairman for Col. Griffith. It fell one me like a clap of thunder. I was, however, compelled to ~~dance~~ to dance to the music. I rose, addressed the chairman by stating that if they could have seen me at home 10 days ago in my rags, my old boots, my buckskin suspenders, my old hat that I had been wearing the last two years, for the double purpose of hat and horse cloth, that man would have been certainly crazed who would call upon me to address this august body. This caused much mirth (at my expense) but I gave them "the best I had in my shop". I was congratulated by all (I think I will be at home next Saturday if not providentially hindered).

The question here is not whether to plan but to be a man of resolve. I want to prepare you for life, to be able to meet and act with firmness; to be able to help "the slaves up to workers", first upon your brothers and sisters the necessity of cultivating their minds. I have made special application with Gentle right of whether she seems to have some sense promise.

Four living Ch
Griffith

In the meantime, [illegible] to the family when David Wark Griffith was [illegible] delivered in his mother's bed [illegible] January 23, 1875 in the old house near Beard's Station. [illegible] came through the Civil War unscathed. A year later the family moved into a new five-room house built on the same site. [illegible] The waterfall was unpainted. Apple, walnut and beech trees helped make the unpretentious Griffith home a pretty place.

Soon David began toddling around on [illegible] He was considered an amiable little youngster. His kinfolk never saw him cry [illegible] Some of them thought him the homeliest brat they had ever seen. [illegible] became the pet of his sisters and cousins who would coax him to walk. [illegible] In time he became a kindergarten pupil under Mattie's tutelage at home and at the one-room Walnut Grove School. He [illegible] her an "Thiss Mat" ("Sis Mat"), [illegible] a nickname by which she was to be addressed the rest of her days by pupils and adults alike. When he was five, Mattie considered David the smartest member of the Griffith family because his repartee and pointed [illegible]. But he spoke with a slow drawl [illegible] He was a big boy [illegible] before he could [illegible] For example he would say "hry" for "cry" [illegible] be chided by Mattie who would remark, "David, why don't you talk plainer — you can say 'cry' if you try."

This viewpoint—amusingly at variance with that of Jake who, in a letter to Mattie while she was at Millersburg, wrote, "The baby is one of the first in point of beauty and sense." (22) 37

and quips were

Old Massa is a mighty mean man
and everybody knows it
Keeps good liquor in the house,
Drinks it down and never says
"There goes it".

Chorus: That's another pullback
Hurrah, boys, hurrah
For the Lions,
Hey dey ho,
Ho hey hee ho,
That's another pullback.

Nigger gets powerful sick
Massa tink ah dont want to tell
Sends to the doctor to fetch me to
And they give me castor oil

Chorus

Old Massa had a washing maid
To wash up all the dishes
And every time she comb her head
She caught some little fishes

Chorus.

A song danced to at Pound Parties ran as follows:

I won't have any of your weavily wheat
I won't have any of your barley
I won't have any of your weavily wheat
To bake a cake for Charley.
Charley, he's a nice young man,
Charley, he's a dandy,
He feeds the girls on candy.

***

## II — Jake Passes On

In the years after the war Jake entertained old cronies with whiskey which they drank out of tin cups. In those days there was a barrel of whiskey in everybody's corner of the veranda. But Mary's quiet discipline was such that David and the other children knew that the contents of this barrel were reserved for their father and his friends. A man who liked to have his

First rough draft / DROC
— very incomplete
and shoddy

## 1.--BIOGRAPH: BIRTH of a New Art

### 1. In No.11 East 14th Street

On a day earning Linda cleared the small ,rickety gateleg table of the breakfast dishes.She and her man had made short shrift of one more frugal breakfast of black coffee,cornmush and a slice of bacon.The strain of insecurity showed in Linda's face as she held David's light tan suit for him to put on.He looked down at his patent leather shoes as he placed a black derby on his head,took his cane, and assuringly patted Linda, then kissed her, opened the door of their tenement flat to go to the Biograph studio.

Griffith was now 35,an actor whom theatre managers in the East did not seem to care to engage,a playwright whose plays they did not want.As he walked to the subway,he wondered if he would be obliged to write his brother Jacob for money again. His hopes were now pinned on getting occasional acting assignments and selling some brief plot "digests" to Biograph and other film companies.

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The four-story brownstone dwelling of the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company at 11 East 14th Street had a 50-foot frontage.The structure had been the mansion of the Cunard steamship family and the center of many a gay social function attended by the financially elite of New York.But the uptown surge of trade and traffic whittled away at the sedateness of the neighborhood and obliged the Cunards to seek living quarters elsewhere.The Chickering Piano Company then leased their mansion, which stood on land owned by the Buchmans,an old New York family.Chickering reserved the entire first floor for a salesroom and sublet the rest of the building to painters,sculptors and musicians. In 1906 the premises were rented by the

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Cunards to the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company, which had been organized in 1895 by Marvin & Casler, manufacturers and inventors of experimental and special machinery at Canastota, N.Y.

Henry Norton Marvin was an ex-school teacher and inventor who had worked for Edison. Herman Casler, his partner, was a facile machinist. But for these two men and the innocent suggestion which they accepted from a friend, J.L.E. Dickinson, another inventor with Edison, there might never have been a Biograph studio for the unemployed Griffith to turn to for work; nor would there have been a Griffith tradition in the cinema.

Marvin & Casler, astute merchandisers as well as inventors, were interested chiefly in promoting the sale of new equipment, whether invented by them or others. Thus they manufactured and sold such items as Wabash mantles, shredded wheat machinery for breakfast foods, and Weed chains for automobile tires. It was the merchandising possibilities of Dickinson's suggestion that appealed to Marvin and Casler. Dickinson had sent them a sketch of a picture-card wheel and thereon wrote a note to the effect that perhaps they could invent a peepshow machine simpler and cheaper than the Edison Kinetoscope. Dickinson had forgotten all about the note. As for Marvin and Casler, they had no more intention at the time of making motion pictures than did Edison when he built the Kinetoscope. They were concerned solely with the number of peepshow machines they might rent or lease.

However, in 1895 the two Canastota inventors succeeded in developing a better, less costly peepshow machine which they named the Mutoscope. The refusal of Edison to let them use pictures on a royalty basis for his Kinetoscope forced Marvin and Casler to invent their own camera. And while building it they realized that it could be converted into a projector for throwing picture images on large screens in theatres.

Their merchandising approach led the two men to visualize the possibilities

[redacted]

Dear Mr. [redacted]

It seems advisable to impose on your patience for no other reason than the importance of stressing truth, rather than color, as a "must" with publishers of modern biography. Today a publisher with any standards of scholarship demands proof of sources. For example one chapter lists 74 sources of information. All of these, for reasons of space and discretion may not be used as reference notes, but a complete listing is required by publishers for their own [redacted] satisfaction.

of taking motion pictures with their newly devised camera, then took such films with their projector, The American Biograph, as a novelty act at the larger theatres and vaudeville houses throughout the country. By the fall of 1896 the Mutoscope peepshow machine and The American Biograph, which projected a steady and clear image, were competing successfully with Edison and the Selig brothers..

Until H.N.Marvin transferred operations to the 14th Street address in 1906, the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company occupied a rooftop studio and plant at the Hackett-Carhart Building on Broadway and 13th Street. Acting was performed on a set mounted on rollers which were shifted with the sun. The action, usually built around a single incident 150 or 150 feet long, was rehearsed two to three hours before the camera began to turn. For the Mutoscope, every second or third individual image in the negative was selected for a finished print, 2½ inches wide x 2 inches deep, that served as one of the picture-cards on the wheel. The running time of a set of such Mutoscope picture-cards for each incident was restricted to 36 seconds.

Frequently the incidents recorded for the Mutoscope were more or less furtively risque, such as girls kicking up their legs or drinking wine seated in the lap of elderly playboys, and the emphasis was often on some feminine, pulchritudinous bosom. Since he was one of the original investors in the company, the great Joseph Jefferson probably felt obliged to help out with acting) Rip Van Winkle which he was then playing on the stage. Possibly his example induced such favorites as Anna Held and the tempestuous Eva Tanguay to give characterizations from stage productions in which they were appearing. However, most of the American Biograph pictures were topical and factual, such as President McKinley at Canton, The Beach at Atlantic City, or Niagara Falls photographed by Arthur Marvin, or The Empire State Express, as recorded by Dickinson, in which the locomotive rushes into a closeup and past the camera.

for both the Mutoscope and The American Biograph in

post the camera.It was at this time that William K.Bitzer,who later became known as"Griffith's cameraman",began working at Biograph as an electrician and then as assistant to Arthur Marvin.For the next eleven years ,until the jubilant Griffith became a fixture at Biograph,both Marvin and Bitzer were to record many events with the Biograph camera,but without ever realizing that they were using a medium with which a new art form might be unfolded.

The sensation made in 1903 by the 12-minute American Train Robbery,directed by Edwin S.Porter at the Edison studio in the Bronx,promoted a deep interest generally in the possibilities of the narrative film. H.N.Marvin engaged Wallace McCutcheon,a stage director,to produce films based on a story.By the mid-summer of 1904 Biograph was producing weekly one narrative film,from 500 to 700 feet in length.A newsman,one Lee Dougherty,was engaged by Marvin to write publicity material for the pictures,to manage the studio,but more importantly to solicit unemployed stage actors to work for a few days in a Biograph film.Peepshows in general had lost much of their mass appeal after the public became accustomed to film trailers at the end of a stage show during intermission or Moreover, about the time that Griffith came to Biograph to inquire about part time work,even the films of this studio had taken a sharp tumble in public favor.(H.N.) Marvin called it a good week when more than 15 prints of a subject were sold, and employees began wondering how long the company would be able to remain in business.Although its patents and good will were valuable assets,Biograph now owed $200,000 with overdue interest.

* * *

No one could possibly have dreamed that an unemployed actor like Griffith ,who was on his way to Biograph because he was not wanted elsewhere, was to be instrumental in wiping out the $200,000 debt,and providing revenue

Yet it seems ironically fantastic that no one could have dreamed that an unemployed actor like Griffith, on his way to Biograph because he was not wanted elsewhere, was to become a factor in bringing in enough revenue to wipe out the $340,000 indebtedness, to pay 12 and 18 per cent dividends to Biograph stockholders, to pay battalions of lawyers in Biograph's fight against the "Trust" and to maintain an extensive espionage system and statistical staff occupying an entire floor at 52 Broadway for the guidance of J.J.Kennedy, the man whom the Empire Trust Company chose to straighten out the affairs of the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company. 13

Nor did Griffith, as he swung his cane up 14th Street, foresee that in a few years he was to achieve what had never been paralleled in any of the arts--namely, the unfoldment and organization of the fundamentals of a new art form by one man in the course of his daily routine (work-).

2---The Biograph Studio

As he approached the brownstone 14 house at 11 East 14th Street, Griffith noted the ornamental castiron railings that lined each side of the brownstone steps--ten of them---which he ascended until he came to the swinging door that opened on a spacious marble-floored reception room. Each side of the stone steps was flanked by a wide, high window under which hung a sign bearing the firm's name in gold-leaf lettering against a black background. Below the window on the right, on the basement, was a tailorshop through which stage actors entered stealthily to get to the studio on the main floor (front) above, for they dreaded being seen walking up the steps. No matter how badly a stage actor needed work in those days, he felt that he lost professional standing in the estimation of himself and of his colleagues if it became known he was in motion pictures.

colleagues if it became known that he was in action pictures. Griffith was an exception in this regard, and he introduced himself to Wallace McCutcheon as a writer, primarily, who had had several years of acting experience. Mr. McCutcheon encouraged Griffith to submit "story digests" and told him to report to work in a few days to act for a Mutascope picture. The elder McCutcheon, a gruff man of good will, stuffed a plug of tobacco into his mouth and asked Griffith if he would like to see the studio and the rest of the building, as well as meet some of the personnel. Griffith replied in the affirmative, and the director had his son, Wallace, Jr., who played in Broadway musical comedies, show the newcomer through the place.

On the 11th floor were the accounting room where wages were paid, the office of studio manager Lee Dougherty, the women's dressing room, and in the rear a former ballroom, 50 feet long and 35 feet wide, which retained its architectural elegance and was served as the studio. Here the jobless actor met Arthur Marvin and Billy Bitzer, Lee Dougherty, Eddie Shulter who painted sets, two young vivacious actresses---Marion Leonard and Florence Auer---with considerable experience, and Stanner E.V. Taylor who had been recently engaged by H.N. Marvin to write two story "digests" each week for a guarantee of $30.

and Mrs. McCutcheon, the director's wife who with her younger children also acted in Biograph pictures.

Young McCutcheon, Wallace, said to Taylor, "You and Mr. Griffith ought to know each other since you are both writers". Taylor had had considerable newspaper experience and was free-lancing for New York papers. One day a Lawrence Coogan, another newsman and assistant to H.N. Marvin, approached him. Mr. Marvin was worried about the quality of Biograph stories and told Coogan, "Don't come back until you've found a man who you think can write stories".

"I'm from Biograph", Coogan told Taylor, "The slot man on the The World tells me you're a prolific writer and have ideas. We need some one to write story 'digests' for our films".

"Biograph?Never heard of it,"answered Taylor."But what about these 'digests'?",Coogan explained."A 'digest' is a one-page outline of the action for a story,need not be longer than 300 words,and brings a minimum of $15 if accepted.Taylor had been submitting plot outlines to writers gratis for approval, and also he made a living of writing the stories in full,some of which brought more than $100. Taylor had three in his pocket when Coogan took him to see Marvin,who paid $25 each for two and $15 for a third. "Why bother with newspapers,I thought,"said Taylor to Griffith.From the Spring of 1908 to the close of 1910 Taylor wrote 85 per cent of the stories filmed at Biograph, and found much of his source material in human and social conflicts as written up in the press.

Griffith

Young McCutcheon then showed Griffith the studio.Here two dozen Ariato lights or "flaming arcs" hung on pulleys in necklace fashion, and about a dozen Cooper-Hewitt mercury vapor lamps were mounted in ceiling banks or in floor banks on rollers.On cold days the Cooper-Hewitts had to be warmed/coaxed to light up by being rubbed with a cloth.They had a way of clicking,whether they were about to be turned on or off,which would have rendered them useless for sound. These lamps were considered smart in Biograph days but were made obsolete by incandescent lighting.In one corner of the studio stood a 5' x 5' platform,on rollers,on which the Biograph camera was was mounted.Against a wall rested flats and props,in another corner flats were being painted by Eddie Shulter,and enclosed between switched-off banks of Cooper-Hewitts stood a small canvas/set that quivered when the door in it was opened or shut.

From the studio Griffith and his host to the second floor, mounted a graceful, winding staircase.Halfway up they passed a high,deep niche in the wall where the Cunards had kept a lifesize statue of Venus de Milo.On the second floor, behind a wooden partition,film was being cut by Edward Scott,assisted by young Joseph Aller, who ten years later was on his way

to millionairedom in a modern film laboratory of his own.Adjoining the cutting room was the shipping room where "the Truck horse",as young Daniel Shay was called, ~~assisted~~ and a younger lad,James Edward Smith,did errands and packed packages for shipment.Shay was designated "the Truck Horse" because he traveled often between New York and Hoboken where the Biograph laboratory was located on the second floor of a four-story wooden building.Both Shay and Smith became outstanding filmcutters,the former as chief film editor for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and the latter as chief cutter on all of Griffith's films from 1909 to 1928.

from Mother Grogan's church nearby

Next to the shipping room was a small projection room.Beyond it in a room equipped with a job printing press and type,circulars were run off that Lee Dougherty wrote to advertise Biograph films.Up front there was a large room where Bobby Harron and Albert Ray,both young errand-runners and prop boys,had a lunch concession for serving ~~lunches at 25 cents each.~~ from H.N.Marvin's office was also on the second floor but he was seldom in it.On the third floor he had a suite of three rooms.The fourth floor or garret was reserved by H.N. for machinery that he and Casler had invented.Both Marvins were pleasant,easygoing men.

on a two-day guarantee of $3 daily

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"And now I'll show you the men's dressing room",said McCutcheon,Jr., to Griffith whose mind by now was working on the story "digests" he might sell. Rodents a foot long seemed to like the men's dressing room where they devoured the leather tongues of shoes,leather hatbands and other items to which they took a fancy.Sometimes a rat would sit boldly on its haunches on a shelf as it stared at the men putting on makeup,changing clothes,shooting dice or drinking whiskey between scenes. For the next five years a succession of Biograph prop boys ---Bobby Harron,Al Ray, Sidney Koster,Bill Beaudine,Sam Landers and others---marveled at the number of empty whisky flasks,that they found at the end of each day in the men's dressing room.In one corner on a small table stood a gas stove on which Lionel Barrymore and others often prepared a lunch of scrambled eggs and coffee when they were too short of change to afford a 25-cent lunch upstairs.

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People were kept in the cellar,twice the basement floor.

The crude ,primitive aspects of the Biograph laboratory in Hoboken were none too pleasant.~~Business growth had led Koerin to rent two additional floors in the four-story wooden building that housed the film industry.~~ On the first floor there was a carpet-cleaning establishment,on the third and fourth floors there were two ladies' wear manufacturing firms,and on the second floor the Biograph laboratory was in operation.During the summer months lint from the carpet-cleaning place downstairs and from the two ladies' wear concerns upstairs had a way of floating through the open windows of ~~the~~ the laboratory and settling on film, ~~Bio-~~graph,on the second floor,much to the aggravation of Joe Aller, ~~Abe~~ Scholtz and the other "lab" men,most of whom were refugees from czarism and earning $10 ~~to~~ $12 a week.Working in the Biograph laboratory was not very pleasant because the necessary,copious use of water in developing and printing kept the place damp.Unlike today,when lab men work in smart clothes and film is developed,printed and dried automatically and quickly,the lab men in ~~Hoboken~~ Hoboken had to wear rubber boots and rubber aprons,and used the slow method of drying film on drying-drums.Nor was scientific data available about the age and sensitivity of film,for Eastman did not care then to have its processes known to customers.But if these conditions in the Biograph laboratory were crude,young Aller was to learn of worse places after he wearied of the dampness and daily travel~~ing daily~~ between Hoboken and New York.Without checking,he went to work for the New York Motion Picture Company where he was amazed to learn that film was dried by streetcar and ferry on ~~with~~ heat from ~~enclosed~~ gas stoves.Aller returned to Biograph posthaste and was agreeably surprised when assigned to ~~working with~~ Edward Scott in cutting.

Such were ~~the~~ some of the primitive conditions that surrounded filmmaking ~~when~~ ~~Griffith~~ ~~Griffith~~ ~~in Biograph~~ ~~Griffith~~ at Biograph in 1908.

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wire-fence nettings by

This leads up to point where G. has four or five "digests" accepted in four or five weeks & acting assignments before getting chance to direct.

Griffith wasted no time returning home to get to work on "digests",He typed several that day and took them down to Biograph the following morning.These appealed to Lee Dougherty and McCutcheon and were purchased. Griffith was asked to report the following day ~~for~~ to act in a motoscope picture.The check for the the three digests---for a total of $60 was a symbol of to Griffith and Linda.The ~~work~~ acting turned out to be quite simple, and the chief problem was to borrow a dress uit from some other player acquaintance,as in The Crossroads of Life.

In behalf of the common exchequer ~~Both Harrison things rather calahapen handy~~ Linda and G. thought it would be a good idea for "inda also to try her hand at digests and acting before the camera,especially since tere was nothing else for her to do inless it be clerking at a store or typing ~~envelopes~~ addresses on envelopes at so much per thousand. ~~Linda~~ They agreed to that it might be advantegous for economic reasons that they withold from the Biograph management and their colleagues any reference to their man-and-wife relationship.

~~Im~~ The few films in which Griffith acted under McCutcheon's direction, impressed neither Linda nor McCutcheon.Taking advantage of the secrecy about their relationship and as if to strengthen any idea that they did not know each other,Linda remarked occasionally that she liked neither Griffith's nose nor his acting before the camera.On the other hand,when Eddie Dillon,who had played in romantic dramas on the West coast and drifted East tonly to end up at Biograph,asked McCutcheon what he thought of Griffith's acting,the director answered,"Confidentially, as an actor he stinks". But Griffith was kept on because the scarcity of stage actors willing to work six days a week in front of the lens.~~were scarce~~.Another reason for his retention was the activity of his mind as to suggestions for bits of "business" which McCutcheon found helpful.A third reason was Griffith's ability to do an occasionally interesting "digest".

It seems that in cold weather the Biograph scenery got a lot of static lightningline effects on the film.Bobby Harron, Albert Ray and ~~Cameraman~~ would alternate at steadily overcome this condition for hitter.as soon as a scene was finished, they'd open the camera and put in a little alcohol lamp to prevent the gears giving off friction.When the next scene would be taken, the lamp was removed. Ray didn't think this procedure was of any great help .They got static in spite of the lamp-warming. The alcohol lamp was put into the camera six inches from the film which had an aluminum top over it of tin aluminum.Kept in 20 minutes while scene was being relat On the other hand,an assistant cameraman,Sam Landers,with Biog. obtained satisfactory results without heating the film with a lamp.

Bobby Harron saved the punched-out celluloid dots as confetti dwnten

G. experimented with lighting whenever whenever the company was out on location.(Taylor)

A few weeks after G. was definitely made director,a tall,rather husky young man about 20,called at Biograph ~~Cameras~~ and was asked by Bobby Harron what he wanted.The visitor was dressed in a black derby, and a ~~paper~~ loud check suit ~~that~~ was too tight for him and made him look taller and bigger than he was.Juice from a stogie he was chewing on slopped over the suit,so Bobby did not believe the newcomer when he announced himself as an actor who wanted to see Griffith.

"You can't see Griffith", Bobby declared. "He can't see any bums like Mr. you".
"I'm a strong man.I was told to come here",the visior insisted.
""we don't need any strong men",Bobby insisted.
"G'wan the hell out of here.I have an appointment made by Fred Mace to see Griffith",declared the newcomer.
"Send him up",Griffith told Bobby who had checked the caller's story Bobby returned to the newcomer and said,"All right,bum,go on up".

The caller was Macklyn Sennett,a chorus man with Pit Paff Pou (in which Mace had played the comic.Sennet had been after Mace re a Biog. job and given him the brushoff by telling him to see Griffith.The young man was to rprove an ardent student of G. and become an influene

~~at Biograph~~ After he began to feel somewhat secure in his job, Griffith often put the players at ease by various devices. ~~Usually~~ On an average of once a month until one left Biograph, he asked Marion Leonard to permit herself to be throttled like a rat by Arthur Johnson until her teeth shook Or when there was a funny scene, Griffith would call in Dougherty saying, "Come in and see this one", whereupon the players would go thru the business again. Once he bought pin games for the actors to pass away the time if they were not to busy. ~~and~~ He'd watch them play sometimes. as Marion Leonard said, "He didn't play with us, but he was one of us". As his workdays became longer, he often ate at Luchow's and took along as many as 8 persons from Biograph.

however, sometimes he would shoot dice and proved himself a marvelous craps shooter.

Griffith at Biograph played on the emotions and psychology of his players,something that few directors then knew or knew now/ how to do.He would start,say,in the morning working out a story through the actors nor did he slavishly follow the scenario.With this method he established what had become ,in the words of Mary Pickford,"almost a lost figure before the motion picture and so common to the bardic ages",i.e., the art of improvisation. He very early discovered that if he could put at their ease and take the fear out of them, acting he could get even inexperienced character types without any experience to give presentable,natural characterisations.Thus it was not unusual for him to see a character or boy or old man and use them even in leads.He would think "type" and wanted them just to be natural If short a player,at this stage,he pulled one of the crew,as when he had Sennett and Landers roll down a hill.,etc.

When young Sennett,after seeing the screening of the Curtain Pole in the little projection room on the second floor,remarked,"Oh Mr.Griffith,gee,I didn't act any.That wasn't any good", Griffith answered. "That was good.I don't want any acing.Just people who live"

On the other hand,G. seemed to think that young people in his Biograph films had to have St.Vitus dance in contrast to the reserved action of older people(Gish).But apart from this their vitality,due in large measure to his direction, imagery and to his editing that compelled the audience to watch.

NOTES AND SOURCES:Chapter XV

| Page | NOTE | Source or Comment |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | 1. | Description of Griffith's suit/on this day given by Stanner E.V.Taylor and attire |
| 2 | 2. | References to the Cumurs family,their mansion and Chickering by Robert J.Hammer who was general manager of Biograph. |
| 3 | 3. | Robert J.Hammer |
| | 4. | James Waldron,assistant to Mr.Hammer at Biograph. |
| 5. | 5 | ,, ,, |
| | 6 | ,, ,, |
| | 7 | ,, ,, |
| | 8 | Ramsaye,Terry:Thousand and One Nights in Motion Pictures,Simon and Schuster,New York,1926,p..... |
| 4 | 9 | Biograph Record Book,1899 to 1908----in long hand.Museum of Modern Art,Film Library,New York. |
| | 10 | Joseph Aller |
| | 11 | James Waldron |
| 5 | 12 | Poore's Financial Almanac,Museum New York.1915.P.--- |
| | 13 | James Waldron |
| | 14 | Description of the house at 11 East 14th Street by Mary Pickford,James Edward Smith and Robert J.Hammer |
| 6 | 15 | ,, ,, |
| | 16 | Stanner E.V.Taylor |
| 7 | 17 | Interior of studio described by/Christy Cabanne,Mary Pickford, Marion Leonard, Sam Landers,Sidney Koster and Mae Marsh |
| 8 | 18 | Albert Ray who became a prominent director and directed his cousin Charles Ray in eleven successful films in the silent era |
| | 19 | Mr.Lionel Barrymore |
| 9 | 20 | Robert J.Hammer,James Waldron,Edward James Edward Smith and James Waldron. |

Thus they pushed the sale of such items as Wabash mantles, shredded wheat machinery for breakfast foods, and Reed chains for automobile tires. The same merchandising out, ook motivated Marvin and Casler to devise a cheaper, better peepshow machine than Edison's Kinetoscope. They had no more intention originally than Edison of producing motion pictures.

In 1896 Marvin & Casler's success in developing a better, cheaper peepshow device, which they named the Mutoscope, was followed shortly by their invention of a motion picure camera with which to take pictures for their peepshow machine. In the course of building their camera, Marvin and Casler realized that it would be converted into a projector for flashing motion picture images on large screens in theatres. Their merchandising approach led Marvin and Casler to discern the possibilities of taking motion pictures with their camera, then booking a certain number of reels as a novelty act and their projector, the American Biogrpah, to larger theatres and vaudeville houses throughout the country. To help finance production of mutoscopes, of the wheelcard pictures to be placed in them, of motion pictures and of their projector, Marvin & Casler put up their patents on Wabash mantles, shredded wheat machinery and Reed chains while A.D.Koopman, a business acquaintance, raised funds selling stock to Wall Street investors. By the Fall of 1896 both mutoscopes and The American Biograph were meeting with wide acceptance throughout the country and coping successfully with competition from such pioneers as Lumiere, Melies, and Edison.

Until it moved to the 14th Street address, the Amerian Mutoscope and Biograph Company had a roof-top studio and plant at the Hackett-Carhart building on Broadway near 13th Street. There, on a set mounted on rollers which turned with the sun, scenes were enacted, rehearsed and photographed for placement in mutoscopes and projection with The American Biograph.

Curiously enough the action for a mutoscope reel, which varied from 25 to 60 feet, necessitated two and three-hour rehearsals for a series of card-pictures whose running time on the wheel was restricted to 60 seconds. These cardpictures were 2½ inches wide and 3 inches deep, and were of the same dimensions as the images recorded on the negative reel, for both mutoscope and motion picture, by the Marvin-Casler cameras--later known as the Biograph camera. For the mutoscope, every second or third individual image in the negative was selected for a positive print to serve as one of the picture-cards.

The wheel picture-cards in the mutoscope usually presented single incidents of a more or less risque nature such as girls kicking up their legs or drinking wine on the laps of elderly brokers, with emphasis on fluffy petticoats and fruitful bosoms. In 1895, as one of the original investors in the Mutoscope enterprise, the great Joseph Jefferson played before the camera for a short picture-card version of Rip Van Winkle. His example induced such as Anna Held and Eva Tanguay to act some of their "business" from plays in which they were appearing. By early 1897 the novelty act consisting of the American Biograph projector and such typical motion pictures as President McKinley at Canton, Niagara Falls, Herald Square Fire Department and The Beach at Atlantic City and photographed by Arthur Marvin and The Empire State Express recorded by J.L.K. Dickson, silent partner of Marvin and Casler who originally suggested the wheel picture-card idea to them.

The sensation created in 1903 by the 12-minute American Train Robbery, directed by Edwin S. Porter at the Edison studio, promoted deep interest in the possibilities of the narrative film. H.N. Marvin engaged Wallace McCutcheon, a theatre director, to start turning out pictures based on a complete story. By the mid-summer of 1904 Biograph was producing weekly one story film a week about 500 to 700 feet long. Marvin employed Lee Dougherty to write story

ACTING--REMARKABLE--1909

As Miss Mary Pickford said one afternoon,at Pickfair,

for most part
Both men and women players who gravitated to Biograph under Griffith had acted in dramatic stock,and anything but the popular conception on the whole
of actors.For these were keen-witted young men and women of sensibility.Marion Leonard,Biograph's first "leading woman",had been a the road a few years before she filled in on a number of pictures for McCutcheon at a $50 guarantee.When she returned to Biograph under Griffith,after he and James Kirkwood trailed her to the American Theatre,she was engaged at 75 a week.Miss Leonard at the time had only $18 in the world and would have returned for $25,but she asked for $100 weekly."We've come to kidnap you",G.said.Kirkwood himself was one of the most capable actors on the American stage.
under Griffith's direction
Other players who made the group stand out as actors with nothing false about them were Gertrude Bambrick whp had been Gus Edwards, Harry Salter,Forence Turner,Forence Lawrence,,Tony O'Sullivan, Dell Henderson and for a short time Claire MacDowell,who was born in the theatre figuratively, But when he couldn't get actors Griffith got types and taught them to act before the lens.In this regard he was the first man to start use types in films(Neilan) and in dealing with his players,G. proved himself a far greater trickster than Belasco ever was.Bobby Harron,a prop boy,had none of the requirements of an actor.His small face,braod and somewhat malshapen head ,ordinarily would never had led him to be selected for
truly great actor.
acting.But Griffith developed him into a

Mildred Lacey
- Mrs. M. Curley
- Mrs. J. Nicoletto
Gertrude Bambrick

When Griffith began

In the beginning,when Griffith began directing all action and scenes were taken in long shot.His respect for spectator perception,which he learned in the Reffert Stock Company,led Griffith to want his film audiences to see what the characters thought or felt.By the end of his first year with Biograph,Griffith had managed to obtain some variety in the grading of images from long shot to semi-closeup.But in having players act closer to the camera,he encountered rebellion when actors from the stage found out they were being recognized by their friends in the theatre,and especially by owners of actors' employment agencies.Some stage actors began to use false names,although Biograph did not make a practice of publicizing players.Other actors began referring to film-making as a "bastard profession" and "the jumping tintypes".Oddly enough this opposition was responsible for the designation of Griffith as "the master" long before the world was ready to acknowledge it.One of the male actors had become disgruntled after being directed by Griffith to play in a semi-close shot and walked off the set ,after the shot,to the rear of the studio.The actor was grim with rage and turning to another actor,muttered under his breath ,"The bastard!" Young Harran passed just and in referring to Griffith then.Bobby To Bobby the vowels and vowels of the epithet led him to think that the actor had spoken of Griffith as "The master" and forthwith told Griffith what he had heard.To newcomers callers and studio people alike,Bobby after that incident referred to Griffith as "the master".The connotation of the term became a conviction with the playeers of the growing stock company and the studio staffsat Biograph, and laboratory after each visit to the small projection on the second floor to see a new film by their teacher and director.

Before Griffith directors never ran off pictures in the projection room. Instead they ran them through their hands to see if the action was right. Griffith however used the projection-room as a cutting or editing medium

by having his filmcutter present during the projection of the picture. To Misses Scott,seated beside him,Griffith would say,"Cecile,cut there". Scott,who held in his hand a buzzer like an electric pushbutton in a doorbell, would then ~~signal~~ press the pushbutton and the projectionist at that moment slipped a small piece of paper in at that point in the film,and cut.The same procedure is used today.(Geisler)

The projection room was tiny--only six feet wide and fifteen feet long. Jimmie Smith,who had been promoted from errand boy to shipping clerk and projectionist,projected a 4ft.x 3ft picture.Players,carpenters,mechanics and studio office staff avidly assembled in the little room.They made a a friendly but strictly unbiased audience that kidded each other,praised each other,spoke its opinion unhesitatingly in front of Griffith.It was free speech,practiced by a happy family, of which each member, ~~as~~ much as ~~was never known in the projection room of~~ seriously felt he or she was a co-participant with Griffith in the strides being made with a new medium.In later years Marion Leonard remarked,"On as we walked out of that little projection room,we all thrilled with the glow of triumph".

In his first year with Biog. G. was restricted to $1000 per reel, and if he spent $$ over that amount was considered treasonably extravagant. The ironclad rigidity of this policy was rendered more severe in that only one take of a scene of a scene or shot was permitted.(Taylor) These restrictions probably had as much to do with G.'s establishment of the rehearsal as the desire to know in advance what he was to shoot. For himself and in behalf of good work, G. was determined to have a happy family. For example, Kalem, a member of the Trust, which in 1907 was turning out 1 reel daily---of As You Like It---all exterior. If days were cloudy, there was no shooting and players were not paid. G. might have followed the Kalem system of having players cross to Jersey side in ferry and had to go back without being used. G. would use them and have them paid or phone studio and say we'd be paid there

There was room for only one set in the studio. Eddie Shulter did all the sets until an English architect, Harry McClelland, succeeded him. Shulter was set dresser and scene painter and did everything in this connection except the rough carpentry work. He and Marion experimented with lighting and light values under Griffith. So concerned was G. with these values that he even enlisted Lee Dougherty and Stanner Taylor, writers, to make up and stand under the open arc lamps. To get an effect of outdoor sunlight, all the movable open arc lamps were mounted in front of the camera, facing the players, and the place became an inferno. Usually five arc lamps were used for lighting foreheads & back of the heads. The problem of shadow tone was eventually overcome, early in 1910, by shadowing the actors. Shulter used a brown, called Biograph brown, for the sets. Didn't dare have lighttoned sets then. After 1910, as the result of test sets by Griffith and McClelland, "Biograph" grey---a warm grey---was used.

Whenever possible, to save time and money, G. did his shooting outdoors to utilizes here and there, as required, a "wild piece"---i.e., a fragment of a store or building or fence, or a real street. (Waldron-09-10)

Biograph Company at a capitalization of $2,000,000.But more than a hundred thousand dollars worth of stock was sold .(Re-advertising was raised to get it going again,That seems unnecessary inasmuch as the revenue from Biograph films [illegible] had continued growing since the release of the adventures of Dolly in [illegible] mid-July.[illegible] a month later,on August 17,1908 Kennedy signed up" Griffith to a contract for one year guaranteeing a weekly [illegible] salary of $50 and a commission not less than $50 per week. Still determined that David W.Griffith must be reserved for the by-line on such plays as he might write and have accepted (in August he made four more of them.),

and uncertain about the outcome of his tenure with Biograph,he signed the contract Lawrence Griffith.For contracts had a way of being broken or torn up./ on various pretexts.

Down in Louisville, household
There was rejoicing in in the home of Jacob Griffith II man he received word from his brother about the contract,the work David now was doing,for Jacob

Down in Louisville,in the household of brother Jacob
Down in Louisville,brotner Jacobs for some time had been subject to
Down in Louisville,there was rejoicing and gladness as brother Jacob after a hard day at the Courier printshop came home and opened a letter from David describing the nature and conditions of his new work. Because he was considerably obligated ~~to Jacobs~~ for numerous sums ~~Griffith and inasmuch as~~ by Jaconb now was not a well man,Griffith and Linda continued living simply at their 100th Street tenement flat. He also began sending remittances to the family from time to time. He who had so little was now set on applying all his engeries,for economic reasons chiefly,to turn out as good a product as possible in hopes of promoting the greatest possible number of prints of a picure to swell the his commission earnings.

Griffith was aiming for something more than movement. at Biograph and elsewhere,as long as they got something on the screen that moved,itwas a novelty and that was all they cared for.But he learned the meaning of suspense,of dramatic tension, in the theatre .In directing the floating of the barrel near the falls, but not yet quite near,and finally the barrel going over the falls,. When Dolly was shown,its suspense angle had the audience sitting on the edges of its seats beginning with Dollie,G. was to establish himself as a master of suspense,the backbone of any story or conflict.Audience was not conscious of what held it,but itwas the suspense built up by G.....Master of suspense.....His films alwy closing with a thrill at the end.....Suspense Pennettsaill the fly alight on the sugar?

Describe story of Dolly

here---insert

Griffith was fortunate in having the sympathetic cooperation of a competent cameraman like Arthur Marvin.

The increasing dramatic tension as built up finally in the editing,with the help of Edward Scott, the filmcutter,jumped the weekly sales of prints by half.

Griffith even agreed to direct ah half-reel in addition to the one-reel picture each week,a pace that McCutcheon could not maintain at any time.By the time he got well enough to return to Biograph, Griffith had made four or five films that sharply continued increasing the demand for Biograph films.

The Devil/////////

Doug erty
The demand for Biograph prints began mounting as Griffith continued
reel
to turn out one drama film a week and a half-reel comedy.Lee Dougherty
and walk down the stairs
with Griffith and Taylor now met every Sunday afternoon in a rathe-
seller on the east side of Union Square, to go over possible stories.
and discussed
The stories were laid out by Taylor, scene by scene, ~~casting in an~~
~~and~~ and what actors should be used.The men thus sat in story
conference four or five hours each Sunday, drank beer and smoked. ~~In~~
In the selection of stories, they determined which were to be one reel
and a half reel.Sometimes two stories were united for one reel.

because of Pres.Baldwin of the
However, the $200,000 indebtedness ~~of Biograph in the meantime had~~
planned for
obliged the Empire Trust Company to plan for a reorganization and
appointed Jeremiah J.Kennedy ~~as president in place~~ of Col Soper.
~~looking~~ Regarding Biograph as a total loss,
Despairing of getting anything out of Biograph for its creditors
the Empire Trust Company appointed JJKennedy to salvage what he
could out of it.

Pres.Baldwin of the Empire Trust Company by this time had come to
regard the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company as a total loss,
and on August 11, 1908 appointed his friend J.J.Kennedy, to see what could be salvaged.
Kennedy was a consulting engineer of wide reputation and his friend,
Robert J.Hammer had collaborated with him on the building of bridges
and dams.Hammer also had built and installed the underground postal
tubes in New York City and government fortifications along the Hudson
River.Hammer took over Biograph as a representative of Kennedy.He had
no title in that capacity for then there were no titles.But instead of
Kennedy had
closing down the studio,Kennedy and Hammer continued to let produc-
tion continue as they noted the steady demand for Biohraph pictures.
After directing nine months, Griffith's films were generally regarded
as so superuior to the product of other filmmakers that exhibitors
doing business with the Trust insisted that Biograph be made a member.
It was then that Kennedy ~~had~~ reorganized the company as the American

Griffith encountered Arthur Johnson,6ft.6", coming out of an actors' employment agency,and persuaded him to act for him at Biograph.

While G. was enlisting the cooperation of the women players to bring suits and suits of costumes suitable for the gypsies in the picture, Taylor called his attention Two Brothers,a Pathe film which suggested was being shown at the Savoy Theatre in Union Square.There are a number of interesting things in it you might like to see,Taylor told Griffith,before you begin working on Dollie."according to Taylor, the Pathe Two Brothers film had semi-closeups above-the-knee closeups/ and a closeup head also inch closeups for some of the characters and a big closeup but these were crudely handled without continuity.....Griffith and Taylor went to the Savoy that same afternoon.....It also had the cutback and something like a flashback..... Taylor maintains that in consequence,Griffith used several characters in Dollie in below-the-knee closeups.

I can make a picture if I'm given time and have no interference,G. remarked to Taylor. G. thought he might be interfered with,and kept his location plans secret,although Dougherty was in on it alone at the office.After maintaining no contact with the office for four days,H N Marvin cut off the company's credit to Griffith."That'll fix him".....In those days auto was used to go to location, then park at hotel,rode in buggy behind horse hunting location....

At this time,itvwas some job to move the Biograph camera .It was very heavy(ie the trpods/But it was built like a rock,the steadiness of the camera contributing to steadiness of the pictures.The patents war was on when G. joined Biog.---Kalem,Lubin,Selig,Pathe,Freres, Edison...all used Edison patents.But due to pics by G.,for Biog first 9 mos that trust exhibitors insisted Biog.be taken in.... Everybody had personality due to G's direction and good Biog.stories

Marvin got right into water with the cumbersome camera for angle shots of the barrel

McCutcheon had been ailing with mastoid trouble when he engaged Griffith It seems that the acuteness of the malady increased, and compelled the director to convalesce at home for weeks. Several directors from the stage had been tried out without success, being weak in visual continuity. Stanner Taylor, H.N. Marvin thought ought to be able to direct since he wrote the digests containing details of the action. But Taylor at the time had no aspirations to be a director, and he found that writing a digest is one chore and directing players for the camera another. Aware of the impasse in production caused by McCutcheon's illness and the inability of Biograph to get pictures out, Griffith remarked to Billy Bitzer and Stanner Taylor that he would like ask for the chance to direct. Certain that Griffith would never make the grade, Bitzer encouraged Griffith to apply for the opportunity. But at that stage he left the matter rest. Until Arthur Marvin, however, had been told by Bitzer jokingly about Griffith's wish and recalled how the actor interested himself in the resources of the camera and had frequently remarked that lighting in the film ought to be at least as interesting as still photography, on the stage or in painting. The unconscious influence of the Kalubers.

When HN Marvin called in Griffith, the latter's desire to direct retreated before the the fear of losing his weekly stipend as a player, although he was not unaware of the uncertain financial status of the studio and in truth had played in only two films for McCutcheon.

From the top of a heap of manuscripts, Griffith pucked up a digest for entitled The Adventures of Dollie, written by Stanner Taylor. Beside himself, there were only three other players who received a weekly salary---Salter, his wife Florence Lawrence and Gebhardt. Neither Salter or Gebhardt were the type he needed for the male lead, so Griffith was obliged to walk down Broadway and up Broadway in search of a player. His reception at an actors' agency would have been short had he deigned to enter one.

[illegible]: The two paragraphs below to be the opening paragraphs under "1.A Few Antecedents" on page 8.

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1.A Few Antecedents.

In David Wark Griffith a man was born into the world who saw and felt in a new medium of expression what had not been seen and felt before---in any case, not seen and felt in so compelling a way as to make the world itself aware of a new revelation in visual imagery. A man with the patience to probe and the imagination to contribute maturity to the elements of a new art of image relationships could not very well be impeccable about the truth in minor aspects of his life, especially if he had been raised on imagined ante-bellum glories of a liquidated feudalism in which the squire or master, surrounded by chivalrous men and glamorous ladies on magnolia-scented nights, was kind and patronizing to his slaves.

The success of Griffith in subordinating to his selective will all phases of film creation in developing the basis of a new art, had its counterpart --characteristically enough--in his almost autocratic determination to make the world realize that the success and name of David Wark Griffith were connotative of regal place and prestige. Hence, at the age of thirty-nine, he informed the world that as a descendant of the princes who set up a new Wales, it was natural that the "executive courage and singlehanded, wholehearted devotion which inspired his ancestors in their courses, should have brought him to his present stage of development". 1A

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SOURCE

1A. "A Poet Writes on Motion Pictures", Theater Magazine, New York, June 1914, p. [illegible] This article did not carry the by-line of the man who wrote it. As such it represented a departure from established procedure of a publication with the prestige of "Theater Magazine". The inference, of course, was that no one connected with the publication had written the piece, which was quite a hectic panegyric in typical press agent style. Griffith always passed on publicity releases.

CHAPTER II----SOURCES AND NOTES

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1. Deed Book, [illegible] Vol. R-p. 180, Oldham County Court, La Grange, Ky.
Deed Book, Vol. R-p. 417, Oldham County Court, LaGrange, Ky.

2. Deed Book, Vol. S, p. ___ Oldham County Court, La Grange, Ky.

3. Deed Book, Vol. V, p. 220--Oldham County Court, La Grange, Ky.

4. Deed Book, Vol. W, p. 220--Oldham County Court, LaGrange, Ky.

5. Will Book, Vol. 3--Oldham County Court, LaGrange, Ky.

6. Deed Book, Vol. R, p. 156--Oldham County, LaGrange, Ky.

7. Tom Oglesby, Santa Ana, Cal., 1943

8. Mrs. Ann Crutchers Griffith, LaGrange, Ky., 1943

9. Tom Oglesby, Santa Ana, Calif., 1943

10. Beard's Station became Crestwood in 1910, a change made at the behest of summer residents who objected to Louisville & Nashville Interurban brakemen calling "Whiskers" for stops at Beard's Station. (Cleves Kinkaid of The Pendennis Club, Louisville, Ky., ; The Oldham Era , LaGrange , Ky., June 3, 1932).

11. Woodson A. Oglesby, LaGrange, Ky., 1943

12. Mrs. Ann Crutchers Griffith, LaGrange, Ky., 1943

13. National Archives, Washington, D.C.: Mexican Dependents, Certificate No. 4740

14. William W. Griffith, LaGrange, Ky., 1943

(When interviewed by the writer, Mrs. Ann Cruchers Griffith denied that D.W. Griffith as a boy had ever worked , every Saturday for fifty cents, at wrapping copies of the weekly his brother Jacob published in Taylorsville. Not only did Griffith never work on a paper published by his brother, but the latter did not even issue one in Taylorsville. Nor did Griffith ever work on the weekly published in Taylorsville by her brother Jack.)

, as asserted in Griffith's publicity material

15. William W. Griffith, LaGrange, Ky., 1943

16. DrJohn B. Richardson, The Pendennis Club, Lousville, Ky., 1943
(Dr. Richardson was a classmate of D.W. Griffith at the Second & Gray School)

17. Miss Ruth Griffith, Santa Ana, Calif., 1944

18. D.W. Griffith, Hotel Roosevelt, Hollywood, Calif., 1944

19. Frank P. Coyle, Deputy Commissioner, Court of Domestic Relations, Louisville, Ky.--1943

19-A: William O. Oglesby, Crestwood, Ky. 1943

19-B: Jackson, George Pullen: "White Spirituals in the Southern Uplands", p. 215, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C., 1933

CHAPTER II---[redacted] SOURCES AND NOTES

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[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

31. [redacted] Frank P.Coyle

32. D.W.Griffith,Newark,N.J.,1941. This anecdote was denied by William O.Oglesby of Crestwood,Ky., who stated that he had never heard of such a venture, and that he would have known of it had it occurred because [redacted] he was always in touch with Griffith during their boyhood.

33. Dr.J.V.P.Oglesby,Los Angeles,Calif.,1944

34. Cleves Kincaid,The Pendennis Club,Louisville,Ky.,1943

35. Frank P.Coyle

36. Cleves Kincaid,

37. Frank P.Coyle

38. ,, ,, ,,

39. [redacted] Cleves Kincaid,

40. D.W.Griffith,Hollywood,Calif.,1944

41. Cleves Kincaid

42. Klauber,Adolphe:"Maximilienne Guyon",Fetter's Southern Magazine,Apr.1895, Vol.II,No.9,pp.258-259

43. Mrs.Louella Calhoun,Santa Ana,Calif.,1943

44. Frank P.Coyle

[illegible]

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[illegible]

45.William Hoke Camp,Director,The Auditorium,Louisville,Ky.,1944

46.William Hoke Camp

47.William Hoke Camp

48.Art Supplement,"The Courier-Journal",Jan.3,1897,Louisville,Ky.

49.Dr.J.V.P.Oglesby,Los Angeles,Calif.,1943

[illegible]

50.Mrs.Louella Calhoun,Santa Ana,Calif.,1944

51."The Louisville Courier-Journal",Oct.1,1897

52. ,, ,, ,, ,, ,April 4,[illegible],1943

53.William Hoke Camp

54."The Louisville Courier-Journal",March 3,1895

55.William Hoke Camp

56."The Louisville Courier-Journal",Jan.3,1897

57. ,, ,, ,, ,, , ,, ,, ,,

58.Miss Dorothy Gish,Beverly Hills,Calif.,1944

59."The Louisville Courier-Journal",Jan.3,1897

60. ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,,

61.Frank P.Coyle

62.D.W.Griffith,Newark,N.J.,1941.
Letter by courtesy of
63.Miss Ruth Griffith,Santa Ana,Calif.,1943

64.Miss Lou Clore,Crestwood,Ky.,1943

65.~~Emmank~~ Woodson A.Oglesby,LaGrange,Calif.,1943

66."The Louisville Courier-Nournal",Jan.3,1897

67.D.W.Griffith,Philadelphia,P.a.,1941

68.John Sivori,National Theater,Louisville,Ky.,1943

69.D.W.Griffith,Philadelphia,Pa.,1942

70.William Coleman,New Albany,Ind.1943. For many years Mr.Coleman was ~~city~~ managing editor of The Louisville Times.

Chapter IV---Stage to Film

1.On the Rialto

The freight which Griffith boarded at Louisville moved into the Atlantic City terminal as he jumped off and stealthily made his way across the railroad tracks to the men's washroom in the depot,where he scrubbed the grime off his face and hands,shaved,changed clothes.He emerged wearing his hat at a rakish angle,and spent most of the day sauntering along the boardwalk.He had never seen so many women assembled in one area and ,as a male who was brought up in a hush-hush atmosphere surrounding sex,found tantalizing the contours of breasts and convoluting rumps,even if they were concealed by swim-suits.He also found refreshing the tang in the ocean air and on the following morning arrived in the city of his hopes:New York.

In the big metropolis--and elsewhere in the northern states--Griffith was to encounter new forces,currents and pressures, that set up a seeting and twisting of his tensions and emotionsIt is these elements, apart from his further experiences as an actor, that were pertinent in revealing the impact of new associations and symbols realities, on him as an individual.For his pre-film northern period did as much as his Old South Kentucky period in determining the kind of individual he was when the time came for him to work in a new medium of expression---the motion picture.

Inquiries in New York after his arrival disclosed that rates of the average hotel were beyond his slight resources."If I were you",a friendly policeman advised Griffith,"I'd find lodgings in the Bowery.Many places there where you can sleep for ten or fifteen cents a night".Griffith had read about New York's flophouses.He turned to them with trepidation.

For two months he lived in a flophouse on Houston Street,then moved to another on Davidson Street near Brooklyn Bridge.At the first of these

mosteiries the rate was fifteen cents a night.Here he shared a long room,that had been a loft,with about fifty other male creatures.Some had the appearance of ghouls.Others were gnarled wrecks,victims of industrial accidents.There were men with maladjustment twists---sadistic,depraved.Men who had been as hopeful as Griffith in the present. Odds and ends of humanity who never thought they would end up as flophouse guests.Two rows of them,on cots covered by bedspreads marked by reddish-brown smudges that had been bedbugs.On the floor a layer of street dust deposited by the men's shoes. Those who are homosexuals make furtive proposals/ to Griffith and there is considerable rivalry for his attention.They probably had cataloged his long,brown locks and clean,high,stiff winged collar as symbols of effeminacy."Say,girlie", one of them addresses him,"I know you! . .Don't you remember when we were together?" Griffith has to be on guard lest one of the perverts crawl into bed beside him.Nobody would give a second thought,not here in this dormitory,its air heavy with the smell of unwashed,sweating men and reverberating with their snorts and wheezes that make sleeping difficult and the nights hideous.Soon it will be 7.a.m. Then the flophouse manager will yank a stout chain and send every cot and its occupant collapsing to the floor.Such were the elements of Griffith's first abode in the big city.A collection of macwabre images that Dickens would have envied.

Griffith sought to adjust himself to his new environment and every day for a week called on Broadway theatrical agents for possible placement with a troupe.Their eyebrows arched perceptibly,when he naively gave them his Houston Street address and telephone number,despite the favorable impression made by his Meffert Theater programs.Some of the agents who had openings listed did not use him because they thought

he was either too tall [illegible] or not tall enough for his width to suit the part. [illegible] One agent told him that vaudeville was on the wane, at Koster & Bial, leading New York music hall, particularly and that the auditorium thereof was kept "light" by the Biograph

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he was either too tall for his width or not wide enough for his height. One agent gave him no encouragement whatsoever as to the prospect of a vaudeville engagement. "Vaudeville's on the wane. Why, even Koster & Bial, the town's leading music hall, is keeping its auditorium light by running Biograph's reproduction of the Jeffries-Fitzimmons prizefight", the agent said. Only burlesque was thriving", he added. Griffith had come to New York, the agent continued, at a time when the race of trained actors, who developed after many years with stock companies, was dying out as the theatrical trust [illegible] and took over theaters in cities and towns throughout the land. Instead of maintaining stock companies, the trust booked a minimum number of road shows for its circuits to garner the largest possible profit. The nature and quality of its plays or productions were secondary consideration. It offered inferior performances of good plays. The men in control of the theatrical trust were out to gratify, not improve, public taste. They did not believe in taking many chances".

Griffith returned to the flophouse under compulsion of getting any kind of work. Fortunately, he was hired by the foreman of a city work-gang

Now did he miss much among the lurid establishments in the Bowery and surrounding environs.He came to know all the hot spots---The low dance-houses patronized by harlots of every nationality,hue and dialect---"Concert" saloons where stringed or brass instruments played the latest popular songs as degraded women served liquor---Disreputable places devoted to lewd assemblages---Dives from which floated the strains of tunes banged out on grinding piano keys---Dagnios filled with hundreds of slum girls of 12 to 18 who danced with hoodlums or other male patrons for refreshments---Raines law hotels. These places were known by those who liked them.They increased sex tensions difficult to control.They thrust upon Griffith an ever-changing sequence of sensations and erotic images.All this absence of restraint was new to him.He had never seen anything nearly approaching it on Green Street in Louisville. Here in these hot spots it was convenient for a young Southern gentleman to shed his Old South code based on chivalry to white womanhood.That code dissolved before a new orientation in respect to instinct,sensation,actual stimulation--with little tendency to reflection and no fine pitch of esthetic approach.Consequently,it was not at all surprising that Griffith one day called on his cousin,Dr.Oglesby,because he was much worried about a sudden inability to indulge in coitus.The doctor examined Griffith and said,"David, you'll be all right.Just practice some abstinence for a few months".

Unfortunately,his sex drive interfered with an opportunity for Griffith during his first year in New York to act under the auspices of Charles Frohman, "front man" for the theatrical trust.One morning when Griffith came to rehearsal,another player,a young actress,told him she feared he had impregnated her. He never showed up for rehearsal after receiving the tidings about the likelihood of his possibale paternity.

Dear Miss Rice,

Recently I returned from Hollywood where I spent more than a year collecting source material for what I hope may be a definitive biography of D.W.Griffith. But these findings merely supplement a mass of material gathered at first-hand elsewhere during three years of study and investigation.For example,I spent about two months alone in and around Louisville, La Grange and Shelbyville consulting the Griffiths,Oglesbys, Bayles and neighbors who knew D.W. I talked at great length with the other W.R.Oglesby at La Grange three days before his fatal heart attack and attended both church and burial services.

Perhaps this may make clear to you the fact that I am doing a comprehensive job as regards the biography about one of the unique artists of our time---a biography for mature readers and one that will be read with interest fifty or a hundred years from now, when only the name of D.W.Griffith,of all those who have been or are connected with the motion picture,will be remembered because of thi this work.I therefore think it valid to solicit your cooperation.

And since I am doing a comprehensive study of D.W.,his life,his work and his times,it is necessary to present all the possible aspects of the man---social,economic,psychological,emotional and creative.These aspects need to be integrated in making any biography a work of art as well as a complete performance.I therefore hope for your cooperation.

from Keats' Ode to a Nightingale

III

Fain far away, dissolve and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
  Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
  Where youth grows pale, spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
  And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
  Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

VII

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
  No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
  In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
  Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
  The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
  Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Pixie: Am thinking of having the above for a front page, somewhete, preceding title, or facing first chapter. G. used to recite snatches or verses from the Ode from time to time. Once, at Amaroneck, he recited it in full, when he ran short of funds to complete a picture and had to go to a banker in N.Y. to make a loan. . . . I figure he must have memorized it working at Flexner's.

Beards Station---Nov. 3rd 1875

D. W. GRIFFITH COLLECTION
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Miss Mattie Griffith
Dear Daughter

...Will, if he lives, be a bright man. His mind is good. Wants cultivation

...You wish to know what Prof. Albert Abbott wrote about you. Young lady, should not know everything (suffice it to say he is your friend and lauds you much, then meet him half way and be to him as he is to you. Do your part and do it well. I will go to Louisville on Monday or Tuesday next, then and there will order your dress. If you have any orders to give send them to me as soon as you can. Also let me know whether or not you wish a hat before Christmas. If so, what kind;

sales murder accident-marriages deaths--school---on much good reading at the Reading Club in the Baptist Church as Floyds burg and some attend from Peewe ---Mrs. Alonzo Brown intends soo to mutliply n replenish the earth---

It is strange but all of my children are smart. The baby is one of the first in point o beauty and sense.

Be a good girl, be dutiful to your teachers and kind to every body

Yours,
J.W. Griffith

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. DWG joins the Mutual Film Corporation, the distributing agency for the producing companies of Majestic and Reliance. Harry Aitken president; studios at the Stern Morris Estate, Yonkers, and at 29 Union Square. DWG's salary is rumored at $2,500 per week plus profits on the pictures, also he is allowed two independent pictures a year. | October (A. B. Paine, LILLIAN GISH, p. 104) (T. Ramsaye, A MILLION AND ONE NIGHTS, p. 636) (NEW YORK TIMES 10/14/23) |
| 2. Large ad in the NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR stating that DWG is now with Mutual Film Corporation. | October 29, 1913 |
| 3. First mention of DWG in the Mutual Film Corporation magazine called REEL LIFE-- "The new Director of the Reliance and Majestic Studios, Mr. Griffith, joins these Mutual companies at one of the largest salaries ever paid to a Motion Picture Director." | November 8, 1913 (REEL LIFE) |
| 4. "DWG has already taken personal charge of affairs and is surrounding himself with an array of practical moving picture talent that covers every department of the producing end of the business from directors and camera experts to screen persons<br>DIRECTORS: C. Cabanne, Eugene Sanger, Edgar Lewis, Carl Le Vines, Travers Vale, George Reehm, James Kirkwood, E. Dillon<br>STARS: Mae Marsh, Robert Harron, Donald Crisp, Fred Burns, Robert Burns, Eagle Eye<br>Billy Bitzer, who holds the distinction of being the first if not the greatest camera expert in the United States, has joined the Reliance forces." L. & D. Gish | November 11, 1913 (REEL LIFE) |

| | EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|---|
| 5. | "DW (Larry) Griffith has engaged the Sinnemolar studios (4500 Sunset Blvd.) in Hollywood where at least ten companies will work under Majestic-Reliance." | December 10, 1913 (NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR) |
| 6. | "Under the direction of Lawrence Griffith, it is quite certain that the Mutual Girl series will become an important feature in the Mutual program....Mr. Griffith has surrounded himself with experts in every line. Frank Woods is in charge of the scenario department with Russell E. Smith as assistant. William Bitzer, formerly studio expert of the Biograph Company, joined Griffith together with E. Dillon, G. Cabanne and James Kirkwood, former Biograph directors." | December 13, 1913 (MOTION PICTURE WORLD), October-December, 1913) |
| 7. | DWG shoots THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES in anywhere from four to seven days. | around December 25, 1913 (G. W. BITZER) |
| 8. | "Westward Ho! is still the cry of the film men. Another company of Mutual players will help swell the ranks of the large Los Angeles motion picture colony at 4500 Sunset Blvd. within a few days. General Director D. W. Griffith selected the actors with special care, having in view the style of dramas in which they are to appear." | December 27, 1913 (REEL LIFE) |
| 9. | "Paul Armstrong's sensational drama, THE ESCAPE, will soon be seen as a four part motion picture. It is being produced by the famous director, D. W. Griffith, for presentation on the Mutual program. The appearance of this pretentious picture will be of special interest as it will mark the first appearance of Blanche Sweet as a Mutual star." | December 27, 1913 (REEL LIFE) |
| 10. | Christy Cabanne's first picture for Mutual be UNTIL DEATH DO US PART (THE GREAT LEAP) with Mae Marsh. | December, 1913 (REEL LIFE, p.3) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. DWG at work on THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES at the new Reliance Studio, 29 Union Square, N. Y. C. | January 10, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |
| 2. Two more Reliance companies are on their way west; they will be joined at an early date by DWG, chief director. | January 31, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |
| 3. DWG arrives at the Reliance Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, California--formerly the old Kinemacolor Studios. | February 14, 1914 |
| 4. THE MASSACRE, a Biograph picture directed by DWG, released by Biograph Company. | February 16, 1914 |
| 5. DWG referred to as the chief director of the Reliance Company. | February 23, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |
| 6. The Reliance Company is in California out of New York recently; the members of this company are all on the old Kinemacolor lot.<br>"Director Griffith and his photographic expert, William Bitzer, have invented new methods of taking and developing motion pictures during several years of experimental weeks, and the new factory is being constructed along the line of their advancing ideas, with a view to obtaining the clear cameo effect photography, which they have finally succeeded in perfecting."<br>Mr. Bitzer told me that he told the carpenters in detail how to build all the laboratory buildings on this lot. | March 7, 1914 (REEL LIFE, Supplement) |
| # JUDITH OF BETHULIA starts an engagement at the Tivoli Theatre, San Francisco, Cal. | March 8, 1914 (SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN 3/ 7/14) |
| # Story and list of players of THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES in Reel Life. | February 21, 1914 |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| # JUDITH OF BETHULIA is reviewed in the Motion Picture World. | March 7, 1914 |
| 7. THE GREAT LEAP, directed by W. Christy Cabanne and supervised by DWG and distributed by the Mutual Film Corporation, is at the New York Theatre, N. Y. C. | March 14, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |
| 8. Harry Aitken announces that DWG will do HOME SWEET HOME. | March 14, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |
| 9. "Since the recent arrival of DWG in Los Angeles, the Reliance studio at Hollywood is fast nearing completion. The old Kinemacolor studios are gone." | March 14, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |
| 10. "HOME SWEET HOME is to be picturized with an all-star cast. It is nearing fruitation under DWG, who has been called the Belasco of the movies." | March 14, 1914 (REEL LIFE, Supplement) |
| 11. It is rumored that DWG is receiving not less than $50,000 a year salary at Mutual Film Corp. | March 14, 1914 (REEL LIFE, Supplement) |
| 12. DWG is in the audience at the opening of THE GREAT LEAP, directed by W. Christy Cabanne under his supervision, at Woodley's Theatre, Los Angeles. | March 26, 1914 (March 11, 1914, REEL LIFE) |
| 13. THE BATTLE OF ELDERBUSH GULCH, directed by DWG for the Biograph Company, released by the Biograph Company. | March 28, 1914 |
| 14. "Since the coming of the Reliance Company to Los Angeles, the studios of the Majestic Company have been reorganized." | March 28, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| 15. The story and pictures of THE BATTLE appear in REEL LIFE. | April 4, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |
| 16. THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES' story appears in THE MOTION PICTURE WORLD. Harry Aitken says the picture was filmed in 4 (really anywhere from 4 to 7) days for $5,500 (NEW YORK TIMES, 10/14/28) | April 18, 1914 |
| 17. THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES is playing three times daily at Weber's Theatre, N. Y. C. | April 25, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |
| 18. BRUTE FORCE, directed by DWG for the Biograph Company, is released by the Biograph Company. | April 28, 1914 |
| 19. Ad in REEL LIFE stating that "David W. "Larry" Griffith is the head producer of Reliance Mutual Movies." | May 2, 1914 |
| 20. An article on DWG, "head producer of Reliance and Majestic Mutual Movies and world's greatest motion picture producer," in REEL LIFE. | May 2, 1914 |
| 21. The story and list of players of HOME SWEET HOME appears in REEL LIFE. It was shown for the first time in The Auditorium (Clune's), Los Angeles last week; it was the first picture to be shown in this auditorium, which was the home of grand opera. | May 16, 1914 |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| 22. Ad in REEL LIFE stating that "The Majestic Motion Picture Company announces that DWG is now also supervising the production of Majestic Releases." | May 16, 1914 |
| 23. HOME SWEET HOME opens at the Strand Theatre, N. Y. C. | May 17, 1914 (REEL LIFE, 5/16/14) |
| 24. "DWG is hard at work on Frank E. Woods' adaptation of a Poe tale: the cast includes Henry Walthall, Blanche Sweet and Spottiswoode Aitken." | May 23, 1914 |
| 25. HOME SWEET HOME is reviewed in the MOTION PICTURE WORLD. "It is a poetic, artistic, noble drama, deserving of high praise; it is brilliant, Griffith." | May 30, 1914 |
| 26. THE ESCAPE opens at the Cort Theatre, N. Y. C. | June 1, 1914 (REEL LIFE, 6/6/14) |
| 27. THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES is in London being distributed by the Dominion Exclusive Company. | June 27, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |
| 28. THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES is reviewed in THE MOTION PICTURE WORLD. "It is a fine sociological drama arousing wide comment." | July 1, 1914 |
| 29. THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE opens at the Strand Theatre, N. Y. C. | August 1, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| 32. The last time DWG's name appears on a Reliance Company ad as supervising their pictures. | August 1, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |
| 33. THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE opens at the Strand Theatre, N. Y. C. | August 2, 1914 (REEL LIFE, 8/1/14) |
| 34. "Word has gone forth from the Reliance and Majestic studios that DWG is hard at work upon one of the biggest spectacular films of the day." | August 1, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |
| 35. THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE is reviewed in THE MOTION PICTURE WORLD. "A spiritual, poetic, beautiful drama that reflects the spirit of Poe." | August 15, 1914 |
| 36. The last time DWG's name appears on a Majestic Company ad as supervising their pictures. | August 15, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |
| 37. "THE CLANSMAN, the great feature upon which DWG has devoted much of his time during several past months....." | August 29, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |
| 38. "DWG is in the wilds of the San Bernardino mountains---called Big Bear Valley---shooting THE CLANSMAN. More than 100 members of his company are with him." | September 26, 191 |
| 39. George Arliss visits the Reliance and Majestic studios and is shown around by DWG, who projects THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE and a portion of THE CLANSMAN for him. Mr. Arliss says he will no longer think of the motion pictures as crude. | December 26, 1914 (REEL LIFE) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. D.W.G. a stickler for realism, is having an interior of San Quentin prison reproduced exactly for his forthcoming feature, THE MOTHER AND THE LAW." | January 16, 1915 (Misc. Lets) |
| 2. THE CLANSMAN opens at Clune's Auditorium, Los Angeles. | February 8, 1915 |
| 3. Epoch Producing Corporation is incorporated at Eddyville, Ulster County, New York.<br>OFFICERS<br>William F. Sully, president<br>Fred F. Weiss, vice-president<br>A. H. T. Banshaf, secretary-treasurer<br>This company is still in existence. | February 8, 1915 |
| 4. THE CLANSMAN is shown in Washington for the White House and Supreme Court and diplomats. | (T. Ramsaye, A MILLION AND ONE NIGHTS, p. 641<br>A. B. Paine, LILLIAN GISH p. 114) |
| 5. DWG completes arrangements with Klaw and Erlanger to take over the Liberty Theatre, March 5, to show THE CLANSMAN at a $2 top--- the first time this has ever been done. | February 15, 1915<br>(THE MOTION PICTURE WORLD 2/20/15) |
| 6. A special showing of THE CLANSMAN is given at the Rose Gardens, 53rd Street and Broadway. It is at this showing that Thomas Dixon suggests that the film should have the name THE BIRTH OF A NATION. | February 20, 1915<br>(T. Ramsaye, A MILLION AND ONE NIGHTS, p. 641) |
| 7. The first meeting of the Epoch Producing Corporation is held--- | March 2, 1915 |

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| Officers elected<br>Harry E. Aitken, president<br>David W. Griffith, vice-president<br>Roy Aitken, secretary<br>A. H. F. Beanhof, treasurer | |
| 8. THE BIRTH OF A NATION opens at the Liberty Theatre, N. Y. C. | March 3, 1915 |
| 9. The first NEW YORK TIMES reference to DWG--a feature article on his life in the magazine section (Sunday). The first line--"David Griffith is today the biggest figure in the moving picture world." Among other things, DWG, prophesies that the public will be paying $5 for movies in the future. | March 6, 1915 |
| 10. DWG is in Boston for the opening of THE BIRTH OF A NATION. This is DWG's first vacation from making films since he started. (Bitzer) | April 9, 1915<br>(No. 5 BIRTH press book) |
| 11. BIRTH OF A NATION bill passed in Massachusetts; it provides for a censorship board of three people. | June 4, 1915(14?)<br>(MOTION PICTURE WORLD, 5/29/15) |
| 12. DWG at the opening of BIRTH OF A NATION in Chicago, Ill. | June 5, 1915<br>(BIRTH press book) |
| 13. The Biograph Company starts a series of reissues of DWG's Biograph pictures. The first one is THE BATTLE. THESE reissues continue through December, 1916, first one, then two a week; most of these are Griffith's but toward the middle of 1916, reissues of other directors creep in until at the end of 1916 they predominate. | June 11, 1915 |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| 14. Suddenly an ad appears in MOVING PICTURE WORLD that DWG is director general of the Reliance-Majestic studios. It never appears again. | June 19, 1915 |
| 15. DWG is working on INTOLERANCE. | June, 1915 (BIRTH, No. 5 press book) |
| 16. Harry E. Aitken resigns from the presidency of the Mutual Film Corporation. | June 25, 1915 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 6/26/15) |
| 17. Mary and Jack Pickford drop in to see DWG in the Mutual studio in Hollywood. | July 3, 1915 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 18. DWG had decided on his new feature--to be called THE MOTHER AND THE LAW. He is now at the Reliance-Majestic studios in Hollywood. | July 3, 1915 (THE MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 19. There are rumors that DWG is to make a picture called THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL. | July 17, 1915 (BIRTH, No. 4, press book) |
| 20. Triangle Film Company is incorporated under the laws of Virginia in La Junta, Colorado, to produce, manufacture and distribute motion picture films. They issued 1,000,000 shares at $5 a piece; the majority of the stock was held by the organizers, the rest went to the public. This Company is a combination of the New York Motion Picture Corporation to which Adam and Charles Kessel and Charles O. Baumann belong, Thomas Ince of Kay-Bee, Mack Sennett of Keystone and DWG of Fine Arts. | July 20, 1915 |

ITEM | DATE

Officers
Harry E. Aitken, president
G. O. Baumann
D. W. Griffith, vice-president
Thomas Ince
Mack Sennett
Adam Kessel, secretary
Charles Kessel, auditor
Their New York theatre is the Knickerbocker.

21. Another rumor that DWG is going to film THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL. — July 21, 1915

22. The initial offering of the Triangle Film Company is presented at the Knickerbocker Theatre, N. Y. C. — September 25, 1915 (T. Ramsaye, A MILLION AND ONE NIGHTS, p. 725)
THE LAMB with Douglas Fairbanks, supervised by DWG.
THE IRON STRAIN produced by Thomas Ince.
MY VALET with Raymond Hitchcock.

23. By October 1, 1915, 8 companies of THE BIRTH OF A NATION are touring the country and breaking records everywhere. — October, 1915 (BIRTH, No. 4, press book)

24. On the 150th performance of THE BIRTH OF A NATION in St. Louis, a dinner is given and DWG, who is in Los Angeles, is called on the long-distance telephone. — November 15, 1915 (BIRTH, No. 9, press book)

25. "How soon will we have another BIRTH OF A NATION?" That little inquiry can be heard rather generally these days...The fact that the famous Civil War drama is leaving the Liberty leads me to believe that DWG may have had time to complete another great production which he expects to plant in New York next fall. — November 25, 1915 (FILM DAILY)

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| [illegible] | [illegible] |
| 26. "I am very much in favor of getting out the best of the old films and playing them over again. Were you in at the Strand this week? Did you see that good old Biograph,, Fifth Passion, made several years ago by the master, D.W. Griffith? It was truly wonderful to me to see all the good old faces--think of a cast which contains such a collection of present-day celebrities as Arthur Johnson, Jack Gennett, Owen Moore, Marion Leonard, Gertrude Robinson, James Kirkwood, Billy Quirk and Clair McDowell, with probably two or three others hovering in the background with make-ups that made it impossible to detect their faces. The Biograph is giving us a series of these famous old film as "reissues." It so happens that more stars have come from the good old Biograph than any other company. That's why we always used to look for "AB" films." | November 25, 1915 (FILM DAILY) |
| 27. DWG arrives in New York City with A. E. Bidwell, his secretary, and J. J. McCarthy, general manager of the Epoch Producing Corp., on way from Louisville where his mother had just died. | December 14, 1915 (BIRTH, No. 9, press book) |
| 28. Wark Producing Corporation is incorporated in Eddyville, Ulster County, New York.<br>Its officers in 1923 were:<br>A. H. T. Banzhaf, president<br>C. E. Sterrett, secretary<br>Arthur S. Roth, treasurer | December 18, 1915 |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| 1. "For the first time in theatrical history a motion picture spectacle is being presented as a regular attraction at regular prices in regular first-class playhouses. The success speaks for itself. The Griffith drama comes here with a baggage equipment of two 60-ft. cars, a complete staff including mechanical experts and stage crew and a large symphonic orchestra regularly carried on tour--a company of 50 people altogether." | January 15, 1916 (GRIFFITH REVIEW, Hot Springs, Ark. BIRTH, No. 8, press book) |
| 2. DWG talks on the importance of the film at a meeting of the Merchants and Manufacturers Assn. in the Hotel Alexandria, Los Angeles. | January 18, 1916 (LOS ANGELES EXAMINER) |
| 3. DWG, Frank E. Woods, and G. W. Bitzer show Governor Johnson of California through their studio. | February 26, 1916 (THE TRIANGLE, a paper put out by Triangle Film Co.) |
| 4. DWG's book, THE RISE AND FALL OF FREE SPEECH IN AMERICA, is reviewed in THE MOVING PICTURE WORLD. Too pretentious a title for the work, too strong a bias of personal animosity but some points of value. | May 20, 1916 |
| 5. "....THE BIRTH OF A NATION stands a present as the supreme picture and every big offering will be in some way compared to it." | June 8, 1916 (FILM DAILY) |
| 6. DWG completes arrangements with Klaw and Erlanger to lease the Liberty Theatre for the coming season. INTOLERANCE is to open there August 22nd. | August 5, 1916 (NEW YORK TIMES) |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| 7. INTOLERANCE is tried out in Pomona, California, to get audience reaction. | Last week in August, 1916 (INTOLERANCE press book, No. 12) |
| 8. DWG stops in Chicago, Illinois, for an hour on his way to N. Y. C. | August 24, 1916 (INTOLERANCE press book, No. 12) |
| 9. "Griffith's great MOTHER AND THE LAW film, now called INTOLERANCE, opens for a run at the Liberty, September 5th. We're all waiting." | August 17, 1916 (FILM DAILY) |
| 10. DWG arrives in N. Y. C. for the opening of INTOLERANCE | August 26, 1916 (INTOLERANCE press book, No. 12) |
| 11. Article on DWG in PHOTOPLAY by Henry Stephen Gordon. | September, 1916 |
| 12. DWG at opening of INTOLERANCE in N. Y. C. at the Liberty Theatre. | September 5, 1916 |
| 13. INTOLERANCE is reviewed in the FILM DAILY "Stupendous, tremendous, revolutionary, intense, thrilling, and then you can throw away the old typewriter and give up with the dictionary because you can't find adjectives enough. Mr. Griffith has put on the screen what is, without question, the most stirring human expression that has ever been presented to the world. As a spectacle INTOLERANCE is the greatest offering ever staged. The hardest thing the film audience had to swallow was the revolutionary construction employed by Mr. Griffith in building four separate stories in such | September 7, 1916 |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| a manner that the audience could hold the thread of each and jump from one to the other in a manner which would have been considered absolutely impossible had most anyone else suggested it without being able to construct it. In presenting this offering, Mr. Griffith explained that he was not attempting to follow the accepted ideas of continuity, but was rather offering his themes in a development much the same as thoughts might flash in one's mind." | |
| 14. DWG goes to Albany to assist Governor Whitman in making campaign pictures because of the latter's stand on censorship. | sometime in September, 1916 (INTOLERANCE, No. 12, press book) |
| 15. The Board of Directors of the National Assn. of the Motion Picture Industry hold a meeting and resolve to oppose Federal censorship unanimously. DWG is one of the strongest opposers. | September 21, 1916 (NEW YORK TIMES, 9/22/16) |
| 16. DWG leaves N. Y. C. for the coast. | September 30, 1916 (INTOLERANCE, No. 12, press book) |
| 17. Article on DWG in PHOTOPLAY by Henry Stephen Gordon. | October, 1916 |
| 18. DWG in Cleveland, Ohio, on way to coast for early performance of INTOLERANCE. | October 2, 1916 (CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER 10/3/16) |
| 19. INTOLERANCE is still playing to capacity in N. Y. C. DWG has made a number of changes since the opening. | October 5, 1916 (FILM DAILY) |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| 20. DWG is back in Los Angeles, California. | October 5, 1916 (INTOLERANCE, No. 12, press book) |
| 21. Rumors of DWG's retirement from the screen because of censorship and the high cost of film making. | October 9, 1916 (INTOLERANCE, No. 12, press book) |
| 22. DWG attends the opening of INTOLERANCE at the Columbia Theatre in San Francisco, Cal. | October 9, 1916 (?) (INTOLERANCE, No. 12, press book) |
| 23. DWG attends the opening of INTOLERANCE at Clune's Auditorium, Los Angeles, Cal. | October 17, 1916 (INTOLERANCE, No. 12, press book) |
| 24. Article on DWG in PHOTOPLAY by Henry Stephen Gordon. | November, 1916 |
| 25. DWG attends the opening of INTOLERANCE at the Colonial Theatre, Chicago, Illinois. | November 23, 1916 (INTOLERANCE, No. 12, press book) |
| 26. Albert Grey sails for Australia to have INTOLERANCE shown in the Antipodes by J. E. Williamson management. | November 29, 1916 (INTOLERANCE, No. 12, press book) |
| 27. INTOLERANCE is breaking all records at the Columbia Theatre in San Francisco, Cal. It has an orchestra of 30 pieces and a chorus of 24 voices. | December 16, 1916 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 28. DWG attends opening of INTOLERANCE at the Chestnut Hill opera house, Philadelphia, Pa. | December 22, 1916 (INTOLERANCE, No. 12, press book) |
| 29. DWG will donate the receipts of INTOLERANCE on December 29th to the Florence Crittenton League. | (NEW YORK TIMES, 12/27/16) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. DWG is the guest of William M. Fatah, the managing director of the Pitt Theatre, where INTOLERANCE is running, at a luncheon in Pittsburgh, Pa. | January 5, 1917 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 1/20/17) |
| 2. The last of the Biograph releases which started in June 11, 1915. | January 6, 1917 |
| 3. DWG gives a speech against censorship at a showing of INTOLERANCE in Washington, D. C., to the Press Club. | January 8, 1917 (WASHINGTON POST, 1/9/17) |
| 4. As head of a committee of the National Assn. of Motion Picture Industry, DWG is placed in control of a nation wide campaign against censorship of motion pictures. | January 11, 1917 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 1/27/17) |
| 5. DWG is in Chicago for the day and the Women's Suffragette Part of Cook's County, Illinois, ask DWG to make a film on suffragettes. | January 22, 1917 (INTOLERANCE press book, No. 1 ) |
| 6. DWG is in Washington, D. C., to address the National Art League of America. | January 25, 1917 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 2/17/17) |
| 7. DWG is in the east during January and February; he visited Richmond and Norfolk, Virginia, during this time. | (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 2/17/17) |
| 8. DWG is to make a motion picture for the Entente Allies; he will sail on one of the first ships leaving for Europe. He has been considering this offer for some time. His film will be filed in the archives of the various governments. He will be given every facility to make the picture. | March 17, 1917 (NEW YORK TIMES) |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| 9. DWG severs his connections with Triangle Fine Arts and agrees to produce a series of pictures for Artcraft Pictures Corporation. | March 17, 1917 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 3/31/17) |
| 10. DWG sails for Europe with Lillian and Mrs. Gish. | March 17, 1917 |
| 11. DWG attends the opening of INTOLERANCE at the Drury Lane Theatre, London. | April 7, 1917 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 6/16/17) |
| 12. DWG is completing his work in Europe with the aid of the British War office and expects to be back in the United States shortly to begin pictures for Artcraft on the west coast. | May 26, 1917 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 13. The rest of DWG's staff--Dorothy Gish, Robert Harron, and G. W. Bitzer--sail for Europe on the S. S. Baltic. General Pershing is on the same boat. | May 31, 1917 (A. B. Paine, LILLIAN GISH) |
| 14. Statement in the Triangle--"whatever changes have taken place in Triangle management....." | June 30, 1917 (THE TRIANGLE) |
| 15. Lillian and Dorothy Gish are in an air raid in London. | July 8, 1917 (A. B. Paine, LILLIAN GISH) |
| 16. DWG has been in Europe since March 17th. He attended the preview of INTOLERANCE, also a gala performance attended by the King and Queen where he took their pictures. Part of his staff joined him later to work on a film. It is rumored that he is returning to California to finish this film; he had intended to stay in England only six weeks but it has lengthened into months. | September 22, 1917 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 17. DWG arrives in New York City after being abroad seven months. He was in England and the front line trenches making a picture. | October 15, 1917 (NEW YORK TIMES, 10/16/17) |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| 18. DWG arrives in Los Angeles, Cal., to complete his war film and to start his Artcraft pictures. | November 3, 1917 (LOS ANGELES EXAMINER, 11/3/17) |
| 1. "....although the great production (BIRTH OF A NATION) which set a record in motion picture history has been out nearly three years, this will be the first time that it has been played officially by the Epoch Company outside of the regular theatrical bookings in the higher-priced theatres." | January 5, 1918 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 2. HEARTS OF THE WORLD is shown in Pomona, Cal., at a tryout. | March 11, 1918 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 4/13/18) |
| 3. DWG attends the opening of HEARTS OF THE WORLD at the 44th Street Theater, N. Y. C. and gives a short speech. | April 4, 1918 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 4. DWG is in New York City during this week to arrange for the opening of HEARTS OF THE WORLD. | April 5, 1918 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 4/13/18) |
| 5. DWG is in Chicago, Illinois, to supervise the opening of HEARTS OF THE WORLD on April 22nd. | April 15, 1918 (CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE) |
| 6. Morris Gest, one of the producers of HEARTS OF THE WORLD, wires President Wilson protesting the cutting of two scenes from HEARTS OF THE WORLD by the Chicago censor. | April 29, 1918 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 7. Elliot, Comstock and Gest Enterprises announce that HEARTS OF THE WORLD will be released by state rights plan immediately. | May 11, 1918 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 8. HEARTS OF THE WORLD is reviewed in the FILM DAILY "Every American should see it; another triumph for the master; it has superb characterization with a smashing tempo against an artistic, realistic, background. | May 12, 1918 |

| | EVENT | DATE |
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| 9. | DWG is present when he is elected chairman of the Motion Picture War Service Assn. in Clune's Auditorium, Los Angeles, Cal. Mack Sennett, treasurer; S. S. V. Taylor, secretary. | May 28, 1918 |
| 10. | "During the past week, arrangements were consummated by Al. Gray, who has succeeded Eliott, Comstock and Gest in the handling of DWG's great war spectacle. It will be handled as a theatrical attraction at advanced prices by certain prominent states right men in their respective territories. Sol Lesser, president of All Star Feature Distributors, Inc., secured the right for all Pacific and mountain states, including California, for $200,000, probably the highest price ever paid for territorial rights." | June 15, 1918 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 11. | New England territory bought the rights of HEARTS OF THE WORLD at a much lower price, $75,000, when compared to the reported $200,000 paid by the Pacific Coast territory and the $150,000 each by Illinois and Pa. | July 6, 1918 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 12. | THE GREAT LOVE is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. (I can find no premiere or release date) "It is not so good because it is too long; it is a miniature spectacle; the Zeppelin raid is good." | August 18, 1918 |
| 13. | For the first time in the history of the House of Representatives, a motion picture of them is made. DWG in Washington to do it. He takes them in action during the selective draft amendment session. He will use these scenes in an American propaganda film on which he is working for the American government. | August 24, 1918 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 9/7/18) |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| 14. HEARTS OF THE WORLD's 800th performance in N. Y. C. | September 7, 1918 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 15. THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE is released by Artcraft. | December 8, 1918 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD INDEX, March, 1919) |
| 1. THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "DWG put it over again; it is both box-office, because it is human, and artistic." | January 5, 1919 |
| 2. There are rumors that DWG is deserting the movies for the stage. | January 10, 1919 (CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER) |
| 3. Fairbanks, Pickford, Chaplin and DWG meet at Fairbanks (Cal.) to discuss the forming of a company which will handle their pictures exclusively. | January 18, 1919 (T. Ramsaye, A MILLION AND ONE NIGHTS? p. 394-5) |
| 4. DWG signs a contract with First National Exhibitors Circuit, Inc., to make three pictures for them to exhibit beginning four months after his last Artcraft picture is released--thus making the earliest date for exhibition, January 15, 1920. DWG is to receive $285,000 per picture. (We have an unsigned carbon copy of this contract.) | January 21, 1919 |
| 5. A ROMANCE OF HAPPY VALLEY is released by Artcraft Pictures, Inc. | January 26, 1919 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 2/25/19) |
| 6. The rumors that DWG is signing with First National Exhibitors Circuit, Inc., are denied by Tally, vice-president of First National. | January 28, 1919 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 2/8/19) |
| 7. A ROMANCE OF HAPPY VALLEY is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "Which is real and delightful, | February 2, 1919 |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 8. DWG to make three films for release on the First National Circuit. The agreement was made three months ago as it does not interfere with his United Artists' agreement. It is rumored that he is to receive $150,000 or $200,000 per picture. | February 15, 1919 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD 1/2/20) |
| 9. United Artists is formally organized by Fairbanks, Chaplin, Pickford and Griffith; they sign interlocking contracts for three years. W. G. McAdoo is general counsel. | February 5, 1919 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD 2/22/19) |
| 10. THE GIRL WHO STAYED AT HOME is released by Artcraft. | March 25, 1919 (FILM DAILY YEAR BOOK 1919) |
| 11. "DWG will petition Congress through Representative Julius Cohn of California to pass a law making it a criminal offense to plagiarize a motion picture of the name of a motion picture producer. DWG claims it has been done to him." All exhibitors should know that his productions have his name on them. | March 29, 1919 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 12. THE GIRL WHO STAYED AT HOME is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "This film is disappointing but it is box-office. DWG's name will overcome the bad story. It would be wise to emphasize Robert Harron, George Fawcett, and Marshall and the two new finds, Carol Dempster and Clarien Seymour, in advance publicity." | March 30, 1919 |
| 13. United Artists is incorporated in the state of Delaware. DWG's share is 1,000 shares of preferred stock at $100 and 1,000 shares of common stock.<br>OFFICERS<br>Oscar A. Price, president<br>Dennis F. O'Brien, vice-president<br>George B. Clifton, sec.-treasurer | April 17, 1919 |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 14. DWG arrives in New York City from California to be at the opening of BROKEN BLOSSOMS, May 15th, at the George M. Cohan Theatre. | May 9, 1919 |
| 15. United Artists announces it will release four pictures from each star a year. | May 24, 1919 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 16. DWG attends the premiere of BROKEN BLOSSOMS at the George M. Cohan Theatre in New York City. This is also the opening of his repertory season. (DWG made BROKEN BLOSSOMS for Artcraft, but Zukor refused to show it; so DWG exhibited it a $$ at his own expense after buying it for $250,000; United Artists then needed a picture so DWG sold it to them to exhibit. REPERTORY press book) | May 15, 1919 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD 5/24/19) |
| 17. BROKEN BLOSSOMS is reviewed in the FILM DAILY "This film is a poetic tragedy given a masterly production; it is a master piece of its kind, and it offers a chance to see if the public will accept a tragic ending. It has a symbolic prologue set to music." | May 18, 1919 |
| 18. TRUEHEARTED SUSIE is released by Artcraft. | May 25, 1919 |
| 19. DWG is in Columbus, Ohio, for a few hours to attend the Methodist Centenary pageant and to discuss the filming of the pageant for the Methodists. This picture will circulate the Methodist Church route. DWG is doing it in memory of his mother and urges the use of film to advance religious work. | June 3, 1919 (OHIO STATE JOURNAL, Columbus, 6/14/19) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 20. TRUE-HEARTED SUSIE is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "The story is too long and slight, but true characterizations, especially Lillian Gish's, somewhat overcome it." | June 8, 1919 |
| 21. DWG in New York City around this date because he gives an interview in which he calls the praise of THE BIRTH OF A NATION both "sods and wild!" | June 15, 1919 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD 6/21/19) |
| 22. The second offering of the repertory season is THE FALL OF BABYLON. This is presented with stage entertainment suggested by the period of the film. It is shown in 41 times. Kyra, the snake dancer, appears. FILM DAILY says, "it is a wonderful spectacle, but the stage shows are a hindrance." | July 21, 1919 |
| 23. The third offering of the repertory season is HEARTS OF THE WORLD; it is shown 13 times. | August 11, 1919 |
| 24. Lady Diana Manners is rumored under contract to DWG. | August 14, 1919 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 25. The fourth offering of the repertory season is THE MOTHER AND THE LAW; it is shown 13 times. | August 18, 1919 |
| THE MOVING PICTURE WORLD calls it "frankly melodramatic." | August 30, 1919 |
| 26. There are rumors that DWG is building an eastern studio. | September 5, 1919 (REPERTORY press book) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 27. Albert L. Gray, general manager of D. W. Griffith, Inc., has selected the Flagler estate (30 acres) in New Rochelle, New York, as their eastern production headquarters. Frank Hartman, technical director, and F. O. Thompson, electrician, are now in New York. The entire efforts is expected around October 1. It is rumoured that H. H. Smathers of New York City is backing DWG at Mamaroneck. | September 20, 1919 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) REPERTORY press book. |
| 28. Buildings are ready going up at Mamaroneck. | September 27, 1919 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 29. DWG with his troupe (Robert Harron, Clarine Seymour, Kate Bruce, Lillian Gish and her mother, Carol Dempster) arrives in New York City to begin work at his eastern studio. | October 6, 1919 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 30. DWG is in New York City as a judge in a beauty contest with George M. Cohan and Harrison Fischer. | October 10, 1919 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 31. DWG has an article against the income tax in the Los Angeles TIMES. | October 26, 1919 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 32. SCARLET DAYS opens at the Rivoli Theatre, N. Y. C. | November 9, 1919 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 33. SCARLET DAYS is released by Artcraft. | November 16, 1919 |
| 34. DWG leaves for Miami, Florida, 11/17/19, to go on location to make First National pictures and arrives in Miami. | November 19, 1919 (REPERTORY press book) |

| | EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|---|
| 55. | DWG proposes having 2 more studios--one in Kentucky, the other in Florida. | November 23, 1919 (GRIFFITH press book) |
| 56. | SCARLET DAYS is reviewed by the FILM DAILY. "This is an exceedingly artistic production of an old-fashioned melodrama. It is good box-office because it has action and DWG's name." | November 25, 1919 |
| 57. | DWG reported lost with his troupe on a boat called THE GREEN DUCK on way to the Bahama Islands to make a picture. MacAdoo asks the assistance of the navy through Secretary Daniels of the Navy. This incident had wide publicity. | December 10, 1919 (NEW YORK TIMES 12/14/19) |
| 58. | DWG and troupe arrive safely at Nassau after 5½ days without food and water. | December 14, 1919 (NEW YORK TIMES 12/16/19) |
| 59. | THE GREATEST QUESTION is released by First National. | December 29, 1919 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD 12/20/19) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. THE GREATEST QUESTION is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "It contains too much horror." | January 4, 1920 |
| 2. Hector Fuller sent over DWG's route to check his story on being lost on The Grey Duck; he writes a book on it to prove DWG's story was true. | January 10, 1920 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 3. DWG, along with other motion picture people, pledges support to Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the Interior, to combat Bolshevik propaganda. | January 12, 1920 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 4. DWG buys WAY DOWN EAST from W. A. Brady for $175,000. | February 4, 1920 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 5. DWG argues successfully in Richmond, Virginia, before the Virginia Legislative, probably the Welfare Committee of the House of Representatives, to kill the censorship in that state. | February 5, 1920 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 2/21/20) |
| 6. RAINBOW ISLE (IDOL DANCER) is the name of the second production of DWG for First National. | February 8, 1920 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 7. There are rumors that the British Government wants DWG and George Loane Tucker to make a big feature on commercial imperialism. | February 13, 1920 (VARIETY) |
| 8. DWG is working on WAY DOWN EAST at Mamaroneck, N. Y. | March 9, 1920 (REPERTORY press book) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 9. DWG gives the film, THE WORLD AT COLUMBUS, to the Methodists in memory of his mother. This film to be shown in Joplin, Missouri. | March 14, 1920 (JOPLIN MISSOURI GLOBE) |
| 10. DWG is at White River Junction, Vt., making WAY DOWN EAST. | March 22, 1920 (NEW ENTORY press book) |
| 11. DWG is back at the Mamaroneck Studio working on WAY DOWN EAST. | March 25, 1920 (NEW YORK TELEGRAPH) |
| 12. THE IDOL DANCER is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "This film is also called FIRES OF LOVE." "The story is disappointing but it is a picture poem with complete appreciation of the artistic. It has box-office appeal because it is a Griffith production, he was lost at sea while making it, it has an atmosphere of the South Seas with grass skirts and shimmy." | March 28, 1920 |
| 13. The Society of Arts and Sciences meet at the Biltmore Hotel, N. Y. C., to pay tribute to THE BIRTH OF A NATION, among other things. This picture has elevated public taste. | March 31, 1920 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 4/10/20) |
| 14. DWG gets a patent out on picture projection with color effect. | April 10, 1920 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 15. BROKEN BLOSSOMS is playing three times daily at the Alhambra in London; it is highly praised by the critics. | April 17, 1920 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| * THE IDOL DANCER is released by First National. | March 22, 1920 (FILM DAILY YEAR BOOK 1920-1) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 16. DWG addresses the American Newspaper Publisher's Assn. on censorship at the Rivoli Theatre, N. Y. C. and gives a special showing of BLACK BEACH (THE GARMENT GIRL or THE LOVE FLOWER) | April 21, 1930 (NEW YORK press book) |
| 17. Lillian Gish leaves DWG and signs with the Feuhman Amusement Corporation for three years. | June 5, 1930 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 18. DWG's contract with First National Exhibitors Circuit, Inc., expires. | June 21, 1930 (NEW REPORT press book) |
| 19. D. W. Griffith, Inc., is granted a charter by the Maryland State Tax Commission with a capitalization of $50,000,000. There are 500,000 shares of stock--125,000 A, 375,000 B. The financing was accomplished through Counselman and Co. (112 W. Adams Street, Chicago) and Bertron, Griscom and and Co. (40 Wall Street, N. Y. C.). The company holds 1/5 interest in United Artists. DWG's life is insured for $500,000 for as long as the corporation exists.<br>OFFICERS<br>D. W. Griffith, president<br>Albert L. Grey, general manager<br>J. C. Epping, business manager<br>A. H. T. Banzhaf, general counsel<br>Charles Counselman and Lee Benoit on the Board of Directors. | June 30, 1930 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD, 7/24/30) |
| 20. In payment for the assets of his business to D. W. Griffith, Inc., DWG will take all class B stock. Class A to be sold on the market. | July 3, 1930 (NEW YORK TIMES) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 21. Horton, Grissom and Co. of New York and Counselman and Co. of Chicago are jointly offering for subscription 125,000 class A shares of D. W. Griffith, Inc., at $18 (?) per share. The proceeds from the sale of the shares will be used as additional working capital. | July 14, 1920 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 22. DWG says that D. W. Griffith, Inc., does not interfere with his United Artists contract. In his new company, he is interested in just producing, not buying theatres, etc. | July 24, 1920 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 23. Benjamin F. Schulberg, president of the Attraction Producing Corporation, 1476 Broadway, brought suit against United Artists (all four members) for commissions which he was entitled to for bringing about the purchase of Pickford, Fairbanks and Chaplin films by English producers. | August 5, 1920 (NEW YORK TIMES, 8/6/20) |
| 24. United Artists asked by Supreme Court Justice Lydon to exhibit their books for accounting in all alleged European enterprise involving more than a quarter of a million dollars. | August 12, 1920 (NEW YORK TIMES, 8/13/20) |
| 25. DWG in Middletown, N. Y., for the preview of WAY DOWN EAST. | August 13, 1920 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 26. DWG in Kingston, N. Y., for the preview of WAY DOWN EAST. | August 24, 1920 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 27. DWG attends the opening of WAY DOWN EAST in N. Y. C. | |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| 29. THE LOVE FLOWER, released by United Artists, is reviewed in the FILM DAILY.<br>"A beautiful, poetic, entertaining story with little action; some class as last pictures; for audiences who like poetic beauty and realistic drama, not for those who like action."<br><br>This picture was originally made for First National, but was bought back by DWG and exhibited by United Artists. | August 28, 1930 |
| 29. WAY DOWN EAST is reviewed in the FILM DAILY.<br>"This is a splendidly treated melodrama rising to the greatest climax ever screened; the comedy strikes a false note. It is the biggest box-office attraction of the times; it is artistic, lasting, powerful. DWG's name and that of Lillian Gish will help to put it over too." | September 14, 1930 |
| 30. An editorial in the NEW YORK TIMES calls DWG somewhat of a faker because, while he claimed most movies are gilded hokum, he was working on WAY DOWN EAST. | September 24, 1930<br>(NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 31. In an interview, DWG tells the reasons why he came east to make motion pictures.<br>1. He wants real settings; if he needs New England atmosphere, he can go to New England.<br>2. Los Angeles territory has been filmed to death.<br>3. New York is the home of wealth and brains. | November 7, 1930<br>(NEW YORK TIMES) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. A petition in bankruptcy is filed against the Mark Producing Corporation by D. W. Griffith, Jr., who is claiming $10,000, Harry Rolfe, who is claiming $4,000, and S. Mayer, who is claiming $400. The liabilities of this corporation are $200,000, its assets are $100,000. The receiver is Walter H. Saligsberg. | January 8, 1921 (BILLS) |
| 2. The Philadelphia Properties Corporation, in which DWG has an interest, purchased a site in Philadelphia to raise a ten million dollar theatre to be called the DWG Theatre. | January 21, 1921 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 3. DWG is in Washington, D. C., around this date to see Joseph Tumulty, President Wilson's secretary. | February 5, 1921 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 4. DWG is working on DREAM STREET. | February 22, 1921 (REPERTORY press book) |
| * An initial dividend of $1 is paid on class A stock of the D. W. Griffith, Inc. | March 4, 1921 |
| 5. DWG offers to shoot a scene from DREAM STREET at the Hippodrome to raise money for the Boys Club of New York. | March 6, 1921 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 6. DWG is in Middletown, N. Y., for a preview of DREAM STREET. | March 16, 1921 (REPERTORY press book) |
| 7. DWG is present at a dinner given for him by the Friars at the Astor Hotel. He is hailed as the motion picture director who has contributed more than any other individual to the development of the screen throughout the world. Thomas Dixon and Lillian Gish are present. State Senator James J. Walker spoke of the great power DWG now had and how he never abused it. | March 27, 1921 (NEW YORK TIMES, 3/28/21) |

| | EVENT | DATE |
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| 8. | DREAM STREET is shown at the actor home for the benefit of the League of Foreign-Born Citizens. | March 20, 1921 (DREAM STREET, press book, p.15) |
| 9. | DWG is in Albany, N. Y., speaking against the Clayton-Lusk Bill on censorship. | April 5, 1921 (FILM DAILY, April-June 1921) |
| 10. | DWG attends the opening of DREAM STREET at the Central Theatre, N. Y. C. | April 12, 1921 (DREAM STREET, press book, p.19) |
| 11. | DREAM STREET is reviewed in the FILM DAILY, "This is not a super production, but it is artistic and well acted, though a little long. It will draw because of DWG's name." | April 17, 1921 |
| 12. | "By and by, what became of the Billy Bitzer's photography? Hendrik Sartov did Griffith's latest. And the crowd wondered. Because Bitzer has been regarded as part of Griffith." | April 18, 1921 (FILM DAILY) |
| 13. | "Albert L. Griffith (Grey) is made defendant in an action brought by Robert Edgar Long, former general press representative for the Griffith productions, to affect an accounting on the sale of WAY DOWN EAST souvenir books, now being sold in theatres where the picture is being shown. Long, who designed the book, claims to have had a partnership agreement with A. L. Griffith. The sum of $11,625 is involved. The defendant is vice-president and general manager of D. W. Griffith, Inc." | April 21, 1921 (FILM DAILY, April-June 1921) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 14. OAT [illegible] reaches its 450th performance in N. Y. C. | April 21, 1921<br>(FILM DAILY April-June, 1921) |
| 15. DWG abandons the option on the property the Philadelphia Properties Corp. bought to build a theatre carrying his name. | April 25, 1921<br>(DREAM STREET press book, p. 25) |
| 16. DREAM STREET is released by United Artists. | April 25, 1921 |
| 17. DWG's plans for the first of day. Pictures he might make: BEN HUR, THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL, THE LIFE OF CHRIST, FAUST, SANDS OF DEE. | (REPERTORY press book) |
| 18. A long article in the Sunday NEW YORK TIMES by DWG on his stand against censorship. | May 1, 1921 |
| 19. DWG introduces talking in some sequences of DREAM STREET at the Capitol Theatre, N. Y. C. Also scenes with DWG and Irvin S. Cobb talking. This is the invention of O. E. Kellum/ | May 2, 1921<br>(FILM DAILY, DREAM STREET press book, p. 39) |
| 20. DWG attends the opening of DREAM STREET in Providence, R. I. | May 2, 1921<br>(REPERTORY press book) |
| 21. DWG attends the opening of DREAM STREET in Boston, Mass. | May 7, 1921<br>(DREAM STREET press book) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 22. The Capitol Theatre, showing THE BIRTH OF A NATION, is picketed by members of the Society for the Advancement of Colored People. DWG says that the criticism is misguided. | May 6, 1921 (NEW YORK TIMES, 5/8/21) |
| 23. DWG buys the exclusive film rights from Kate Stevenson of THE TWO ORPHANS for $5,000. (We have an unsigned carbon copy of this contract). | May 21, 1921 |
| This new film will be completed in about four months. | May 21, 1921 (FILM DAILY) |
| 24. "A dividend of 50 cents per share on outstanding class A shares of the D. W. Griffith, Inc., was declared June 15, 1921, payable July 25, 1921, to stockholders of record at the close of business on July 1, 1921." | June 16, 1921 (NEW YORK TIMES, 6/30/21) |
| 25. An article by DWG on "The Miracle of Modern Photography" in THE MENTOR. | July |
| 26. DWG quoted as against censorship. | July 5, 1921 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 27. Central Union Trust Co. advances $340,000 to D. W. Griffith, Inc., through DWG in return for the negatives and the money earned by WAY DOWN EAST, DREAM STREET, AND THE TWO ORPHANS. (We have an unsigned carbon copy of this agreement). | October 5, 1921 |
| 28. DWG, who is working on THE TWO ORPHANS at Mamaroneck, takes out an insurance policy of $25,000 against the possibility of its ever showing before November 20th. First time this has ever been done. | October 30, 1921 (NEW YORK TIMES) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 29. DWG writes to Secretary of the Navy Denby that he would like to use the fleet they are going to scrap a film against war; he would take as little personal salary as his obligations would allow. | November 25, 1921 (NEW YORK TIMES 11/26/21) |
| 30. DWG plans a 7R real picture to be released as 6 related pictures in 12 reels apiece. | November 27, 1921 (ORPHANS press book) |
| 31. DWG gets $25,000 insurance money because it did not snow before November 30th. | November 28, 1921 (FILM DAILY) |
| 32. An editorial in the NEW YORK TIMES in which DWG is quoted on "parasites of the movies." "Industry should be ready to take suggestions to better themselves; they shouldn't copy original successes." | December 24, 1921 |
| 33. ORPHANS OF THE STORM is completed. | December 25, 1921 (FILM DAILY) |
| 34. DWG attends the opening of ORPHANS OF THE STORM in Boston. Lillian and Dorothy Gish are with him. | December 28, 1921 (ORPHANS press book) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. DWG at the opening of ORPHANS OF THE STORM at the Apollo Theatre, N. Y. C. The Gishes are also present. | January 4, 1922 (ORPHANS press book) |
| 2. DWG favors Will Hays accepting position to head the movies: rumors that he disapproved are false. | January 5, 1922 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 3. DWG is invited by Winchell Smith to go on a Nile trip. | January 7, 1922 (ORPHANS press book) |
| 4. ORPHANS OF THE STORM is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "The power of the film lies in the fact that it is a melodramatic spectacle, huge at times. It is magnificent but not the best of DWG's splendid creations. Some sequences are too long but the close of the first part and the rescue at the end are driven home. Joseph Schildkraut is a definite discovery." | January 8, 1922 |
| 5. Arthur James writes an editorial on ORPHANS OF THE STORM in the MOTION PICTURE WORLD. "....aglow with color, pulsing with life, eager, rapid, sumptous." | January 14, 1922 |
| 6. Rumors on DWG's plans: He may do FAUST with Lillian Gish or Abraham Lincoln or go to Florida to make a picture. | January 28, 1922 (ORPHANS press book) |
| 7. DWG is approached by two South American nations to make historical films for them. DWG's stipulation is that he may make two versions--one for North America, one for South America. | January 29, 1922 (NEW YORK TIMES) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 8. DWG is in Chicago with the Gishes for the opening of ORPHANS OF THE STORM; the visit the HERALD-EXAMINER office and says in Frank Bacon's LIGHTNIN'. | January 31 to February 5, 1922 (ORPHANS press book) |
| 9. A rumor that DWG may make HAMLET OF LEE with Mae Marsh. | February 12, 1922 (ORPHANS press book) |
| 10. DWG delivers a speech before the Advertising Club of New York on the movies--"there is no need to defend them" keynote--he warns them against sincere fanatical minorities and what they can do to a film. | February, 15, 1922 (NEW YORK TIMES 2/16/22) |
| 11. DWG is welcomed by Governor A. F. Morrow of Kentucky in Louisville where DWG has come to fight Kentucky bill on the censorship of of the movies. | February 19, 1922 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 12. DWG is negotiating with H. G. Wells to film AN OUTLINE OF HISTORY. | April 25, 1922 |
| 13. ORPHANS OF THE STORM is released by United Artists. | April 30, 1922 (FILM DAILY 1922-23) |
| 14. Xli H. Bernheim through the Central Union Trust Co. of New York leands D. W. Griffith, Inc., $267,500 to make HAUNTED GRANDE (ONE EXCITING NIGHT). (We have an unsigned carbon copy of this agreement.) | June 15, 1922 |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 16. DWG is in Derby, Conn., for the preview of ONE EXCITING NIGHT at the Sterling Theatre. | September 14, 1922 (ONE EXCITING NIGHT press book) |
| 16. ORPHANS OF THE STORM stirs the anger of the Parisians who claim his picture of the deported royalty is exaggerated. | September 16, 1922 (NEW YORK TIMES 9/17/22) |
| 17. DWG in Montclair, New Jersey, for another preview of ONE EXCITING NIGHT. | September 22, 1922 (ONE EXCITING NIGHT press book) |
| 18. DWG in Newport, R. I., at the Colonial Theatre for another preview of ONE EXCITING NIGHT. | October 2, 1922 (ONE EXCITING NIGHT press book) |
| 19. DWG attends the opening of ONE EXCITING NIGHT at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, Mass. | October 9, 1922 (ONE EXCITING NIGHT press book) |
| 20. DWG attends the opening of ONE EXCITING NIGHT in New York City at the Apollo Theatre. | October 25, 1922 (ONE EXCITING NIGHT press book) |
| 21. ONE EXCITING NIGHT, released by United Artists, is reviewed in the FILM DAILY.<br>"This film is good enough but Griffith wastes his tremendous talents. This has box-office but one expects more from Griffith--this could have been made in his Biograph days. Porter Strong is the best." | October 29, 1922 |

| EVENT | DATE |
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| 22. LMG is interested in three-dimensional films. | November 6, 1932 (ONE EXCITING NIGHT press book) |
| 23. LMG is in Chicago for the opening of ONE EXCITING NIGHT. | November 6, 1932 (?) (ONE EXCITING NIGHT press book) |
| 24. LMG begins work on THE WHITE ROSE. | December 8, 1932 (THE WHITE ROSE press book) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. The Central Union Trust Co. of New York Lends D. W. Griffith, Inc., $650,000 at 6 per cent to make THE WHITE ROSE. (We have the unsigned carbon copy of this agreement.) | January 24, 1923 |
| 2. DWG is in New London, Conn., for a preview of THE WHITE ROSE, at the Crown Theatre. | May 15, 1923 (WHITE ROSE press book) |
| 3. DWG is in New Orleans, La., shooting THE WHITE ROSE | February 17, 1923 (WHITE ROSE press book) |
| 3. DWG attends the opening of THE WHITE ROSE, released by United Artists, at the Lyric Theatre, N. Y. C. | May 22, 1923 (WHITE ROSE press book) |
| 4. THE WHITE ROSE is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "Mae Marsh is triumphant but the picture is burdened by old story and excessive detail; it has high pictorial appeal. It may not make money because it is too long and sordid, but play up Mae Marsh's performance. This film is better than ONE EXCITING NIGHT. | June 10, 1923 |
| 5. THE WHITE ROSE is released by United Artists. | August 19, 1923 (FILM DAILY 1924) |
| 6. DWG starts work on AMERICA at Mamaroneck, N. Y. | August 26, 1923 (AMERICA press book) |
| 7. DWG is shooting outdoor scenes for AMERICA in Putnam County, N. Y. Secretary of War Weeks has offered all reasonable help--has already sent 1,000 U. S. Army men. | September 30, 1923 (NEW YORK TIMES) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 8. The Battle of Bunker Hill is photographed in Westchester County, N. Y. | October 8, 1923 (New York Times 8/12/23) |
| 9. DWG is in Lexington, Mass., shooting scenes for AMERICA. | October 18-20, 1923 |
| 10. The Central Union Trust Co. of New York lends D. W. Griffith, Inc., $500,000 at 6 per cent interest for the half-completed film, AMERICA. (We have an unsigned carbon copy of this agreement). | October 22, 1923 |
| 11. DWG is in Washington, D. C., to be introduced by Congressman Treadway to present to Present Coolidge to show scenes from AMERICA. | October 31, 1923 (AMERICA press book) |
| 12. DWG is in Richmond, Virginia shooting AMERICA. | first week in November, 1923 (AMERICA press book) |
| 13. DWG is in Ft. Myers, Virginia, shooting AMERICA. | October 31, 1923 |
| 14. DWG is in Westover, Viriginia shooting AMERICA. | November 8 or 9, 1923 (AMERICA press book) |
| 15. DWG is in Yorktown, Virginia, shooting AMERICA. | second week in November, 1923 (AMERICA press book) |
| 16. DWG is back in Mamaroneck to complete AMERICA. | early December, 1923 (AMERICA press book) |
| 17. JUDITH OF BETHULIA is still being circulated--Canada. | |

| ITEM | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. DWG is still working on AMERICA at Mamaroneck Studio. | January 15, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 2. The Sack Producing Corporation is dissolved. The certificates of indebtedness outstanding were paid and nothing was left for the stockholders. | January 18, 1924 |
| 3. DWG attends the opening of AMERICA at the 44th Street Theatre, N. Y. C. | February 21, 1924 (AMERICA press book) |
| * AMERICA, released by United Artists, is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "Once again DWG triumphs, the a great epic has been allowed to dwindle at times to sheer melodrama but the public will probably eat it up." | March 2, 1924 |
| 4. DWG attends the opening of AMERICA in Boston, Mass., at the Majestic Theatre. | March 6, 1924 (AMERICA press book) |
| 5. "DWG has accepted an invitation from a group of bankers to go to Rome to discuss plans for producing an elaborate motion picture with Italian actors. One million dollars will be contributed by a syndicate headed by Andrea Serrao. DWG will leave for Italy in three weeks. The theme is be of national character." | March 15, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES 3/15/40) |
| 6. DWG gives an interview while working on the orchestration of AMERICA. | March 23, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 7. DWG attends an United Artists meeting in New York (729 Seventh Avenue) and decides to carry out existing contract. | March 28, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES 3/29/24) |
| 8. DWG attends the opening of AMERICA in Philadelphia, Pa. | March 31, 1924 (AMERICA small press book) |

| | EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|---|
| 9. | DWG is intertained by Rev. and Mrs. F. Herbert Buck in Valley Forge where he has come to pay tribute to Washington's army. | March 31, 1924 (AMERICA press book) |
| 10. | DWG and Mary Pickford advocate that a motion picture school be added to the proposed Central Park Art Center. | April 3, 1924 (AMERICA press book) |
| 11. | DWG in Pittsburgh, Pa., for the opening of AMERICA at the Pitt Theatre. | April 7, 1924 (AMERICA press book) |
| 12. | "DWG sails on the S. S. Olympic for Rome, Italy, accompanied by his lawyer, A. H. F. Sanshaf, to confer with a group of Italian financiers headed by Commander G. Andrea Serrao, to make an elaborate picture for Italy." Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks sail on the same boat. | April 12, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 13. | DWG says that foreign movies languish compared to American ones. Once the brother of D'Annunzio wanted his to make a film about D'Annunzio starring D'Annuzzio. Also Joseph Malkin was sent by Soviet Russia to ask DWG to become a director in Russia because of the great influence of his film, INTOLERANCE. | April 13, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES, Sunday) |
| 14. | "D. W. Griffith, Inc., begins a suit in the U. S. District Court, N. Y. C. against Al Jolson claiming $571,969.72 for alleged breach of contract in connection with the actor's agreement to appear in motion pictures under the direction of Mr. Griffith. Mr. Jolson and Mr. Griffith made a gentlemen's agreement on June 15th which Mr. Jolson terminated by suddenly sailing for Europe at the end of June. Mr. Griffith had already put up sets to the cost of $71,696.72" | April 24, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES 4/25/24) |

| | EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|---|
| 15. | DWG arrives in N. Y. C. on the S. S. Homeric. His plans for the Italian pictures are still indefinite, because conditions are not suitable for big pictures, in Italy. | May 8, 1924 (AMERICA press book) |
| 16. | The Italian venture of DWG is still pending; it is backed by the Banca Commerciale Italiana. | May 18, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 17. | Famous Players-Lasky Corp. agree to lend $250,000 to D. W. Griffith, Inc., in return for DWG's direction of three pictures. DWG still receive 20 per cent of the net profit of the pictures and 20 per cent of his savings on the negative cost. (We have a carbon copy of this contract). Mug & Mug to receive $6,000 per week jointly. | June 10, 1924 |
| 18. | The Empire Trust Co. of N. Y., backed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corp., agree to make a loan of $250,000 at 6 per cent to D. W. Griffith, Inc., for the picture, WRONGED RECEIPT(ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL). (We have a carbon copy of this agreement. | July 1, 1924 |
| 19. | DWG sails with his troupe on the S. S. Washington to make DWAN (ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL) in Germany. | July 4, 1924 |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 20. Adolphe Zukor of Famous Players-Lasky Corp. announces that DWG has joined his producing staff. The latter is now in Germany but will take up his work at Famous Players-Lasky on his return. It is rumored that DWG will receive well over $100,000 a year. | July 16, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES 7/17/24) |
| 21. United Artists announces that DWG has renewed his contract for three years. A. H. F. Banshaf claims the the renewal was signed for publicity purposes and had no further meaning, but United Artists say they intend to enforce the agreement. | July 25, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES 7/26/24) |
| 22. DWG tries to get the ban on AMERICA (called LOVE AND SACRIFICE in England) removed. He staged a private showing at Prince's Restaurant, Picadilly and hopes to have it appear at the Scala Theatre. | September 4, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES 9/5/24) |
| 23. DWG lands in N. Y. C. aboard the S. S. Scythia with 11 members of his company. DWG says that in this picture he abandons the theatrical plot in the machine sense and has thrown in his artistic and financial fortunes into the picturing of life. | September 16, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES 9/17/24) |
| 24. AMERICA finally passes the London Board of Census; the film had been banned twice in the last 6 weeks. The changes were made mostly in the titles and subtitles. | September 19, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES 9/20/24) |
| 25. DWG is working on the interior of DAWN (ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL). | September 21, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 26. DWG attends the opening of ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL at the Rivoli Theatre, N. Y. C. | November 30, 1924 (LIFE press book) |
| 27. ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "This film is too sordid, but it will go over because it is a Griffith. One admires the subject matter and the handling but it is not box-office." | December 1, 1924 |
| 28. DWG gives an interview. He says the audience should arrive before the beginning of a picture to get the full meaning of the picture. The preview audience of ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL was late. | December 7, 1924 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 29. D. W. Griffith, Inc., gives ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL as further collateral to the Central Union Trust Co. of N. Y. and F. A. Powers for loan. (We have a carbon copy of this agreement.) | December 23 and 24, 1924 |
| * An editorial in PHOTOPLAY to DWG asking him to again make the kind of picture he once did. | December 1, 1924 |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. Rumors that DWG may take Cecil B. DeMille's place at Famous Players-Lasky as director-general are denied. DWG is now working on a United Artists film (SALLY OF THE SAWDUST). He is soon to start on SORROWS OF SATAN for Famous Players-Lasky at the Astoria studio, N. Y. | January 15, 1925 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 2. ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL is released by United Artists. | January 18, 1925 (FILM DAILY) |
| 3. DWG attends the annual dinner of St. David's Society at the Hotel Astor, N. Y. C. He gives a short speech in which he tells them that the theatre needs cleaner audiences. | March 3, 1925 (NEW YORK TIMES 3/3/25) |
| 4. A Luncheon is given in the Astoria Studio of Paramount in honor of DWG beginning the Famous Players-Lasky (Paramount) contract. The press is present and DWG gives a short speech and then makes a few scenes for them from THAT ROYLE GIRL. | July 8, 1925 (NEW YORK TIMES 7/9/25) |
| 5. SALLY OF THE SAWDUST is released by United Artists.<br><br>(This picture was made for Famous Players-Lasky, but, because DWG still had a picture due to United Artists, although at the time of signing his contract with Famous Players-Lasky he did not tell them this, Famous Players-Lasky turns this picture over to United Artists for distribution. DWG is the loser in the financial arrangement). | August 2, 1925 (FILM DAILY 1926) |
| 6. SALLY OF THE SAWDUST is reviewed in the FILM DAILY.<br>"DWG has forgotten about art and played to the box-office, but the film is still too long. Carol Dempster her arms about too much in an attempt to give an impression that she is a kid. W. C. Fields is the best; it is his first appearance. This film is box-office chiefly because of DWG'S name. | August 9, 1925 |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. DWG is voted the best director of 1925-1926. | (FILM DAILY 7/20/21) |
| 2. THAT ROYLE GIRL, released by Paramount (Famous Players-Lasky), is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "Griffith palys straight to the box-office and hits the mark. The picture runs long but the shirtsind climax is sure to send them out forgetting all about it." | January 17, 1926 |
| 3. THAT ROYLE GIRL is released by Paramount. | January 31, 1926 (MOTION PICTURE ALMANAC) |
| 4. "In a poll of motion picture advertisers to select the 12 men who had made the most contribution to the advancement of the art of the film, Mr. Griffith was the only director honored with membership in this "Hall of Fame." His most noted film was THE BIRTH OF A NATION." | March 26, 1926 (WORLD'S WORK) |
| 5. DWG is interviewed by COLLIERS. "Personally, I believe it is far easier to make an artistic picture, such as would please those whom the majority consider "highbrow", than to make one that will be popular." | April 24, 1926 |
| 6. D. W. Griffith, Inc., and Anthony Kelly's suit against Al Jolson. The case goes to the jury.<br>D. W. Griffith, In., receives only $2,627.28 from Jolson out of the $571,645.72 asked for. Arthur Driscoll, DWG's attorney, may appeal after consulting DWG. | September 15-22, 1926(N. Y. TIMES)<br>September 20, 1926<br>September 21, 1926 |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 7. DWG testifies against Al Jolson in U. S. C. for breach of contract. (T) | October 8, 1926 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 8. DWG issues a statement in which he says that he turned down an offer by George Bernard Shaw to write a scenario for a movie which he would film in England in 1917. | October 10, 1926 (NEW YORK TIMES 10/11/26) |
| 9. From London, George Bernard Shaw cannot recall the rejection. | October 11, 1926 (NEW YORK TIMES 10/12/26) |
| 10. At a luncheon given in his honor by the Advertising Club of New York, DWG, after praising advertising, claims pictures should be endorsed. | October 22, 1926 (NEW YORK TIMES 10/23/26) |
| 11. SORROWS OF SATAN is released by Paramount (FPL). | October 27, 1926 (MOTION PICTURE ALMANAC) |
| 12 THE SORROWS OF SATAN is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "This film is not for the general run--too much is left to the audience's imagination, but it is box-office in its lavish and hot love scenes." | November 14, 1926 |
| 13. DWG returns to California after an absence of seven years. | December 15, 1926 (NEW YORK TELEGRAPH) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. Famous Players-Lasky Corp. and DWG contract expires. Both parties agree to omit the third picture for which they contracted. (We have a letter indicating this). | January 8, 1927 |
| 2. DWG testifies in court in a suit brought against D. W. Griffith, Inc., in White Plains Supreme Court by Edward E. Bender of Philadelphia, Pa. former private in the 18th Infantry, stationed at Ft. Slocum, New Rochelle, for losing his right hand during the filming of the Battle of Bunker Hill in AMERICA. He is asking $50,000. A civilian, Eddie Dillon, set off the firing charge while the ramrod was still in the barrel of the cannon--thus Bender lost most of his right hand. | February 9, 1927 (NEW YORK TIMES 2/10/27) |
| 3. Edward E. Bender gets $30,000 for the loss of his right hand in the filming of AMERICA from D. W. Griffith, Inc., in the Supreme Court, White Plains, before Justice Morschauser. A notice of appeal, on the ground that the verdict was contrary to the weight of evidence, was filed by Mr. Davis, attorney for D. W. Griffith, Inc., who also asked permission to file a brief on the question of contributory negligence, which was granted by Justice Morschauser. | February 10, 1927 (NEW YORK TIMES 2/11/27) |
| 4. In London, it is officially announced that DWG will direct H. G. Wells' film, THE PEACE OF THE WORLD, part of which will be made in London, the other in Hollywood. | April 29, 1927 (NEW YORK TIMES 4/30/27) |
| 5. DWG goes to California to work on UNCLE TOM'S CABIN with the Duncan sisters....."I believe some director had been working on it and DWG had something to do with finishing it." | May, 1927 (G. W. Bitzer) |
| 6. DWG starts shooting DRUMS OF LOVE. | September, 1927 ( G. W. Bitzer) |

1928

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. DWG is to make three pictures for release by United Artists during 1928. | January 1, 1928 (FILM DAILY, Jan.-March) |
| 2. DWG attends the opening of DRUMS OF LOVE at the Liberty Theatre, N. Y. C. | January 24, 1928 (DRUMS press book) |
| 3. DRUMS OF LOVE, released by United Artists, is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "It is a tragic love story, beautifully done. It has loads of sex appeal." | February 5, 1928 |
| 4. The New York Public Library creates a motion picture library; there is a large demand for DWG and Mary Pickford material. | (FILM DAILY, Jan.-March) |
| 4 DWG starts THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES. | April 6, 1928 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD 4/14/28) |
| 5. DRUMS OF LOVE is released by United Artists. | April 6, 1928 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD 4/14/28) |
| 6. An article in the OVERLAND MAGAZINE states that DWG was the first to advocate the multiple reel. | May, 1928 |
| 7. THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES is released by United Artists. | October 12, 1928 |
| 8. THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "It is a commonplace story, skillfully handled. DWG tries his hand at fashioning one for the box-office and succeeds." It has synchronized sound effects. | October 14, 1928 |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. DWG is in New York at the Astor Hotel in the middle of January: he gives an interview in which he predicts the permanency of the talkies and their value to the motion picture. His new picture is LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS. | January 27, 1929 (NEW YORK TIMES, Sunday) |
| 2. DWG is successfully televised in Schenectady, N. Y. over WGY when he makes a 15 minute address on his experiences in discovering latent talent in today's well-known stars at 7:30 p.m. Gilbert Lee of Los Angeles, an experimenter in television, is responsible for arranging this image broadcast of DWG. | February 3, 1929 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 3. LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS is released by United Artists. | February 16, 1929 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 4. In an interview in Chicago, DWG says the sound film will force the drama and the silent film off the stage; he is going to revive BIRTH OF A NATION, INTOLERANCE, HEARTS OF THE WORLD with sound. | February 21, 1929 (NEW YORK TIMES 2/22/29) |
| 5. LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "This is a fine woman's picture, nice love interest played against colorful background. A beautifully mounted production. The first half merely average because of the over emphasized sequences and comedy that does not click. The second half (this film is part talkie; Lupe Velez sings, among her songs is one by Irving Berlin, "Where is the Song of Songs for Me"), builds up and puts the picture over with considerable to spare." | March 17, 1929 |
| 6. "D. W. Griffith, Inc., receives a refund of $38,486. 36 from the U. S. Treasury due to overassessment of income and profits taxes for the last six months of 1920. $31,173.95 was caused by an increase in deduction for depreciation which was shown to be inadequate and $7,312.41 by allowing a deduction for State license tax accrued in 1920 and not claimed in the return, although the taxpayers accounts were kept on the accrual basis." | May 18, 1929 (NEW YORK TIMES 5/19/29) |
| 7. DWG is in California on the United Artists lot. | December, 1929 (G. W. Bitzer) |

1930

| EVENT | DATE |
| --- | --- |
| 1. ABRAHAM LINCOLN opens at the Central Theatre, N. Y. C. A sound film. | August 25, 1930 (NEW YORK TIMES 8/17/30) |
| 2. ABRAHAM LINCOLN is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "A Griffith achievement; this is entertainment plus history." | August 31, 1930 |
| 3. ABRAHAM LINCOLN is released by United Artists. | September 28, 1930 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) November 8, 1930 (MOTION PICTURE ALMANAC) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. DWG is voted the best director of the year 1930-1931. | (FILM DAILY 6/12/31) |
| 2. In London, DWG is said to regard favorably the suggestion that he come to England, to make a super talkie, THE BIRTH OF THE EMPIRE, British officials believe it is possible to obtain government support. | March 15, 1931 (NEW YORK TIMES 5/17/31) |
| 3. DWG starts shooting THE STRUGGLE at the Audio Cinema Studio in the Bronx. | July 6, 1931 (STRUGGLE press book) |
| 4. DWG is in Springdale, Conn., at Stamford Rolling Mills to photograph some scenes for THE STRUGGLE. | July 7, 1931 (STRUGGLE press book) |
| 5. DWG finished THE STRUGGLE. | August 9, 1931 (STRUGGLE press book) |
| 7. There is a rumor that he is to direct the George Washington Pageant, Washington, D. C. This rumor is denied. | November 28, 1931 (STRUGGLE press book) |
| 6. There is a rumor that DWG may go to London to direct a talkie version of Galsworthy's play, LOYALTIES. | November 15, 1931 (STRUGGLE press book) |
| 8. DWG attends the opening of the STRUGGLE at the Rivoli Theatre, N. Y. C. | December 10, 1931 (STRUGGLE press book) |
| 9. THE STRUGGLE is reviewed in the FILM DAILY. "This is poor entertainment; it is an old-fashioned domestic drama with little box-office appeal." | December 13, 1931 |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. D. W. Griffith stops producing. | (NEW YORK TIMES 4/3/37) |
| 2. THE STRUGGLE is released by United Artists. | January 9, 1932 (FILM DAILY) |
| 3. DWG is in N. Y. C. He has no definite plans for the future. | November 2, 1932 (STRUGGLE press book) |
| 4. There is a rumor that DWG is producing DAMN DEBORAH on the N. Y. stage with Dorothy Gish and Hardie Wright. | November 6, 1932 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 5. DWG makes an address over the radio on behalf of the Salvation Army's "Share the Purchase" Drive. | December 21, 1932 (NEW YORK TIMES) |

1933

| EVENT | DATE |
| --- | --- |
| 1. DMG is the master of ceremonies on his own Hollywood program sponsored by Hind's. From 10 to 10:15 twice weekly for 52 weeks. He recounts his past experiences with the movies. | January 4, 1933 (NEW YORK AMERICA) |
| 2. DMG is working on the radio; he talks of its great possibilities and is looking for a Mary Pickford of the radio. | March 12, 1933 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 3. DMG calls out his interest in United Artists. | April 14, 1933 |

| ITEM | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. DWG arrives at Southhampton on the S. S. Aquitania to make a talking version of BROKEN BLOSSOMS for Julius Hagen at Teichenham Film Co. "He had sold the rights and the picture to him for $15,000 and they wanted him to make it, but, when he arrived in England, he wasn't at all well, irritable and hard to handle. He remained there only about three weeks and then returned to the United States, going directly to Louisville, Kentucky, and evading New York because Linda Griffith was beginning to hound him." | May 22, 1935 (LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH) |
| 2. "Federal Judge Murray Hulbert appoints Joseph Gans, an attorney at 32 Broadway, to act as the receiver in equity for D. W. Griffith, Inc. The receiver, who was required to post abond of $1,000 was named in proceedings brought recently by John A. Manning, holder of 67 shares of A stock, through Bernard Waxstein, another attorney. Mr. Manning and other stockholders charged the corporation's assets had been wasted through mismanagement; he pointed out a mortgage of $555,000 had been placed on the production plant at Mamaroneck and that various securities of the corporation had been pledged for loans." | October 18, 1935 |
| 3. DWG gives an interview to Frank Nugent. His plans: he hopes to write two plays and Lord Beaverbrook tried to interest him in a film to promote good relations between England and America. | November 17, 1935 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 4. DWG files suit for a divorce from his first wife, Linda Arvidson. The suit was brought under the Kentucky law providing for divorce when a couple has not lived together for more than 5 years. DWG was separated from Linda Arvidson in 1911. | December 26, 1935 (NEW YORK TIMES 2/28/35) |

(Anthony for 1934)

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. DWG divorces Linda Arvidson in La Grange, Ky. | February 28, 1936<br>(NEW YORK TIMES 2/29/36) |
| 2. DWG married Evelyn Marjorie Baldwin of New York in a hotel in Louisville, Ky., the Rev. H. H. Johnson, methodist pastor in La Grange, married them. The bride's sister, Mrs. H. F. Wells of New York, and Mr. Griffith's brother, William H. Griffith, of La Grange, and other relatives were present. The bride is 25, Griffith is 56. | March 2, 1936<br>(NEW YORK TIMES 3/3/36) |
| 3. DWG is honored by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences for his contribution to the art of the film. | March 14, 1936<br>(MOTION PICTURE HERALD) |
| 4. DWG is in California with his new bride. | March 15, 1936<br>(NEW YORK AMERICA) |
| 5. DWG is elected head of First National in London and head of the Kinematograph (London?) Renters Society for the ensuing year. | March 25, 1936<br>(VARIETY) |
| 6. DWG is in Hollywood. | April 18, 1936<br>(NEW YORK POST) |
| 7. DWG is on the set of SAN FRANCISCO watching the direction of W. S. Van Dyke, who asks him to direct a crowd scene on the hill. | May 10, 1936<br>(NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 8. DWG is honored at a dinner given by the Spanos at the Hollywood Atheletic Club. Mack Sennett, Frank Borzage, a number of players, 75 members of the press and publicity organizations were present. THE BATTLE OF ELDERBERRY GULCH, which belongs to Andre Beranger, is shown. | August 4, 1936<br>(HOLLYWOOD REPORTER) |

| EVENT | DATE |
| --- | --- |
| 1. UMG presents a quantity of material to the Museum of Modern Art Library including films, correspondence, business papers, press books from 1917 to 1924; it shows life of [illegible] producer. | March 15, 1955 (NEW YORK TIMES 3/16/55) |
| 2. UMG asks John E. Abbott to take steps to preserve the old sets on the United Artists lots about to be torn down. | August 18, 1955 (VARIETY 8/24/55) |

| EVENT | DATE |
|---|---|
| 1. DWG is in Hollywood; he gives an interview while working at the Hal Roach studios as a supervisor. Since his retirement, he has been writing an autobiography and plays. He thinks the movies need more actual backgrounds to give them a sense of reality and young blood for experiments. | May 4, 1930 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 2. DWG announced his return to American film industry as an associate of Hal Roach, United Artists producer. He will serve in an advisory capacity, and will direct a film if he finds a subject that interests him. The arrangement between DWG and Roach is purely verbal--the association can be terminated at the will of either executive. | June 17, 1930 (NEW YORK TIMES 6/18/30) |
| 3. "Hal Roach and DWG have completed negotiations whereby DWG will direct 1,000,000 B. C." | August 19, 1930 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 4. DWG and Oglesby are accused by Mr. Neal H. Andrews, founder of Satan's Foe, Inc., (real estate) of threatening to sell their land on Edgewater Point to negroes to force the surrounding people to buy their property. | September 12, 1930 (NEW YORK TIMES 9/13/30) |
| 5. "After many years, DWG again has become active in the field of motion picture production. The credits for 1,000,000 B. C. will have the legend "produced by DWG." | September 25, 1930 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 6. Lillian Gish is talking of doing a film on early days in the movies in the movies in which she and DWG will be starred. | September 24, 1930 (NEW YORK TIMES) |
| 7. "Silver Glory, symbolically, is to be the title of a film retelling the screen career of Lillian Gish, shown holding the cup sent her by New York University for motion picture achievement, coincidently with the announcement of the picture for production for which Miss Gish and DWG have set up a new company. Release is not set." | September 30, 1930 (MOVING PICTURE WORLD) |
| 8. DWG will direct "1,000,000 B. C." for Hal Roach. | October 21, 1930 (NEW YORK TIMES) |

TRIANGLE FILM CORP.

In May of 1915, the disagreements between Harry E. Aitken, president of Mutual, and his important stockholders, John R. Freuler and Samuel S. Hutchinson, culminated in the defeat of Aitken. Freuler was made president of the company, and Aitken withdrew. With him took his production company, Reliance-Majestic, and his star director, D. W. Griffith. He influenced his friends Sennett and Beeman similarly to withdraw the products of the New York Motion Picture Co. and Keystone, - Ince and Sennett - and join him in the formation of a new company, Triangle. Aitken's plans were on the grand scale, and he needed large-scale financing to carry them through. With the backing of Aitken & Co., reputed to be the brokerage connection of the Standard Oil Co., Aitken met with Griffith, Ince, and Sennett on July 20, 1915, and closed agreements on the new organization. *

Aitken's ambitious project was to bring the greatest actors of the stage to the screen in films directed by the screen's greatest directors. The directors were already there, the basis of his company, the "triangle". Aitken proceeded recklessly to buy talent from the stage: Hilliam Gillette, Ed Wolf Hopper, Raymond Hitchcock, Sam Bernard, Emile Fay, Weber and Fields, Dustin Farnum, Frank Keenan, Willard Mack, Louise Dresser, Willie Burke, Mary Boland, Julia Dean, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, William S. Hart, Doris Keane, Fanny Brice, Catherine Calvert, Helen Ware, Taylor Holmes, Georgie Cohan, Joe Jackson - nearly all the outstanding celebrities in drama, vaudeville, and musical comedy.

To carry further this competition with the stage, Aitken acquired the ultra-respectable Knickerbocker Theatre as the key release house for Triangle films. The first Triangle program was presented there September 25, 1915, at a two dollar top, the program including Ince's "The Iron Strain", Douglas Fairbanks in "The Lamb" (supervised by Griffith), and a Sennett comedy, "My Valet", with Raymond Hitchcock.

But though the new company was notably successful at first, its program proved to be too ambitious for it. The stage stars, bought at fantastic salaries, proved to be without drawing power. And screen stars, jealous of the higher salaries of the stage incompetents, asked for more. Theater owners, who had contracted for Triangle films at advanced rates, promptly sent in cancellations as the expensive productions proved to be lacking in "box-office". Saddled with expenses that were constantly rising, unable to meet new demands that his experienced screen players were making, faced with internal dissentions, Aitken was unable to hold together his organization. And the astute Mr. Zukor was just around the corner to pick up the pieces. What was left of Triangle was merged with Famous Players - Lasky (then Artcraft) early in 1917, carrying with it Ince, Sennett, and Griffith, as well as such successful Triangle stars as Fairbanks and William S. Hart.

* Miss Stone has the figures on capital stock issued.

~~Six Days in Old Kentucky~~

~~Boyhood of David Wark Griffith~~

Ten weeks after Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox a sixty-~~[illegible]~~ man of forty-six, two inches short of being six feet, and wearing a tattered Union army coat, dismounted in front of a gray-stone house in Floydsburg, Oldham County, Kentucky.

He had ridden all the way from Nashville, Tennessee, where on May 23, 1865 he was mustered out a Confederate prisoner of war after taking an oath of allegiance to the United States. The red dust ~~of the road~~ seamed the lines of his weatherbeaten face and neck, clung to his fierce, almost straight mustache and luxuriant chin-beard, and streaked the scabbards of a sword and pistol that dangled from one hip. That he had these weapons and the horse at all was due to the decree by General Grant that Confederate soldiers may keep their horses and officers their sidearms. He also brought with him, as souvenirs salvaged in battle, a Union army musket and five American flags.

Four years before, ~~the horseman moved his wife Mary and two children, Mattie and William,~~ to Floydsburg from "Lofty Green", their home on Mary's 520-acre farm in nearby Floydsfork between Beard's Station and Centerfield. In Floydsburg ~~his family~~ would be among relatives and friends during his absence. Then he rode away on his own horse, with a company of cavalry that he assembled and drilled without pay, to fight for the maintenance of slavery as a right and as a labor system. ~~He had thought the war would be over in a few months.~~

The horseman was Colonel Jacob Wark Griffith, C.F.A., known in civilian life as Dr. Griffith and to intimates as Jake. With the war behind him, he now

Chapter 1.

# OLD KENTUCKY DAYS

The year was 1865 and the day early in June.Laurel,rhododendron and white clover in full bloom filled the garden of a small greystone house in Floydsburg,Oldham County,Kentucky.The notes of finches,orioles and tanagers which filled the air were broken by shriller sounds from chickens and turkeys in the barnyard beyond the house;horses,cows and sheep grazed in the meadows.

A tall,weary-looking horseman wearing a tattered Union Army coat dismounted in front of the house.Red dust of the road seamed the lines of his weatherbeaten face and neck,clung to his walrus mustache and long chin beard, and streaked the scabbards of a sword and pistol dangling from the rider's hip.That he had these weapons and the horse at all was due to the generosity of General U.S.Grant who decreed after Lee's surrender that Confederate soldiers might keep their horses and officers their sidearms.

The horseman was Jacob Wark Griffith.He had not set eyes on his wife Mary and the two children since that day in 1862 he had moved them to Floydsburg from "Lofty Green"---their 520-acre farm at Floydsfork between Beard's Station and Centerfield.Then he rode away with his cavalry regiment to join the fight for the maintenance of slavery as a right and as a labor system which had been sanctioned in America by church and state since 1619.On the day of General Lee's surrender Colonel Griffith and other Confederate officers sat on their horses and wept without restraint;the Colonel was among those who sought to continue fighting as guerillas rather than to acknowledge defeat.

But now Jacob was back again.He had ridden all the way from Nashville where on May 29th,after four years of warfare,he had been mustered out

a Confederate prisoner after taking an oath of allegiance to the United States of America.Today all this was behind him.Jacob was now thinking how soon he and Mary and the children might go back to "Lofty Green".A few week later as he drove into Floydsfork with the last load of household goods,he found Mary and several Negroes fighting a fire which had broken out mysteriously in the old farmhouse.At first only small things seemed to have been damaged.But among the possession destroyed were family records and a Griffith family tree,the loss of which was to lead in time to romantic and fanciful conjectures by the Griffiths of Floydsfork,Oldham County,Kentucky, about their aristocratic origin.

The preceding paragraphs lay to little point to be in future

## 1.A Few Antecedents

However,the first of David Wark Griffith's known forbears was his great grandfather,Salathiel Griffith of Somerset County,Maryland,who figured in a modest way in Colonial and Revolutionary annals.Where he was born;who his parents were;who the exiled English Barrington or Brayington was that discarded his own name and took that of a Welsh lady named Griffith when he married her in Maryland and became the father of Salathiel, as earnestly maintained by David Wark Griffith-----well,these vital statistics remain unknown,for in 1790 when the first Federal census began Somerset County records of family heads were lost by fire.However,it is evident that Salathiel married young,(like practically young men in Colonial days) and took to wife a Nancy Owens in 1760. When about 35,at the outbreak of hostilities in 1775,he was appointed a deputy-constable in Wicomico Hundredth and in that capacity served his community during the Revolution.His duties were to help the constable list taxables,pursue murderers and thieves or fugitive servants,raise hue and cry help in dealing with resisting offenders,execute court warrants,enforce laws against swearing and drunkeness.He received a fee on work done in each case.Salathiel must have been industrious and resourceful,since he eventu-

For land and living were cheap.

ally acted as administrator of estates and bondsman for the citizens in his district. Salathiel was also in politics. The sheriff's office was the prize [illegible] as county jobs went in Somerset, for the sheriff usually kept all fees. [illegible] were a clever exchange manipulator, he could reap a neat profit on several kinds of money then in circulation---black, red, English, Spanish, Maryland, Pennsylvania and several others. That was before the dollar made its appearance. In 1786 Salathiel Griffith took the oath of sheriff of Somerset county, a job he held for three years.

Henry. His wife bore him a daughter and five sons. At the time of her death, four of the boys had not completed their common school education. The household was kept together by a Negro slave, Sarah. Probably Salathiel was influenced by Quakers, liberal Church of England men and others disapproved slavery and nonconformists who made up a goodly part of Somerset, for in his will Salathiel gave Sarah her freedom.

Perhaps Salathiel might be described as an enterprising small businessman of his time. That he attained moderately comfortable circumstances may be assumed by an inventory made in 1735 in which he placed the value of his estate at L 557-5-11 1/12. To his daughter Nancy Beauchamp he left a 100-acre tract called "Safeguard" and another, known as "Little Belleau" on Little Cuttimac Creek. At this time the price of an acre varied from 10 or 20 shillings to L5 or L5. Two other tracts, "Abergildie" and "Snow Hill" in Dorchester County, Maryland, were bequeathed his five sons, Merlin, Jefferson, Salathiel, William and Daniel Weatherby, with the provision that each was to share equally in the proceeds from any sale of land left to them. When all debts and executors' fees were paid the estate yielded about a thousand pounds, enough to defray the expenses for the education of the lads for not more than three years and to pay for their apprenticeships to trades or business. Consequently, the youngest son—Daniel Weatherby Griffith—six years old when his father died, had a rather limited schooling.

At 22 Daniel enlisted for only one month---August 26 to September 26, 1814---in the War of 1812 to help resist an expected attack upon Washington by the British. During this emergency he was made a corporal, a commission which his grandson David one day was to glamorize into a captaincy, with the cohorts of General Jackson on the Battle of New Orleans. Actually, however, Daniel served his one-month stint in Captain George W. Humphrey's Company, Rifle, Virginia Militia.

after the war Daniel settled in Charles Town, Jefferson County Va., was twice married and reared five sons, among them Jacob Wark Griffith. From his first wife, Margaret Wark, Daniel inherited a little property. He was given to gaudy clothes. It is said he was wont to be a swashbuckling dandy and loved to promenade on Sundays dressed in a high, gray, wool hat, long-tailed blue-cloth coat, pink waistcoat, frilled shirt and yellow nankeen trousers as he carried his cane with a flourish. Daniel never permitted the name of England to be uttered in his house. When he made his will in 1863 Daniel left one dollar to each of three sons--- Jacob, George and Joseph; cancelled one fourth of a note owed by a fourth son, William Davis, and three other persons; cancelled a note for $175 due from a fifth son, John; bequeathed $10 to Mary, wife of Jacob; and specified that $100 left to each of Jacob's three children ---Matta, Ruth and William---should be loaned out until they arrive of age or marry.

## 2. Jacob Wark Griffith

Steadily declining economic conditions led Daniel and his sons to leave Charles Town and try their fortunes in Kentucky. At the age of twenty-eight, a son, George Weatherby Griffith, came to Floydsburg in 1836 and set himself up as a tailor. Three years later twenty-one-year-old Jacob followed him. They were eventually joined by their father and other brothers. In Virginia, Jacob had received a common school education because Daniel could not afford to pay the tuition fees of a private school. At this time, throughout the South the stigma of "charity" was associated with attendance at a publicly-supported school.

Consequently Jacob had no trade when he came to Floydsburg. Very shortly he managed to get himself apprenticed to a physician. Among the few doctors in Floydsburg then were Hiram Weathers and his former student, John Grove Speers. Circumstances seem to indicate that Jacob or Jake, as

he was soon called by the townfolk,served his apprenticeship with Dr. Speer whose wife,Sarah Hastings,was a relative of the Oglesbys--the family into which Jake later married.

In those early Kentucky days,the procedure of getting a medical education was quite simple.A student spent ten years in a local doctor's office pouring over medical books,becoming acquainted with patients,compounding prescriptions and,when necessary,delivering the medicine.If finances permitted,the apprenticeship was followed by advanced study at the Louisville Medical College or elsewhere.But Jacob never attended a medical college after completing his apprenticeship with Dr.Speer.He began the practice of medicine at a time when there was public reluctance to accept the physician as an asset to society---a reluctance marked by the meagre fees paid for medical attention:Fees of three dollars a year for looking after Negroes and whites on a farm or plantation were not uncommon.Naturally,Jake dealt with simple maladies.He swabbed throats with iodine,made up salves for swellings,or prescribed wet blankets and cold water cures for aches and pains.He scoffed at physicians who [illegible] Apparently it was not until 1845 that Jake's practice enabled him to save enough money to buy a horse.Evidently the animal died,was sold,or traded ,for in 1846 Jake's only taxable possession was a gold watch.

Jake's financial situation contrasted sharply with that of his future father-in-law,Thomas Oglesby,whose 495-acre farm was five acres short of the number required to classify a man,by ante-bellum Kentucky standards, as a well-to-do farmer.However, Thomas owned six slaves,eight horses,one mule and twenty head of cattle, all of which had a taxable value of $11,525. He had obtained

the farm with money from the Easley estate by marriage to Sarah Easley, who died at childbirth when Miller Morrison Oglesby was born. Jacob's wife Mary, was born to Thomas' second wife, Nancy B. Carter, about whom, oddly enough, a tradition developed that she was descended from the Carters of Shirley, Virginia. after her death Thomas married a third time.

Young Jake lacked social position as well as economic status, besides not being a full-fledged physician, that is, a graduate of a recognized medical college, nor did he have that basis for respectability and esteem deemed so important in the Old South, such as the ownership of a large estate, and possession of an ample income and numerous slaves. In this world of the South in which masters of slaves maintained rigid social caste and privilege, the ownership of slaves gave one social standing, Jake belonged to that overwhelming ninety per cent of the population in the South whose lack of human chattels kept them perilously close to the position of state's position of the "poor white" of later times.

Fortunately for Jake's pride, the philosophy of the dominant Southern planters accorded a measure of prestige to the military man because he was a factor in their aim toward land conquest. Despite their rapidly increasing wealth and numerous slaves, a growing soil depletion made these planters covetous for bigger areas. In the 1840's they began demanding the annexation of Texas, Adventurers and planters with their slaves poured into Texas to raise cotton. The Mexicans were never consulted. Jake was among those Kentuckians who, with Missourians and Tenneseans, joined other Southerners in wrestling---for an oligarchy of a few big-scale business men-plantation operators---a vast territory from a peaceful, neighboring country.

On June 9, 1846 Jake enlisted at Louisville for one year as a private in

Captain Pennington's Company G,First Regiment of Captain Humphrey Marshall's Kentucky Cavalry.Within a few weeks he was promoted to ~~regim~~ Sergeant.Jake fought and helped dress wounds in bitter battles at Buena Vista and Saltillo.

After mustering out at New Orleans ~~Jake~~ he returned to Floydsburg with an aura of chivalry and ~~valor unmatched~~ dexterity with arms, ~~These cardinal~~ points ~~as~~ in the mores of the Old South ~~stamped~~ Jake as a Southern gentleman even ~~if~~ he ~~returned~~ from the war with none of the spoils that fell to the big planters. He soon resumed his ~~common~~ practice of medicine and attentions to Mary Oglesby.~~He~~ They were married September 18,1848 They ~~lived with Eleanor Oglesby while~~ a five-room cottage ~~was being built for their future home~~.

5. ~~Make~~ Days of the Gold Rush

After ~~devoting~~ twenty months ~~to~~ of married life,~~helping Thomas oversee the farm,and trying to keep up his medical practice,~~ Jake evidently chafed more than ever at the humiliation of ~~his~~ economic dependence on a father-in-law. Late in 1849 Richard Oglesby,brother to Thomas ,visited Floydsburg after a trip to the gold fields of California.Even before Richard's visit Jake's imagination had been ~~set awhirl~~ fired by the gold fever sweeping the country.Richard's stories about the fabulous luck of many prospectors dazzled Jake.

On May 2,1850 Dr.Speer,Jake,Richard Oglesby and Miller Woodson Oglesby, with four other townsmen,left for the West in a four-wagon mule-team train.Each man supplied two mules,four for each wagon.With Jake in charge,the company boarded a steamer at Louisville for St.Louis where they purchased provisions and then proceeded by boat to Lexington(Missouri)from which point they began their overland trek.But because of his irrascible temper,Jake was removed as leader by his colleagues at tent-

time on the first day out of Lexington. Their caravan traveled much faster than ordinary "trains" and encountered relatively few of the difficulties experienced on the westward trail. Over prairie, river, desert and mountain the party made its way until it emerged into a camp on the American River which empties into the Sacramento River, at what was then known as Sacramento City. Here the company broke up. Dr. Speer and Jake decided to do their prospecting together. They found no signs of gold near Sacramento, sold their mules and bought a claim with Dr. Speer's money, at Deer Creek in Nevada County. Here they saw thousands of men throwing sand and gravel to get pay dirt. That first summer Speer and Jake earned nothing. At Nevada City, however, Speer bought a third interest in a claim for himself and Jake, and in a short time each of them was netting a minimum of $16 a day.

Jacob spent two years in the goldfields before deciding it was time for him to return to Mary. Richard Oglesby, who had done his prospecting at Palo Alto, gave Jake $8,000 to take home for deposit in a Louisville bank. Hearsay has it that when he reached Louisville, Jake met up with old cronies and gambled away most of the $16,000 he had saved as well as the $8,000 Richard had entrusted to him. According to another version Jake lost only his own money but had delivered intact Richard's share in full to father-in-law Thomas. However it may be, Oldham County tax records show that in 1852 Jake's taxable possessions consisted of two mules valued at $120.

Once more Jake resumed the practice of medicine and at the same time rendered a sketchy kind of assistance to his father-in-law in superintending the Oglesby farm. Although always bustling about, yet he was rarely seen working. However, his western experience seemed to have given him a new sense of belonging to the group life in Oldham and Trimble counties. For gatherings at churches, schoolhouses, parties, general stores and saloons

in Flagstaff, Beard's Station, La Grange and Bellersville, Jake was in demand as a speaker on the gold rush. He recounted his experiences in a booming voice accompanied with vigorous, dramatic gestures. At a time when oratory filled an emotional need in the villages of the Old South, Jake began acquiring a reputation as an orator. At these gatherings he was introduced as soldier, doctor, frontiersman and adventurer. That he should aspire to election to the Kentucky legislature followed naturally. At the age of thirty four, Oldham and Trimble counties sent him as their representative to the 1854-55 session of that body. The Frankfort (Ky.) Daily Commonwealth referred to him as "Dr. Jacob W. Griffith" and noted that he was living at a boarding house run by a Mrs. Blackburn.

While serving in the Legislature at Frankfort, Jake received word of the death of his first-born, three-year-old Thomas Jackaniah. Later in the same year Matta was born. In the following year, 1856, Jake's father-in-law died. Thomas left a deed which Jake had persuaded him to prepare and which provided for an equal division of his estate between Jake's wife Mary and her half-brother Miller Woodson Oglesby. However, the conditions of the deed were not legalized formally until 1863 when Mary received title to 264½ acres, five slaves, some cattle and horses. In this period Kentucky law gave no protection to a married woman from the will and judgement of her husband if she inherited any property. Prevailing Southern customs gave no encouragement to initiative and leadership on the part of women, and Jake certainly did nothing to encourage them in Mary. In 1858 he acted as "trustee" for Mary and three years later he was listed as her "agent". ~~Yet during his four years' absence from home throughout the Civil War, she managed the farm capably.~~

## 4. The Rise of a Kentucky Colonel.

At the outbreak of the Civil War slavery in Kentucky had reached a static condition, not to say a decline. Perhaps one family in six owned one slave,

and more than half of these owned less than five.Thus the ten slaves that Mary's father deeded to her and her half-brother Miller were an indication of their father's success as a Kentucky farmer.Slavery as a trade had a slight hold on the minds of Kentuckians because the plantation system had at no time been a factor in the economic life of their state.Secession sentiment was in the minority,although support for slavery as an institution was almost unanimous in Oldham county and other rural districts.Jake had not yet learned,as other Kentucky farmers in moderate circumstances,that free labor was more profitable than slave labor because free labor entailed expense when workers were idling.Only about seventy planters in the entire state individually owned more than fifty slaves.But since the estate,left to Mary by her father, however modest, was,in Jake's mind,probably adequate to security and comfortable living for the rest of his days,it is clear why he fell in line with plans of the majority of big planters to secede from the Union after Lincoln's election and set up a confederacy of slaves,farmers and gentlemen.To Jake the thriving farm of "Lofty Green" grown to 500 acres,with slaves and averal thousand bushels of corn,twenty tons of hay,horses,mules,cattle and hogs were worth fighting for.Fighting seemed preferable to a loss of the privileges of slavery.

So Jake enlisted in October 1861 at Horse Caves(Ky.)with the First Kentucky Cavalry,S.C.A.He moved Mary and the two children,Matta and William,to Floydsburg where she would be near relatives,then began devoting his days and nights to drilling volunteers near Floydsburg,work for which his thunderous voice was well-adapted.Like other men who flocked to the Confederate banner, Jake brought his own horse with him.It was a general opinion that the war would last a few months.On the eve of departure, Jake's regiment was given a farewell party by Sally Downs, belle who thought nothing riding a horse up the wide span of stairs,then into and through the long spacious lobby of Louisville's best hotel.

In 1862 Jake's regiment helped cover the retreat of General Johnson's army toward Nashville.Later he was on duty at Decatur(Ala.),guarded bridges of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad,fought at Shiloh

joined General Forrest's airmee into Kentucky,battled at Hessy's Gap (Tennessee) and in the Sequatchie Valley.At the last two places he was severely wounded.During the winter of 1863 Captain Jake at Chattanooga wrote pleadingly to Colonel Olmstedky,chief of ordnance for the Confederate Army in Tennessee,for provisions and supplies, since "only half my men are armed". During March 1863 Jake was commissioned a colonel.Subsequently he and the First Kentucky were engaged at Chattanooga,McKinville,Hills Gap ,and covered the Confederate retreat from Missionary Ridge.One day in October General Joseph Wheeler,who commanded the cavalry corps of the Army of Tennessee,found it urgent to halt the advance of one of General Rosecrans' wagon trains which extended for ten miles and comprised 600 to 1,500 six-mule wagons heavily loaded with ordnance and quartermasters' stores.Wheeler asked Jake if he could break up the train---an objective accomplished by his poorly equipped men after eight hours of steady fighting.However,they were inadequately armed because Tennessee,like other Confederate states,was so jealous of its state's rights that it insisted on keeping its militia exempt from outside control and declined to transfer much-needed arms to the leadership of the Confederacy.

During a crucial point in the battle at Charleston(Tennessee),the Kentucky First suffered heavy losses,yet was ordered to make one more desperate charge.Of Jake's courage during this battle a colorful story has been told many times .Although it lacks documentary proof,yet it is in keeping with his love of the melodramatic and picturesque:Although wounded and too weak to mount a horse,but determined to lead his men,Colonel Jake had a horse and buggy commandeered in the rear,was helped to the front seat with a man who sat beside him to drive the horse; and as Jake thus led the attack of his cavalry men, he waved a sword in encouragement, to his men. Curiously enough,the inscription on the 6x9 pink marble slab in the Griffith family plot at Mt.

Tabor(Ky.)Cemetery near Floydsburg refers to this exploit and cites as sources therefor Rudd's "History of Kentucky" , Rudd's "History of the Orphan Brigade",United States government and Confederate records.However, no history of the Bluegrass state ever was written by a Rudd ,and Edward Porter Thompson is the author of the second ~~reference~~ work,which carries no reference to the unique buggy ride.Nor is the ride noted in official records,either of the United States or of the Confederacy.On the same marble slab there is mention ,too,of Colonel Griffith having been brevetted a brigadier general by the Confederacy on the day before he and othem with Jefferson Davis surrendered.The breveting is not confirmed by official sources.

2.Mary,Jacob's Wife

Prior to his enlistment with the Confederacy in 1861,Mary had not known the meaning of work.But with Jake at the front she had to administer the details of running a good-sized farm and marketing the produce thereof. Fortunately for her,and despite the Emancipation Proclamation,the slaves continued to stay on the farm.They had no place to go.Nor is it likely they were told about Lincoln's proclamation,for on the third day of October Mary and her half-brother agreed"to divide the lands and slaves of Griffith and Oglesby".When the war ended and Mary could no longer retain ownership of the Negroes,she arranged with them to work by the year and to continue occupying their separate log cabins,raise their own vegetables and chickens,and have the use of a cow.

The freeing of the slaves obliged Mary to resign herself to arduous tasks. But this tall,strong,even-tempered woman never complained.Despite the new conditions,she still "had the knack of dryly saying the funniest funniest things",while at the same time maintaining the docility expected of a young Kentucky matron of her day;for she was brought up in the Old

South tradition to use tact, never to make a gentleman feel inferior, supervise a household and be complaisant in the matter of bearing as many children as her husband wished. Mary in time became the mother of eight.

During Jake's absence from home through the war years, Mary made herself the productive focal point. With the help of Hattie and another girl, a Mamie McAllen whom she adopted, Mary kept the little greystone house teeming with activity. Vegetables and fruits were canned for winter, fabrics woven, garments sewn, stockings knitted. Hence, when he returned to Floydsburg on that June day in 1865, Jake found "Lofty Green" had been untouched by the ravages of war. Mary's successful handling of affairs while her husband was away is in striking contrast to David Wark Griffith's dolefully melodramatic publicity of c.1915-16 deploring the destruction of the stately mansion of the Griffith family by Union guerillas.

As the years came and went after the war, a slight stoop such as comes to women who toil was noticeable in Mary's tall frame with its amplitude of bone. Relatives do not recall Mary ever sitting down to rest at any time from morning to sundown. Some of them thought Jake never seemed to put himself out to do things for her. He was the kind of man whom domestic details bewildered. Even in so simple a matter as filling cracks in an oven with small stones, so that Mary might get on with her baking, he seemed helpless. Cousin Richard Oglesby usually attended to such a matter.

But one day when one of Mary's cousins, graceful Elizabeth Whyte, visited the Griffiths, Jake evidently could not help making comparisons between the lively stride of Miss Whyte and the plodding step of Mary, since both women were the same age. Mary was inside the house at the moment, when Jake said to the visitor,

"Elizabeth, I'd give anything if Mary had a walk like you."
"Well, why don't you take time to amuse her, to show that you love her?", Miss Whyte asked.
Jake looked at Elizabeth, then declared, "What do you suppose buck niggers are good for?".

return to Union county after the war on that June day in 1868,he found "Lofty Green" untouched by the ravages of war.The actual struggle of Mary Griffith with realities during her husband's absence is in striking contrast to David Wark Griffith's melodramatic publicity of later years which depicted the pulmation of the imposing family mansion by Union guerillas.

Temperamentally Jake was indisposed to buckle down to the grind of farming.He preferred to sit on the veranda and talk about military campaigns,now that he could no longer summon a kindly Negro to find his hat shine his shoes,saddle his horse,stand on one side and fan off the flies or bring him a pitcher of cool wellwater. He no longer rode about the farm to see how slave "hands" were working..Intermittent suffering from hemorrhoids and the effects of a bad wound in the right arm made it hard for Jake to exert sustained physical effort at serious farming. So,as they became older,he was eventually obliged to use Matta, Ruth and Wheeler.Evidently,he worked them hard,In all kinds of weather the girls arose every morning at four and worked from five to eight,before ex-slaves and other help arrived.The girls trudged through mud and slush to the barn where they milked cows,fed horses,chopped wood,churned butter.They kept to this program until each of them left home---Matta to teach or Wheeler to work in Louisville.Because Matta was the eldest,the burden of the chores for years fell to her lot.Relatives were inclined to believe that she contracted typhoid from exposure and became so weakened from the effects that she developed tuberculosis and died at the age of 34.The farm chores also told heavily on Wheeler,who had a delicate constitution and was said to have been a beautiful girl. She likewise was a victim of tuberculosis and passed away at 40.

Sometimes Jake was seen in the fields intoxicated.He was what Kentuckians called "a hard drinker".Like Southerners of his type,he liked to

called a "hard drinker".Rumors multiplied to the effect that he would gamble away any kind of property he could lay his hands on.Rumor has it that one winter not a few children and adults around Floydsburg and Bourn's Station went without shoes and other necessities ~~one winter when~~ they ~~gave~~ entrusted with Jake the responsibility of selling their Fall crop in Louisville; he sold the crop but gambled away the proceeds of the sale and returned to Floydsburg empty of pocket.His explanation was greeted in silence and those who had had faith in his said nothing more about the matter that winter.

### 6.Matt the Faithful Daughter

Although Matt was the plainest-looking of the women among the Griffith and Oglesby families,she probably had the keenest mind.She was of medium height,slender,~~flatchested~~,fair ~~of complexion~~ dark, with black hair and protruding eyes, ~~and a~~ large nose ~~with~~ a knob-end.Those who knew her remembered that she possessed a radiance that put people at their ease. ~~She had~~ and a capacity for making and holding friends.A strong attachment existed between ~~her~~ Mary and her father.He enjoyed talking with her about Shakespeare after she began her studies at Millersburg(Ky.)Female College.~~He~~ Jake was known to sell some of the family's cows and horses, and to raise a loan from "Ole Marse" Henry Watterson to ~~provide for~~ her tuition and ~~buy~~ her a piano. Before the rise of the high school and the teachers' college, institutions like Millersburg supplied communities with their better elementary/school teachers ,although they were primarily finishing schools for young ladies.To judge by Jake's occasional appraisals of prospective suitors in letters to Matt, social advantages of her schooling ~~were less than the practical commanded his interest~~ loomed large in his mind.

The necessity of supporting herself and helping her family obliged Matt to take up teaching as a career.The obstacles to teaching at that time in Kentucky required fortitude of young women.Lack of tenure,

niggardly pay, the speculative practices of schoolboards with state funds meant for teachers, irregular salary payments and one-room school houses fit for neither man nor beast, imposed grim conditions. These were the fruits of ante-bellum south for democratic education that prevailed long after Matta began teaching. At first she conducted school in the living room of her parents' home. Then she taught in nearby private and public schools. These operated on a short-term basis of about six months a year. Matta must have realized the backwardness of education in her day, for when she was not ~~teaching~~ engaged for the rest of the year as a governess-teacher in a private family, she instructed her brothers and sisters. Whenever she taught in a private family, she eked out her scanty income by taking in additional pupils. If their parents paid two dollars a month for a pupil's tuition, they must have exerted themselves, for in those days it was a rare experience for farmerfolk to see a spare five-dollar bill in six months. If crops were good, parents paid tution; if crops were bad, the children stayed at home. There was no state or local system of school supervision.

Since there were no separate grades in these rural one or two-room schools Matta taught the alphabet to six-year-olds and mathematics or history to older boys and girls. In her class at Walnut Grove school, located off a backroad between Beard's Station and Centerfield, she had two Latin students---her sister Anna Wheeler and a neighbor, Lulie Brown. She also disciplined wild juveniles like her brother Jacob II and his playmate, Ballard Brown, by commanding them to sit under her desk. If they then persisted with their pranks, they found themselves prodded by Matta's heels as she casually went on with her teaching. On cold days pupils took turns building a fire in the stove that stood in the middle of the room. The roughly-made benches and tables which served for makeshift desks were none too comfortable for young pupils. A wedding or funeral

service at nearby St.Peter ~~xxxxxxx~~ Methodist Episcopal Church,South, usually meant dismissal for the afternoon.and whenever Mattie planned to leave a position,she invariably arranged to have one of her teacher cousins,Fannie Oglesby or Sally ~~xxxx~~ White, succeed her.

In her humble way Mattie held a worthy place among the unknown men and women of her time who made teaching the principal work of their lives, and thereby helped to develop ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ the best in public education.She also insisted on teaching her mother's ex-slaves how to read and write.Her drive,enthusiasm and financial sacrifices enabled her brother Jacob II and sister Anna Wheeler to study at Kentucky Wesleyan College at Winchester.Thus, she more than met the "dire necessity" touched on in the following letter from her father shortly after he was returned a member to the state legislature in 1878 after a campaign ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ in his new forty-dollar pleasure carriage:

Frankfort,Jan.4,1878

Miss Mattie Griffith
Dear Daughter

service at nearby St.Peter ~~xxxxxxx~~ Methodist episcopal Church,South, usually meant dismissal for the afternoon,and whenever Mattie planned to leave a position,she invariably arranged to have one of her teacher cousins,Fannie Oglesby or Sally Wyatt, succeed her.

In her humble way Mattie held a worthy place among the unknown men and women of her time who made teaching the principal work of their lives, and thereby helped to develop confidence in public education.She also insisted on teaching her mother's ex-slaves how to read and write.Her drive,enthusiasm and financial sacrifices enabled her brother Jacob II and sister Anna Theder to study at Fayette Ladies College in Fayette-ville. Thus, [redacted] more than met the "dire necessity" touched on in the following letter from her father shortly after he was returned a member to the state legislature in 1878 after having campaigned [redacted] in his new forty-dollar pleasure carriage:

Frankfort,Jan.4,1878

Miss Mattie Griffith
Dear Daughter

This completes the week of my legislative labor.So far all goes well.I have met a host of old friends who seem to have been more than glad to see me,all agreeing that I look as nice and as young as when I first flashed my sword in the great Lost Cause.

I am boarding with Mr. Wills,my old soldier and friend.His family is small but pleased,a wife and 4 children both small and young.She is quite domestic but of a good family.I have agood room and well-furnished,everything being addressed comfort.

I have contrary to my wishes been compelled to speak twice,once in the legislature and once in convention.I was highly complimented in both instances.I attended a meeting in which many of the first men of the state were present and many of the best orators spoke,after which there was a cessation for a few moments when the silence was suddenly broken by a call from the Chairman for Col.Griffith.It fell one me like a clap of thunder.I was,however,compelled to ~~dance to t~~ dance to the music.I rose,addressed the chairman by stating that if they could have sen me at home 10 days ago in my rags,my old boots,my buckskin suspenders, my old hat that I had been wearing the last two years,for the double purpose of hat and horse cloth,that man would have been certainly crazed who would call upon me to address this august body.This caused much mirth(at my expense)but I gave them"the best I had in my shop".I was congratulated by all.(I think I will be at home next Saturday if not providentially hindered)

The question here is not asked is he rich but is he a man of brains.I want to prepare you for life,to be able to meet and act with life---to be able to hold "the mirror up to nature".Force upon your brothers and sisters the dire[illegible] necessity of cultivating [illegible] myself acquainted with Good

2

1. Ancestry to Reconstruction

In the nineties, there was an addition to the family when David Wark Griffith was born on the night of January 22,1875 in the old house,near Beard's Station,which had come through the war unscathed.A year later the family moved into a new five-room house built on the same site, after which the old dwelling was razed.The exterior of the new house was unpainted,but the surrounding apple,walnut and beech trees helped make this unpretentious home an attractive place.

Soon David began toddling around on the living room floor.By some of his relatives he was considered an amiable little youngster.Other kinfolk have said they never heard the child cry, although some of them thought him "the homeliest brat" they had ever seen.This view was quite at variance with that of Jake who,in a letter to Mattie while she was at Millersburg, wrote:"

"The baby is one of the first in point of beauty and sense"

As the youngest, Baby David became the pet of his sisters and cousins, and In time he became a pupil under Mattie's tutelage at home and at the one-room Walnut Grove school.He lisped, and spoke very slowly and called her "Thith Mat",a nickname by which Mattie was to be addressed the rest of her days by children and adults alike.When he was five,Mattie considered him the brightest member of the Griffith family because of his repartee and quips were pointed.But this youngster,who one day was to aspire to a a stage career,at the age of eight continued to speak in a slow drawl and slurred his words,as for example,when he would say "hry" for "cry".

The world of the one-room school was considerably enlarged for David by his father's references to great-grandfather Salathiel, and grandfather Daniel's participation in the War of 1812; Jake touched on the battles

in the Mexican war and the trek to California gold fields. Jake reminisced about the Civil War to David, Jacob II and Miller Oglesby's two boys, Woodson and Bill, he gave quite a vivid performance. He had the facility of dramatizing his description of action, carnage, suffering and heroism he had seen. He varied the volume and pitch of his voice as he told how the Confederates fought on without provisions, lived on parched corn, marched in bare feet to the attack; how he and his men routed General Rosecrans' Yankee troops despite great odds; how men with four years of bloody fighting behind them threw themselves to the ground and cried like children when General Lee surrendered at Appotomax; how defeat of the Confederate forces was followed by the Griffiths' loss of their slaves; how these slaves before the war had enabled the Griffith-Oglesby families at Floydsfork and Floydsburg to live like Southern gentlemen and gentlewomen who, unlike mother Mary Griffith now stooping wearily over a crane in the fireplace, never knew how it felt to be tuckered out at the end of a day's hard work around the house and farm. Jake's reveries about the Lost Cause, vanished ante-bellum glories befitting members of a superior race, and his conviction that the abolition of slavery imposed hardships on every member of the Griffiths of Floydsfork stirred resentment in David. Nor did Jake fail to remind the boy about that other member of the heroic Griffith clan---one-eyed Charles W. Griffith, David's cousin and twenty-two years his senior, married to Mamie McAllen and the postmaster at Russellville, who was in a posse that unsuccessfully hunted Frank and Jesse James, desperadoes who robbed banks and railroad trains.

To a child such anecdotes were absorbing, thrilling and magnificent. They even brought tears to the eyes of Jake as he told them, and then the boy would sidle closer to his father. "Always be proud that you are a son of Colonel Griffith and a descendant of Gruffud ab

ab Gynan,Gruffyd ab Llewelyn and the other Gruffydds who were the early rulers of Wales",Jake admonished his boys,"and always wold your head high", it probably never mattered to Jake that these Welsh lords,princes, kings and their heirs were usually hostile to one another---brother against brother, imprisoning and torturing and assassinating each other,attempting to depose each other of their estates by fire and sword,and in general stopping at nothing--from gouging out another's eyes to carrying off a relative's wife to share the conqueror's bed. Perhaps Jake never cared to check on his claim to real Welsh blood. Obviously,as with others in the 19th Century,[illegible] of such claims was a compensatory device to conceal guilt.

However,Jake's tales of tumult and turmoil,suffering and violence,exalted pride of birth and robbery,naturally colored the viewpoint and emotions of the boy.With these anecdotes David Wark Griffith associated himself long before he became an itinerant actor and a film director.Even as an adult at the height of his career Griffith,strangely enough,was to find himself having his paternal and maternal aristocratic forbears publicized.On the other hand it is evident that Jake,as an indulgent father,sought to promote self-respect in his children.Yet his emphasis on ante-bellum privileges and on the aristocratic ideal only served to perpetuate the old spirit of noblesse oblige paternalism and the implicit dominion of the master of slaves---attitudes certain be anachronistic in a changing world. of marching thought.A post-bellum Kentucky in which viewpoints and behaviour on most social levels continued to be anachronistic,when judged by abstract principles of democracy,could only intensify the social distrtion implanted in David's mind by his father.

9. The Magic of Pictures

The drama and color of Jake's anecdotes were supplemented one cold November evening when the father took David to the one-room Centerfield school, rented on a percentage basis to an itinerant magic lantern show and a strong-man act. Here, for the first time, the boy was introduced to a new phase of existence in the form of large pictures projected by a source of light--a lantern--upon a white cotton sheet tacked to the wall in a darkened room. The images thus projected from the slides were of far-a-way places, animals and characters in history or Biblical lore, and accompanied by a steady stream of description by a lecturer. The strong-man act that followed gave David the experience of seeing a mounting dramatic tension unfold before him that held the small audience spellbound.

The only source of lighting the school interior was a kerosene lantern which each person brought and placed on the floor with others set in a row along the front of the platform. This improvised theater lighting ~~was more than satisfactory; it also~~ threw on walls and ceiling the large aerie shadows of the strong man and his assistants as they went about their routine. On the platform David saw two chairs, a rock large enough to weigh about two-hundred pounds and a sledgehammer. Then he watched the deepchested, thick-necked, muscular man, who was stripped to the waist and wore silver-braided trunks, mount the platform. Two assistants followed him. One held the two chairs as the strong man lay down on his back and balanced himself across them. The other assistant strapped a thin leather pad on the strong man's chest, ~~and tied it securely~~. Then both assistants lifted the big rock and placed it squarely upon the pad. Pop-eyed and openmouthed, David saw an assistant take the sledge-hammer and begin pounding the rock with all his strength. The strong man ~~quivered time and again as he~~ braced himself to resist the impact of

stone-and-metal vibrations. Five, then ten, minutes passed and the rock resisted the blows from the heavy iron sledge-hammer, as perspiration dripped from the assistant wielding it. Again and again he swung and struck. It was now the spectator's turn to sweat. "Will he kill the other man?", asked David and Jake whispered, "Dad-burn it, no!"---the phrase nearest to profanity that Jake used in the presence of women and children, when he was excited. "Will that rock ever crack!", he murmured. Men and women gasped. Chips from the rock began falling to the platform floor, flying against a wall or toward the audience. Finally the rock split into several large chunks amid shouts of relief and approval, whereupon the strong man arose and with his assistant acknowledged the applause, then left the platform. But the applause continued, so the strong man returned to the platform to make a little speech of appreciation. Thus David on this evening was not merely given a fast mounting of audience suspense but also an example of the "personal appearance" ---that device which he as a showman thirty-odd years later was to employ with a precious, nervous coyness.

## 10. The Little Peddler

Until the family moved to Louisville, David looked forward especially to the visits of an old Jewish peddler named Isadore Kahn and his fifteen-year-old son, Jacob. Once a month they called on families living in Oldham and Shelby counties, to sell them tinware, [illegible]. Isadore and his son took turns at driving Johnnie, their old horse, and wagon from Louisville. On days when country roads were muddy, the farmers between Beard's Station and Ballardsville were apt to see Isadore, a little man with a bald head and a short grey beard, trying to pull the old horse uphill as he urged the animal and his son in these words: "Up, Johnnie! Push, Jakie!"

When obliged to stay overnight in a village, in the home of some farmer,

the next morning Isadore paid his host in tinware or crockery.However these had nothing to do with the eagerness with which the Griffiths and Oglesbys looked forward to a visit from the little ~~pedlar~~ peddler.For them it was a glowing interlude, ~~in their existence~~.The reason therefor was old Isadore himself---his travel stories,his repertoire of Jewish folk songs, ~~and~~ the accordion music with which he liked to entertain his friendly hosts in Oldham and Shelby counties.The strange melodies and the ~~unpronounceable~~ varied mood ~~in~~ which he sang fascinated David ~~and his sisters Hattie and Theodosia~~.Between songs Isadore told tales as he ate apples freshly baked in the ~~open~~ fireplace,~~placed there by Mary.~~ Some of the songs he sang with a kind of mad ecstacy;others were sentimental,humorous,and others were tinged with the melancholy or sadness of traditional Jewish song.As he sang or talked ~~Mr.~~ John had a way of ~~smiling~~ smiling pensively ~~into~~ the fire ~~or sometimes at his audience~~.These visits by the little peddler who would rather sing than sell tinware were the only occasions when the children to stay up late, but they probably developed in Davey an early ~~Grimes~~ keenness for singing and story-telling.

## 11.Early Images.

But perhaps David's greatest childhood pleasure was on the weekly "reading night" as it was called,a gathering held ~~in turn~~ alternately at the Griffiths in Oldham and ~~at~~ the Oglesbys and ~~Wights~~ in Shelby county.Usually some of the neighbors joined them.On these special nights Mattie,Colonel Griffith,Sally ~~Wight~~ or her father John took turns reading aloud from Poe,Shakespeare,Goldsmith, ~~and~~ such old-fashioned story-tellers ~~romantic writers of the South~~ as Simms and Kennedy, and Sir Walter Scott whose concepts of social caste, lofty speech and manner,continued to be the ideals of post-bellum Kentuckians.For that matter,no American or English writer who wrote critically about slavery could possibly have had any appeal for Colonel Griffith.~~Sometimes~~ the readings were chosen from the Bible.

in their plantation romances of Virginia or the Carolinas,

On the occasions,

There never were enough chairs in the Griffith household to accomodate all who came to enjoy "reading night".Older people not fortunate to find seats cheerfully sat on the floor.In such occasions the only place for children to sit was under the long living-room table.Except for the reader's voice, there was complete silence in the room,dimly lit by one candle because the Griffiths sometimes could not afford to burn more than one (at a time) Gatherings such as these probably helped shape the personality of David as a child,so that at the age of six or seven,he would be heard dramatising himself by repeating some of the lines in Southern dialect and accent/read the night before,such as "De castle of Macduff Ah'll surprise" ,or,"Dey have tied suh to a stake,Ah cannot fly".

Sprawled under the table and listening to plays, stories and poems read aloud,young David was learning to think of action,emotion and ideas in mental terms of/pictures. He could not read about Desdamona,Juliet or Rosalind but he saw them/in the semi-darkness of the shadowy room,as others read their speeches.With these characters he associated the girl types he saw in illustrated Sunday School lessons on picture cards distributed at the Mt.Tabor Methodist Episcopal Church,South.These pictures were "pretty,pretty" and perfectly awful---sweet young girls with flat chests and starveling breasts;of frail physique,of tiny foot,of spiderlike waist,of lily-white small hands, and faces like the types David Wark Griffith chose years later for his films at Biograph,Majestic-Reliance,Fine Arts and Mamaroneck.Evidently these types became rooted in his memory as a child and lingered with him through the years.They were types that would seem lovely to a child.But in many respects they also represented the ~~effete~~ physical ideal of womanhood handed down from the days of the Old South.

12.Neighborhood Parties.

Jake was a friendly man around the house, and enjoyed fiddling. He enjoyed company, and was in demand

as a fiddler at neighborhood dances. Parties at his house often brought out at least forty men and women. On such occasions the children were directed to the kitchen and stayed there, but two carefully selected, and songs sung by guests who had not dressed they were able to be as entertaining. Jake and his eldest son William had a talent for charades and were so good as actors in them that other players delayed through with their own parts. Most of the charades were so old nobody knew when they began. Likewise were square and circle dances. "Shoot the Buffalo" was a great game for trading dancing partners. Another favorite entertainment with young people was "The Found Party". If a girl brought a one-pound cake, the highest bidder for it among the boys would eat it with her---the highest bid being usually in the form of a pound or more of candy. The line was drawn on those who brought prunes. The songs at these neighborhood parties usually had a sectional flavor such as pervades the lines in "Old Massa":

Old Massa had a washing maid
To wash up all de dishes
And every time she comb her head
She caught some little fishes

Chorus: That's another pullback
Hurrah, boys, hurrah
For the Llano,
Hey dee ho,
Hey dee ho,
That's another pullback.

Or Jake might be fiddling the tune as a guest sang these words:

I took my gal to the blacksmith shop
For to have her mouth made small
She opened her mouth for to take a breath
And swallowed shop and all.

A favoriye "Play Party" song ran as follows:

I won't have any of your weavily wheat
I won't have any of your barley
I won't have any of your weavily wheat
To bake a cake for Charley.
Charlie, he's a nice young man,
Charley, he's a nice young man,
Charley, he's a dandy,
He feeds the girl on candy.

13.End of an Era.

In the years after the war Jake entertained old cronies with whiskey from a barrel that stood in a corner on the veranda of his house.Unable to afford the purchase of whiskey glasses,Jake supplied tin cups out of which he and his friends drank their liquor.It was a time when there was a barrel of whiskey on everybody's porch.Mary's discipline was such that her children knew that the contents of the barrel was reserved for the exclusive use of Pa and his friends.

Colonel Griffith was a man who liked to have his own way.He ate when and what he pleased.His irregular eating habits distressed Mattie and she had warned him on numerous occasions to correct them.Nevertheless,in March 1868 he ate a snack one night after twelve consisting of eight pickles washed down by copious draughts of whiskey.He became immediately ill and had such paroxysms of pain that Mattie dressed hurriedly and mounted a horse to fetch a doctor.In the meantime the entire household was astir.Mary soon supplied hot packs, and David took a position at the foot of the bed,looked anxiously at the face of his father, who insisted he would recover.But the pain did not subside, and by the boy's face grimly serious,as he gazed steadily at the Colonel. Mattie and the doctor arrived.Jake was given a sedative,and by morning he was dead. Mattie smoothed back Jake's hair as David stared at the deep lines etched in his father's face by the Colonel's last agony, The boy knew that his father, his hero who had transported him into a world of adventure,valor and romance would speak to him no more. Outside the cold March rain drizzled.

Lucy Clore,a neighbor who composed popular music and long a friend of the family, called at the Griffith home,saw David's drawn face,Mattie distraught and dry-eyed,Mary sitting quietly with in her lap she held two-year-old Albert,her eighth born.The Griffith women were not given

to tears.From the countryside in Oldham,Trimble and Shelby counties came hundreds of former foes,the kinsmen of Jake and Mary,Confederate veterans, a sprinkling of tavern owners,a few former state legislators and the little peddler who preferred singing to selling.During the funeral services at the Mt.Tabor Methodist-Episcopal Church,South,the minister broke down in the course of his sermon,wiped his face with a red-patterned handkerchief and concluded the sermon with an eulogy of Dr.Griffith.Old comrades of the First Kentucky Cavalry,S.C.A. stood at attention in two files as the remains of the Colonel were carried past them and driven away.Other comrades fired a salute of farewell.Later Clore helped Mattie and David get into her buggy and took them with her to her home where they stayed for several weeks.

Chapter I---SOURCES AND NOTES

1.Freeman,Douglas Southall:"R.E.Lee",Charles Scribner & Son,New York, 1935.Vol.4,p.159

2.Bill O.Oglesby,Crestwood,Ky.March 1945

3.D.W.Griffith,Hotel Robert Treat,Newark,N.J.1941

4.Rebel Records:The War Department,National archives,Washington,D.C. Colonel Griffith as member of escort to Jefferson Davis surrendered with the latter at Washington,Ga.,May 11,1865

5.Bill O.Oglesby,Crestwood,Ky.,1945;D.W.Griffith,Hollywood,Calif.,1944

6.Like other individuals who have won distinction in the field of creative effort,D.W.Griffith often was more concerned with secondary matters than with his significant achievements.For years he had a fixation about the importance of the Griffith family's aristocrate antecedents Griffith was not satisified to be an artist.He also wanted to be regarded as an aristocrat.Yet he could never ~~[illegible]~~ designate ~~[illegible]~~ beyond the shadow of a doubt just who the aristocrats before him were.For example,in a letter to the author ,dated May 22, 1945 and written at Reno,Nevada,Griffith stated/ the following:"Lord Brayington certainly must have been his(Salathiel's)father" He also maintained that this Lord Brayington incurred the political displeasure of the British Crown and was exiled from Europe after ~~[illegible]~~ being deprived of his title and estates.

Yet two such sources as "The Complete Peerage",edited by Vicary Gibbs and others over many years,and "Whitaker's Perage,Knightage,and Companionage do not list a Lord Brayongton .When so advised,Griffith thought that if Salathiel's father was not a Brayington,then it must have been Barrington.But the first Lord Barrington was originally a laywer by the name of John Shute,an Irishman,and neither he or his four sosn,also lawyers,ever left England. On the other hand there was George Barrington,an Irishman born with/ the name of Waldron,who was an actor,author and pickpocket who could move judges and juries with his eloquence.He served a year at hard labor on the River Thames and ~~[illegible]~~ was ~~[illegible]~~exiled to New South Wales,Australia,where he became a prison superintendent(SOURCE:"Dictionary of National Biography",ed.by Leslie Stephen.Macmillan & Co.,Ltd.London,1885,Vol.III,89)."That must be the one",Griffith observed whimsically.

7.Government Printing Offices:"United States Census,1790."Washington,D.C. 1907,p.109

8.Judicial Records,Jan.8,1775:Princess Anne,Somerset County,Md.

9.Arthur Trader,Admin.Asst.,Land Commissioner's Office,Annapolis,Md.Letter dated Oct.1947,to the author.

10.Order Book--1786-89,pp.144-177,Somerset County,Md.

11.Torrance,Clayton:"Old Somerset by the Eastern Shore",Whittet & Shepperson,Richmond,Va.1935,p.103

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12.Liber S.B.No.17,folio 460,461,462:Somerset County,Md.,Maryland Orphans' Court.

13.Inventory Book,January 30,1739,Somerset County,Md.

14.Morton,Louis:"Robert Carter of Nomini",Colonial Williamsburg,Inc.,Williamsburg,Va.,1941,p.84

15.Liber S.B.10-Folio 405--Administrator's account Book--Sept.13,1797 Somerset County,Md.

16.War Department,Adjutant General's Office:National archives,Washington,D.C

17.Sarah Van Pelt,Los Angeles,Calif.1943

18.Will Book A8,p.617,County Clerk's Office,Shelbyville,Shelby County,,Jan. 1863

19.Speer,Dr.John Groves:"Reminiscences of the Speer Family",Oldham County, Ky.,published by the author.P.104

20.Dr.J.V.P.Oglesby,Los Angeles,Calif.1943

21.Tax Commissioner's Book,Oldham County,[illegible] 1846

22.Davenport,F.Garvin:"Ante-Bellum Kentucky",Mississippi Vally Press,Oxford, Ohio.1943.-p.5

23.Tax Commissioner's Book,Oldham County,Ky.,1840

24.The minutely detailed Carter Family Tree,designed and written in 1888 by R.R.Carter of Shirley,Va.,and edited by his sister in 1897 contains no reference to a Nancy B.Carter,nor to her father Joseph Carter,nor to her husband,Thomas Blakely Churchill Oglesby.Nor did the sister of R.R.Carter---Mrs.Marion Carter Oliver---in a letter Jan.1,1947 to me confirm the claim that Nancy B.Carter was a descendant of the Carters of Shirley.According to Mrs.Eugene May,Louisville (ky.)genealogist,the mother of Nancy B.Carter was not listed in the marriage ceremony, as recorded by Oldham County Marriage Records Books,when Joseph Carter"gave her away". The question arises: Was Nancy B.Carter even the daughter of Joseph Carter? since the name of her mother was not known? Griffith has often insisted publicly that Nancy was descended from the Shirley Carters.

25.Dodd,Wm.E.:"The Cotton Kingdom",Yale University Press,New Haven,1919,p.12

26.War Department Records of the Mexican War,1846:National Archives,Washington,D.C.

27.Tom Oglesby,Santa Ana,Calif.1943

28.Dr.J.V.P.Oglesby,Los Angeles,Cal.1943 --Gerrit J.Lloyd,Beverly Hills,Calif Tom Oglesby,Santa Ana,Calif.1943

29.The Frankfort (Ky.)Daily Commonwealth,Jan.11,1854

30.Deed Book,Oldham County,Ky.,Vol.L,461-462

31.Cottrill,R.S.:"The Old South",A.H.Clark,Glendale,Calif.,1937

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31.Cottrill,R.S.:"The Old South",A.H.Clark,Glendale,Calif.,1937,p.

32.Tax Commissioner's Books,1850 and 1861,Oldham County,Ky.,p.

33.Wilson,Samuel M.,J.J.Clarke Pub.,Co.,Chicago-Louisville,1928,Vol.II,207 "History of Kentucky"

34.Dodd,Wm.E.:"The Cotton Kingdom",Yale University Press,New Haven,Conn., 1919-p.144

35.Tax Commissioner's Book,Oldham County,Ky.,1861,p.16

36.Rebel Archives:"The War Department,National Archives,Washington,D.C.

37."Sally Downs,etc....,Louisville(Ky.,)Courier-Journal,_____date to come

38.War of the Rebellion,Official Records,Series 7,Vol.XXXI,Ch.XLIII,p___

39.Second Division,Rebel Archives:Feb.2,1865 letter from Captain J.W.Griffith to Colonel Gladowsky.National Archives,Washington,D.C

40.War of the Rebellion,Official Records:Series I,Part II,Vol.XXX,785

41.Cottrill,R.S.:"The Old South",The Arthur H.Clark Co.,Glendale,Calif.1937, pp.328-329

42.Anna Fogg,Department of Confederate Pensions,Frankfort,Ky.
In 1945 Miss said that she was informed by the late Major W.F.Stone,long a state senator until his death in 1926 and a soldier in the same division with Colonel Griffith,that his men after the battle had spoken to him about the buggy ride.

43.Kerr,Judge Charles:"History of Kentucky",ed.by W.E.Connelley and E.M. Coulter;American Historical Society,Chicago and New York, 1922,p.638
The buggy ride is mentioned in the biographical sketch respectively of D.W.Griffith and J.W.Griffith.However, the entire sketch is typical of the publicity material previously released by D.W.Griffith,and [redacted] was not subjected to an impartial checking of facts.This "History of Kentucky" is the product of the kind of subscription-[redacted] book enterprise which charges so much for the write-up of each individual.It is quite likely that this "History of Kentucky",since it contains the buggy-ride tale,is the one [redacted] credited as the source thereof on the family tombstone at Mt.Tabor.[redacted]

44.Cleves Kinkead,author of the play "Common Clay" and Reuben Thornton Taylor, both members of the famed Pendennis Club of Louisville,Ky., stated to the writer that their colleagues in the club who know their history wondered why Griffith was eager to [redacted] stress an alleged title of brigadier,whereas [redacted] father piled up an impressive war record as a Colonel.Mr. Taylor,an Oxford alumnus,thought the misstatements on the tombstone should be removed.

45.Deed Book,Oldham County,Ky.,Vol.L,pp.461-62.In this division Mary received 269½ and Miller,her half-brother,260½ acres.

46.Morton,Louis:"Robert Carter of Nomini",Colonial Williamsburg,Inc.,Williamsburg,Va.,1941,p.61

47.W.W.Whyte,Shelbyville,Ky.1943

48.William W.Griffith,Lagrange,Ky.1943
Will O.Oglesby,Crestwood,Ky.,1943

49.Sarah Van Pelt,Los Angeles,Calif.,1944

50.Tom Oglesby,Santa Ana,Calif.,1943

51.Sarah Van Pelt,Los Angeles,Calif.,1943

52.Sarah Van Pelt,Los Angeles,Calif.1943
53.William W.Griffith,Lagrange,Ky.
54.Tom Oglesby,Santa Ana,Calif.,1943

55.Sarah Van Pelt,Los Angeles,Calif.

56.Gerrit J.Lloyd,Beverly Hills,Calif.

57.Sarah Van Pelt,Los Angeles

58.Cubberly,Elwood P.:"History of Education in the United States",Houghton, Mifflin Co.,Boston,1920,p.656

From

59.Nov.5,1875 letter from J.W.Griffith at Beard's Station to Mattie Griffith

60.Hamlett,Barksdale:"History of Education in Kentucky",Department of Education,Frankfort,Ky._____,p.152

61.Knight,Edgar:"Education in the United States",Ginn & Co.,Boston,1929,p.464

62.Dr.J.V.P.Oglesby,Los Angeles,Calif.

63.Mrs.Ballard Brown,Mt.Tabor,Ky.

64.Jan.4,1878 letter from J.W.Griffith to Mattie Mattie Griffith

65.Will O.Oglesby,Crestwood,Ky.,1943

66.Gerrit J.Lloyd ,Beverly Hills,Calif.

67.From Nov.3,1875 letter by J.W.Griffith to Mattie Griffith

68.W.W.Whyte,Shelbyville,Ky.,1943

69.Woodson A.Oglesby,La Grange,Ky.,1943
William W.Griffith,LaGrange,Ky.,1943

70.Morton,Marmaduke:"Kentuckians Are Different";The Standard Press,Louisville Ky.,19..,p.268-69

71.Yorke,Philip:"The Royal Tribes of Wales",John Painter,Wrexham,England,1799,pp.17,25

72.Bradley,Arthur Granville:"Owen Glyndr",C.P.Putnam & Sons,New York,____,p. p.121

73.Sarah Van Pelt,Los Angeles,Calif.

74.Odum,Howard W.:"Regional Quality and Balance in America" in"Social Forces" March 1945,p.285,University of North Carolina,Chapel Hill,N.C.

Woodson A.Oglesby,LaGrange,Ky., and D.W.Griffith,Hollywood,Calif.

74.[illegible].

75.Dorothy Gish,Beverly Hills,Calif.

77.Bill O.Oglesby,Crestwood,Ky.

78.Mr.and Mrs.Ballard Brown,Mt.Tabor,Ky.

79.W.B.Wyte,Shelbyville,Ky.

80.Sarah Van Pelt,Los angeles,Calif.

81.W.B.Wyte,Shelbyville,Ky.

82.Mrs.and Mr.Ballard Brown,Mt.Tabor,Ky.

83.Miss Mable Oglesby,North Hollywood,Calif.

84.Tom Oglesby,Santa Ana,Calif.

85.D.W.Griffith,Hollywood,Calif.,1944 ;Woodson A.Oglesby,LaGrange,Ky.,1943

86.Woodson A.Oglesby,LaGrange,Ky.,1943

87.Lou Clore,Crestwood,Calif.,1943

88.Woodson A.Oglesby,LaGrange,Ky.,1943

In the meantime Hattie began urging her mother to move to Louisville for the sake of better educational and economic opportunities. Nearly four years were to pass before Hattie's advice was needed. Drouth had hit Will's farm successively for two years, and Mary felt obliged to stay on with Will and Ann to see them through their impasse. She even filed a widow's brief in January 1897 for a Mexican war pension for eight dollars a month. According to the deposition in her behalf by Dr. H.B. Cassaday, Mary was "disabled by organic diseases of the heart, producing hypertrophy without dilatation, causing palpitation upon the slightest exertion" and that she was "dependent on her children, a daughter, especially, who teaches school". However, the first pension check arrived eighteen months after Mary presented her claim. Other checks followed regularly for the next twenty-nine years, despite Dr. Cassaday's forebodings. Jacob II, who had learned typesetting and printing on The Spencer (Ky.) County Courier, a weekly issued at Taylorsville by Will's brother-in-law, Jack Crutchers, had established himself in Louisville.

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limited to two horses, three cows, one of which answered to the name of "Shakespeare", and a number of hogs. The soil was good and there were many walnut trees on the little farm.

On the first of January, 1888, the day on which Mary was to give up the keys to the ~~homestead~~ to "Lefty Green", Will called for her and the younger children, and in a Jersey/springwagon took them to Southville to live with him and Ann. He had previously carted away Mary's fall apple crop and straw. Anyway, seated beside Will in the driver's seat on this first of January, David, now ten years old, was leaving behind him "Lefty Green's" apple, peach and walnut trees that had been silent witnesses to his early childhood days. He rode past the blacksmith shop, the drugstore, Beard's general store, Mahoney's ~~tavern~~ saloon where his father/head talked politics and the sprinkling of houses that comprised the hamlet of Beard's Station. 10

11

At Southville, David was sent to the one-room Cassaday school which was large enough to accomodate forty pupils. Its door was never locked. The school was taught by a Professor Kootch, assisted by two men teachers and one woman, Miss Jenkins. On cold days David took/his turns building the fire in the school stove, but this chore seemed the limit of his physical activity. He refused the invitations of his Oglesby cousins to go swimming with them in/one of the creeks at ~~the~~ the Old Backbone Mill. Although this farmbred boy would condescend to drive the cows to water, he did not take to the usual ~~round of~~ farm routine ~~chores~~. The girls and boys around Southville thought him queer because he seldom played with them and preferred to sit on a bench under a tree and read. Sometimes they threw walnuts/and shouted/at him, "Hey, funny boy, why don't you play with us?" Perhaps David's aloofness was due to his vicarious participation in the exploits of his father and of the ~~various~~ characters mentioned on "reading nights", besides which the normal pastimes of childhood seemed dull.

(12)

ten bedsteads and bedding, one lounge and bedding, ten beds and bedding for infant children, one set gear, ten ewe buds, one bureau, one stove, one settle, and one lot of old books appraised at one dollar. The remaining personal property was valued at $108.40 and, when sold by the administrator, brought $249. For this sale, farmers from all parts of Graham County assembled, each one bent upon getting something from the Griffith homestead. Never had young David seen his mother so resolute or his hard-working brother Will so alert, for both were the most active customers at the sale and succeeded in recovering most of the tools, plows, cattle, horses, and the walnut furniture. Mary also bought back Mattie's piano for twenty dollars.

But a month after the administrator's sale, Mary stood greatly in need of ready funds. With reluctance she sold eighteen choice acres leading to the turnpike for $560. It was a desperate time for the heirs of Jake Griffith. Some relief came in November 1884 when Mary received for the remaining 282 acres of "Lofty Green" the sum of $5,447.28 "in hand" and a promissory note, for $1,052.28 due December 1885, that was not paid until fourteen years later---in September 1899. Of the money "in hand", about half went to meet the claims of Mary's brother William and other creditors.

In the meantime youthful romance was in the air. Charmed by attractive, little Ann Crutchers of Southville, William Griffith married her in 1884 shortly before Mary had sold "Lofty Green" to George Neal. Will and Ann were now settled in a five-room one-story frame house on a 130-acre farm at Southville, the gift of Ann's parents. Mary was not allowed to contribute to the purchase of their little house and farm ~~which was situated~~ near ~~Smith Chapel~~ "The Old Backbone Mill" which was thus named because it stood by a steep ridge indented like the spinal column of a dinosaur. On each side of the ridge was a creek. The young couple's livestock seemed

Chapter 14 Ch 14 pd 14

THE KENTUCKY DAYS(Continued)

The aftermath to the passing of Colonel Griffith opened a new chapter for Mary and her children.Creditors soon filed their claims against the personal estate of Jake.Among the obligations disclosed were three mortgages which symbolized the plight of American farmers from the end of the Civil War to the twentieth century.These mortgages had been renewed for six years and the interest on them,paid or due, amounted to more than a fourth of the appraised value of "Lofty Green".It was understood that part of one mortgage represented a gambling debt incurred by the illustrious Jake.

"Lofty Green" was between five and six thousand dollars. [illegible] a tight spot.

Although Mary had been a co-signer with Jake of the notes covering these loans,she had apparently assented and asked no questions about the possibility of meeting the obligations incurred.Yet she was considerably shocked when the Oldham County Court ordered an inventory and sale of Jake's personnal estate to satisfy some of the creditors' claims after she had refused in writing to qualify letters of administration in due form of law. The court ruled fairly,nowever,for items of property appraised at $434.50 "were set apart for the use and benefit of the widow and infant children residing with her", These possessions included one Bay horse,one sorrel mare,one spotted cow "Sally",one red cow "Cherry",one lot of cows and pigs,one sewing machine,one bureau,one lot of carpet,one lot of old chairs,one dining table,one clock,one lot of cupboard ware,ten head of sheep,two plows,two hoes,one axe,one four-horse wagon,one lot of poultry,

The aftermath to the passing of Colonel Griffith opened a new chapter for Mary and her children. Creditors soon filed their claims against the personal estate of Luke. Among the obligations discovered were three mortgages. When Luke died, these mortgages were a six-year period had an accrued interest, paid and unpaid, that amounted to one fourth of the appraised value of "Lucky Dream". It was understood that part of one of the mortgages represented a gambling debt incurred by the ~~children~~ Luke.

[illegible] The ten paragraphs below to be the opening paragraphs under

"1.A Few Antecedents" on page 4.

###

1.A Few Antecedents.

"In David Wark Griffith [illegible] felt in a new medium of expression what had not been seen and felt before---in any case, not seen and felt in so impelling a way as to make the world itself aware of a new revelation in visual imagery. A man with the patience to probe and the imagination to ~~give~~ contribute ~~support~~ maturity to the elements of a new art form ~~of image relationships~~ could not very well be impeccable about the truth in minor aspects of his life, especially if he had been raised on imagined ante-bellum glories of a liquidated feudalism in which the squire or master, surrounded by chivalrous men and ~~glamorous~~ ladies on magnolia-scented nights, was kind and patronizing to his slaves.

The success of Griffith in subordinating to his selective will all phases of film creation in developing the groundwork of a new art, had its counterpart --characteristically enough--in his almost autocratic determination to make the world realize that the success and name of David Wark Griffith were ~~in themselves~~ connotative of regal place and prestige. Hence, at the age of thirty-nine,[1A] he informed the world that as a descendant of the princes who set up a new Wales, it was natural that the "executive courage and singlehanded, wholsehearted devotion which inspired his ancestors in their courses, should have brought him to his present stage of development".

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SOURCE

1A. "A Poet Writes on Motion Pictures", Theater Magazine, New York, June 1914, p. [illegible] This article did not carry the by-line of the man who wrote it, As such it represented a departure from established procedure of a magazine with the prestige of "Theater Magazine". The inference, of course, was that no one connected with the publication had written the piece which [illegible] was quite a hectic panegyric in typical press agent style. Griffith always passed on publicity releases.

Wheat/seed Daniel Weaver Sufferd de
in Maryland

He was a merch with for
Humphreys & Rafter, Va
Hardesty
in 1816
but studied
& died.

38
12
16
38
452
1841

1944----S.Springs----

There was talk in Hollywood and in [illegible] angeles press that MGM might do a film based on the trial of Lizzabeth A.Borden for the murder of her wealthy father and stepmother in 1892 at Fall River,mass. Miss Borden was acquitted but the murder was never solved.Lillian Gish had acted [illegible] in a play based on the murder but it had a run of but a month on Broadway.The Borden case had every possible ingredient for a murder melodrama---- the discovery of the horrible murders, wild suspicions,the notorious ill-feeling in the family, past quarrels about money, the two daughters' fear they might be disinherited in favor of the stepmother, the,the previous good reputation of a woman, which when contrasted with the the brutality of the crimes,made a conviction very doubtful.This difficulty increased by the fact that she was an active church member,and constantly supported in court and escorted by a couple of officious clergymen ,etc.etc.

I sawila say, I [illegible]
I see 'em standing in the queue
I sawila say
And the town is full of fops and sharps
I sawila say
(breaks into murmuring accordion)

Queen is more modest & wants a fanfare! Right order?

72

Hackett told Griffith that he, William Morris, famous actor, and Henry Miller had spent days studying the play to determine the minimum at which it might be produced. Morris read it five times. But each time that the three men checked on the estimated costs, they found at least $100,000 would be necessary--a prohibitive budget for even as successful a manager as Mr. Miller. Hay is still in manuscript form, and its burlesque of Washington by British officers and soldiers remains one of the cleanest bits of comedy.

* * *

Shortly after their return from Washington, Griffith had to write Jacobs for more help, for Dave Lewis and Linda did not have enough cash on hand to meet the rent due in a few days, and they were down to their last scraps of food. But Jacob came through in true brotherly fashion, all of which gave Griffith new courage to return to his sidewalk-pounding along that thoroughfare of make-believe: Broadway. Writing poetry and short stories in hope of selling them was now out of question. He applied to The New York World for a job as reporter, but only succeeded in selling it an article, on cooking, at space rates which were low enough

sub-title
10---TO FILMS: A LAST RESORT

TO FILMS

On his way back from The World, Griffith stopped off at an Automat self-serve lunchroom on 42nd Street for a mid-afternoon cup of coffee. He sat down at one of the tables and in a few minutes was joined by two acquaintances, burly Harry Salter and short Max Davidson, both actors. One word led to another, and soon Griffith began quoting from Keats' Ode to a Nightingale and lamenting about his status as actor and author. Both Salter and Davidson told him they had been acting frequently at the film studios such as Edison, Kalem, American Mutoscope and Biograph in New York and at Vitagraph over in Flatbush.

"They pay from $3 to $5 a day", said Davidson.

"And the work is easy", added Salter. "There is no rehearsal. You merely put on a little makeup and just go through the action wanted by the director or the camera

You study nothing.

each time that the three men checked on the estimated costs, they [illegible] at least $100,000 would be necessary--an prohibitive budget for even as successful a manager as Mr.Griffith.Has is still in the manuscript form, and is burlesque of Washington by British officers and soldiers [illegible] the American side of conflict.

* * *

Shortly after their return from Reading, Griffith [illegible] for more help, [illegible] and Biograph did not have enough such as would to suit the cost was in a few days, and they were [illegible] of food, but food came through in true [illegible] fashion, all of which gave Griffith new courage to return to his chronicle, counting along that [illegible] writing poetry and short stories [illegible] one out of every time he applied to [illegible] for a job as reporter, but only succeeded in selling it an article, on cooking, at space rates which were too cheap.

10--TO FILMS
A LAST RESORT

[illegible]

On his way back from The Herald, Griffith stopped off at an Automat self-serve lunchroom on 42nd Street for a mid-afternoon coffee. He sat down at one of the tables and in a few minutes was joined by two acquaintances, Harry Salter and Max Davidson, both actors. One word led to another, and soon Griffith began quoting from Keats' Ode to a Nightingale and discussing his career as actor and author. Both Salter and Davidson told him they had been acting frequently at the film studios such as Edison, Kalem, American Mutoscope and Biograph in New York and at Vitagraph over in Flatbush.

"They pay from $3 to $5 a day", said Davidson.

"And the work is easy", added Salter. "There is no rehearsal. You merely put on a little makeup and just go through the action wanted by the director or the cameraman"

"And right now, with beautiful Indian summer weather, it is a pleasure to work outdoors, whether you ride a horse or act in a meadow", said Davidson. "Furthermore", he continued, "these studios buy stories for their pictures. Pay $10 or $15. The stories are only two or three pages long. With your writing ability, you should be able to sell a lot of stories as well as act".

"But I'll lose standing as an actor with theatrical people if they see me in a movie", declared Griffith.

"None of them has seen us yet, and it hasn't hurt us. Try it. The money is worth going after.", advised Salter.

You study nothing.

so far. You need not tell theatre managers that you are acting before a camera. Why should you care anyway? or they

The Boston Herald's critic, after referring to changes in the play made since it opened the first night on Broadway that the first act had been made the prologue, went in part as follows:

> Even now some try to make it "work" to portray the seamy, shady side of life. The play is an appeal to the very worst and the lowest emotions of which the human spirit is capable. ...The whole thing is utterly inconsistent, untrue to life, unnecessary. It is a play that leaves a vile taste behind it. It is as unwholesome as a fetid morsel.

The Evening Sun offers the following estimate:

> It is on the whole a good strong play. In one or two places it suffers at present from being too busy, a common failing with first-night productions, but this can be easily lessened....as a convincing and novel story of Western life it is another chapter in the Western history that is being written with plays. The story is told by the dramatist in strong, forceful fashion. It is not hampered by a sub-plot, but goes straight to the mark from the rise of the curtain



...it was a Cuban couple that picked up their cheap little suitcases, checked out of their hotel and took the train back to New York. But Griffith was not the kind of a man to remain long in a discouraged mood. "Cheer up, Linda--he'll do something worthwhile for you yet!", he told her. Then he began humming a song, softly to himself, whenever he felt perturbed or upset, he had a way of humming, or singing or reciting verses from Keats' Ode to a Nightingale.

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As for his spectacle drama:

69 War was a criticism of bondage as a general condition in the British-American Colonies and an espousal of the better life formed in fighting for freedom. It called for an unusually large cast, something like twenty main characters and more than four times that number in workers, farmers, French soldiers, drummer boys, mechanics, military bands, farm girls, British officers, men and women army riff-raff, etc. Thirty-seven pages long, Act I foreshadows Griffith's varied treatment of mass and visualization, pageantry, detail and characterizations in such films as Judith of Bethulia, The Birth of a Nation, Intolerance, America or Drums of Love.

In War Griffith built up overtones of cumulative social anger with dialogue and 70 situation, as when Jennie, a freeman's daughter, exclaims that the laws which keep Jackson White a bondslave "are vile laws and its a vile power that makes 'em". . .and again, in the situation of 71 Sawyer, a Continental soldier wounded in the stomach, who sings to himself the following:

The Washington Herald's critic, after [illegible] referring to changes in the play made since it opened the first night on [illegible] that the first act had been made the prologue, [illegible] in part as follows:

> Some men seem to think it "art" to portray the seamy, shady side of life. The play is an appeal to the very worst and the lowest emotions of which the human spirit is capable. ...The whole thing is utterly inconsistent, untrue to life, unnecessary. It is a play that leaves a bad taste behind it. It is as inartistic as a Zola novel." Oct. 1, 1907

The Washington Times offered the following estimate:

> It is on the whole a good strong play. In one or two places it suffers at present from being too talky, a common failing with first-night productions, but talk can be easily lessened....as a convincing and novel story of Western life, it is another chapter in the Western history that is being written with plays. The story is told by the dramatist in strong, forceful fashion. It is not hampered by a sub-plot, but goes straight to the mark from the rise of the curtain." Oct. 1, 07

Not disheartened by the fate of A Fool and A Girl, the play, Griffith submitted another play to Francis J. Hackett which he completed in May 1907 when living at 100th street. The new play, entitled War, was a criticism of bondage as a general condition in the British-American colonies and also an espousal of the better life related to the fight for freedom. War called for 53 characters, supplemented by a like number of workmen, farmers, French soldiers, drummer boys, mechanics, military bands, and farmer girls. Thirty-seven pages long, the first act was rich in character variations and pageantry, and suggests the handling of masses and objects which Griffith was to embody in Judith of Bethulia, The Birth of a Nation and Macbeth his films after Intolerance, America and Drums of Love.

Moreover, without being obviously didactic Griffith builds up a social [illegible] when he has Jackson White, the Lowman, speak such lines as

(69)

for his spectacle dramas.

was a criticism of bondage as a general condition in the British-American colonies and an espousal of the better life found in fighting for freedom. It called for an unusually large cast, something like four times and more than that number in workers, farmers, French soldiers, drummer boys, mechanics, military bands, farm girls, British officers, men and women army riff-raff, etc. Thirty-seven pages long, Act I foreshadows Griffith's varied treatment of mass and visualization, pageantry, detail and characterizations in such films as Judith of Bethulia, The Birth of a Nation, Intolerance, America or Drums of Love.

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Chilling 27

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A Fool and A Girl

(or a report on the status of irregularly employed chor girls and other unemployed or semi-employed persons sometimes willing to earn an honest penny)

Based on a report on the status of irregularly employed chor girls and other unemployed or semi-employed persons sometimes willing to earn an honest penny, the play, A Fool and A Girl, by Edgar Selwyn, was produced in Baltimore on September 30, 1907. Perhaps the naive, cocky stage character Effie Perine, a young girl from Kentucky who casually drops a wallet containing $500 for Effie to find was far-fetched, but the play offered enough realistic situations and dialogue to make a depressing social worker's case history, especially of Effie at the Bull Pup Cafe and in the last scene, of a middle-aged seamstress working in a tenement owned by the once flamboyant playboy, now ill, the absentee owner. On a visit to the tenement he considers it to be "a hole not even fit for cattle". But the opinions of the dissenters at "Freedom Hall", of Jack London and his proletarian heroes, prevailed after all in Griffith's mind. What seems evident in the closing lines of the play that were deleted in the stage production by William Dean over Griffith's protest:

"Look out there---all the dirt and ignorance, and poverty and suffering. They are calling, calling always---for help. Let us do what we can. The great battle outside there needs and calls us".

Griffith and Linda went to Washington by coach train, and more buoyant with high hopes for the entire trip. They had been told to register at one of the better hotels there, but ate most of their makeshift meals in their room. They came to the capitol with high hopes to see the play. A Fool and Girl opened on September 30, 1907, at The Columbia Theatre, drew in admissions only $19 on the first night and a full house on the last night of the one week it played there. Klaw & Erlanger, however, cancelled Baltimore dates for show. The Washington (D.C.) Post reviewer extended the following farewell to the play:

"If I entertained any fear that A Fool and a Girl, the play tried out last week at The Columbia Theatre, would last through the season, I would yield some space to its disgusting vulgarity".

Although it had been advertised in Baltimore newspapers.

Griffith,p.64

of the dull Pup Gaffy,past ninety age,works,as a seamstress in a tenement which its absentee owner on a visit discovers to be "a hole not even fit for cattle".Perhaps the opinions of the dissenters at Preston Hall of his youthful days and the castigating observations of Jack Duncan had been etched in Griffith's head as seems evident in the closing lines of the play that were deleted in the production by edition Dunn over Griffith's protest:

> "Look out there--all the dirt and ignorance,and poverty and suffering.They are calling,calling always--for help.Let us do what we can.The great battle outside there needs and calls us".

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Attempt to had been advertised in Baltimore newspapers.

Ch.Liverpool 6

## 9- The Stage is Set

In the meantime decisions were being made by Klaw & Erlanger about the cast and staging of A Fool and a Girl.Fanny Ward,retired but still the very capable musical comedy star who had been instrumental in [illegible] production, was, by dictum of Mr.Erlanger,given the leading feminine role of Effie,the show girl. Supporting her would be Allison Skipworth that master of exquisite diction,Allison Skipworth,and Frank Sumerlow. It seemed to Griffith that Miss Ward, who had always specialized in musical comedy, should be selected arbitrarily for a part having grim social overtones.But Hackett was powerless to interpose.He was glad to have got the support of K & E for the play and been able to rent from them the Columbia Theatre in Washington where it was to have its try-out.This was a time when producers and managers of plays in need of a theatre approached K & E as supplicants and sometimes willing to surrender half the profits on a show in addition to paying the rental of the theatre.William Dean ,the director chosen by K & E to stage the play, would be the last person to think of questioning his employer's choice of Miss Ward as Effie.

Rehearsals opened in September 1907 at The New Amsterdam Theatre in New York.One day,during the noon hour,when players and stagehands had gone to lunch,Griffith sauntered upon the stage,walked about slowly, hands in his trouser-pockets,when he suddenly stopped as he saw Miss Ward's diamond-studded handbag lying on a prop table.She had forgotten it on her way to lunch.But Griffith,who had not had lunch and who had been eating too regularly or well,stood staring at the handbag,noting the largest diamond which was said to be worth $50,000, and debating with himself whether he should take the handbag. "I looked at those diamonds a long time", he told a coworker at Biograph some months afterward.

(You might think he spoke.)

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the evening they shopped at the grocer,butcher,and baker,and carried home armsful of canned goods,fruit,cheese,meats,baked goods, eggs, and a dressed turkey.The Griffith larder at 122 West 130th Street had never been filled before.Mr. Griffith and Linda spent the next few days visiting the art galleries on lower Fifth Avenue, [illegible] had villa there,the statue of Liberty, [illegible] Hoboken shore he stayed, [illegible] Ghetto [illegible] It was truly a period of relaxation for the pair.After New Year's Day,Griffith and Linda rode down to the 46th 42nd Street branch of The New York Public Library,carrying their lunches and notepaper,and began working on his search for data needed for the new play.He checked,read and selected source material about Colonial and Revolutionary customs,manners,speech,events;she,like a good secretary, copied the information that he wished to take home for reference.Six weeks,from morning to closing time,they spent their days at the library. Late in April he finished the play Her and in May copyrighted it,then mailed it to Hackett. [illegible] Most of the money from the royalty check had been spent.

However,some time would elapse before rehearsals could begin,Hackett told Griffith,because the theatres playhouses controlled or owned by Klaw & Erlanger through the Theatre Syndicate were booked solidly a year ahead.In other words,the theatre trust,as the Theatre Syndicate was known,had theatres booked full up for most of the country's theatres in cities of more than 100,000.

Acceptance of his play gave Patterson and his young wife the tension that follows release from tension.He enters one has been long subject to nasty[illegible] Recognition spurred [illegible] to another play,now that he had some financial reserves for the first time in his life.He had as a boy grown up in Kentucky on stories about the American Revolution of 1776,as handed down from his grandfather Salathiel, through Daniel Weatherby and Jacob Ward Griggs. These were augmented by books he had read about Colonial times at Flexner's and in the New York Public Library.Now he proposed to write a spectacle drama about the War of 1776, and be ready to market as soon as he could. soon as possible have another play to market

In fact,he hoped to give up the stage and confine himself to writing plays and poems.He seemed disillusioned with acting as a career,with its uncertainties,its brief spells of employment between long "rests". "Maybe I am a ham actor. . .Perhaps I should write. . .Write more plays that bring in nice royalty checks. . .That is much better than haunting the offices of theatre agencts for mediocre jobs".. .were he said some of the thoughts he conveyed to young Linda as he walked up and down the length of the kitchen floor, (Go to next page

On the day after Christmas,the royalty check was deposited in the Hanover bank.His first bank account!In another few days he and Linda went on a modest shopping tour. . .bought a warm coat,hat,gloves,shoes and dress maternity goods for her to sew,on the ancient Singer sewing machine . . .and for him a warm overcoat,gloves,shoes,hat,socks and shirts.In

Griffith, p.11

...entitled on his sub-intensive skin or Silence to show he showed ...
a copy of his play. A few days later Silence notified Griffith that ...
he thought well enough of A Fool and A Girl to send it, with Griffith's permis... ...
...ett, in James K. Hackett, ... an outstanding romantic actor and ... of the ...
...ccessful ... in the ... production. ...
...Griffith naturally was grateful for Silence's interest. Then ...
a brief engagement of a few weeks followed ... in Somerville ...
theatres in New York and Brooklyn with the great character actor J.E. ...
Doucet and Helen Bere in Under the Red Robe, a swash... ...
during the French Revolution.

Griffith and his young wife were now economizing, ... By ...
the imagination ... to spend as little as possible ... for ...
food. One day his cousin, John Whyte, a young attorney practicing in ...
New York and a native of Shelbyville, visited David and Linda at their ...
flat. He accepted their invitation to stay for dinner, which consisted ...
of veal loaf ... in gravy, ..., coffee ...
and cheap jellied pastry. Assuming a nonchalant, grand manner as if he ...
were the lord of a manor in a stage play, Griffith told his cousin, "You ...
know, John, I despise dinners broken in little bits. I want enough of one item" ...
53
item." Shortly after ... cousin Whyte's visit, ... despite ...
the elation of the Griffiths was to know no bounds, ... ...
Suburbanites ..., because the ... postman ... on the day before Christmas ... handed Griffith an ...
envelope which, ... contained a check for $1,000 ...
from James K. Hackett as an advance royalty payment on A Fool ...
and A Girl. The script, mailed by Elsner six weeks before, reached ...
Hackett in Montreal where he was vacationing ... with William ...
Winter and Louis Defoe, two New York drama critics. All three were im-
pressed by ... its realism, character delineation, and absence of conventional plot.
Hackett lost no time getting the play financed by Klaw and Erlanger.

July and August, the two months when Fall shows are organized, passed without a call from either agency or theatrical producer for the services of Griffith and Linda, both of whom preferred to be in the same town if they had to go on the road. Linda's dread of being left alone in New York if David did get a call to go on tour kept him, [illegible] in spite of the high stakes. Then, too, the probabilities were that if he went away with a show for a few months, his expenses would leave little to remit to the young wife. The presence of Linda in New York meant that he must stay in or very close to the city, and that until he found local engagements he must indulge in the bitter, involuntary outdoor exercise of sidewalk-pounding on Broadway, like other out-of-luck actors.

It was fortunate for both Griffith and Linda, however, that he practically completed his play, A Fool and a Girl, while on the West coast after his return from the hop fields. Now, during the jobless summer months he began to edit, and revise, or touch up his draft of the play, so that in dictating from the final script it was a simple matter for Linda to type the finished copy in its entirety on an old Oliver typewriter. In September the script was sent to Washington to be copyrighted. Griffith planned to show it to the first producer he met. In the meantime, Jacob during these weeks sent numerous checks, each of them the equivalent of his weekly salary as a printer on the Courier-Journal, these were followed by the transfer of Linda's frozen savings, about two hundred dollars, from her bank in San Francisco. 51

In mid-November Griffith received a tiny nibble---i.e., a very small part in Edward Ellsner's production of Salome, 52 featuring Mercedes Lee, for precisely one matinee at the Astor Theatre. But he

Griffith.60

quent change of address because of difficulties in meeting the rent. Then they finally moved into an unfurnished railroad flat at 140 East 104th Street in New York. A "railroad" flat was always known as the type of apartment in which the rooms from front to back were connected by a series of doors. One of the rooms, usually the middle one, was without windows and served as a passageway to the kitchen, which was connected by doors and corridors similar to those on a train. Furthermore, a railroad flat in New York was one without a bathtub, hot running water, or furnace or radiator heat. The occupants, if they could afford to bathe, usually purchased a bathtub made of tin which was filled by water carried in a bucket from the kitchen sink. The water was heated by gas in a boiler that stood in a corner of the kitchen. After the ablutions were over, the bather emptied the tub by again filling the bucket and emptying it in the kitchen sink. The typical railroad flat faced a backyard at one end of which there stood a telegraph pole three stories high and to which clothes-line pulleys were attached. The rent was $10 a month for a few pieces of used furniture, which were purchased piecemeal and did not cost more than $18. At least six flights of stairs in their unfurnished flat, there was no danger of their clothes or trunks being held by the landlord if they were behind in their rent, and the additional space was better than being confined to a single furnished room.

Griffith attended to the heavier household tasks, such as scrubbing the floor once a week, carrying the ashes and garbage downstairs, to deposit in large metal cans, and sitting outside on a window-ledge so he washed the windows. Being an excellent cook, he helped prepare meals, and sang some of the folk songs he learned in Kentucky. He sometimes did his own mending and sewing. Griffith's boyhood was brightened by his domestic chores by singing the old Kentucky songs he worked.

These and other circumstances conspired to prevent Griffith from leaving New York and eventually to thrust him into the field of film-making.

clad in ~~his~~ garments supplied by the Red Cross.Griffith had arranged
and paid for
for ~~accommodations~~ for both girls at a ~~modest~~ hotel, and within a few days after
~~secured employment~~ and a ~~$5~~ wedding ring for Gertrude
their arrival he obtained the marriage license.Then they proceeded to Old
North Church where they were ~~registered~~ as ~~husband~~ and wife.After these formali-
were over,
ties he had $10 to his name.But there were five weeks' salary to look forward
to with the O'Neill company, ~~waiting to receive progress.~~

Linda's experience in the theatre ~~until~~ the quake had been a ~~fraction~~ of that
~~of~~ Griffith acquired at The Temple Theatre in Louisville.Eleven years his
junior,she ~~had not~~ had little knowledge of realities, ~~nor~~ of trends in theatre, ~~and of~~
~~social thought such as he had encountered.~~ Moreover,if she had had ~~any elements~~
~~of evil~~ and the determination ~~to triumph~~ which characterizes the ~~born~~ actress,
to master acting as craft and art,she
might have faced the situation in San Francisco ~~after the quake~~ until normal
conditions were restored a few months later, ~~and~~ the theatres, ~~most of which~~
~~were not wrecked~~, resumed ~~activities~~ production.Linda knew that Griffith had
no resources when she wrote about her situation, ~~so that he was impelled to~~
~~advise her to come East.~~ On the other hand, ~~Griffith~~ status from afar,on a long
tour with a prominent actress of striking appearance, ~~might have either~~ dazzle
or arouse the possessiveness in a young girl like Linda who, ~~had lost her~~
~~clothes in the quake and~~ was living in a tent shared with others.
~~the reply to which was apprehensive.~~

8 — The Aftermath

The O'Neill troupe in mid-June disbanded for the summer, and The ~~unemployed~~
newlyweds ~~managed to~~ left for New York, on what was their honeymoon
journey, ~~on an overcrowded steamboat~~ which brought them into
~~port the next morning.Soon they would be~~ guests at one of Manhattan's
modern hotels, ~~but for a few days only, since they were obliged to leave~~
living quarters in keeping with their limited funds.Life for Linda and Griffith
during the next twenty months was to be a touch-and-go tussle with the spectre
of hunger.They resigned themselves to living in furnished rooms and made fre-

3 — Back East Again

and her company must have worked [illegible] as suggested by the [illegible] performances the [illegible] three or four plays each week and the entire repertoire of [illegible] plays during the first week [illegible] cities where the company was to have a run of [illegible] weeks. It was a new experience for Griffith to act in an Ibsen drama such as Rosmersholm in which he played [illegible] Ulric Brendel, or in Sudermann's Heimat in which he had [illegible] part of Leberecht Heinecke. Probably, due to [illegible] he did not in a long time, to give the kind of performance likely to [illegible] critical [illegible] something that the company as an ensemble did not even to [illegible] Apparently, he [illegible] tall, slender, and [illegible] Griffith on at least one occasion, [illegible] when he substituted as [illegible] Faulty, father of Magda, for the ill-year-old, corpulent Mr. Rankin, but it was the latter who received fine press notices for a [illegible] performance although he was in a bar drinking. [illegible]

This heading won't do, and now I know it. Have one ready. Call it "Linda Gets Her Man" or something catchy.

During the company's first week in Minneapolis, Griffith picked up the special edition of the morning paper at breakfast and momentarily was stunned when he read the headline about the San Francisco earthquake. [illegible] A week later he received from Linda both a letter and a telegram by mail referring to the chaos and asking if it would be agreeable to him if she journey East and for them to marry after her arrival. In later years long after their separation, Griffith maintained he sent Linda a telegram that was sympathetic but rather noncommital, because his expenses on the road used up most of his salary, he had very little cash on hand, nor did he have immediate prospects of engagements in the East after the O'Neill company concluded its tour in Boston. On the other hand, Linda told friends that he wanted her as much as she wanted him, and that he was most receptive to her suggestion. The Red Cross refugee train, [illegible] Both girls had lost their clothes in the quake and

Do this late right? I thought he first separated 1911 [illegible]

Linda, accompanied by her sister traveled eastward on

and joined Griffith in Boston.

Macbeth, a role which Shakespeare created for a man, was played by a woman, was hailed as "a great tradition, the one this generation has never seen". But the astute critic who thus praised her work regretted there were not more roles for a "temperament at once so big and so limited". San Francisco thought Miss O'Neill was more than a "... "She cannot but feel that it is a talent of limitations. . .Few actresses are abler in throwing their selves into character so passionately, with such abandon to the emotions". . .Too little showing in her acting". . ."Lacking in the mental conception which should guide her". It is doubtful if an actress not so young, strong and as full of vitality could have helped [illegible] her faults.

But the O'Neill repertory aimed high with its plays by Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Sudermann, Giacosetti and Shakespeare. That Miss O'Neill

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gander of the dialogue, which seems to have preceded by many years the so-called "godless" school of social realism to dream during the 1920's.

Griffith's next job turned out to be with the Nance O'Neill company of which McKee Rankin was the producing director. Miss O'Neill, born Gertrude Lamson in Oakland, California, had returned from a long, successful tour in Australia and was due to open in San Francisco in December. As for Rankin, he was part Indian, Polish and Scotch, and educated in theatre. He considered the role of director one had a great influence on any play one had been with him. Among informed theatre people it was generally held that one year for an actor to be with Rankin was the equivalent of five with most other directors.

The fact that Rankin led Griffith and young Linda to believe that at last he was on the road to eminence in the theatre and all that goes with it in emolument. The starting salary of $40 a week was raised to $75. His tenure with the O'Neill troupe was to be the longest and most profotable of his checkered acting career, for the company was booked from mid-December 1905 in San Francisco to June 1906 in Boston.

Whether the cross-country tour, with an actress extolled as a leading tragedienne and a skilful director, was to improve Griffith's fortunes on the stage remained an open question. For one thing, Miss O'Neill was a tall, beautiful woman of tremendous physical vitality which sometimes made her male supporting players seem like fragile marionettes. Griffith's slender physique, even when built up, suffered in comparison with the supple statuesque O'Neill. Only his voice enabled him to keep from being overwhelmed by her vocal capacity. Two years before, in 1903, her work as Lady Macbeth was hailed as that of "one of the greatest actresses of the world"

these trips he burst into song and,as he continued singing,threatening clouds gathered and the waves began rolling high,as they crashed the [illegible] but Griffith continued singing,as wind and storm menaced the ship. At last,one of the crew warned Griffith that his singing was bringing the storm on and meant bad luck to the boat,and if he persisted singing he would be tossed into the ocean.

Griffith debarked at Portland where he applied to several of the theatres for work, and was hired by William H.Bernard,director of the Baker Dramatic Stock Company,on the strength of his press clippings consisting of credits in parts he had played in The Baker company put on a new play every week,and maintained standards as good as those of the [illegible] in San Francisco or of Ye Liberty in Oakland. Griffith acted in Barlou and Shakespeare plays for five weeks at $35 a week,but he gave the impression of being "hammy", and much too intense, and taking himself too seriously.Mr.Bernard's daughter, then 11 and playing Lord Fauntleroy, recalled hearing but does not vouch for the story that Griffith went up into the Portland hills to read his lines,and that some one thought an insane man was at large and called the police.All of which sounds plausible enough,for when he gave the volume of his voice,full leeway it could readily give that impression, and began to alarm peaceful citizens.

## Eastward Bound.

In San Francisco once more,Griffith progressed to writing his play about the hopfields,while living on scant rations for several months. When not writing, or reading such lines as he had written, making the rounds of the theatres in search for a new job assignment. And if she as usual said nothing and sat in awe as he read his lines, perhaps it was because the girl was overcome by the brutal,realistic

Untitled Novel

a dinner for

an inexpensive restaurant such as Armbrust's or Da Zucco's, or Da Zucco's former, handsomely fully prepared food in seven or eight courses served with wine. Da Zucco's place, on Washington Street just above Henry Street, and a dining room where the food was dispensed in French peasant style in large bowls, and the patrons sat at long plain tables. [illegible] to splurge, with tons wines to The Fig Tree [illegible] where the waiters were so used to tipping generously even in those days, and since [illegible] him for being carefree in that regard, but he was her first love and she probably felt [illegible] entitled to [illegible] his tipping. [illegible] As to [illegible] with all women, Ginia remained intense about this first love during courtship, through and after their [illegible] marital life. [illegible]

with a small bottle of Sauterne wine

To [illegible] who knew her

She gave the impression of being [illegible] a quiet, retiring person who one does not notice unless around. Yet

# The SPI[redacted]

NO. 880

The Gregg Publishing Company

New York Chicago Boston San Francisco London

SPIRAL BINDING—U. S. Patents [illegible]
Other Patents Pending

FRANK COYLE

Quoted of Deem
but Gant because
he was reading both
(them) instead of
selling them

Capt. Wm. Neal
in baseball for
many years when
— with Deem up to baseball
he went to Fort Worth
Then Evansville Texas
years for
18 yrs
served in Minor ranks

5/ last tracks of DW
in KS

1897 / found DW
/ dozen months
associates / lasted
~~two~~ months /

for [illegible] not in road
sedge boots
for Ringold Ord Co.

— Wm. Daasted
was leader
in course of 4th Jeffers
now occupied by a
Chinese restaurant

of West with G. B.
four fences to and Boston

G. lead them to supper
— and runs B. "in cuff" who
didn't know anybody
Jacobs also took
supper Emma —
and Albert

Next day Jacob came
over. Daniel
escorted them
into a quartette

— G. leaves Eagle
with agency & stock
company /

1-

8-

Actress Lee married
Wynekoop [illegible]
secured [illegible]
[illegible]

— Mrs. Daunted
argued stage
voice upheld
[illegible] surgery
— she left [illegible]
Plaintiff when she became
successful, money not [illegible]

Coyle [illegible] two [illegible]
scene [illegible]

Dr. Ned Coyle he, DW,
had to part [illegible] week
in 1897 (and 1898 —
plus [illegible] week for
42 weeks —

Dunca

9' Distant Federal ~~Dr~~ by allies

Ant Baptist church

still there

~~Ebenezer~~ a between Creeks

Unattended fire went via Accrington

— Coyle used Lees and to keep up after — Dunca DW he sleeps Dunca naturally

— great fractures

(Coyle assume DW he was)

— Pioneer
Principles 1875

— Deep water
channel
from [illegible] to [illegible]
Grounds supplied at time
hollow cans to be
steel

Diff sand in
necessary all day to keep
from caving with at night to keep from
disloy

— Charles Hamilton
Wreck
wood valves

Accounts
from

10/

1901–02

John Jeffrey
came to Louisville
with Faust when
Dr Mitchell last season

*

9 took Faust
back to Boston
next way I saw it
Faust

11

lived across street
from Girls High School
(now Temple Hy. Sch)
(62) 011 1st Street -1897

couple went to 9's
twice

two story — two
family brick house

Had old fashioned walnut
furniture in a piano

Jan born in 1896

von Poller of
the Fifth Act
on old volume
monument to J's
father at
inscription

— wild drawn at spec
sketch out

—

— print / made knowledge
print

Cusick signature photo
# the Bio of
in Hey Diem Baby —

13 —

Early years Lewis
seem to put pol. A(..) views
Many Southern roots in
Okla Cal. Ga. —
Solon C. Lewis
was a confederate
soldier
Confed
Wm Lewis
developed cattle ranch Lewis
in early years
S. Lewis
John
Sept. in Michigan
— See Lewis talk on
DH made Book
- To triple. Do you remember
what it be led?

14

after J. Lee was
found, I was
sent to Louisville
to record J. was
in town

Father and Clyde
in town

Went up to buy a gun
from Cecil Wilson and
J. Wilson went up
to Wilson's
kept him company

-15

not successful

Was founded because very successful in Dublin & found not prudent surgeons

he decided to earn the money

Doyle argued successful surgeon last 15 yrs — a player both

— need of money influenced to go on stage

16

15-A

I need to get
packed for
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

— green / Dot office
merger

-18

Flexner's

was

West of 4th

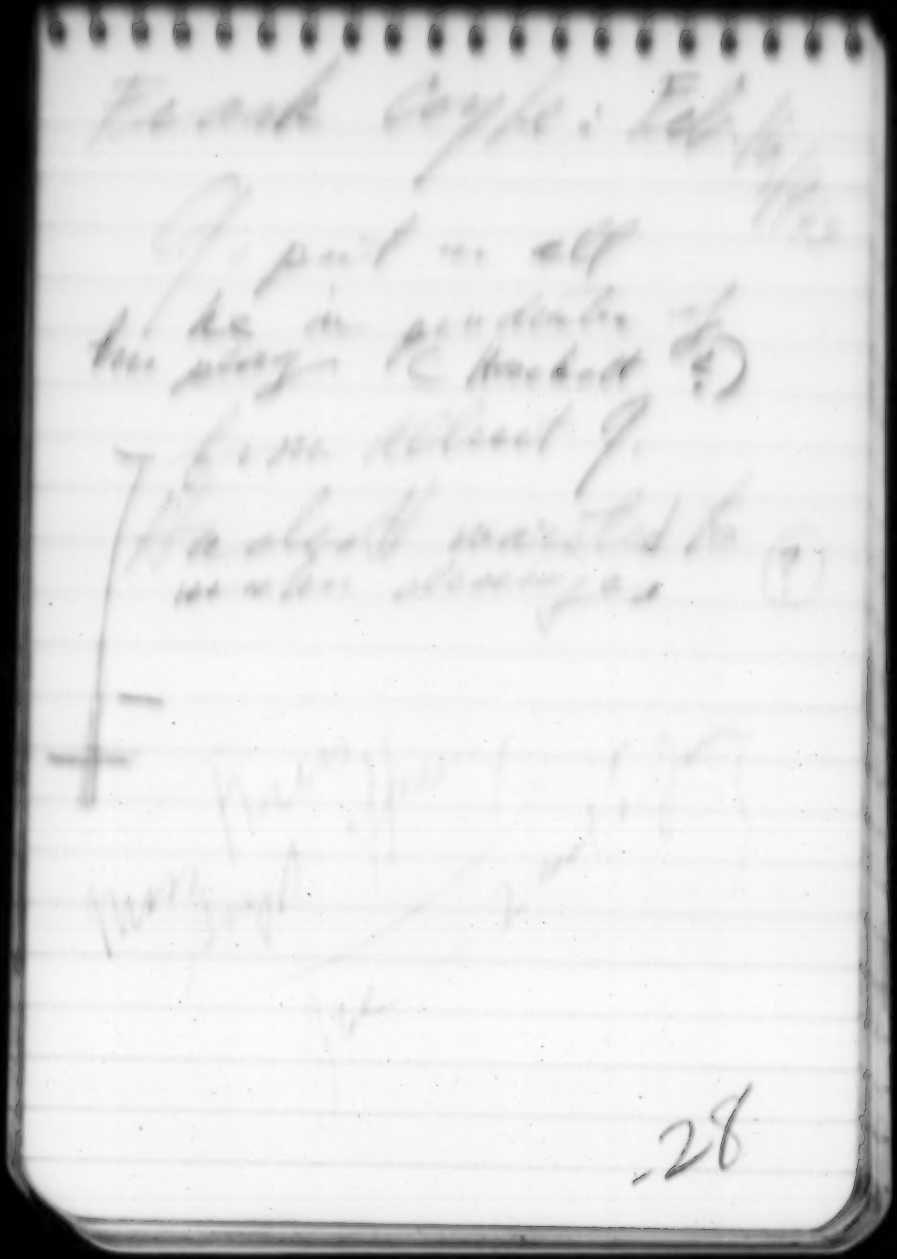
Herbert's

" Leder's new & used store

- good size store then
- many books / scholarly
- waited on customers too
-

Flexner's scholarly
made me
a geek

19



Madam Lord to Mrs Lord 23
Lucy Hill wife

Hon. Lord remember

Wed quite at Overhead
of stock — a. much
love

Hope heard of safe arr.
Wed returned
wife

Horses & Hounds to
leave Stowe WW

(1)

built prop — carpenter
Strand Theatre
Tony Sivori —
picked cotton — always had def
Sup Troupe
Wilbur Block
1907 & 1909
— Ike with The Strand, Seattle

---

Cf. cane as bat player

Oscar Eagle as butler
left — Little Lord Fauntleroy
Who can we get for butler
Where's the waiter with the pipe
down like a butler

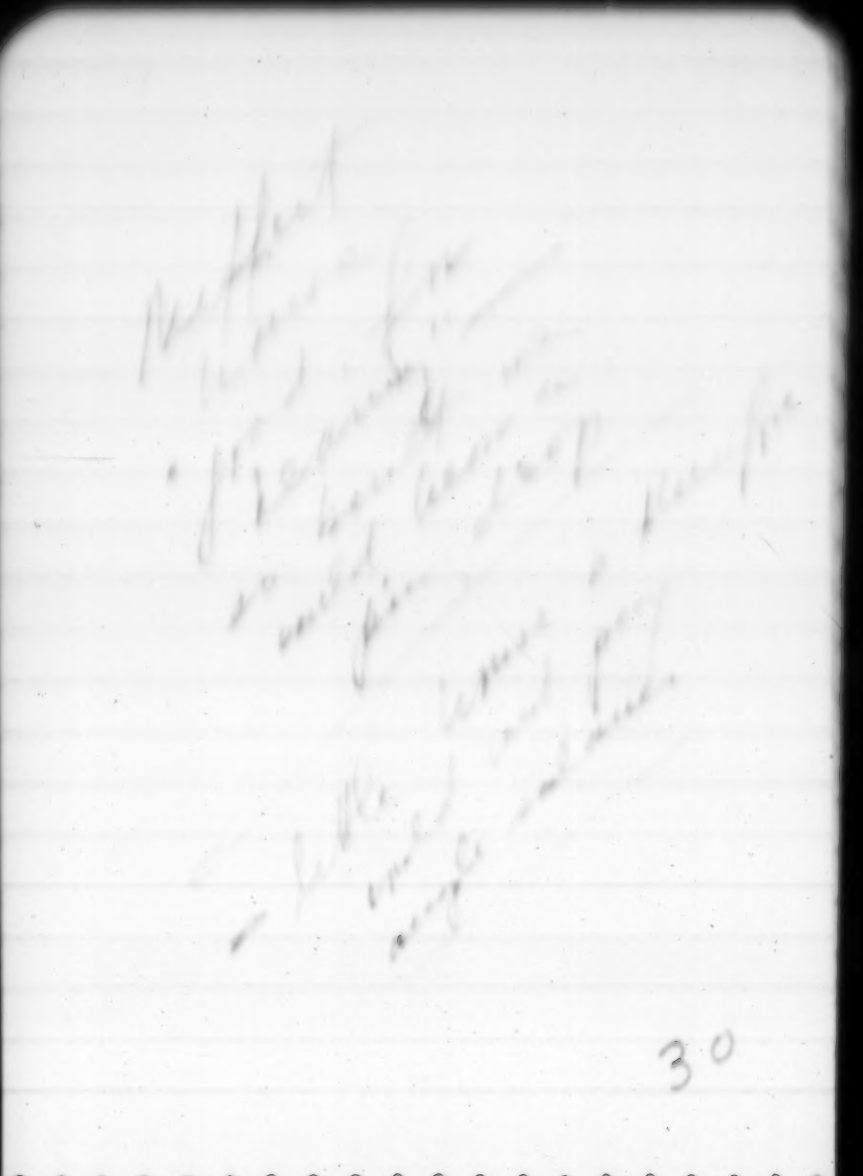
Brown bushy hair
looked like a dog

-29

Most old Kansas
an old upstairs house
— Flint's tell they
built in flush days

— never built for a
theatre; lodge rooms
cut out to make
room for the flies
— auditorium out of lodge rooms too
— electrical equipment
— 750 seats downstairs
300 balcony
— lead, velour curtain / pleated
Italian
Drawn 40'

— ushers in black tuxedos
— steps were 25 ft from top to
street, & then when you



— 9. very quiet boy
= studious

wooden stairs
as narrow as they
could be

after they took on
with them at each
new floor

stairs at different an
upstairs levels)
from street
to second
third floor
were 25 feet

9. told Dean Engel

I gave you credit, Mr. E.
when I saw today.
I lived 15 f when I
landed in N.Y.

Tony Savoia / Outfit

/ He dreamed / lived to act /

9 walked up + down
the aisle in rehearsals +
studied hard

-34

-35- Plays & Cos. in which D/W played in Louisville

under management of Ralph & Robt. Cummings

The Cummings Stock Co's

- "Men and Women" by Dave Belasco
- At Temple Theater

March 1, 1897 / 2 performances daily - no Sunday

Matinees 15¢ - evening, 25¢

musical program between acts.

1. The March Directorate — Louis A
2. Overture Stradella — Flotow
3. Serenade (for flute & cello) — Titl
4. La Cygnes (Russian Mazurka) — Gaune
5. Two Step — The Popular Song — Burke

Stephen Foster, gracenote of Virginia played by G. ✓

— Play and Robert

Ralph E. Cummings played the cello in Wm. Prescott Jefferson Band

Cummings — Muffett

- Cummings players ~~went~~ latest with Asem Eagle

37

Hartford

Agreement Stock Co.

Country

Hello & Wilson used often played with
by roadshows

First effects not perfected

Let's make up the drama for between acts

Done as we go

Tony lead & keep effects going all the time

Held by the enemy

film war drama

(vaudeville also in between acts)

Try power at

Dr. David A. Fleyner —

Bernard Fleyner attended U of L. ~~when it was~~ School of Law when it had a handful of students —

- practiced Law in ~~Louisville~~ Chicago and New York after leaving Louisville in 1911
- Retired (as of 1939) but active in a number of causes
- Member of Committee for Displaced Foreign Scholars
- Organized the Palestine Economic Corporation in 1925
- Mrs. Jane M. Fleyner, head of circulation dept of Louisville public library & reader's adviser in N.Y. Public Library

→ New York Poles Louisville

X — Mrs. Marion W. Fleyner
Dr. Morris
working on Sm. H-P / 1932

-D

Call for J. Blackmore
Fraulein Schr
via U.S. Chemist

15
7 Jan
Jan and played
with John Kerr

- John Kerr and
Jan and
Kerr Stones

— in Common Clay
of Kincaid

"THE PRETTIEST PLAYHOUSE IN THE CITY" Meffert — "Popular" prices, 10–15–25¢ – Matinees=

| PLAYDATE | PLAYNAME | DWG |
|---|---|---|
| ~~Opening play~~ Sept 6, 1897 | Nobles, a society play from Ouida's novel of same name | O |
| Sept. 13, " | Niobe, a fantastic comedy in 3 acts by Harry & Edward Paulton | O |
| Sept 20 – | Forget-Me-Not, a comedy drama by Henry Merrivale | O |
| Sept. 27 – | Engaged, by W. S. Gilbert (of Gilbert & Sullivan) a Farce-Comedy | O |
| ~~Oct. 4~~ – | Trilby by Paul M. Potter (dram. of du Maurier) | O |
| Oct. 11 – | | |
| Oct. 18 – | ~~adopted Estrena in above~~ TURNED UP – comedy – Mark Melford | O |
| Oct. 25 – | A Social Highlewayman | |

DW as (two antlers) Caralus Despard

Orchestra at Meffert

Dominick Geradi, Harpist — Frank Iula, violinist (1)
J. P. Ginberno, Flute — Rink Sorano, Clarionette (2)

– sometimes Geradi's players would stop the show

-41

DW

Nov. 1, 1897 The Wife ✓
Society Play by Augustus Thomas & Henry C. DeMille

DW — Mr. Randolph, secretary to John Pettigrew, of the U.S. Senate ✓

Nov. 8/ Jane, comedy by Nicholls & Lestocq

Nov. 15/ Lady Windermere's Fan ✓
"Famous" epigrammatic satire on society London

DW as Parker, a servant.

Nov. 22/ Young Mrs. Winthrop", a domestic play by Bronson Howard

Nov. 29/ Charley's Aunt/Brandon Thomas

Dec. 6/ The Silver King ✓ by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman

DW as Parkyn, parish clerk of Maidenhead and Tubbs, Landlord of Wheatsheaf

(42)

(A fairy comedy)

Dec. 13, 1897 Rec'd Disreputable Ancestor
by Edmund Day,
member of Kufferth Co.

g. as Hopper, the family butler

Dec. 20 A Scrap of Paper
(mm. Mrs. Newbold's great success"

g. as Francois, servant of
Prosper Couramont
(play set in present France)

Dec. 27 – Held by the Enemy
by William Gillette
"greatest war drama of the age"
(re Civil War)
g. as Capt. Woodford of 2. Div. Hines' cavalry

Jan. 3, 1898 The Mighty Dollar
g. as Saville mr Hoyt (?)

(43)

Jan. 10/1898
A Celebrated Case (author?)

J. in Prologue as Corporal
& in play as sergeant of
the guard

Jan. 17 - '98 - "The Lights O' London"
a murder by George R. Simms, Esq
Author of "Castles for Joe" etc

J. as Marks, lodge keeper
of the Hall
Armitage
and as Mr. Skeffington, solicitor

(Five acts / (total of 9 scenes)

Jan. 25 '98 - The Banker's Daughter
by Bronson Howard

J. as Harold Routledge
(a domestic drama)

Jan. 31, 1882 / Mafeking

The Two Orphans

Kate Claxton's version of D'Ennery's masterpiece

Q. as Lafleur, servitor of the Marquis de Presle

~~Jan.~~ – Seven acts

~~Jan.~~ (Lestina as Comte de Lineres, minister of police)

~~Jan.~~ Feb 7 – The Dancing Girl

by Arthur Henry Jones, Esq.

"Mr. E. H. Sothern's great success"

Q. as Captain Beddra and as Augustus Cheevers

(a good test of flexibility & cast)

Feb. 14 – The Wages of Sin

Q. as Charles, a servant

Feb. 21 – Little Lord Fauntleroy (Francis Hodgson Burnett)

Oct. as servant to Thomas, servant to Earl of Dorincourt

Feb. 28 - '98 romantic drama
Monte Cristo (Dumas) ✓
g. as Fernando

March 7 - '98 / Jim the Penman / romance of modern society
by Sir Chas. L. Young
g. as Lord Drellincourt ✓

March 14 - The Last Stroke
by L. N. Morris
Drama of Cuba's struggle ✓
g. as Savala, confederate of Valdez & Spanish secret service)

March 21 - Ferncliff / by Wm. Haworth ○
Mar. 28 - Shall We Forgive Her ✓
- by ? C Marie Wainright's gr. success)
g. as Jerry Blake, a miner.

August 4/'98/ The Sea of Ice
(continued)
[illegible] A beautiful romantic drama in 5 tableaux
4. as Jean Medoc, the carpenter
in first and second tableaux
~~last 3 tableaux~~
4. as Francois in 3, 4 & 5 tableaux
~~last 3 tableaux~~

April 11-'98/ Alexandra
"a beautiful military
comedy" by Bronson Howard
9. as Frank Baldoe

April 18/ repeat performance of
Western' The Last Steadie
9. as Jose Zavala, confidential of
Don Julio Valdez (Oscar Eagle)

April 25-'98 / All the Comforts of Home
by William Gillette
"the most laughable comedy of the decade" / "Chas. Frohman's great success"

9. as Christopher Dabney, a broken down music teacher

Season 1898-99

Oct. 3-'98 / Nordeck by Frank Mayo and John Wilson O
" 10 - The Ensign by Wm. Haworth O
" 17 - Camille - Dumas O
" 24 - The Great Diamond Robbery O
by E. A. Jeffries & A. C. Wheeler
" 31 - The Lost Paradise / O
Ludwig Fulda

(48)

Kate Tonerey, miles was in the 9. in films, as with Kuffert 1898-99

Nov. 7 - '98 / Society Shadows O
by Howard P. Taylor

Nov. 14 — Cyrano De Bergerac O
by L. J. Rowland

" 28 "

" 28 Northern Lights O
by Edwin Barbour
(multiply play in Montreal)

Dec. 5 — Diplomacy
by Victorine Sardou O

" 12 — A Rogue's Daughter O
by W. A. Tremayne

" 19 — Three Hats — O

" 26 — Master & Man / Simms & Pettit O

Jan. 2 - 1899 Cille and Faunkeno O

9 " The Three Guardsmen O

16 " Rip Van Winkle (Chas. Burke) O

23 " Winchester O

30 " Gloriana O

Feb. 6, 1899 / Streets of New York O
" 13 " / The King's Rival O
" 20 " My Partner O
" 27 " Two Nights in Rome O
Mch. 6 " Two Orphans O
" 13 " Married Life O
" 20 " The Golden Giant O
" 27 " The Ticket-of-Leave Man O
April 3 " Madame Sans Gene O
" 10 " Parisian Romance O
(R. Mansfield's great success)
" 17 " aristocracy, by Bronson Howard
DW as, Hamblin Laurens
one of American aristocrats
" 24 — The Three Guardsmen
D.W. as Athos, Comte de la Fere of Royal Guard
May 1, 1899 The Gilded Fool
DW as Rev. Jacob Howell, who has a mission

Neffert Co. under
stage direction of
E. L. Duane
Season 1899-1900

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sept. 18, 1899 | The Charity Ball | 0 |
| " 25 " | Carmen | 0 |
| Oct 2 " | The Idler | 0 |
| 9 " | The Ironmaster | 0 |
| 16 " | East Lynne | 0 |
| 23 " | An Enemy to the King | 0 |
| 30 " | Lottery of Love | 0 |
| Nov. 6 " | The Silver King | 0 |
| 13 " | Faucher, the Cricket | 0 |
| 20 " | The Power of the Press | 0 |
| 27 " | The Octoroon | 0 |
| Dec. 4 | Queena | 0 |

Under stage direction of Fredrick Bock

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dec. 11 — | Hidden Hand | 0 |
| " 18 — | The Power of Money | 0 |
| 25 | Pulse of Chinatown | 0 |
| Jan. 1-1900 | The Pearl of Savoy | 0 |

51

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jan. 8-1885 | Faust | 0 |
| " 15, " | Samuel of Posen | 0 |
| " 22 | Michael Strogoff | 0 |
| " 29 | An Railroad Man | 0 |
| Feb. 5 | Davy Crockett | 0 |
| 12 | The Waffer Diamond | 0 |
| 19 | Pawn Ticket | 0 |
| 26 | Faust | 0 |
| Mch 5 | Lorle | 0 |
| 12 | Quo Vadis | 0 |
| 19 | ~~Hazel Kirk~~ | 0 |
| 26 | Hazel Kirk | |
| Apr. 2 | An Innocent Sinner | 0 |
| " 9 | " " " | 0 |
| 16 | The Fatal Card | 0 |
| 23 | Sapplio | 0 |
| 30 | " | 0 |

all "above under Cook

Cont'd

5

Sept. 24, 1902

The Meffert - Eagle Stock Co

Sept. 24, 1902 / Victor Durand / (Gypsy Cavalcade) / O

Oct. 1 / The Bells of Hazlemere O

" 8 / Her Last Chance O

" 15 A Soldier of the Empire O

" 22 Woodman Blind O

" 29 Under Two Flags "Ouida" O

Nov. 5 Lost 24 Hours O

" 12 The Hunchback O
(remember play by Sheridan Knowles)

" 19 The Corsican Brothers O
adapted by Howard Hall

" 26 Sue / Bret Harte O
& T. Edgar Pemberton

Dec. 3 — With Flying Colors O

" 10 — Forgiven O (53)

Dec. 17-1900 / Camille / 0

" 24 " The Devil's Mine 0
a Comedy Drama by Fred Dancy

Began showing
Kinetoscope pictures
after last act

and vaudeville betw. acts

Dec. 31 - A Fair Rebel 0
Jan. 7-1901 Two Orphans 0
" 14 " Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde 0
" 21 " The Arabian Nights 0
(a funny comedy)
" 28 " A Roadside Marriage 0
Feb. 4 " - The Jilt by Bonnicastle 0
" 11 " The Danites / 0
" 18 " Trilby 0
five offers
to mch. 25, 1901 54

DW Hock. 1st, 1897
a Man & Woman
with Company Hock Co.
at Temple
Tabasco

Adolph Klauber with
~~sta~~ The Frederic Bond
Stock Co. ~~at~~ under
managmt. of Jas. B. Camp
at Auditorium
(This was block long wide wooden
frame bldg. built by Col. ~~Wm~~ Wm.
Norton, wealthy man but as
stage) and torn down after
his death) had pond for
opera in summer
Klauber in
A Woman's Wit / Sidney ~~Grundy~~ Grundy farce
June 7-'97
" 14-" Hey Awful Dad — farce
21 - A Bundle of Trouble " 55

DR. RICHARDSON
VIA RANCHO

11) Second floor ... Left
40/ Mrs. Rose head of table
- very attractive woman.
to Center & Walnut
- below junior Hgh School

---

bad appearance of
Dem part
- slums but warm

- 1st St: mixed / better
in social sense / at present flux
At Argyle Second School
in these 2 dists
dem ... - better class of
a mix ... - people here
2nd grade
3 ... beh

57

Houston — 1897

Jan 12-18-19

A Bridal Trip (con'd)

Turned up

Carla

Chandler

Bill Sharp

Dodie

etc.

Houston July 12, 1897

Mr.

Mackey Rebecka

with Bud Roach

Dr. John D. Richardson / Florida Hotel

Effervescent
cause to evolve
heat - forces
electric

D. Lockard is
the dealer for
records in Kissimmee
and town

58

# The War of the Rebellion

## Official Records of the Union & Confederate Armies

Govt. Ptg. Office / Wash / 1890

Prepared by Lieut. Col. Robert N. Scott, pub. under dir. of Hon. Redfield Proctor, Sec. of War

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Series I — Vol. XXX — Part II

correspondence, p. 722-3

## Wheeler and Roddey's Raid

Report of Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler, commanding Cavalry corps, army of Tennessee

date of Oct. 30, 1863 — Q.'s gadantry praised re point in destroying

10-mile train of wagons ~~[illegible]~~ (800 to 1500)

— 800 six-mile wagons / ~~[illegible]~~ o many other wagons / guarded by brigade of cavalry

o 2 regiments of infantry / driven off

— eight teamsters required — after selecting mules & wagons, o shooting or sabering mules, drove off enemy.

* On approaching Bridgeport, Ala., found bridge burned, left train in the hands of Gen. Wagner's Cavalry Brigade, and pushed forward with the rest of the command to Shellmound, Tenn., on Tennessee River, where I found the bridge destroyed.

Series I - Vol XXXI — (60

Part III - p. 775

(of Third Kentucky Regiment)

Col. J. [illegible] sent courier to J. H. Kelly, brig. gen. commanding, re heavy force of cavalry arrived in Ringgold evening about sundown.

(of 4 Cavalry Division)

Abstract communique to Col. Lyon, chief of staff, Wheeler's Cavalry Corps

Tunnel Hill, Dec. 2, 1863

---

Series I - Vol. XXXII - PART II p. 338-9

↓ - from Headquarters 4th Michigan Cavalry

date of message → Rossville, Ga - Feb. 6, 1864

- Re truce to escort 28 secession citizens to rebel lines & ~~[illegible]~~ 12 women & children permitted to pass by rebels -

(outside their lines)

Brief. Col. G. accompanied by [illegible]'s adjutant - a ~~[illegible]~~ Capt. W. W. Anthony who write that when inside rebel lines he was treated with extreme ~~[illegible]~~ courtesy and kindness

over

6) Capt. Antwerp of Middle grand jury Tennessee (Rebel) Cavalry on property wherever material during may stay there Antwerp visited by first number of officers at Tunnel Hill and without exception "treated myself + escort with the greatest kindness + attention

---

Series I — Vol XXIII — Part I Reports

Lieut. Col. G. in action p. 602 in The Middle Tennessee Campaign under Brig. Gen. B. R. Johnson,

commanding Stewart's div. Hardee's Corps.

Report No. 99 (inclosed)

Headquarters Johnson's Brigade Stewart's Division

Loudon, Tenn. July 12, 1863

G. helped ~~capture~~ occupy Hoover's Gap

Series I — Vol. XXXVIII

Part III — Reports

P. 650 [ATLANTA CAMPAIGN]

CAVALRY CORPS

— Major General Joseph Wheeler

J W J with the (Brig. gen. John S.) Williams' Brigade

"1st [3] Kentucky, Lieut. Col. Jacob W. [illegible]

The above as part of Organization of the Cav. Forces April 30, 1864

ARMY OF TENNESSEE

(Cont'd)

-62

Series I - Vol. XLVII (63)
- part II - p. 1072

Lieut. Col. J.W.G. with Iverson's Division
[1st (3) Ky. in Wheeler's Cavalry Corps

Lewis' Brigade of - Lewis' & Breckinridge's brigades consolidated by head quarters of Dept. of S.C., Ga., & Fla., January 2, 1865

p. 1434 J.W.G. with Col. Wm. C.P. Breckinridge, Colonel, Ky.
To Col. G.G. Dibrell

"Lieut. Col. Graff, First Ky. has just returned with the regiment of ... of ... ne American force engaged at Bentonville N.C. Brecks with Brigade williams"

64

Series I — Vol. XLVII

part III — Correspondence

O. 642-3/705/782

Harry Burke

A

(C)

sleuth forged / Pratt

shoe soles — holes in shoes

legs cross

Dr. Richardson

schoolmate of DW

DW did not ♥ my actions

Def Reverend Temple

Dec Mr. James Afred
1505 Rosewood Ave.

Harding

B

JWG / [illegible] D

Wrote and read a lot of nasty dry things & never reach a smile

— Dave Lazy

— DW

— He was broke JWG

— Mrs. Margaret Bustabad

Fun Facts

E Reuben Taylor / TAYLOR
/ Shelbyville, Ky

/a Dialogue poet
- play entitled "Redeemed"

"I am an outcast" / as a child /
/ self-disadvantaged /

— always moist
Kiss-tempered / whole family

— calm

Nelson R. who had been
Servant / They cared
for ... / dressed up —
led him to Nelson R.
& looked him in a door & said
-NR- Did you see Broken my grandfather
Yes, I knew the grandfather

A Jewish / Dr. V. P. Oglesby (F)

I check a expedition
bluff around here,
and you wouldn't
dare run me out ——

( to Doc Oglesby when he
came to visit DH at
Winnemucca.

---

Bro

Dear Doc

DH was writing a short note
when a Doc wrote
omission of
letter some errors
one time
to
old man character typo
dont forget the
letter

(9) Oglesby turned down $100 stock
it [illegible] to make
armor [illegible] really
made a [illegible]
+ lost to a 1933 crash

2 [illegible] years Bug.
stock worth
$500,000

In those days &
bankers wouldn't [illegible] and
to get a slant to [illegible]
war

Judas Wants

11

9: I want ~~you to~~ Herbert to see you as first student of ~~mine~~ yours

Suggested him to be ~~mine~~ yours

Dr Herbert

pardon

at time of pray for God

I)

White / Q. infant spleen anniversity - droop eyelids blind / sweetness - a happy sleep

— ~~He~~ dudes look down a lot recently

— P ~~P~~ paste mixed of apples

DW P studio P White

— meatloaf ~~adv~~ courses → when White DW on Ted DW @ Dundee Ct 100 St

— you know I suppose

2 dinners in Little bits -

2 meat and 3 one item

3) Turbulence

Wet Ascent at La Grange

Mettre tephigramme

Faire exercice 6/

Pilot should be able to climb in wet ascent and descend in spirals / 5 minutes / little variometer

K)

Control fiends

& Control Freaks

No Body

Martin grate

g — pe... i.e —

enter... & ter...

died

Martin

under

→ L page on reverse of page 19

Sat

Sat. P.M

Sunday

Mr. Robert E. Phillips
725 W. Glen Oaks Blvd
Glendale
Citrus 2-3784

Daughter Tom

— Sarah E. Van Pelt /
Spun her web
/

Medical Oncology
November 2-6 '12
Lille, France

- Antiangiogenesis
- Basic Principles

— M B. — DW's grandfather on mother's side

Thos. Sawyer

born c 1790 or 95 Granville

married Mary Sawyer Co., N.C.

in Surry Co., N.C.

Colo., became there

had no child

— Mary Nicholson Woodson

— Nicholson or Woodson

— when & why

he made to

Dec. 22, 1819 for N.C. to Ky

Thos. Sawyer Nicholson Co. N.C.

Thos. (Nicholson) Sawyer, grandfather of D.W. Griffith

married Nancy Carter (D.W.'s grandmother on mother's side)

had three children

A)

Rev. B. Peck
married first
time in 1850 ~~to~~ 52
& died about 1854

Abigail Butler [illegible] an
Englishwoman

P.B

Encamped after crossing
Yuba

They soon learn of
Richard J. Collet's
plan to establish on a
pantymine, and Dr
Joe Griffith "who had
joined us a few days,
to shift as best we
could."

Party separated in two's,
at ferry up the
American River which
empties into the Sacramento
River at Sacramento City — p. 89

(1

p. 87

Mr. Dr. Sarah Hackett
was the delegate
under certain Jacks
[illegible] page, and Mrs
Cope, who died
and [illegible] in [illegible]
years

— Jane Jones [illegible]
— Floyd Co (Clifton)
— Dunlap Jane A
1880 — 900

2

Keith Moore / Edgewood Ky.

— Cleveland was Member of Mountain in last war

— Was in AEF Dec. 13, 1931 when he was in auto accident on Ft/Mt Hwy

— Account established in Somerset (Ky) March 13, 1933 Federal

Bend Station :

J. S. Freeman's drug store,

J. C. Mahoney / tower room

W. Compton

J H R & Co /

Wm Compton /

J S Freeman - Drug Store

~~Book~~ P P.O /

3/

Memorial History of Louisville, Vol. 2
Johnston
p. 531

Col. Wm. Frederick Norton, Jr.

— succeeded in management of a pat estate. B. 1849 at Paducah

— learned in boyhood years of Norton, 16 yrs / managed in bank 16 yrs / cashier, bookkeeper, teller, etc

— learned fondness for drama prompted him in 1869 to set up a large amusement hall (became Louisville Lead Co.) to attract celebrities of stage

— Lot engaged for Amphitheatre and determined at 4, Hills & Sts

— Dedicated to drama by the great Booth & Barrett Co / Sept 22 in 1869 / — Grandfather

— was member of 1st church

MRS. RAY appointed

Margaret Hall School
at Versailles

Mattie

The Carter Family

Nancy not a daughter of the Carters who married off to Thomas Eglesby

John Carter rules came to Va

first Nancy's

5-

Wm. PAY

Franklin Co.

Deed Book F - p. 135
Adams Co.

Delivered & Rec'd of Testimony
March 23, 1846

Jan 6, 1826

Navy Carter
Thos. Ogleby

Matthew M. Dill

16 - 9

John Barring Jun
Brewer Asa

6 -

Mss Reg

Manchester Archives

Vol 31 pp 419-428

Lord Viscount Barrington

King George II ~~died~~ at his palace at Kensington 77 years old. died at this age?

1760

a.l.s.

from Lord Barrington

at first meeting of his successor, Lord B. was among those present -

enrolled 1761-62

Carl Calvert

1760

Ln

-7

JWG

~~Laws of~~ Ky 1856

Ky. Laws & Statutes 1853-54
vol. 2

Acts to incorporate
lodges, for the benefit
of Tennessee Masons,
to incorporate ~~a~~ churches
in ~~Louisville, &c~~,
for sale of poor holden, 71
to sell poorhouses,
authorizing sale of
titles & compensation
clerks, fees of court,
~~corporate~~
for benefit of common
school districts
toll gate charges
turnpike roads - 8

at Filson Club

Firm application for membership in

The Kentucky Society of the Sons of the American Revolution

Nat'l No. 745
State No. 701

Nat'l No. 5 David Wood Griffith, descendant of

Hon. Salathiel Griffith,
Deputy Constable and Sheriff,
Somerset Co., Md.

(appointed Jan. 7, 1935
accepted " 8, 1935)

I was born in La Grange of Oldham Co., Ky

I am son of Brig. Gen. Jacob Wood Griffith, born 1820, died 1882 and Mary Perkins Oglesby, b. 1831, d. 1916

Grandson of Capt. Daniel Woodbury Griffith, b. 1790 and died 1863, & his wife Margaret Wood, b. 1794, d. 1827 — married 1811-12

Great-grandson of Hon. Salathiel Griffith b. 1739-4 & d. 1796, and his wife Nancy Owen

-9

from DWG S of AR application

"Her second Sabathiel Griffith, (No. 3) in the ancestor who assisted in establishing American Independence, include entry in capacity of Deputy Constable and Sheriff, Somerset Co., Md.

— Sabathiel Griffith, b. 1739-40 named in Somerset Co., Md. 1760 - Nancy Owen... He patented land (Liber "D.C. #K-p. 90, Land Office, Annapolis, Md.) in Somerset Co., Md., which he named "Abergeldie" and "Little Balleau" on Little Cuttimatic Creek, south side Wicomico River... In 1770 he took up a tract of land in Dorchester Co., Md (Liber C.C. #3, page 26 - Snow Hill, Dorchester Co., Md.)
On June 8, 1775 at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, he took the "Oath of Fidelity" to the State and

DNG

From collection of SAR

quoting Lloyd Lewis:

— Mr. Griffith, you will do this

to aid humanity, inspire every heart with patriotism, with love of country, with the cause for which the civilized nations of the world are now fighting in France.

Share in Hearts of World —

Reference to authorities of record of my ancestor served:

Order Book 1774-75, p. 208,
Princess Anne, Somerset Co.,
Judicial Record (1774-75, Md.
June 8, 1775
Oath of fidelity & office)
Princess Anne, Somerset Co., Md.
Order Book - 1786-88 / p. 70-144 Nov. 25, 1786-
Princess Anne, Somerset,
Oath of Office

12

was appointed at the same time
Deputy Constable of the
Kedgwicke Hundredth, Somerset Co.,
Md. He was a man of
wealth and importance in
his community, was a slave-
holder by the records of that day,
and frequently found acting
as administrator of estates,
going on security and bondsman
for men of affairs in this
district and otherwise prom-
inently identified with the
political and social trans-
actions. On Nov. 25, 1786 he
takes the oath of office "and
becomes the High Sheriff of
Somerset Co., Md [Liber Court,
1786-89, p. 144-172] His will
is dated Elementa: Day, 1795
& prob. Jan. 8, 1796 [Will Book
Liber. 17 - p. 403 - Princess Anne,
Somerset Co., Md.]

11

Will Oglesby / Mch. 14, 1943

Created – in 1944

Note on Nov. 4-1947 – DW at Hollywood Ranch / Stated he really free-lanced for a number

– DW did work on C-J for year after season with Moffett, Hunt manager, Doyle

2

– after the 9's moved to Louisville: Albert (too young to work, would stayed at summer with Oglesbys & C. Dave sometimes occasionally came on a weekend and sometimes stayed a week. At this time he was about 14 or 15.

– Mattie studied at Millersburg College which moved to Winchester. (and Becky's at Winchester)

– DW to Will O's, knowledge! never ran off with a girl Suddenly to be bootstrapping / Also he was not a vinegar salesman

19)

20/ Will O — Crestmont / Mch 14, 1963

— On weekends when DW would come to visit C. (when 14), there were religious revival meetings at Cantonaugh Camp Ground. People would come & rent cottages for ~~two weeks~~ 10 days or ~~two weeks~~ & bring their camp clothes.
Windom Adams of Shelby (C & father of W. R. Adams) taught his Shelby family

— Members of both families worked together & cooperated / when ~~when~~ needed / used individually as required

— Will stayed on farm at ~~Shelby~~ Shellmville outside of Mansfield & Dads moved to town (Innocence)

— They sold out & ~~bought~~ bought house & lot on Portland

Will O / Austin / Wed 14, 1943

Will
- White did not form up in same house as Dell.

There were four families:

- Wm. Blake, Crawford Gleason & the J W Griffiths at or near Crestwood

- The Wyatson Gleasons & the John Whites lived at Shelby

---

Comments by Kirkpatrick:

- Odd heat after rolling up darn good was record, JWG retained house & unlike others never rose higher as others did

21

23

Thomas J.
son of JW & MPJ
b June 14, 1852
d Sept. 8, 1855

Andrew B. Nelson
d. of Col. Jas Nelson & _____

b. Jan 11, 1816
d. Feb. 11, 1893
wife of Col. James F. Watson
Nelson born in Culpeper
Jan 10, 1875

Henry Andrew
Mch 14, 1943

Samuel W. Griffith

b. Oct. 21 1795

d. Jan 21 1850

Jesse W. Griffith

Born Jan 4, 1812

Dec. 27, 1878

Martha E. Griffith wife of J.

b. Dec. 11, 1816

d. Oct. 26, 1845

22

Alice / daughter of

G. W. & M. E.

b. Feb. 13, 1845 / d. Aug. 9, 1859

Minds of Parents, Ch's Tom Pettit to report, Ch's comm. Nellie Mapp

JWG

although he already is pleasant

25

— Heard, friendly sorta man

— Always friendly + pleasant about the house

— Occasionally ~~[illegible]~~ "Irrigations"

— Tradition that JWG lost sum of Negro in gambling

— that them guilty heard after war with no servants

— Jw not disposed to buckle down on farm — not until then he had to. On other hand, Woodson became real farmer —

— Will G. grew up to be hunting boy & not servant. ② Dan farm / AFTER WAR. Will always had impression of being a hard worked man

— JG sat in verande talking — an easy going Southern gentleman

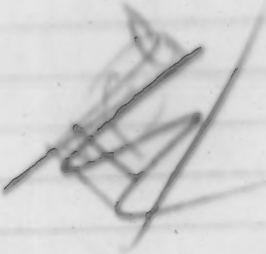
Jesus Christ
6 T 2 Pollard Ave
for Angeles
allen 2024

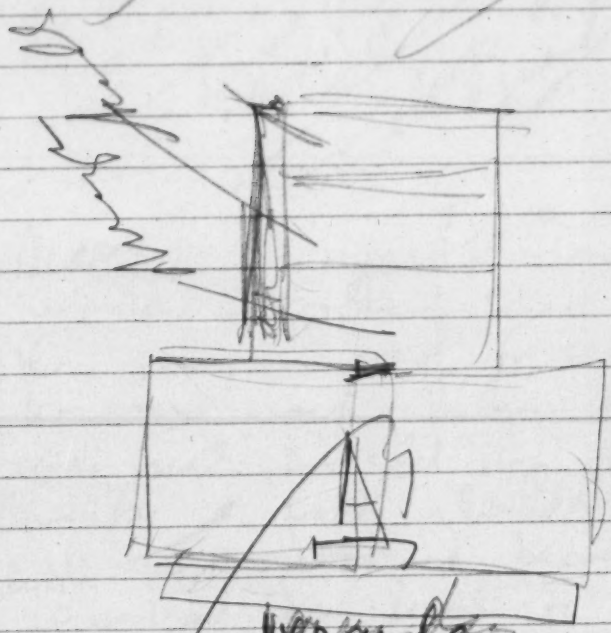
Unfortunately Sarah Pollard

?

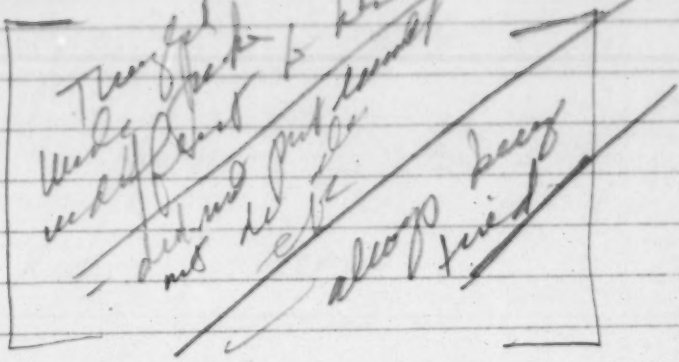
DH examiner cannot do
floor work. 2 yr master
work

(24)




Veranda

28



Mary P. a gentle, sweet woman - looked tired all the time — had to do her own work when she was not brought up to work / full, slender, a little too stooped because she had too much to do

Servants used by them often / made more work than a year / Bachey always had her house, garden, chickens, a cow / furnished on of sum of farm

Dudley Mrs Mary

— JWS used to practice
in nursery to be gay blade
like father

— Mary did anything around
house / sewing, baking, etc
— Mattie helped around house for
Mother Jennie

— Can't remember Mary ever
sitting down

MATTIE
3 years
the parents
live like governess to
and house to train
adolescent pupils

Lulu
Sally taught
Minnie
music in school
next Bell's
after
Mattie teaches by
piano

29

Millard Wordsen Oglesby

D W's mother Mary Ogilvie Jeffet

Her father was Thomas Oglesby
His first child

an uncle spent money

Ogilvie
came to this
country

Wordsen Ratcliffe Oglesby

,30

— DW at 2 walked around the floor petted by everyone in favor

— Muddy Boots for school
— Mudslinging, key near their Shockhyalle

— Science Hall, Term / at Shockhyalle

Pattie Poynter
(Mrs. Macdentyre)
writes in
mention of Boston
Ask Tim Offer

31

1061 2. Fourth
Dennett's
Cafe

Martha

TOM OGLESBY
Annette Funicello

— She taught all her brothers & sisters at her home because of short-term school

— Her father was not quite a success

W.A. [illegible] a
cousin of Mary J.

Persuaded Uncle Will
to come to live with them

a delicate woman

Uncle Will had TB /
Will Oglesby's father

— To keep pure

32

I used up Uncle Will's property / gambled (33)

- bills

- would go down N formula
tavern deduct from
select form of gambling

Made small payments on
Ballandrolla, —
I failed to make payments
& were about to take place
back
I tried T's father to keep
place in his name & he
would work & help pay

for it, & then it was all
to go back to Uncle
Emil

T's made a small
payment

34

81
1463
1449
6
8

Plum was in Orchard
again / father &
Uncle J. Hereford
again & cutg T. binder &
Uncle Will O. had a
run Tom & Wm O.
again / Will too
young to help
they did all the binding
of the grain

Mrs Jake Mellent never said anything to her father next + used money Mellent fellow there, + did not make farm payment.

— I + father died about 1 month from

— administrator appointed by court

→ Friends brought suit to place / held shed in father's name

Top

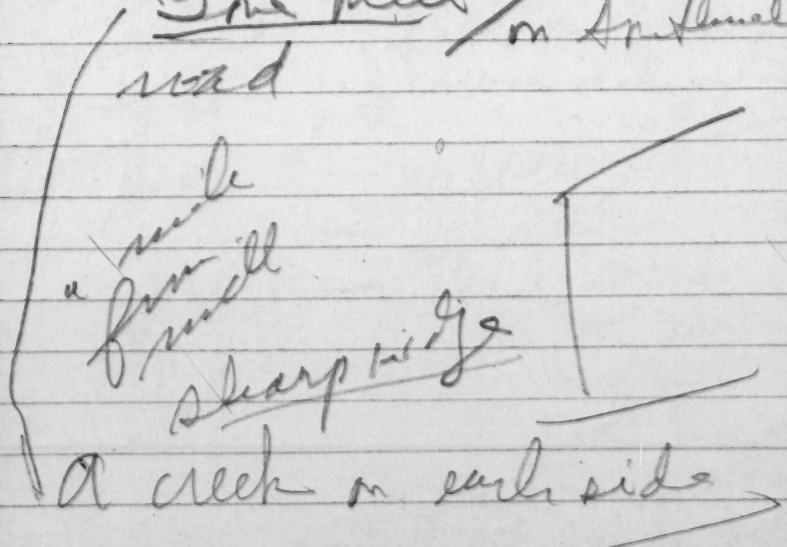
— If you'll pay us what we paid, we'll return the deed to you

— Put up to sell + Friends bought the place

New Bullinsville

— Mary sold 36

— She bought a place
in Shelby County near
place called The Old Back
Bone Mill / on Southwell
road



— Farm for sundry (Cy)

— I worked Mattie & Wheeler loaded them & not milking — stop around in barn — very bright & lots of work

Jennie & Mattie left home & feel in Jennie. Jennie debiants

Jennie hardier & stood better

— milking
— feeding
— fed horses before men came in before boys came in

— Will not empty but slow

just was [illegible] the boys

- Fletcher Agustus helped

- Aunt Sadie Affleck & Fletcher lived at Olinda,

near

wrote Mabel Mary Pickford & DWG / part of time while there, one of Mary's first pictures

(38)

Powell / Duke White
Will White

Mrs. Hunter / Todd Point / Lost /

---

Jake wanted to be
put in / Rutland Glen /
a brother-in-law /

— after two weeks, never
stopped & sent
me "C" go home

Went Spain
with Dr.
Putnam ?

(40)

few days ago
(When a Bedouin needs)
— Dr. Little Comfort of
Bury a horse

wanted
near Pleasure
Park upon
closed in to
where Pleasure
Fair used to be

all kinds of horses
in
wide route ride
saddles

— Men (Were?) invited / invited
two in Pleasure days

- Shoot the Buffalo
  - a circular dance; a way of praising girls
    way of panthers

- I want learn any of your weavily wheat
- I want learn any of your barley
- I want hear any of your weavily wheat to bake a cake for charley
- Charley, he's a nice young man,
- charley, he's a daily
- " he's a nice young man,
- He feeds the girls on candy

— ~~Set accent~~

— Round party, one of favorite forms of entertainment

— Boys: 1 lb. of candy or fruit

— Girls: 1 lb. of cake

Put bid in cake — one cake — would cut with fruit knife

Buy cake bought person not very popular

43 — Sugar for — from boys

— kids
— adults
— Wheeler road plans
plays

Winter Olympics

Many Winter student sent to Germany 4 years

Sat 3

I will travel at once

45

Jim

= Orders never
stopped at any
time never got true

Supposed letter
Timmons | said stock sheets
Jess
Micajah | -DW

to Atlanta

Georgia Farms

Jim Scotland

guy came
after Ruth put
in power

Opera

Made bought
three yrs ago
to put he and Jim
Scotland
Ruth
Atlanta

Honeycutt
Micajah in
Martin: Ratcliffe
Carter / Sturdy /

Mr. Herrick

(47)

w Ruth / bought a lot of candy for sale of 40 relatives /

2. old wards

DW gave Heather Sally Ogleby
a sister Ruth & niece R?
a trip & change / for
pay. going just

told mom to show
Heather & Sally, who
had never been in town
before, night life &
best of everything

Fellows decided wanted to
go We're in Boston

gave Heather suggestions

-116

- DW loved to take mother in lap / 1915-16

- Talk sweet baby talk like a sweetheart — just used them — Oh David, she'd say.

---

- She always wore a little white apron
- Wire glasses (top) of head

---

Allen's way of closing DW was to put her feet in her lap — play in piano / mother fondled shoes

---

DW phoned two or three times a day to mother /

- as far back as she can remember liked dress things to make people happy and keep to put flowers

very Scotch at a summer resort

— bartender who used to be doorman at the Alexandria.

— bartender said what a wonderful tipper he was

— ~~waiter~~ I have seen DW tip people a single service enough to keep a family for a week

49

1943
34
1907

JWH

(30)

Came to California in 1907
- debut work for a while,
- used photography -
- returned to printing
- Foreman of the ad dept of the Courier-Journal
- Relocated (reporter)
- The Whittier Herald
- D[illegible] a term @ student surgery in San Diego
- then
- He invested in Ontario Reporter (San Bernardino Co.)
- Went up to Redmond
- contracted leg from typhoid in boy / added leg / severe foot / forward to heel contracture
- died from intestinal tuberculosis

5/ — J W II stayed at Muntyre unless he'd had out of desire; it kept himself fast to clean

— Mrs. J. W. II got the ads. He did not have temperament for soliciting. He gave her time.

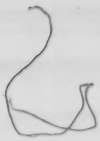
— Upon moving to Rancho Cucamonga published Cucamonga Times (Uplands, north of Ontario) after he became too sick

— He turned wheel on horses cross in

— JW II pumped music/ music lover & the Hyldens

Parkland 1873 Rockwood Island

Journal He could stand in the door and spit out the back door



— JW II had hemorrhage at S-C office Sunnyside 52

first indication of intestinal hemorrhage

D.

Working while employed was ill & had illness

JW 9-I

Heart failure

JW took unprovoked of causing Oglesby's [illegible] then further passed m

Jr

1853-4

53

J W boarding at
Mr. Grant's, formerly
soldier in the regulars

1821

I went Bowling Green

54

Just down lessons
on mother's lap
while I fell asleep

Mattie.

The mate for Vol. 2,
(permonthly) The Stella No. 5

Published by the Upsilon Phi
Society of the
Millersburg Female College

Miss Rosa Bryan } editors
" Sallie Taylor }

The Institution is situated in one of the most healthy, retired and beautiful sections of the State of Kentucky, being located in Millersburg, Bourbon County, immediately on the Maysville and Lexington railroad, eight miles from Paris

The Academic Year is divided into two sessions of twenty weeks each — the first commencing on the second Monday in September, the second on the last Monday in January.

Collegiate Department

Rev. T. Good — Mental, Moral and Natural Sciences
H. W. Abbett — Ancient & Modern Languages
W. H. Savage — Mathematics & History
Miss Nettie A. Platte — Belles-Lettres

Tuition four months. 25 ~

over

56

Preparatory

Tuition five months $15.00

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Wax Flowers, Embroidery, each $4.00

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Washing per week .50

58

- Muhlenberg Female College

W. H. Savage, A. M.
Rev. Geo. T. Fried, A. M. } Principals
H. W. Ebbett, D. M.

57

59

On graduation
Heather wrote thesis
in Latin

Recommended no use of best
Rhetoricians in Italy

Linda never liked
DW's spending so
often

Linda Ann Robb Parks

DW didn't like to leave boy alone
on Bruce Road

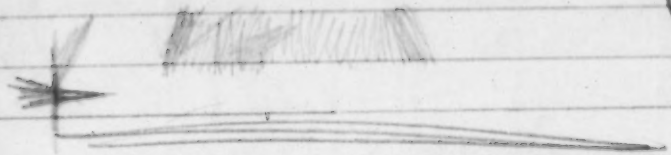
Westwood ↔ Lorette (when he took care mass. Salteaux

Ken. Galbraith
became second
ill: went
moved home for
three
Happy "
Heart

Tommy's (mother's name)
mother's
house on
Thayer St

DW Betty
first Bell
for company
Pauline
Alberta

(40)



DW assumed responsibility of US government in taking care of Spurr + helped him for many years (10 or more yrs) from Spurr was physically weakened by war / too weak to work

DW's payroll $1052 per month / of people who received a stamp —

61

Miss R. & friend / came them at Alexander & entertained them a / myriad / suite of rooms / new coat & hat for Miss R. / 1910-11 shortly after father died

---

- Gave money for breakfast
- They spent the afternoon & evening to cheap place

---

June 1913 to 1934
with Aunt Ruth

---

DW student started contributing to family until c. 1967-8 after he married Linda and got started at ~~#~~ Biograph

Wheaton + Ruth were younger of family in 1st

61

Mother

Mother read bible
every day, never quoted
from bible, always
went Sunday Summit,
never preached

Ladies don't sit like
that / to move re legs over side
of chair to rest back

She never talked about hard-
ships after war

67

64 — When I intend a
plant to radiate

— minister said they
don't want attack,
want surrender for
soul
Fuhrer Congregation
marked out

J. W. — very good Monday
heat came from
when pay —
never left his appointed
but walked
about
word A. applied to
buried there
predominance

Aunt Rebecca
matters

Willet ask The Ogle

— Mattie taught slaves

Slaves

Dan Marse Griffith
— Grubbed & Irrigated

[illegible] Slave stayed on " crabed supper for them when [illegible] to visit them

45

— J W I undertaken
of trains out of
two cups after the
war people looked
up to him
visiting from two a three
days to two a three
weeks / slaves and the
work

J W II used to select texts
for wife

Dbe

66

— write a story
at Lum stone
or Fletcher's?

67

Bro, if I had
that voice, I'd
be on the stage

---

DW used mother P
sister-in-law P
role as foils to
make Lou to, the
make Lou to fun
mother, cry, etc

DW pretty + brunets side slats

He used Lou-mother
P-in-l used
copy

Heard him on permit.

He'd release dead man in upper room

-68

Ha Hughstons
recent doc to lender
mud rem "
wm dmo "
DW always sorry
acting

DW want to become
project subcon

Get title clear ready
Wait Mitchell, Dickens,

He used to write Dog
Lady Defm w/ w/
wife

- Jules C. Leon send you'll
x me the day you leave/
- DW - The day I'll come
unless

69

DW put in newsletter, all
scattered (pinkboard)
sun burned
to make sister a law
lawyer

DW III took up power
& forgot it to forget
David & later forgot
his wife. He also
forgot to how to silent:
writer, you right to know
how - not
long after heat

she had second to use
it / practiced a
/ realized / passed
medicine.

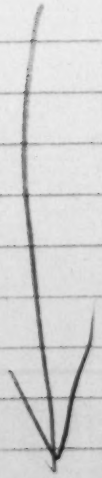
On strength of shooting,
husband in C-J
got day job / police
just then / Evening in
5" R Street

from WW II put paper
out via
a year after
he died 2 days
Coronavirus

70/11

Oglesby

& Carter



KATE/MARY

Take another a comical paper in the corner of

Shelley of corn was the work [illegible] many days [illegible]

Part of cake kept up blazed if the fire while others were kept up into homes by the children to young to climb if father re-assembled guests another a cab paper in the corner.

The ground had to be plowed
with the sweet plow
and until I was 12 years
old it was my function
to ride the horse &
have both legs stuck
with Spanish needles
up to my knees.
Many 100 shoes &
stockings (superfluous in
early autumn) & torn
trousers, which until I
slip halfway to the knee,
the school was not the
most enviable. After
about my 12th year I
was able to hold the plow
& guide the horse. It

No boy becomes a good
reaper till he uses his
left hand. Naturally handy
my characteristic carelessness
& cut mine several times,

In this little meadow

Harvest a kind of frolic
— a scene of excitement
and, therefore, a mind more
demanded than that of
reaping. Several hands
were collected and the
whole day both animated freely.
On such occasions,
mother had a feast
for these men

Because certain tasks
of a domestic kind fell
[illegible] upon the
person of [illegible]
[illegible] "cooking".

Our first labor in Egypt
[illegible] was to carry manure
to the places in which they
were to be shredded. The
work was by [illegible] very
[illegible] of our strength, a
[illegible] difficult task for a
small boy. Any condition
[illegible] was to which a sickle,

—Father & mother generally early risers, & I was trained into same habit before I was 10 yrs old.

In winter we were generally up before dawn of day. After making a fire, the first thing was feeding and fodder the horses, hogs, sheep & cattle. . . . Walking to barn by light of the moon reflected on the snow. This done before the help arrived.

—On this winter morning the red birds, cobins & snow birds

Be sure to keep a copy of the letter

— Do not write in Cuba

— Use the space provided for the address and write plainly. Foreign addresses should be written in the language of the country where the letter is to be sent. Always mention in any letter to a friend in Cuba the number and date of the letter received.

A circular, clear pond of cold water (clear,) covered with a green floating plant called Lemma.

To this pond it was my weekly duty to drive the cattle & horses, & from it we sometimes had to haul water, in a whiskey barrel, on a log sled. This water was for washing, but mother not always supplied & washing was sometimes done at pond. On such occasions we helped to carry the clothes, kept up the fire, & dipped up the water.

lined an Old Leaflet
Study by the name of
Centus

— the chief water carrier (Cultus)
the wonders of the Lodge
— balancy buckets of
water on their head
without touching them
with their hands.

(Thus, I must say in
justice to myself, I
could do as these days
after ample practice.

DW in Crestwood

The good people in
in the number of
second Concord:

Sperry: Was it the most
in either number?
Sperry: Any one can describe
what was a Class
A ground, or standard
for cooking or chemistry, in
each day ... Sperry
wrote Pasteur number one,
in every one Pasteur got
a personal grade of
half mile distance
where, as a standard,

There were families in the neighborhood, however, who did not keep or drink whiskey. They were Methodists & it was a rule of the Methodist Church, at that time, that its members should not drink ardent spirits. ... They were reprimanded for even total abstinence.

— Jake said we doubt but that they drank behind the door

MARY chopped sausage meat, stuffing it into links, hanging it on poles & moderately smoking it /

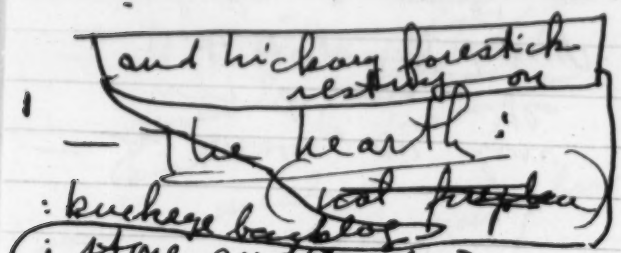
- Crullers: = doughnuts /
- compound flour & milk & spices; boil in fresh lard /
- Gingerbread /

— Tree many useful and primitive household arts / many small practices /

— dyes from barks for coloring & ~~wool~~ homespun wool

— Many had the opportunity — the luxury of the big wicked "misery"

— Alice spent many a [illegible] on the loom




watching the johnny cake while Mary Ellen did something else)

(with a johnny cake on a clean ash board set before it to bake)

- Meaning
- work like work
  in shaping tools
  beside good or
  clean
- Did God go
  for Heaven or
  sleep? Not like
  finished, ending of
  and Heaven or
- Not adapt and
  clean or perfect
  work from the

— fetching a pail of fresh water, that father might wash his hands & take a drink /

— at night supply corn meal pot with water / stirring in the meal /

— keep making pumpkin pies /

— helping mother left drippings out of the boiling fat /

— fund of drippings /

— parallel upon the
shelves

— back about about
the great canyon

—

— In winter, are alone
were to open the
potato or [illegible] dumps
"Lada" I search
what I took out —
in the spring I to
into the field I called "
in summer I field to explore
the "rock path" (under
I dig under or one bottle
in about

Many even more illiterate than Jake / but she was pious, & could read Bible, Pilgrim's Progress hymns, / but she never preached them.

— great economy taught by many / rules thereon not learned or meant /

While set a small boy
— she taught him to commit hymns to memory
— taught him it was wicked to be lazy

AUTUMN Colors

aroma

- gathered crab apples
- flue tree, flue color & form & color of autumn flowers are equally beautiful & delicious

- black walnuts hickory nuts butternuts

stored up for long, long, winter nights

- he'd crack them for the whole family

Hy

Her rambles thru the woods, journey over plant stones to see what must be beneath them

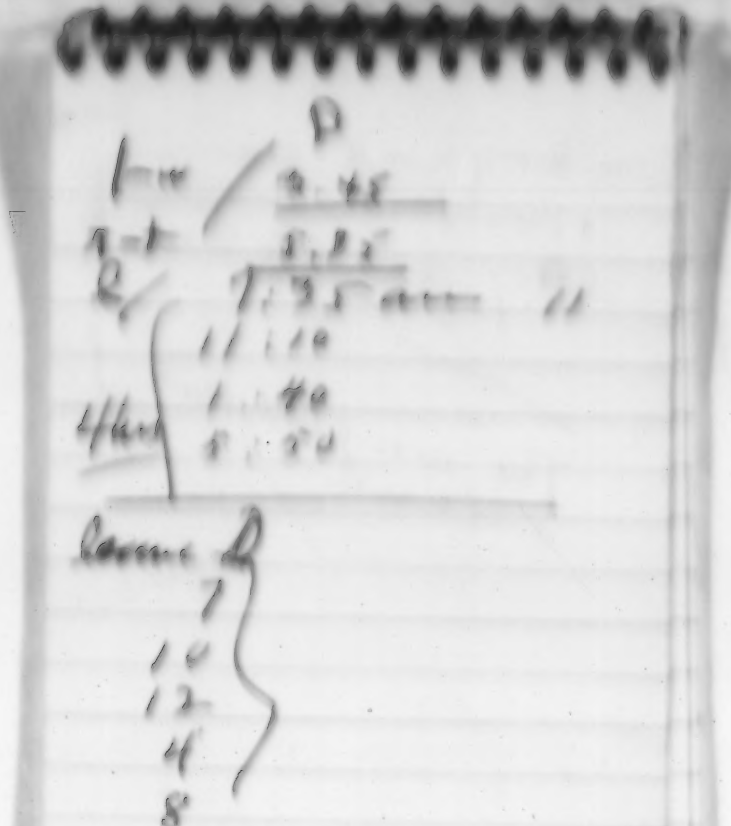
- "listened to the wind as it played upon the green leaves & awakened melody as when the rays of the sun fell upon the harp of Memnon"

- rests with nestled eggs in unexpected places on trees

Put in
reference
to Dew
looking north
in road
at Cushman

— Many had rain
water caught
in every possible vessel

"The mingled tints of
autumn"



Pl. 14 IV

1

2

3

4

5

Mr. Aitken: Have you a photo of this indoor species that may be used?

1 2 – Ch. IX

Photos available?

(1) – What were they?

(2) What was distribution of these pictures? any press clippings?

(3) –(a) – How much was raised by "Hoking" The Great Leap
(b) – How was the money raised?
(c) – How was Reliance or Mutual able to pay $50,000 or $100,000 per year and yet was obliged to "hock" The Great Leap?

(4)

Photos available?

Reid,Mary Alden,Dorothy Davenport,Fay Tincher,Bells Bennett, Emma Owen,Raoul Walsh,William Bigh,Jack Adolfi,Jack Conway, Ted Reeming,Lloyd Ingraham and Irving Cummings(the last seven were to become prominent as directors),Eagle Eye and others.

Scenarios: Frank E.Woods,of the Dramatic Mirror ,who had written many stories for Biograph films produced by Griffith,becomes the first film scenario editor. Details.

Personnel: Billy (G.W.)Bitzer in charge of technical department, etc., etc.

---The new Reliance studio built at Yonkers,N.Y., by Edward B.Kinsella,famous designer of the Hollenderfer Theatre of Munich;equipment and facilities of the Yonkers studio

---The Reliance plans for the largest stock company of film players

---Henry J.Walthall rejoins Griffith and films in which he played.

---Griffith directs the first Mutual Girl film of series but objects to use of his name ---Reference to this feature,conceived by Aitken

---Griffith shoots The Battle of the Sexes,a six-reel film,in five days,working night and day; restricted to this time-limit because there was only enough money for five days of shooting---The wide success of this picture--- Details about this film, public reception, cost, distribution, etc.

---James Montgomery Flagg and Irwin Cobb among those writing stories for The Mutual Girl Series;content of their scenarios.---George Barr McCutcheon,Inez Mulholland,May Preston,Mme.Yorska and other notables featured in this series

---Griffith's stories for two one-reel comedy shorts,The Actor Book Agent (12-I-13) and The Accidental Baby(1-18-14) for Apollo Films,a Mutual unit

---Griffith sends a company of players to the west coast; The Great Leap is "backed" to defray expenses of the trip.

---He shoots the indoor scenes for The Escape ,a sociological film,at the Yonkers studio and the outdoor scenes on the west coast

later

(c)On the West Coast:

---Facilities of the first Reliance west coast studio

---Two more companies of Reliance players are sent to Hollywood where they are shortly joined by Griffith.Directors Morrisey and Kirkwood in charge of the two groups---Among the players on this journey:Mae Marsh,the two Gishes,Robert Harron,Donald Crisp,Ralp Lewis,George Seigman,Spottiswoode Aiken,Mary Alden,James Hunt,Courtenay Foote,Owen Moore,Fay Tincher,Earle Foxe,F.A.Turner---most of whom are to contribute to film history.....Also accompanying the two groups are the technical staff consisting of G.W.Bitzer, Walter Stanhope,Sam Du Vall,L.Picard,Emmet Williams and the scenarists,George Hennessy,Russell E.Smith and Frank E.Woods, scenario editor.

---Some of the new methods of taking and developing motion pictures achieved by Griffith,with the aid of Bitzer,after many nights of experimentation

---Details concerning The Great Leap,directed by Christy Cabanne and supervised by Griffith,and premiere of the film at The New York Theatre in New York

Outlined for
Ch.4: THE FIGURE RELIANCE-MAJESTIC PERIOD:Oct.1913 to July 1914

(a)Opening remarks to be detailed:

---Concerning Griffith's alliance with Harry E.Aitken of The Reliance Film Corporation,producing unit of The Mutual Film Corporation

---Stipulations of Griffith's contract with Reliance

---The Reliance period notable for the directors,players and technicians developed during Griffith's supervision and for the improved standards in subject matter,directing and acting

---Aitken's advanced exploitation and distribution methods at this time

---Details for such films as The Battle of the Sexes ,The Escape,Home,Sweet Home(unique for its experimental form),The Avenging Conscience,directed by Griffith with exception of the first section he supervised

---The Reliance studio as center for producing Griffith's creation of The Clansman,subsequently renamed The Birth of a Nation---Details of financing of this picture by Aitken-----The Mother and the Law also directed in this period independently by Griffith,the financing thereof also promoted by Aitken

---Other producing units of Mutual that contributed to what has proved to be the richest creative period of the American cinema:The Keystone studios under supervision of Mack Sennett and the studios of the New York Motion Picture Company under the supervision of Thomas J.Ince---References to the wide array of talent developed under the Mutual banner

---The financial setup of Mutual

(b)Rapid Progress in the East:

---Details concerning the temporary indoor Reliance studio in a loft at Union Square,New York,and the difficulties experienced in getting started for production

---Appreciating the status of the director as the focal point of film creation,Aitken has a full-page ad published in The New York Dramatic Mirror announcing that Griffith is now with Mutual (This ad to be photostated for reproduction).This the first time that a motion picture director is publicized.

---Griffith's growing studio personnel:

Directors:

A.Christy Cabanne,Eugene Sanger,Edgar Lewis,Carl Le Vines, George Morrisey,Travers Vale,James Kirkwood,Edward Dillon(also acting).References to some of their films under Griffith's supervision.

Players:

Mae Marsh,~~Eugene Sanger~~ Robert Harron,Donald Crisp,~~(in later years a director and busily playing prominent roles)~~,Fred and Robert Burns,Lillian and Dorothy Gish,Jack Pickford,Wallace

P. 3 - Ch. IV

(1) Of these, who besides Pathé and Hough had these interests and by Feliciano, and what sums were paid? ... Also for which pictures were such interests used?

(2)

(3) What did G. do to reorganize production in these studios?

(4) Cost of these pictures?
Breakdown of cost, preferred.

(5--Ch.4--Reliance)

---Reliance establishes relations with many prominent writers,among them Arnold Bennett,George Ade,George Cattule,Margaret Leland,Carolyn Wells, Wallace Irwin,Thomas Nelson Page,Gertrude Atherton,Emerson Hough, Cyrus Townsend Brady,Mary Hilsing Freeman and others

---Reference to the west coast studios of Reliance as a beehive of activity--- Griffith's stint:Fourteen or more hours daily---Details

---The activities of H.E.Aitken as organizer and financial head of the Reliance and Majestic companies ,a film impresario unafraid of new experiments and ideas in production and distribution

---How Biograph,which for [redacted] years never publicized its players and directors, began capitalizing on Aitken's publicity for Griffith by releasing The Passers, The Battle of Elderbush Gulch ,Brute Force and Judith of Bethulia by advertising them as Griffith pictures

---Griffith's appointment as producing head of the Reliance and Majestic studios and his reorganization of those units

---Home,Sweet Home:

---The theme suggested by H.E.Aitken;his reasons therefore
---Among the notable experimental films in the history of cinema
---A film integrating four stories and prototype of Intolerance
---Details concerning the structure of this picture
---Reference to Griffith's direction and to the work of the eighteen players:Mae Marsh,Walthall,the Gishes,[redacted]Josephine Crowell, Spottiswood Aiken,Robert Harron,Miriam Cooper,Donald Crisp,James Kirkwood,Jack Pickford,Courtenay Foote,Owen Moore,Wallce Reid and Blanche Sweet
---How Griffith's film,a two-reeler,entitled Apple Pie Mary,was made [redacted] an integral part of Home,Sweet Home---"Apple Pie Mary" played by Mae Marsh, [redacted] an unforgettable interpretation a sociological document on slum life and

---The Escape:

---Three weeks after the presentation of Home,Sweet Home,The Escape opens at the Cort Theatre,New York
--The sombre realism of The Escape, one of the great little pictures of the American screen---Details concerning the story,cast,direction and organization of the picture---Griffith's use of microscopy for symbolism in this film

---References to the 24 Reliance films in which Dorothy Gish played under Griffith's direction and their part in her development as a player

---The first directorial test of Donald Crisp with assignment to about The Newer Woman,a [redacted] comedy with Dorothy Gish and Robert Harron in leading roles.

---Reference to Griffith's first activities on production of The Clansmen(July, [redacted] 1914)

---The Avenging Conscience:

---Premiere at the Strand Theatre,New York,August 1,1914
---References to the theme and Griffith's imaginative direction
---His imagistic use of lighting,the camera's resources and [redacted] insects for symbolism---A forerunner of the psychological film
---Vachel Lindsay's estimate and Griffith's [redacted] criticism of this picture.
--- Press and public reception of the film — Cost of production!

p. 4 = Ch. IV

2

(1) any drawings for sets and camera setups available? Also names of the art director or art directors. (I believe a Mr. Lant was art director at this time)

(3) Should like to study this campaign and have use of one of the ads for reproduction as an illustration

(4-Reliance--Ch.4)

---Griffith in the mountain fastnesses of Bear Valley shooting The Clansman; has more than one hundred members in his company and is making the film as a production independent of Reliance-Majestic although still holding his post as general director(Sept.28,1914).*Details.

---George Arliss visits Reliance-Majestic Studios as guest of Griffith who shows the distinguished actor around and then projects The Avenging Conscience and parts of The Clansman.The screening convinces Arliss at last that the film is a definite art form

---*References to the designing and building of decors at *eliance-*ajestic

---How Griffith obtained meaningful dramatic expression from his players and how his methods differed in this respect from those of other directors

---Griffith's amazing capacity for work and concentration;References as to how he managed to work simultaneously on The *cribe,The Avenging Conscience, The Clansman and The *other and the *aw,and attend to his duties, [redacted] supervisorial

---Reference to the [redacted] enthusiasm and long hours in [redacted] the Griffith [redacted] studio.

---Griffith is having an interior and the scaffolding of the San Quentin prison reproduced at *eliance-*ajestic studio, under supervision of the warden,for the forthcoming production of The *other and the *aw(Jan.1915)

---The Biograph Company continues capitalizing on Griffith's growing prestige by reissuing another series of Biograph films directed by him,beginning with The *attle in Jan.1915 and thereafter until mid-June at the rate of one or two reissues per week of 1916

---Reference to and "quotes" from the double-page story in the Sunday section of The New York Times (March 5,1915) referring to Griffith as "the biggest director in the motion picture world",etc.,etc.

---Why Griffith decided to enlarge upon his theme of intolerance in The Mother and the Law subsequent to the presentation of The Birth of a Nation

---By June 1915 Griffith devotes most of his time to Intolerance and appoints Christy Cabanne to handle the major part of the supervision of *eliance-Majestic films;announcements from *eliance-Majestic continue to refer to Griffith as director-general

(d)Griffith and Aitken Leave *utual:

---How Aitken's ambitious program to obtain [redacted] the best writers,actors and directors, and to produce two [redacted] five-reel features each week dismays Mutual stockholders because his plans would require large-scale financing---How,with the aid of Conde *ast,Aitken planned a comprehensive advertising campaign which

p. 5 — Ch. IV

Mr. Luthin:

(1) To what extent were you the largest stockholder?

(2) ~~Production control practices~~
~~of farmers their practices~~
~~available?~~

(p.6--Reliance--Ch.4)

Subsequently

induced the entire motion picture industry to revise its methods of exploitation---How finally Aitken's proposals to raise the standard of motion picture stories,production,presentation and exploitation, and his aim to collaborate with civic,welfare and social groups in the selection of subject matter met with the disapproval of his associates---How they voted him out of office although he was the largest stockholder---How he followed their action by taking with him Griffith, Ince,Sennett,Frank Woods,the best of Mutual's directors,players and technicians

in Mutual

---References to various films,as well as to their directors and players, produced under Griffith's supervision at Reliance-Majestic studios

---References to players,directors,writers with whom and under the Mutual banner prior to the departure of Aitken,Griffith,Ince and Sennett.To be discussed:

--- Mack Sennett,his methods of direction and production
The work of Mack Sennett's players and films in which they appeared:Charles Chaplin,Mable Normand who played in 71 films, Roscoe Arbuckle who played in 69 films,Mack Swain who played in 11 films,Chester Conklin who played in 12 films,Ford Sterling who played in 29 films,Charlie Murray who played in 19 films,Fred Mace who played in 30 films,etc.etc.

---Thomas J.Ince,his methods and direction and production
The work of Charles Ray,Clara Williams,Frank Borzage,Chester Withey, Mildred Harris,Frank Nigh,Walter Belasco and others.

Aitken

Have been told that Sennett did a lot of his supervising as he sat on a pouch and formed himself, while his players and directors worked in full view on the lot.

p. 2 — Ch. V

(1) Any other [illegible] ...

(2) Where did they all work, i.e., what space for ...

(3) Advance

(4) What was Griffith's ... of people and stock ...

(5) ... received a three story ...

(6) What was the ... of the ...

(7)

(8)

(9) At what rental?

For how many months?

Outline for (July 1915 to March 1917)

Ch. V-- TRIANGLE FINE ARTS: A Golden Period of Creativity, Then

(a)-- THE FORMATION OF A GREAT ORGANIZATION:

---Griffith after leaving Mutual continues to devote most of his attention to The Clansman and Intolerance, although managing to give more time now to supervision and the selection of stories to help gear his studio to Triangle policy---He continues producing at the old Reliance-Majestic studios which have been taken over by Aitken and are renamed The Fine Arts Studio---This unit is to produce operate on a schedule calling for one five-reel feature per week---Details to come

---Griffith's staff of directors at Fine Arts: Allan Dwan, Jack Conway, Tod Browning, Lloyd Ingraham, Christy Cabanne, Ralph Lewis, Elmer Clifton, Paul Powell, George Seigman, John Emerson, Chester Withey, of whom nearly all are directing today

---Griffith players with Fine Arts: Sir Beerbohm Tree, Norma Talmadge, Mae Marsh, Robert Harron, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Jane Grey, Douglas Fairbanks, John Emerson, Mary Pickford, Elliott Dexter, Mary Alden, Douglas Fairbanks, Dorothy Gish, Wallace Reid, Helen Ware, Katherine Tully Marshall and others

---Growth of facilities at the Griffith studio from the first Reliance-Majestic days when working quarters consisted of a few converted dwellings on three acres, that included an orchard, to buildings covering seven acres under the new Triangle regime---The facilities, under the new Triangle setup, such as open air stages, enclosed studios, lighting equipment, projection rooms, cutting rooms, title departments, prop rooms, scene dock, laboratories, camera rooms, store vaults, repair shops, wardrobe and dressmaking establishments, the many dressing rooms---all are to be detailed---The facilities used by a staff of 350 people, the weekly payroll, etc. etc.

---The financial setup, policy and production units of Triangle, said units centered around Griffith's Fine Arts in Hollywood, Ince's Kay-Bee Studio at Inceville (now the M-G-M Studios at Culver City) and the Mack Sennett Studios at Edendale. --Details to show the relationship of these units to the Triangle policy.

---Details concerning the unusual stipulations agreed to between Aitken, Griffith, Ince and Sennett to insure quality of Triangle films

---The meeting of Triangle principals and the three producing directors from the west coast at La Junta, Colo., in a bedroom suite. Anecdote. References to the agenda.

---Aitken's plans of presentation to enhance the showing of Triangle films

How, ---without minimizing importance of the story, Triangle initiated the star system of exploitation that has become one of the chief means of obtaining box-office value for a film. Details.

---The exclusive Knickerbocker Theatre of New York as the first-run house for Triangle programs showing Fine Arts, Kay-Bee and Sennett pictures at prices ranging from $2 to $3---Among the first-nighters: Charles Dana Gibson, Charles Hanson Towne, May Wilson Preston, George Randolph Chester, William Randolph Hearst, George Barr McCutcheon and others to numerous to mention here. Details concerning presentation methods at this theatre.

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(1) Others on technical staff?

(2) Any drawings for settings and camera set-ups available?

(4) (Who was the art director? Mr. Lent?
Where can Mr. Lent be reached?

(5)

(p.6--Ch.V--Triangle Fine-Arts)

## (6) THE ARCHIVE THAT WAS "FINE ARTS":

---Some of the scenarios that Griffith wrote under the name of Granville Barnes and staged by his directors---his supervision of the directorial staff in addition to demands of Intolerance---all requiring a working routine of sixteen hours for Griffith

---"eferences to Griffith's technical staff:Bitzer,Raoul Walsh,etc.etc.etc.

---Griffith's development of the soft iris (used first in The Birth of a Nation) with the assistance of his technical staff

---Griffith's first vacation since entering the motion picture world---His attendance at the premiere eee of The Birth of a Nation in New York and Boston---His continuance with Intolerance on returning to the Coast,with supervision now restricted to films played in by Lillian and Dorothy Gish,per their contracts with Triangle

---How players in each of the three Triangle producing units insisted on giving their time to extra roles in scenes for Intolerance ,among them Douglas Fairbanks,Sir Beerbohm Tree,De Wolf Hopper and others.

---How Griffith obtained character interpretation by having his players experiment and improvise during rehearsals

---His disregard for the scenario.Most illuminating data here.

---The wide range of subject matter selected for stories and Words by Griffith, as illustrated by such varying material as Ibsen's Pillars of Society,The Price of Power(a striking film on industrial conflict),Puppets (a two-reel poetic fantasy founded on the story of the Harlinquinade with De Wolf Hopper as Pantaloon and Pauline Starke as Columbine),The Lamb(Fairbanks' first film under Griffith), Jim Bludso,and varied for the long cycle of films played in by Mae Marsh,Lillian and Dorothy Gish,Henry Walthall and others.

---The rivalry between film-trained players and stage stars especially after some of them proved to have limited drawing power,etc.etc.-- Latter

---References to production costs and returns on some of the Fine Arts pictures; also to salaries of directors,players,technicians,production executives and sums paid for stories

--- Advances in the designing of sets at Triangle Fine Arts.

--- Musical scores for Fine Arts pictures

---References to personnel and work of personnel with Ince's Kay-Bee and Sennett:

---With Ince:Willard Mack,Charles Ray,Frank Keenan,William S.Hart, Louise Glaum,Billie Burke,Mary Boland,Bessie Barriscale,Mary Anderson, Clara Williams, H.B.Warner and others.

---With Sennett:Louise Fazenda,Raymond Hitchcock,Polly Moran,Fred Mace, Charlie Murray,Mable Normand,Ford Sterling,Weber and Fields,Roscoe Arbuckle,William Collier,Syd Chaplin,Mae Busch,Sam Bernard,Joe Jackson, Chester Conklin,Mack Swain,Eddie Foy and others. Anecdotes.

---The Reliance-Majestic and Triangle periods as the golden age of the American cinema on the basis of in direction,acting, the developme of talent and distribution. creative effort

(1) Why not?

(2) Are these ads available for study and reproduction?

(3) average (weekly) amount of the income?

(4) Mr. Aitken: Did you have anything to do with this presentation? If so, how?

Growing

(c) Financial Ruins:

, in behalf of quality

---While Griffith and the other two producing directors of Triangle, Ince and Sennett, concentrated on production, events affecting Triangle began to take place on the financial front. Details how the financial requirements of the three Triangle producing units became greater than Aitken expected and his bankers' apprehension at mounting production costs

---Why Aitken did not confide in his associates regarding his difficulties to secure money for meeting growing production expenditures---How he opened his own stock on the Curb under the name of the Lefthorn Syndicate to raise funds to keep Triangle from running into more debt until it became self-supporting---The large ads he ran in a nationwide newspaper campaign warning investors not to buy Triangle stock unless they realized that they were gambling in a new enterprise, and the results obtained from this campaign.

a excellent

---The consequences of a misunderstanding---Details concerning Aitken's fight to buy Triangle stock to keep it from falling---The quest for loans---Their newness to the film business compels Aitken's bankers to fortify their investments despite Triangle's rentals of $100,000 per week, a large weekly income from The Birth of a Nation and an excellently organized system for international distribution of Triangle films.

ulldugger y:

(e) The Story That Has Never Been Told about Triangle:

---The $25,000,000 movie combine that failed to materialize, and why.
---How the influence of Adolph Zukor, through his legal and banking associates, was used to wreck Triangle and throw it into bankruptcy from which it never recovered, although the indebtedness, apart from tax liens, was only a matter of some odd forty-five hundred dollars
---Zukor's technique at eliminating associates and rivals

((d)

(b) Miscellaneous Griffith Activities:

---The Wark Producing Corporation, organized to distribute Intolerance, is incorporated (Dec.1915) at Eddyville, N.Y.
---Griffith's address on the importance of the film before the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association in Los Angeles
---He conducts Gov. Johnson of California through the Fine Arts Studio
---Griffith's arrival in New York for the premiere of Intolerance at the Liberty Theatre, August 17, 1916.
---His speech against censorship at a showing of Intolerance at The Press Club, Washington, D.C.

(f) [illegible]:

---Details concerning Adolph Zukor's raid on Triangle ending in acquisition of Griffith, Ince, Sennett, Bill Hart, Douglas Fairbanks, the Gish sisters, the Talmadge sisters, Dorothy Dalton, directors, scenarists, cameramen and technicians---a total of more than 200 of Triangle's best personnel---Details concerning Zukor's [illegible]

---Hon and wife Griffith persuaded Fairbanks to break a Triangle contract that had two years to run

Although Zukor and his associates had privately criticized Aitken for paying players and directors salaries that were much too high.

methods in taking these people a few at a time, some of whom were assisted in breaking their Triangle contracts to accept Zukor's offer of huge salary increases and a share of the profits on the films they worked in.)

---Griffith's severance of connections with Triangle Fine Arts to produce a series of [redacted] films for Zukor's Artcraft Pictures Corporation(March 17,1917)---Terms of his contract with Artcraft---Allen Dwan succeeds Griffith and Ince at Triangle.